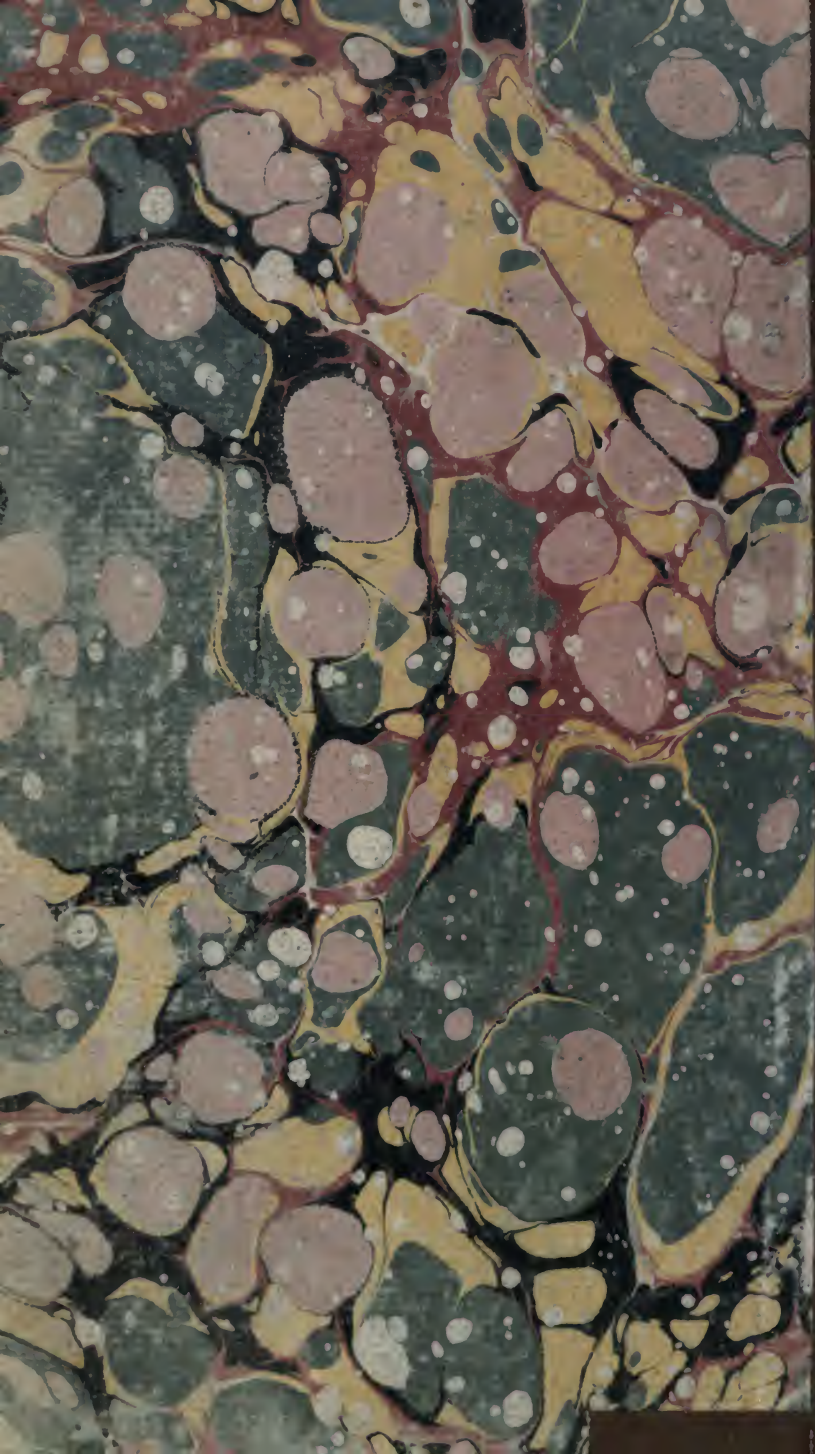
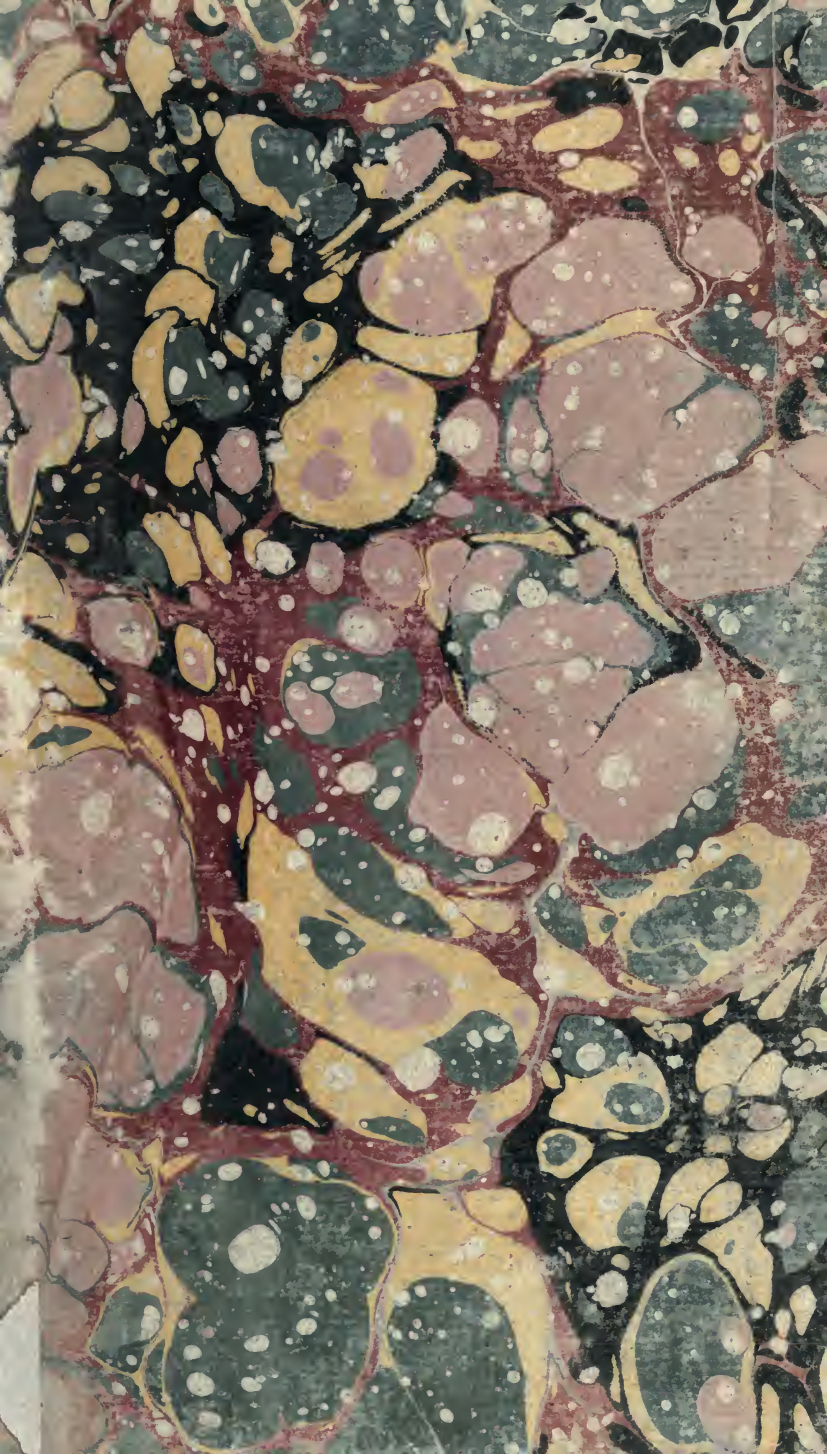






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THE
Novelist's Magazine.
— VOL. IX. —

(CONTAINING)

Sentimental Journey,
Gulliver's Travels,
David Simple,
Sir Launcelot Greaves,
The Peruvian Princess,
and Jonathan Wild.



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A
SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

THROUGH
FRANCE AND ITALY,

BY
MR. YORICK.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY THE REV. MR. STERNE.



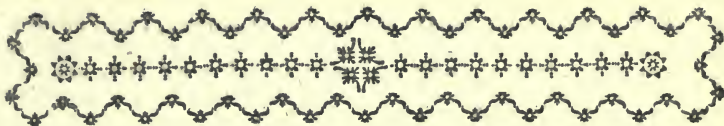
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A

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

—‘THEY order,’ said I, ‘this matter better in France.’

—‘You have been in France?’ said my gentleman, turning quick upon me with the most civil triumph in the world.—‘Strange!’ quoth I, debating the matter with myself, ‘that one and twenty miles sailing, for ’tis absolutely no farther from Dover to Calais, should give a man these rights—I’ll look into them.’ So, giving up the argument—I went straight to my lodgings, put up half a dozen shirts and a black pair of silk breeches—‘The coat I have on,’ said I, looking at the sleeve, ‘will do’—took a place in the Dover stage; and the packet sailing at nine the next morning—by three I had got sat down to my dinner upon a fricafeed chicken, so incontestibly in France, that had I died that night of an indigestion, the whole world could not have suspended the effects of the *Droits d’Aubaine**—my shirts, and black pair of silk breeches—portmanteau and all—must have gone to the King of France; even the little picture which I have so long worn, and so often have told thee, Eliza, I would carry with me into my grave, would have been torn from my neck. Ungenerous!—to seize upon the wreck of an unwary passenger, whom your subjects had beckoned to their coast—By Heaven! SIRE, it is not well done; and much

does it grieve me, ’tis the monarch of a people so civilized and courteous, and so renowned for sentiment and fine feelings, that I have to reason with—

But I have scarce set foot in your dominions—

CALAIS.

WHEN I had finished my dinner, and drank the King of France’s health, to satisfy my mind that I bore him no spleen—but, on the contrary, high honour for the humanity of his temper—I rose up an inch taller for the accommodation.

—‘No,’ said I, ‘the Bourbon is by no means a cruel race: they may be misled, like other people; but there is a mildness in their blood.’—As I acknowledged this, I felt a suffusion of a finer kind upon my cheek—more warm and friendly to man, than what Burgundy (at least, of two livres a bottle, which was such as I had been drinking) could have produced.

—‘Just God!’ said I, kicking my portmanteau aside, ‘what is there in this world’s goods which should sharpen our spirits, and make so many kind-hearted brethren of us fall out so cruelly as we do by the way?’ When man is at peace with man, how much lighter than a feather is the

* All the effects of strangers (Swiss and Scotch excepted) dying in France, are seized by virtue of this law, though the heir be upon the spot—the profit of these contingencies being farmed, there is no redress.

heaviest of metals in his hand! He pulls out his purse, and holding it airily and uncompressed, looks round him, as if he sought for an object to share it with.—In doing this, I felt every vessel in my frame dilate—the arteries beat all cheerily together, and every power which sustained life performed it with so little friction, that it would have confounded the most *physical precieuse* in France! with all her materialism, she could scarce have called me a machine—

I'm confident,' said I to myself, 'I should have overset her creed.'

The accession of that idea carried nature, at that time, as high as she could go—I was at peace with the world before, and this finished the treaty with myself—

—'Now, was I a King of France,' cried I, 'what a moment for an orphan to have begged his father's port-manteau of me!'

THE MONK.

CALAIS.

I Had scarce uttered the words, when a poor monk of the order of St. Francis came into the room to beg something for his convent. No man cares to have his virtues the sport of contingencies—or one man may be generous, as another man is puiſſant—*sed non quo ad hanc*—or be it as it may—for there is no regular reasoning upon the ebbs and flows of our humours; they may depend upon the same causes, for aught I know, which influence the tides themselves—'twould oft be no discredit to us, to suppose it was so: I'm sure, at least, for myself, that in many a case I should be more highly satisfied, to have it said by the world—I had had an affair with the moon, in which there was neither sin nor shame—than have it pass altogether as my own act and deed, wherein there was so much of both.

—But, be this as it may—The moment I cast my eyes upon him, I was predetermined not to give him a single sou; and accordingly I put my purse into my pocket—buttoned it up—set myself a little more upon my center, and advanced up gravely to him—

there was something, I fear, forbidding in my look—I have his figure this moment before my eyes, and think there was that in it which deserved better.

The monk, as I judged from the break in his tonsure, a few scattered white hairs upon his temples being all that remained of it, might be about seventy—but from his eyes, and that sort of fire which was in them, which seemed more tempered by courtesy than years, could be no more than sixty—Truth might lie between—he was certainly sixty-five; and the general air of his countenance, notwithstanding something seemed to have been planting wrinkles in it before their time, agreed to the account.

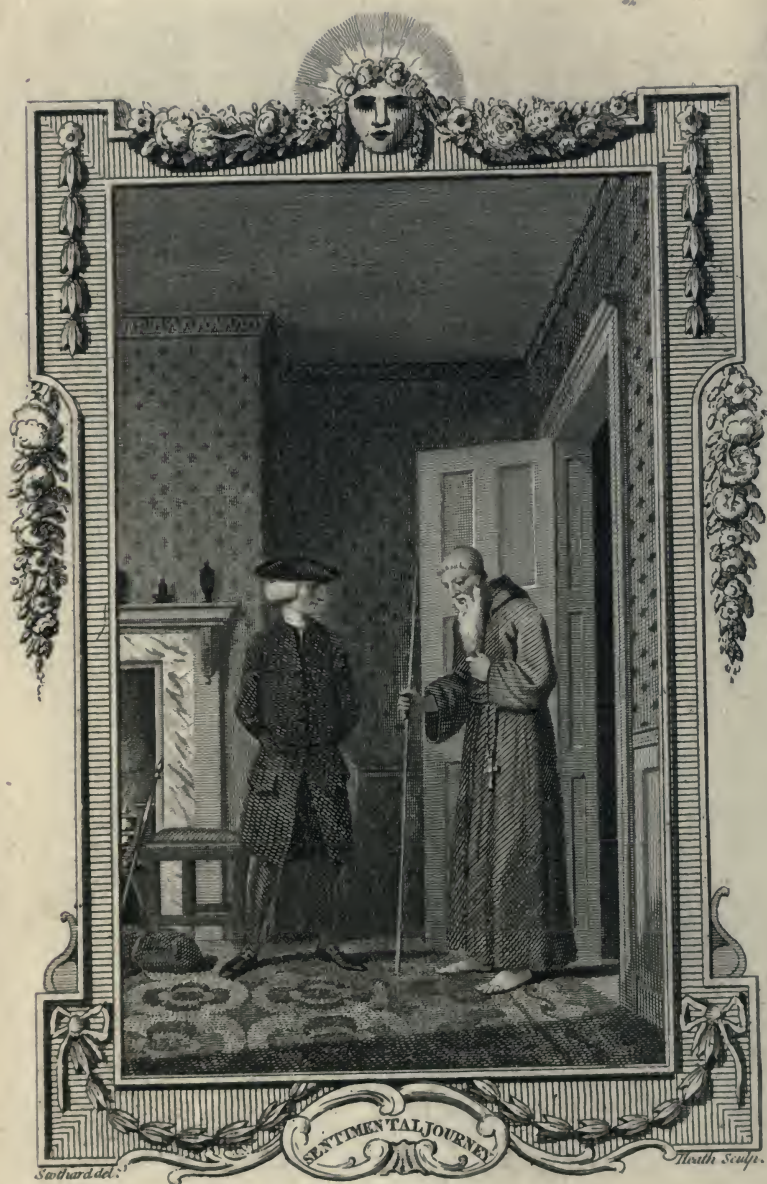
It was one of those heads which Guido has often painted—mild, pale, penetrating, free from all commonplace ideas of fat contented ignorance looking downwards upon the earth—it look'd forwards; but look'd, as if it look'd at something beyond this world. How one of his order came by it, Heaven above, who let it fall upon a monk's shoulders, best knows: but it would have suited a Bramin, and had I met it upon the plains of Indostan, I had revered it.

The rest of his outline may be given in a few strokes; one might put it into the hands of any one to design, for 'twas neither elegant or otherwise, but as character and expression made it so: it was a thin, spare form, something above the common size, if it lost not the distinction by a bend forward in the figure—but it was the attitude of intreaty; and as it now stands presented to my imagination, it gained more than it lost by it.

When he had entered the room three paces, he stood still; and laying his left-hand upon his breast—(a slender white staff with which he journey'd being in his right)—when I had got close up to him, he introduced himself with the little story of the wants of his convent, and the poverty of his order—and did it with so simple a grace, and such an air of deprecation was there in the whole cast of his look and figure, I was bewitched not to have been struck with it—

—A better reason was, I had predetermined not to give him a single sou.





THE MONK.

CALAIS.

—‘IT is very true,’ said I, replying to a cast upwards with his eyes, with which he had concluded his address—‘it is very true—and Heaven be their resource, who have no other but the charity of the world! the stock of which, I fear, is no way sufficient for the many *great claims* which are hourly made upon it.’

As I pronounced the words *great claims*, he gave a slight glance with his eye downwards upon the sleeve of his tunick—I felt the full force of the appeal. ‘I acknowledge it,’ said I; ‘a coarse habit, and that but once in three years, with meagre diet—are no great matters; and the true point of pity is, as they can be earned in the world with so little industry, that your order should wish to procure them by pressing upon a fund which is the property of the lame, the blind, the aged, and the infirm—the captive, who lies down counting over and over again the days of his afflictions, languishes also for his share of it; and had you been of the *order of mercy*, instead of the order of St. Francis, poor as I am,’ continued I, pointing at my portmanteau, ‘full cheerfully should it have been opened to you, for the ransom of the unfortunate.’ The monk made me a bow—‘But of all others,’ resumed I, ‘the unfortunate of our own country, surely, have the first rights; and I have left thousands in distress upon our own shore.’—The monk gave a cordial wave with his head—as much as to say—‘No doubt, there is misery enough in every corner of the world, as well as within our convent!’—‘But we distinguish,’ said I, laying my hand upon the sleeve of his tunick, in return for his appeal—‘we distinguish, my good father! betwixt those who wish only to eat the bread of their own labour—and those who eat the bread of other people’s, and have no other plan in life, but to get through it in sloth and ignorance, *for the love of God*.’

The poor Franciscan made no reply;

a heftick of a moment passed across his cheek, but could not tarry—Nature seemed to have done with her resentments in him; he shewed none—but letting his staff fall within his arm, he pressed both his hands with resignation upon his breast, and retired.

THE MONK.

CALAIS.

MY heart smote me the moment he shut the door—‘Pshaw!’ said I with an air of carelessness, three several times—but it would not do; every ungracious syllable I had uttered, crowded back into my imagination: I reflected, I had no right over the poor Franciscan, but to deny him; and that the punishment of that was enough to the disappointed, without the addition of unkind language—I considered his grey hairs—his courteous figure seemed to re-enter, and gently ask me what injury he had done me—and why I could use him thus—I would have given twenty livres for an advocate, ‘I have behaved very ill,’ said I within myself; ‘but I have only just set out upon my travels, and shall learn better manners as I get along.’

THE DESOBLIGEANT.

CALAIS.

WHEN a man is discontented with himself, it has one advantage, however—that it puts him into an excellent frame of mind for making a bargain. Now there being no travelling through France and Italy without a chaise—and nature generally prompting us to the thing we are fittest for, I walked out into the court yard to buy or hire something of that kind to my purpose: an old *desobligeant** in the farthest corner of the court, hit my fancy at first sight—so I instantly got into it, and finding it in tolerable harmony with my feelings, I ordered the waiter to call Monsieur Dessen, the master of the hôtel—but Monsieur Dessen being gone to vespers, and not caring to face the Fran-

* A chaise, so called in France, from it’s holding but one person.

ciscan whom I saw on the opposite side of the court, in conference with a lady just arrived at the inn—I drew the taffeta curtain betwixt us, and being determined to write my journey, I took out my pen and ink, and wrote the preface to it in the *desobligeant*.

PREFACE.

IN THE DESOBLIGEANT.

IT must have been observed by many a peripatetic philosopher, that nature has set up, by her own unquestionable authority, certain boundaries and fences to circumscribe the discontent of man: she has effected her purpose in the quietest and easiest manner, by laying him under almost insuperable obligations to work out his ease, and to sustain his suffering at home. It is there only that she has provided him with the most suitable objects to partake of his happiness, and bear a part of that burden, which, in all countries and ages, has ever been too heavy for one pair of shoulders. 'Tis true, we are endued with an imperfect power of spreading our happiness sometimes beyond *her* limits; but 'tis so ordered, that from the want of languages, connections, and dependencies—and from the difference in educations, customs, and habits—we lie under so many impediments in communicating our sensations out of our own sphere, as often amount to a total impossibility.

It will always follow from hence, that the balance of sentimental commerce is always against the expatriated adventurer: he must buy what he has little occasion for at their own price—his conversation will seldom be taken in exchange for theirs without a large discount—and this, by the bye, eternally driving him into the hands of more equitable brokers for such conversation as he can find, it requires no great spirit of divination to guess at his party—

This brings me to my point; and naturally leads me (if the see-saw of this *desobligeant* will but let me get on) into the efficient as well as the final causes of travelling—

Your idle people, that leave their native country, and go abroad for

some reason or reasons which may be derived from one of these general causes—

Infirmity of body,
Imbecillity of mind, or
Inevitable necessity.

The first two include all those who travel by land or by water, labouring with pride, curiosity, vanity, or spleen, subdivided and combined in *infinitum*.

The third class includes the whole army of peregrine martyrs; more especially those travellers who set out upon their travels with the benefit of the clergy, either as delinquents travelling under the direction of governors recommended by the magistrate—or young gentlemen transported by the cruelty of parents and guardians, and travelling under the direction of governors recommended by Oxford, Aberdeen, and Glasgow.

There is a fourth class, but their number is so small that they would not deserve a distinction, was it not necessary in a work of this nature to observe the greatest precision and nicety, to avoid a confusion of character. And these men I speak of are such as cross the seas, and sojourn in a land of strangers with a view of saving money, for various reasons, and upon various pretences; but as they might also save themselves and others a great deal of unnecessary trouble, by saving their money at home—and as their reasons for travelling are the least complex of any other species of emigrants—I shall distinguish these gentlemen by the name of

Simple Travellers.

Thus the whole circle of travellers may be reduced to the following *heads*:

Idle Travellers,
Inquisitive Travellers,
Lying Travellers,
Proud Travellers,
Vain Travellers,
Splenetic Travellers.

Then follow—

The Travellers of Necessity,
The Delinquent and Felonious Traveller,
The Unfortunate and Innocent Traveller,
The Simple Traveller,

And, last of all, (if you please) The Sentimental Traveller, (meaning thereby myself) who have travelled—and of which I am now sitting down to give
an

an account—as much out of *necessity*, and the *besoin de voyager*, as any one in the class.

I am well aware, at the same time, as both my travels and observations will be altogether of a different cast from any of my fore-runners; that I might have insisted upon a whole niche entirely to myself—but I should break in upon the confines of the *vain* traveller, in wishing to draw attention towards me, till I have some better grounds for it than the mere *novelty* of my *vehicle*. It is sufficient for my reader, if he has been a traveller himself, that with study and reflection here-upon he may be able to determine his own place and rank in the catalogue—it will be one step towards knowing himself, as it is great odds but he retains some tincture and resemblance of what he imbibed or carried out, to the present hour.

The man who first transplanted the grape of Burgundy to the Cape of Good Hope (observe, he was a Dutchman) never dreamt of drinking the same wine at the Cape that the same grape produced upon the French mountains—he was too phlegmatick for that—but undoubtedly he expected to drink some sort of vinous liquor; but whether good, bad, or indifferent—he knew enough of this world, to know that it did not depend upon his choice, but that what is generally called *chance* was to decide upon his success: however, he hoped for the best; and in these hopes, by an intemperate confidence in the fortitude of his head; and the depth of his discretion, *Mynheer* might possibly overset both in his new vineyard; and by discovering his nakedness, become a laughing-stock to his people.

Even so it fares with the poor traveller, sailing and posting through the politer kingdoms of the globe in pursuit of knowledge and improvements.

Knowledge and improvements are to be got by sailing and posting for that purpose; but whether useful knowledge and real improvements, is all a lottery—and even where the adventurer is successful, the acquired stock must be used with caution and sobriety to turn to any profit—but as the chances run prodigiously the other way, both as to the acquisition and application, I am

of opinion, that a man would act as wisely if he could prevail upon himself to live contented without foreign knowledge or foreign improvements, especially if he lives in a country that has no absolute want of either—and, indeed, much grief of heart has it oft and many a time cost me, when I have observed how many a foul step the inquisitive traveller has measured to see sights, and look into discoveries; all which, as Sancho Panza said to Don Quixote, they might have seen dry-shod at home. It is an age so full of light, that there is scarce a country or corner of Europe whose beams are not crossed and interchanged with others.—Knowledge, in most of it's branches, and in most affairs, is like musick in an Italian street, whereof those partake who pay nothing.—But there is no nation under heaven—and God is my record, (before whose tribunal I must one day come and give an account of this work) that I do not speak it vauntingly.—But there is no nation under heaven abounding with more variety of learning—where the sciences may be more fitly woo'd, or more surely won, than here—where art is encouraged, and will so soon rise high—where Nature (take her all together) has so little to answer for—and, to close all, where there is more wit and variety of character to feed the mind with—Where, then, my dear countrymen, are you going—

—‘We are only looking at this chaise!’ said they. ‘Your most obedient servant!’ said I—skipping out of it, and pulling off my hat.—‘We were wondering,’ said one of them—who, I found, was an *inquisitive traveller*, ‘what could occasion it’s motion.’—‘It was the agitation,’ said I coolly, ‘of writing a preface.’—‘I never heard,’ said the other, who was a *simple traveller*, ‘of a preface wrote in a *desobligeant*.’—‘It would have been better,’ said I, ‘in a *vis-a-vis*.’

As an *Englishman* does not travel to see *Englishmen*, I retired to my room.

CALAIS.

I Perceived that something darkened the passage more than myself, as I stepped along it to my room; it was effectually Monsieur Dessen, the master of

of the hotel, who had just returned from vespers, and, with his hat under his arm, was most complaisantly following me, to put me in mind of my wants. I had wrote myself pretty well out of conceit with the *desobligeant*; and Monsieur Dessein speaking of it with a shrug, as if it would no way suit me, it immediately struck my fancy that it belonged to some *innocent traveller*, who, on his return home, had left it to Monsieur Dessein's honour to make the most of. Four months had elapsed since it had finished it's career of Europe in the corner of Monsieur Dessein's coach-yard; and having sallied out from thence but a vamped-up business at the first, though it had been twice taken to pieces on Mount Sennis, it had not profited much by it's adventures—but by none so little, as the standing so many months unpitied in the corner of Monsieur Dessein's coach-yard. Much, indeed, was not to be said for it—but something might—and when a few words will relieve misery out of her distress, I hate the man who can be a churl of them.

—‘Now, was I master of this *hôte*,’ said I, laying the point of my fore-finger on Monsieur Dessein's breast, ‘I would inevitably make a point of getting rid of this unfortunate, *desobligeant*—it stands swinging reproaches at you every time you pass by it.’

‘*Mon Dieu!*’ said Monsieur Dessein, ‘I have no interest—’ ‘Except the interest,’ said I, ‘which men of a certain turn of mind take, Monsieur Dessein, in their own sensations—’ ‘I am persuaded, to a man who feels for others as well as for himself, every rainy night, disguise it as you will, must cast a damp upon your spirits—You suffer, Monsieur Dessein, as much as the machine.’

I have always observed, when there is as much *sour* as *sweet* in a compliment, that an Englishman is eternally at a loss within himself, whether to take it or let it alone; a Frenchman never is: Monsieur Dessein made me a bow.

‘*C'est bien vrai,*’ said he; ‘but in this case I should only exchange one disquietude for another, and with loss: figure to yourself, my dear Sir, that in giving you a chaise which

‘would fall to pieces before you had got half way to Paris—figure to yourself how much I should suffer, in giving an ill impression of myself to a man of honour, and lying at the mercy, as I must do, *d'un homme d'esprit.*’

The dose was made up exactly after my own prescription; so I could not help taking it—and returning Monsieur Dessein his bow, without more casuistry we walked together towards his Residence, to take a view of his magazine of chaises.

IN THE STREET.

CALAIS.

IT must needs be a hostile kind of a world, when the buyer (if it be but of a sorry post-chaise) cannot go forth with the seller thereof into the street to terminate the difference betwixt them, but he instantly falls into the same frame of mind, and views his conventionist with the same sort of eye, as if he was going along with him to Hyde Park Corner to fight a duel. For my own part, being but a poor swordsman, and no way a match for Monsieur Dessein, I felt the rotation of all the movements within me, to which the situation is incident—I looked at Monsieur Dessein through and through—eyed him as he walked along in profile—then, *en face*—thought he looked like a Jew—then a Turk—disliked his wig—curled him by my gods—wished him at the devil—

—And is all this to be lighted up in the heart for a beggarly account of three or four louis d'ors, which is the most I can be over-reached in!—‘Base passion!’ said I—turning myself about, as a man naturally does upon a sudden reverse of sentiment—‘base, ungentle passion! thy hand is against every man, and every man's hand against thee!’—‘Heaven forbid!’ said she, raising her hand up to her forehead—for I had turned full in front upon the lady whom I had seen in conference with the monk—she had followed us unperceived. ‘Heaven forbid, indeed!’ said I, offering her my own—she had a black pair of silk gloves open only at the thumb and two fore-fingers, so accepted it without reserve—

serve—and I led her up to the door of the Remise.

Monsieur Dessein had *disabled* the key above fifty times before he found out he had come with a wrong one in his hand; we were as impatient as himself to have it opened; and so attentive to the obstacle, that I continued holding her hand, almost without knowing it; so that Monsieur Dessein left us together with her hand in mine, and with our faces turned towards the door of the Remise, and said he would be back in five minutes.

Now a colloquy of five minutes, in such a situation, is worth one of as many ages, with your faces turned towards the street; in the latter case, it is drawn from the objects and occurrences without—when your eyes are fixed upon a dead blank, you draw purely from yourselves. A silence of a single moment upon Monsieur Dessein's leaving us, had been fatal to the situation—she had infallibly turned about—so I began the conversation instantly.

—But what were the temptations, (as I write not to apologize for the weaknesses of my heart in this tour—but to give an account of them) shall be described with the same simplicity with which I felt them.

THE REMISE DOOR.

CALAIS.

WHEN I told the reader that I did not care to get out of the *desobligeant*, because I saw the monk in close conference with a lady just arrived at the inn—I told him the truth; but I did not tell him the whole truth; for I was full as much restrained by the appearance and figure of the lady he was talking to. Suspicion crossed my brain, and said, he was telling her what had passed—something jarred upon it within me—I wished him at his convent.

When the heart flies out before the understanding, it saves the judgment a world of pains—I was certain she was of a better order of beings—however, I thought no more of her; but went on, and wrote my preface.

The impression returned, upon my

encounter with her in the street; a guarded frankness with which she gave me her hand, shewed, I thought, her good education and her good sense; and as I led her on; I felt a pleasurable ductility about her, which spread a calmness over all my spirits.

—‘Good God! how a man might lead such a creature as this round the world with him!’

I had not yet seen her face—it was not material; for the drawing was instantly set about, and long before we had got to the door of the Remise, Fancy had finished the whole head, and pleased herself as much with it's fitting her goddess, as if she had dived into the Tiber for it.—But thou art a seduced, and a seducing slut; and albeit thou cheatest us seven times a day with thy pictures and images, yet with so many charms dost thou do it, and thou deckest out thy pictures in the shapes of so many angels of light, 'tis a shame to break with thee.

When we had got to the door of the Remise, she withdrew her hand from across her forehead, and let me see the original—it was a face of about six and twenty—of a clear transparent brown, simply set off without rouge or powder—it was not critically handsome, but there was that in it, which in the frame of mind I was in, attached me much more to it—it was interesting; I fancied it wore the characters of a widowed look, and in that state of it's declension, which had passed the two first paroxysms of sorrow, and was quietly beginning to reconcile itself to it's loss—but a thousand other distresses might have traced the same lines; I wished to know what they had been—and was ready to enquire—(had the same *bon ton* of conversation permitted, as in the days of Elzbras)—‘*What aileth thee? and why art thou disquieted? and why is thy understanding troubled?*’—In a word, I felt benevolence for her; and resolved, some way or other, to throw in my mite of courtesy—if not of service.

Such were my temptations—and in this disposition to give way to them, was I left alone with the lady with her hand in mine, and with our faces both turned closer to the door of the Remise than what was absolutely necessary.

THE REMISE DOOR.

CALAIS.

‘THIS certainly, fair lady!’ said I, raising her hand up a little lightly as I began, ‘must be one of Fortune’s whimsical doings; to take two utter strangers by their hands—of different sexes, and perhaps from different corners of the globe—and in one moment place them together in such a cordial situation, as Friendship herself could scarce have achieved for them, had she projected it for a month.’

—‘And your reflection upon it, shews how much, Monsieur, she has embarrassed you by the adventure.’

When the situation is what we would wish, nothing is so ill-timed as to hint at the circumstances which make it so—‘You thank Fortune,’ continued she; ‘you had reason—the heart knew it, and was satisfied; and who but an English philosopher would have sent notice of it to the brain to reverse the judgment?’

In saying this, she disengaged her hand, with a look which I thought a sufficient commentary upon the text.

It is a miserable picture which I am going to give of the weakness of my heart, by owning that it suffered a pain which worthier occasions could not have inflicted—I was mortified with the loss of her hand, and the matter in which I had lost it carried neither oil nor wine to the wound: I never felt the pain of a sheepish inferiority so miserable in my life.

The triumphs of a true feminine heart are short upon these discomfitures. In a very few seconds she laid her hand upon the cuff of my coat, in order to finish her reply; so some way or other, God knows how! I regained my situation.

—She had nothing to add.

I forthwith began to model a different conversation for the lady, thinking from the spirit as well as moral of this, that I had been mistaken in her character; but upon turning her face towards me, the spirit which had animated the reply was fled—the muscles relaxed, and I beheld the same unprotected look of distress which first won me to her interest—Melancholy! to

see such sprightliness the prey of sorrow—I pitied her from my soul! and though it may seem ridiculous enough to a torpid heart—I could have taken her into my arms, and cherished her, though it was in the open street, without blushing.

The pulsations of the arteries along my fingers pressing across her’s, told her what was passing within me: she looked down—a silence of some moments followed.

I fear, in this interval, I must have made some slight efforts towards a closer compression of her hand, from a subtle sensation I felt in the palm of my own—not as if she was going to withdraw her’s, but as if she thought about it—and I had infallibly lost it a second time, had not instinct more than reason directed me to the last resource in these dangers—to hold it loosely, and in a manner as if I was every moment going to release it of myself: so she let it continue, till Monsieur Dessein returned with the key; and in the mean time, I set myself to consider how I should undo the ill impressions which the poor monk’s story, in case he had told it her, must have planted in her breast against me.

THE SNUFF-BOX.

CALAIS.

THE good old monk was within six paces of us, as the idea of him crossed my mind; and was advancing towards us a little out of the line, as if uncertain whether he should break in upon us or no. He stopped, however, as soon as he came up to us with a world of frankness; and having a horn snuff box in his hand, he presented it open to me. ‘You shall taste mine,’ said I, pulling out my box, (which was a small tortoise one) and putting it into his hand. ‘It is most excellent,’ said the monk. ‘Then do me the favour,’ I replied, ‘to accept of the box and all—and when you take a pinch out of it, sometimes, recollect it was the peace-offering of a man who once used you unkindly, but not from his heart.’

The poor monk blushed as red as scarlet. ‘*Mon Dieu!*’ said he, pressing his hands together, ‘you never used me unkindly.’—‘I should think,’ said

said the lady, 'he is not likely.'—I blushed in my turn; but from what movements I leave to the few who feel to analyse. 'Excuse me, Madame,' replied I; 'I treated him most unkindly, and from no provocations.'—'It is impossible,' said the lady. 'My God!' cried the monk, with a warmth of asseveration which seemed not to belong to him, 'the fault was in me, and in the indiscretion of my zeal.'—The lady opposed it, and I joined with her, in maintaining it was impossible that a spirit so regulated as his could give offence to any.

I knew not that contention could be rendered so sweet and pleasurable a thing to the nerves as I then felt it.—We remained silent without any sensation of that foolish pain which takes place, when in such a circle you look for ten minutes in one another's faces without saying a word. Whilst this lasted, the monk rubbed his horn-box upon the sleeve of his tunick; and as soon as it had acquired a little air of brightness by the friction—he made a low bow, and said it was too late to say whether it was the weakness or goodness of our tempers which had involved us in this contest—but be it as it would—he begged we might exchange boxes. In saying this, he presented his to me with one hand, as he took mine from me in the other; and having kissed it—with a stream of good nature in his eyes, he put it into his bosom—and took his leave.

I guard this box, as I would the instrumental parts of my religion, to help my mind on to something better. In truth, I seldom go abroad without it: and oft and many a time have I called up by it the courteous spirit of its owner, to regulate my own, in the jostlings of the world—they had found full employment for his, as I learnt from his story, till about the forty-fifth year of his age; when, upon some military services ill-requited, and meeting at the same time with a disappointment in the tenderest of passions, he abandoned the sword and the sex together, and took sanctuary—not so much in his convent, as in himself.

I feel a damp upon my spirits, as I am going to add, that in my last return through Calais, upon enquiring after Father Lorenzo, I heard he had been dead near three months; and was bu-

ried, not in his convent, but, according to his desire, in a little cemetery belonging to it, about two leagues off. I had a strong desire to see where they had laid him—when, upon pulling out his little horn-box, as I sat by his grave, and plucking up a nettle or two at the head of it, which had no business to grow there, they all struck together so forcibly upon my affections, that I burst into a flood of tears—but I am as weak as a woman; and I beg the world not to smile, but pity me.

THE REMISE DOOR.

CALAIS.

I Had never quitted the lady's hand all this time; and had held it so long, that it would have been indecent to have let it go, without first pressing it to my lips: the blood and spirits, which had suffered a revulsion from her, crowded back to her as I did it.

Now the two travellers, who had spoke to me in the coach-yard, happening at that crisis to be passing by, and observing our communications, naturally took it into their heads that we must be *man and wife*, at least: so, stopping as soon as they came up to the door of the Remise, the one of them who was the inquisitive traveller, asked us, if we set out for Paris the next morning. 'I could only answer for myself,' I said: and the lady added, she was for Amiens. 'We dined there yesterday,' said the simple traveller. 'You go directly through the town,' added the other, 'in your road to Paris.'—I was going to return a thousand thanks for the intelligence—that Amiens was in the road to Paris; but upon pulling out my poor monk's little horn-box to take a pinch of snuff, I made them a quiet bow, and wished them a good passage to Dover—They left us alone—

—'Now, where would be the harm,' said I to myself, 'if I was to beg of this distressed lady to accept of half of my chaise?—and what mighty mischief could ensue?'

Every dirty passion and bad propensity in my nature took the alarm as I stated the proposition. 'It will oblige you to have a third horse,' said AVARICE, 'which will put twenty livres

‘out of your pocket.’—‘You know not who she is,’ said CAUTION—‘Or what scrapes the affair may draw you into,’ whispered COWARDICE.

‘Depend upon it, Yorick!’ said DISCRETION, ‘it will be said you went off with a mistress, and came by assignation to Calais for that purpose.’

—‘You can never after,’ cried HYPOCRISY aloud, ‘shew your face in the world.’—‘Or rise,’ quoth MEANNESS, ‘in the church.’—‘Or be any thing in it,’ said PRIDE, ‘but a lousy prebendary.’

‘But it is a civil thing,’ said I; and, as I generally act from the first impulse, and therefore seldom listen to these cabals, which serve no purpose, that I know of, but to encompass the heart with adamant—I turned instantly about to the lady.—

—But she had glided off unperceived, as the cause was pleading, and had made ten or a dozen paces down the street, by the time I had made the determination; so I set off after her with a long stride, to make her the proposal with the best address I was master of; but observing she walked with her cheek half resting upon the palm of her hand—with the slow, short-measured step of thoughtfulness—and with her eyes, as she went step by step, fixed upon the ground—it struck me, she was trying the same cause herself. ‘God help her!’ said I, ‘she has some mother-in-law, or tartuffish aunt, or nonsensical old woman, to consult upon the occasion, as well as myself.’ So not caring to interrupt the process, and deeming it more gallant to take her at discretion than surprize; I faced about and took a short turn or two before the door of the Remise, whilst she walked musing on one side.

IN THE STREET.

CALAIS.

HAVING, on first sight of the lady, settled the affair in my fancy, that she was of the better order of beings—and then laid it down as a second axiom, as indisputable as the first, that she was a widow, and wore a character of distress—I went no farther; I got ground enough for

the situation which pleased me—and had she remained close beside my elbow till midnight, I should have held true to my system, and considered her only under that general idea.

She had scarce got twenty paces distant from me, ere something within me called out for a more particular enquiry—it brought on the idea of a farther separation—I might possibly never see her more—the heart is for saving what it can; and I wanted the traces through which my wishes might find their way to her, in case I should never rejoin her myself: in a word, I wished to know her name—her family’s—her conditions; and, as I knew the place to which she was going, I wanted to know from whence she came—but there was no coming at all this intelligence; a hundred little delicacies stood in the way. I formed a score different plans.—There was no such thing as a man’s asking her directly—the thing was impossible.

A little French *debonaire* captain, who came dancing down the street, shewed me, it was the easiest thing in the world; for popping in betwixt us, just as the lady was returning back to the door of the remise, he introduced himself to my acquaintance, and before he had well got announced, begged I would do him the honour to present him to the lady.—I had not been presented myself.—So turning about to her, he did it just as well, by asking her if she had come from Paris.—No; she was going that rout, she said.—‘*Vous n’etez pas de Londres?*’—She was not, she replied.—‘Then Madame must have come through Flanders!’—*Apparemment vous etez Flammande?*’ said the French captain.—The lady answered, she was.—‘*Peut-être de Lisle?*’ added he. She said she was not of Lisle.—‘Nor Arras?’—nor Cambrai?’—nor Ghent?’—‘Nor Brussels?’ She answered, she was of Brussels.

He had had the honour, he said, to be at the bombardment of it last war—that it was finely situated *pour cela*—and full of noblesse when the Imperialists were driven out by the French: (the lady made a slight curtsy)—So giving her an account of the affair, and of the share he had had in it—he begged the honour to know her name—to make his bow.

‘Et

'*Et Madame a son mari?*' said he, looking back when he had made two steps—and without staying for an answer, danced down the street.

Had I served seven years apprenticeship to good-breeding, I could not have done as much.

THE REMISE.

CALAIS.

AS the little French captain left us, Monsieur Dessein came up with the key of the Remise in his hand, and forthwith let us into his magazine of chaises.

The first object which caught my eye, as Monsieur Dessein opened the door of the Remise, was another old tattered *desobligeant*: and notwithstanding it was the exact picture of that which had hit my fancy so much in the coach-yard but an hour before—the very sight of it stirred up a disagreeable sensation within me now; and I thought it was a churlish beast, into whose heart the idea could first enter, to construct such a machine; nor had I much more charity for the man who could think of using it.

I observed the lady was as little taken with it as myself: so Monsieur Dessein led us on to a couple of chaises which stood abreast, telling us, as he recommended them, that they had been purchased by my Lord A. and B. to go the *grand tour*, but had gone no farther than Paris, so were in all respects as good as new—they were too good—so I passed on to a third, which stood behind, and forthwith began to chaffer for the price. 'But it will scarce hold two,' said I, opening the door and getting in. 'Have the goodness, Madam,' said Monsieur Dessein, offering his arm, 'to step in.'—The lady hesitated half a second, and stepped in; and the waiter that moment beckoning to speak to Monsieur Dessein, he shut the door of the chaise upon us, and left us.

THE REMISE DOOR.

CALAIS.

'*C'EST bien comique!* (it is very droll!)" said the lady, smiling—from the reflection that this

was the second time we had been left together by a parcel of nonsensical contingencies—'*c'est bien comique!*' said she—

—'There wants nothing,' said I, 'to make it so, but the comick use which the gallantry of a Frenchman would put it to—to make love the first moment, and an offer of his person the second.'

'It is their *fort*,' replied the lady.

'It is supposed so, at least—and how it has come to pass,' continued I, 'I know not; but they have certainly got the credit of understanding more of love, and making it better, than any other nation upon earth; but, for my own part, I think them errant bunglers, and in truth the worst set of marksmen that ever tried Cupid's patience.'

—'To think of making love by *sentiments!*

'I should as soon think of making a genteel suit of cloaths out of remnants—and to do it—pop—at first sight—by declaration—is submitting the offer, and themselves with it, to be sifted, with all their *pours* and *contres*, by an unheated mind.'

The lady attended, as if she expected I should go on.

'Consider, then, Madam,' continued I, laying my hand upon her's—

'That grave people hate love for the name's sake—'

'That selfish people hate it for their own—'

'Hypocrites, for Heaven's—'

'And that all of us, both old and young, being ten times worse frightened than hurt by the very report—'

—'What a want of knowledge in this branch of commerce a man betrays, whoever lets the word come out of his lips till an hour or two at least after the time that his silence upon it becomes tormenting. A course of small, quiet attentions, not so pointed as to alarm—nor so vague as to be misunderstood—with now and then a look of kindness, and little or nothing said upon it—leaves nature for your mistress, and she fashions it to her mind.'

'Then I solemnly declare,' said the lady, blushing, 'you have been making love to me all this while.'

THE

THE REMISE.

CALAIS.

MONSIEUR Dessen came back to let us out of the chaise; and acquaint the lady, the Count de L——, her brother, was just arrived at the hotel. Though I had infinite goodwill for the lady, I cannot say that I rejoiced in my heart at the event—and could not help telling her so——‘For ‘it is fatal to a proposal, Madam,’ said I, ‘that I was going to make to ‘you——’

‘You need not tell me what the ‘proposal was,’ said she, laying her hand upon both mine, as she interrupted me. ‘A man, my good Sir, has ‘seldom an offer of kindness to make ‘to a woman, but she has a presentiment of it some moments before.’

‘Nature arms her with it,’ said I, ‘for immediate preservation.’—‘But I ‘think,’ said she, looking in my face, ‘I had no evil to apprehend—and, to ‘deal frankly with you, had determined to accept it.—If I had,’—(she stopped a moment)—‘I believe ‘your good will would have drawn a ‘story from me, which would have ‘made pity the only dangerous thing in ‘the journey.’

In saying this, she suffered me to kiss her hand twice; and with a look of sensibility, mixed with a concern, she got out of the chaise—and bid adieu.

IN THE STREET.

CALAIS.

I Never finished a twelve-guinea bargain so expeditiously in my life: my time seemed heavy upon the loss of the lady—and knowing every moment of it would be as two, till I put myself into motion—I ordered post horses directly, and walked towards the hotel.

‘Lord!’ said I, hearing the town-clock strike four, and recollecting that I had been little more than a single hour in Calais——

‘What a large volume of adventures may be grasped within this little ‘span of life, by him who interests his ‘heart in every thing, and who, having

‘eyes to see, what time and chance are ‘perpetually holding out to him as he ‘journeyeth on his way, misses nothing ‘he can *fairly* lay his hands on!’

—— If this won’t turn out something—another will—no matter—it is an assay upon human nature—I get my labour for my pains—it is enough—the pleasure of the experiment has kept my senses, and the best part of my blood, awake, and laid the grogs to sleep.

I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and cry, ‘Tis all ‘barren!’—and so it is; and so is all the world, to him who will not cultivate the fruits it offers. ‘I declare,’ said I, clapping my hands chearily together, ‘that, was I in a desert, I ‘would find out wherewith in it to ‘call forth my affections.—If I could ‘not do better, I would fasten them ‘upon some sweet myrtle, or seek some melancholy cypress to connect myself ‘to—I would court their shade, and ‘greet them kindly for their protection—I would cut my name upon ‘them, and swear they were the loveliest trees throughout the desert: if ‘their leaves withered, I would teach ‘myself to mourn—and when they rejoiced, I would rejoice along with ‘them.’

The learned Smelfungus travelled from Boulogne to Paris—from Paris to Rome—and so on—but he set out with the spleen and jaundice, and every object he passed by was discoloured or distorted—He wrote an account of them, but it was nothing but the account of his miserable feelings.

I met Smelfungus in the grand portico of the pantheon—he was just coming out of it—‘It is nothing but a huge ‘cockpit*,’ said he.—‘I wish you had ‘said nothing worse of the Venus of ‘Medicis,’ replied I—for in passing through Florence, I had heard he had fallen upon the goddess, and used her worse than a common strumpet, without the least provocation in nature.

I popped upon Smelfungus again at Turin, in his return home; and a sad tale of sorrowful adventures had he to tell, ‘wherein he spoke of moving accidents by flood and field, and of the ‘cannibals which each other eat; the ‘Anthropophagi:—he had been flayed alive, and bedevil’d, and used worse

* Vide S——’s Travels.

than St. Bartholomew, at every stage he had come at—

—‘I will tell it,’ cried Smelfungus, ‘to the world.’—‘You had better tell it,’ said I, ‘to your physician.’

Mundungus, with an immense fortune, made the whole tour; going on from Rome to Naples—from Naples to Venice—from Venice to Vienna—to Dresden, to Berlin—without one generous connection, or pleasurable anecdote to tell of; but he had travelled straight on, looking neither to his right-hand or his left, left Love or Pity should seduce him out of his road.

Peace be to them! if it is to be found; but heaven itself, was it possible to get there with such tempers, would want objects to give it—every gentle spirit would come flying upon the wings of love to hail their arrival—Nothing would the souls of Smelfungus and Mundungus hear of, but fresh anthems of joy, fresh raptures of love, and fresh congratulations of their common felicity—I heartily pity them: they have brought up no faculties for this work; and was the happiest mansion in heaven to be allotted to Smelfungus and Mundungus, they would be so far from being happy, that the souls of Smelfungus and Mundungus would do penance there to all eternity.

MONTRIUL.

I Had once lost my portmanteau from behind my chaise, and twice got out in the rain, and one of the times up to the knees in dirt, to help the postillion to tie it on, without being able to find out what was wanting—Nor was it till I got to Montriuil, upon the landlord’s asking me if I wanted not a servant, that it occurred to me, that that was the very thing.

‘A servant! that I do most sadly,’ quoth I.—‘Because, Monsieur,’ said the landlord, ‘there is a clever young fellow, who would be very proud of the honour to serve an Englishman.’—‘But why an English one, more than any other?’—‘They are so generous,’ said the landlord.—‘I will be shot if this is not a livre out of my pocket,’ quoth I to myself, ‘this very night.’—‘But they have wherewithal to be so, Monsieur,’ added he.—‘Set down one livre more for that,’ quoth I.—‘It was but last night,’ said the landlord, ‘*qu’un my Lord Anglois pre-*

sentoit un ecu à la fille de chambre.’—‘*Tant pis pour Mademoiselle Janatone.*’ said I.

Now Janatone being the landlord’s daughter, and the landlord supposing I was young in French, took the liberty to inform me, I should not have said *tant pis*—but, *tant mieux*. ‘*Tant mieux, toujours, Monsieur,*’ said he, ‘when there is any thing to be got—’—*tant pis*, when there is nothing.—‘It comes to the same thing,’ said I. ‘*Pardonnez moi!*’ said the landlord.

I cannot take a fitter opportunity to observe, once for all, that *tant pis* and *tant mieux*, being two of the great hinges in French conversation, a stranger would do well to set himself right in the use of them, before he gets to Paris.

A prompt French marquis, at our ambassador’s table, demanded of Mr. H—, if he was H— the poet. ‘No,’ said H— mildly. ‘*Tant pis,*’ replied the marquis.

‘It is H— the historian,’ said another. ‘*Tant mieux,*’ said the Marquis. And Mr. H—, who is a man of an excellent heart, returned thanks for both.

When the landlord had set me right in this matter, he called in La Fleur, which was the name of the young man he had spoke of—saying only first, that as for his talents, he would presume to say nothing—Monsieur was the best judge what would suit him; but for the fidelity of La Fleur, he would stand responsible in all he was worth.

The landlord delivered this in a manner which instantly set my mind to the business I was upon—and La Fleur, who stood waiting without, in that breathless expectation which every son of nature of us have felt in our turns, came in.

MONTRIUL.

I Am apt to be taken with all kinds of people at first sight; but never more so, than when a poor devil comes to offer his service to so poor a devil as myself: and as I know this weakness, I always suffer my judgment to draw back something on that very account—and this more or less according to the mood I am in, and the case—and I may add, the gender too, of the person I am to govern.

When

When La Fleur entered the room, after every discount I could make for my soul, the genuine look and air of the fellow determined the matter at once in his favour; so I hired him first—and then began to enquire what he could do: ‘But I shall find out his talents,’ quoth I, ‘as I want them;’ ‘besides, a Frenchman can do every thing.’

Now poor La Fleur could do nothing in the world but beat a drum, and play a march or two upon the fife. I was determined to make his talents do: and cannot say my weakness was ever so insulted by my wisdom, as in the attempt.

La Fleur had set out early in life, as gallantly as most Frenchmen do, with *servant* for a few years: at the end of which, having satisfied the sentiment—and found, moreover, that the honour of beating a drum was likely to be its own reward, as it opened no farther tracks of glory to him—he retired *à ses terres*, and lived *comme il plaisoit à Dieu*—that is to say, upon nothing.

—‘And so,’ quoth *Wisdom*, ‘you have hired a drummer to attend you in this tour of yours through France and Italy!’—‘Pshal!’ said I; ‘and do not one half of our gentry go with a humdrum *compagnon du voyage* the same round, and have the piper and the devil and all to pay besides? When a man can extricate himself with an *equivoque* in such an unequal match—he is not ill off.’—‘But you can do something else,’ La Fleur? said I. ‘*O qu’oui!*’—He could make spatterdashes, and play a little upon the fiddle—‘Bravo!’ said *Wisdom*.—‘Why, I play a bass myself,’ said I—we shall do very well. ‘You can shave, and dress a wig a little,’ La Fleur?—He had all the dispositions in the world—‘It is enough for Heaven!’ said I, interrupting him—‘and ought to be enough for me.’—So, supper coming in, and having a frisky English spaniel on one side of my chair, and a French valet, with as much hilarity in his countenance as ever nature painted in one, on the other—I was satisfied to my heart’s content with my empire; and if monarchs knew what they would be at, they might be as satisfied as I was.

MONTRIUL.

AS La Fleur went the whole tour of France and Italy with me, and will be often upon the stage, I must interest the reader a little farther in his behalf—by saying, that I had never less reason to repent of the impulses which generally do determine me, than in regard to this fellow—he was a faithful, affectionate, simple soul, as ever trudged after the heels of a philosopher; and, notwithstanding his talents of drum-beating and spatterdash-making—which, though very good in themselves, happened to be of no great service to me—yet was I hourly recompensed by the festivity of his temper—it supplied all defects—I had a constant resource in his looks in all difficulties and distresses of my own—I was going to have added, of his too; but La Fleur was out of the reach of every thing, for whether it was hunger or thirst, or cold or nakedness, or watchings, or whatever stripes of ill luck La Fleur met with in our journeyings, there was no index in his physiognomy to point them out by—he was eternally the same; so that if I am a piece of a philosopher—which Satan now and then puts it into my head I am—it always mortifies the pride of the conceit; by reflecting how much I owe to the complexional philosophy of this poor fellow, for shaming me into one of a better kind. With all this, La Fleur had a small cast of the coxcomb—but he seemed at first sight to be more a coxcomb of nature than of art; and before I had been three days in Paris with him—he seemed to be no coxcomb at all.

MONTRIUL.

THE next morning La Fleur entering upon his employment, I delivered to him the key of my portmanteau, with an inventory of my half dozen shirts and silk pair of breeches; and bid him fasten all upon the chaise—get the horses put to—and desire the landlord to come in with his bill.

‘*C’est un garçon de bonne fortune!*’ said the landlord, pointing through the window to half a dozen wenches who had

got

got round about La Fleur, and were most kindly taking their leave of him, as the postillion was leading out the horses. La Fleur kissed all their hands round and round again, and thrice he wiped his eyes, and thrice he promised he would bring them all pardons from Rome.

‘The young fellow,’ said the landlord, ‘is beloved by all the town, and there is scarce a corner in Montriul where the want of him will not be felt: he has but one misfortune in the world,’ continued he—‘He is always in love.’—‘I am heartily glad of it,’ said I, ‘it will save me the trouble every night of putting my breeches under my head.’—In saying this, I was making not so much La Fleur’s eulge, as my own, having been in love with one princefs or another almost all my life; and I hope I shall go on so till I die—being firmly persuaded, that if ever I do a mean action, it must be in some interval betwixt one passion and another: whilst this interregnum lasts, I always perceive my heart locked up—I can scarce find in it to give misery a sixpence; and therefore I always get out of it as fast as I can, and the moment I am rekindled, I am all generosity and good-will again; and would do any thing in the world, either for, or with any one, if they will but satisfy me there is no sin in it.

—But in saying this—sure I am commending the passion—not myself.

A FRAGMENT.

—THE town of Abdera, notwithstanding Democritus lived there, trying all the powers of irony and laughter to reclaim it, was the vilest and most profligate town in all Thrace. What for poisons, conspiracies, and assassinations—libels, pastquinades, and tumults, there was no going there by day—it was worse by night.

Now, when things were at the worst, it came to pass, that the Andromeda of Euripides being represented at Abdera, the whole orchestra was delighted with it: but of all the passages which delighted them, nothing operated more upon their imaginations, than the tender strokes of

nature which the poet had wrought up in that pathetic speech of Perseus, “*O Cupid, prince of God and men,*” &c. Every man almost spoke pure iambics the next day, and talked of nothing but Perseus his pathetic address—“*O Cupid, prince of God and men!*” in every street of Abdera; in every house—“*O Cupid! Cupid!*”—in every mouth, like the natural notes of some sweet melody which drops from it whether it will or no—nothing but, “*Cupid! Cupid! prince of God and men.*” —The fire caught—and the whole city, like the heart of one man, opened itself to Love.

No pharmacopoliſt could sell one grain of hellebore—not a single armourer had a heart to forge one instrument of death—Friendship and Virtue met together, and kissed each other in the street—the golden age returned, and hung over the town of Abdera—every Abderite took his oaten pipe, and every Abderitish woman left her purple web, and chasterly sat her down and listened to the song—

‘It was only in the power,’ says the Fragment, ‘of the God whose empire extendeth from heaven to earth, and even to the depths of the sea, to have done this.’

MONTRIUL.

WHEN all is ready, and every article is disputed and paid for in the inn, unless you are a little soured by the adventure, there is always a matter to compound at the door, before you can get into your chaise; and that is, with the sons and daughters of poverty, who surround you. Let no man say, ‘Let them go to the devil!’—‘tis a cruel journey to send a few miserables, and they have had sufferings enow without it: I always think it better to take a few sous out in my hand—and I would counsel every gentle traveller to do so likewise—he need not be so exact in setting down his motives for giving them—they will be registered elsewhere.

For my own part, there is no man gives so little as I do; for few that I know have so little to give: but as this was the first publick act of my charity

in France, I took the more notice of it.

‘A well-a-way!’ said I, ‘I have ‘but eight sous in the world,’ (showing them in my hand) ‘and there are ‘eight poor men and eight poor women for ‘em!’

A poor tattered soul, without a shirt on, instantly withdrew his claim, by retiring two steps out of the circle, and making a disqualifying bow on his part.—Had the whole parterre cried out, ‘*Place aux dames!*’ with one voice, it would not have conveyed the sentiment of a deference for the sex with half the effect.

‘Just Heaven! for what wise reasons hast thou ordered it, that beggary and urbanity, which are at such variance in other countries, should find a way to be at unity in this?’

—I insisted upon presenting him with a single sous, merely for his politesse.

A poor little dwarfish brisk fellow, who stood over-against me in the circle, putting something first under his arm, which had once been a hat, took his snuff-box out of his pocket, and generously offered a pinch on both sides of him: it was a gift of consequence, and modestly declined.—The poor little fellow pressed it upon them with a nod of welcome—‘*Prenez en—prenez!*’ said he, looking another way; so they each took a pinch. ‘Pity thy box should ever want one!’ said I to myself: so I put a couple of sous into it—taking a small pinch out of his box, to enhance their value, as I did it.—He felt the weight of the second obligation more than the first—it was doing him an honour—the other was only doing him a charity—and he made me a bow down to the ground for it.

—‘Here!’ said I, to an old soldier with one hand, who had been campaigned and worn out to death in the service—‘here’s a couple of sous for thee.’—‘*Vive le Roi!*’ said the old soldier.

I had then but three sous left: so I gave one, simply *pour l’amour de Dieu*, which was the footing on which it was begged—the poor woman had a dislocated hip—so it could not be well upon any other motive.

‘*Mon cher et tres charitable Mon-*

‘*sieur!*’—‘There’s no opposing this,’ said I.

‘*My Lord Anglois!*’—the very sound was worth the money—so I gave *my last sous* for it. But in the eagerness of giving, I had overlooked a *pauvre bonteux*, who had no one to ask a sous for him—and who, I believe, would have perished ere he could have asked one for himself: he stood by the chaise a little without the circle, and wiped a tear from a face which I thought had seen better days. ‘Good God!’ said I, ‘and I have not one single sous left ‘to give him.’—‘But you have a thousand!’ cried all the powers of nature, stirring within me—so I gave him—no matter what—I am ashamed to say how much *how much*, now—and was ashamed to think, *how little*, then: so if the reader can form any conjecture of my disposition, as these two fixed points are given him, he may judge within a livre or two what was the precise sum.

I could afford nothing for the rest, but ‘*Dieu vous benisse!*’—‘*Et le bon Dieu vous benisse encore!*’—said the old soldier, the dwarf, &c. The *pauvre bonteux* could say nothing—he pulled out a little handkerchief, and wiped his face as he turned away—and I thought he thanked me more than them all.

THE BIDET.

HAVING settled all these little matters, I got into my post-chaise with more ease than ever I got into a post-chaise in my life; and La Fleur having got one large jack-book on the far side of a little *bidet**, and another on this (for I count nothing of his legs)—he cantered away before me as happy and as perpendicular as a prince—

—But what is happiness! what is grandeur, in this painted scene of life!—A dead ass, before we had got a league, put a sudden stop to La Fleur’s career—his bidet would not pass by it—a contention arose betwixt them, and the poor fellow was kicked out of his jack-boots the very first kick.

La Fleur bore his fall like a French christian, saying neither more or less

* Post-horse.

upon it, than '*Diable!*' so presently got up and came to the charge again astride his bidet, beating him up to it as he would have beat his drum.

The bidet flew from one side of the road to the other, then back again—then this way—then that way—and, in short, every way but by the dead ass—La Fleur insisted upon the thing, and the bidet threw him.

'What's the matter, La Fleur,' said I, 'with this bidet of thine?'—'*Mon-fleur,*' said he, '*c'est un cheval le plus opiniâtre du monde!*'—Nay, 'if he is a conceited beast, he must go his own way,' replied I. So La Fleur got off him, and giving him a good sound lash, the bidet took me at my word, and away he scampered back to Montriul—'*Peste!*' said La Fleur.

It is not *mal à propos* to take notice here, that though La Fleur availed himself but of two different terms of exclamation in this encounter—namely, '*Diable!*' and '*Peste!*' that there are nevertheless three, in the French language; like the positive, comparative, and superlative, one or the other of which serve for every unexpected throw of the dice in life.

'*Le diable!*' which is the first, and positive degree, is generally used upon ordinary emotions of the mind, where small things only fall out contrary to your expectations—such as—the throwing once doublets—La Fleur's being kicked off his horse, and so forth—cuckoldom, for the same reason, is always—'*Le diable!*'

But in cases where the cast has something provoking in it, as in that of the bidet's running away after, and leaving La Fleur aground in jack-boots—'tis the second degree.

'Tis then, '*Peste!*'

And for the third—

—But here my heart is wrung with pity and fellow-feeling, when I reflect what miseries must have been their lot, and how bitterly forlorn a people must have smarted, to have forced them upon the use of it.

Grant me, O ye powers which touch the tongue with eloquence in distress!—whatever is my cast, grant me but decent words to exclaim in, and I will give my nature way!

—But as these were not to be had

in France, I resolved to take every evil, just as it befel me, without any exclamation at all.

La Fleur, who had made no such covenant with himself, followed the bidet with his eyes till it was got out of sight—and then you may imagine, if you please, with what word he closed the whole affair.

As there was no hunting down a frightened horse in jack-boots, there remained no alternative but taking La Fleur either behind the chaise, or into it.—

I preferred the latter, and in half an hour we got to the post-house at Nam-pont.

NAMPONT.

THE DEAD ASS.

—'**A**ND this,' said he, putting the remains of a crust into his wallet—and this should have been 'thy portion,' said he, 'hadst thou been alive to have shared it with me!'—I thought, by the accent, it had been an apostrophe to his child; but it was to his ass, and to the very ass we had seen dead in the road, which had occasioned La Fleur's misadventure. The man seemed to lament it much; and it instantly brought into my mind Sancho's lamentation for his; but he did it with more true touches of nature.

The mourner was sitting upon a stone bench at the door, with the ass's pannel and it's bridle on one side, which he took up from time to time—then laid them down—looked at them, and shook his head. He then took his crust of bread out of his wallet again, as if to eat it; held it some time in his hand—then laid it upon the bit of his ass's bridle—looked wistfully at the little arrangement he had made—and then gave a sigh.

The simplicity of his grief drew numbers about him—and La Fleur amongst the rest, whilst the horses were getting ready—as I continued sitting in the post chaise, I could see and hear over their heads.

—He said he had come last from Spain, where he had been from the
C 2 farthest

farthelt borders of Franconia; and had got so far on his return home, when his ass died. Every one seemed desirous to know what business could have taken so old and poor a man so far a journey from his own home.

It had pleased Heaven, he said, to bless him with three sons, the finest lads in all Germany; but having in one week lost two of the eldest of them by the small-pox, and the youngest falling ill of the same distemper, he was afraid of being bereft of them all; and made a vow, if Heaven would not take him from him also, he would go in gratitude to St. Iago in Spain.

When the mourner got thus far on his story, he stopped to pay nature her tribute—and wept bitterly.

He said, Heaven had accepted the conditions, and that he had set out from his cottage with this poor creature, who had been a patient partner of his journey—that it had eat the same bread with him all the way, and was unto him as a friend.

Every body who stood about, heard the poor fellow with concern. La Fleur offered him money—The mourner said, he did not want it—it was not the value of the ass, but the loss of him. The ass, he said, he was assured, loved him—and upon this told them a long story of a mischance upon their passage over the Pyrenean mountains, which had separated them from each other three days; during which time the ass had sought him as much as he had sought the ass, and that they had neither scarce eat or drank till they met.

‘Thou hast one comfort, friend,’ said I, ‘at least, in the loss of thy poor beast, I am sure thou hast been a merciful master to him.’—‘Alas!’ said the mourner, ‘I thought so, when he was alive—but now that he is dead, I think otherwise.—I fear the weight of myself and my afflictions together have been too much for him—they have shortened the poor creature’s days, and I fear I have them to answer for.’—‘Shame on the world!’ said I to myself; ‘did we love each other, as this poor soul but loved his ass—it would be something.’

NAMPONT.

THE POSTILLION.

THE concern which the poor fellow’s story threw me into required some attention: the postillion paid not the least to it, but set off upon the *pavé*, in a full gallop.

The thirstiest soul in the most sandy desert of Arabia could not have wished more for a cup of cold water, than mine did for grave and quiet movements; and I should have had an high opinion of the postillion, had he but stolen off with me in something like a pensive pace.—On the contrary, as the mourner finished his lamentation, the fellow gave an unfeeling lash to each of his beasts, and set off clattering like a thousand devils.

I called to him as loud as I could, for Heaven’s sake to go slower—and the louder I called, the more unmercifully he gallopped.—‘The deuce take him, and his galloping too,’ said I; ‘he’ll go on tearing my nerves to pieces till he has worked me into a foolish passion, and then he’ll go slow, that I may enjoy the sweets of it.’

The postillion managed the point to a miracle: by the time he had got to the foot of a steep hill about half a league from Nampont—he had put me out of temper with him—and then with myself, for being so.

My case then required a different treatment; and a good rattling gallop would have been of real service to me—

‘Then, pr’ythee, get on—get on, my good lad!’ said I.

The postillion pointed to the hill—I then tried to return back to the story of the poor German and his ass—but I had broke the clue—and could no more get into it again, than the postillion could into a trot.

—‘The deuce go,’ said I, ‘with it all! Here I am sitting as candidly disposed to make the best of the worst, as ever wight was, and all runs counter.’

There is one sweet lenitive, at least, for evils, which nature holds out to us :
fo

so I took it kindly at her hands, and fell asleep; and the first word which roused me, was — ‘*Amiens.*’

— ‘Bless me!’ said I, rubbing my eyes, ‘this is the very town where my poor lady is to come.’

AMIENS.

THE words were scarce out of my mouth, when the Count de L***’s post-chaise, with his sister in it, drove hastily by: she had just time to make me a bow of recognition—and of that particular kind of it, which told me she had not yet done with me. She was as good as her look; for, before I had quite finished my supper, her brother’s servant came into the room with a billet, in which he said she had taken the liberty to charge me with a letter, which I was to present myself to Madame R*** the first morning I had nothing to do at Paris. There was only added, she was sorry, but from what *penchant* she had not considered, that she had been prevented telling me her story—that she still owed it me; and if my route should ever lay through Brussels, and I had not by then forgot the name of Madame de L***—that Madame de L*** would be glad to discharge her obligation.

‘Then I will meet thee,’ said I, fair spirit! at Brussels—It is only returning from Italy through Germany to Holland, by the route of Flanders home—it will scarce be ten posts out of my way; but, were it ten thousand, with what a moral delight will it crown my journey, in sharing in the sickening incidents of a tale of misery told to me by such a sufferer? To see her weep! and though I cannot dry up the fountain of her tears, what an exquisite sensation is there still left, in wiping them away from off the cheeks of the first and fairest of women, as I am sitting with my handkerchief in my hand in silence the whole night beside her.’

There was nothing wrong in the sentiment; and yet I instantly reproached my heart with it in the bitterest and most reprobate of expressions.

It had ever, as I told the reader, been one of the singular blessings of my life, to be almost every hour of it miserably in love with some one; and my

last flame happening to be blown out by a whiff of jealousy on the sudden turn of a corner, I had lighted it up afresh at the pure taper of Eliza but about three months before—swearing, as I did it, that it should last me through the whole journey.—Why should I dissemble the matter? I had sworn to her eternal fidelity—she had a right to my whole heart—to divide my affections was to lessen them—to expose them, was to risk them; where there is risk, there may be loss.—‘And what wilt thou have, Yorick! to answer to a heart so full of trust and confidence—so good, so gentle and unapproaching—’

— ‘I will not go to Brussels,’ replied I, interrupting myself—but my imagination went on—I recalled her looks at that crisis of our separation, when neither of us had power to say, ‘Adieu!’—I looked at the picture she had tied in a black ribband about my neck—and blushed as I looked at it—I would have given the world to have kissed it—but was ashamed.—‘And shall this tender flower,’ said I, pressing it between my hands, ‘shall it be smitten to its very root—and smitten, Yorick! by thee, who hast promised to shelter it in thy breast?’

‘Eternal Fountain of Happiness!’ said I, kneeling down upon the ground—‘be thou my witness—and every pure spirit which tastes it, be my witness also,—that I would not travel to Brussels, unless Eliza went along with me, did the road lead me towards heaven!’

In transports of this kind, the heart, in spite of the understanding, will always say too much.

THE LETTER.

AMIENS.

FORTUNE had not smiled upon La Fleur; for he had been unsuccessful in his feats of chivalry—and not one thing had offered to signalize his zeal for my service, from the time he had entered into it, which was almost four and twenty hours. The poor soul burned with impatience; and the Count de L***’s servant’s coming with the letter, being the first practicable occasion which offered, La Fleur had laid hold

hold of it; and in order to do honour to his master, had taken him into a back parlour in the Auberge, and treated him with a cup or two of the best wine in Picardy; and the Count de L***'s servant in return, and not to be behind-hand in politeness with La Fleur, had taken him back with him to the count's hotel. La Fleur's *prevénance* (for there was a passport in his very looks) soon set every servant in the kitchen at ease with him; and as a Frenchman, whatever be his talents, has no sort of prudery in shewing them, La Fleur, in less than five minutes, had pulled out his fife, and leading off the dance himself with the first note, set the *filles de chambre*, the *maitre d'hôtel*, the cook, the scullion, and all the household, dogs and cats, besides an old monkey, a dancing: I suppose there never was a merrier kitchen since the Flood.

Madame de L***, in passing from her brother's apartments to her own, hearing so much jollity below stairs, rung up her *filles de chambre* to ask about it; and hearing it was the English gentleman's servant who had set the whole house merry with his pipe, she ordered him up.

As the poor fellow could not present himself empty, he had laden'd himself in going up stairs with a thousand compliments to Madame de L***, on the part of his master—added a long apocrypha of inquiries after Madame de L***'s health—told her, that Monsieur his master was *au désespoir* for her re-establishment from the fatigues of her journey—and, to close all, that Monsieur had received the letter which Madame had done him the honour—
'And he has done him the honour,' said Madame de L***, interrupting La Fleur, 'to send a billet in return.'

Madame de L*** had said this with such a tone of reliance upon the fact, that La Fleur had not power to disappoint her expectations—he trembled for my honour—and possibly might not altogether be unconcerned for his own, as a man capable of being attached to a master who could be wanting *en egards vis à vis d'une femme*! so that when Madame de L*** asked La Fleur if he had brought a letter—
'O qu'oui!' said La Fleur—so laying down his hat upon the ground, and taking hold of the flap of his right-side

pocket with his left-hand, he began to search for the letter with his right—then contrarywise—'*Diabler!*'—Then sought every pocket, pocket by pocket, round, not forgetting his fob—'*Pestel!*'—Then La Fleur emptied them upon the floor—pulled out a dirty cravat—a handkerchief—a comb—a whip-lash—a night-cap—then gave a peep into his hat—'*Quelle étourderie!*' He had left the letter upon the table in the Auberge—he would run for it, and be back with it in three minutes.

I had just finished my supper when La Fleur came in to give me an account of his adventure: he told the whole story simply as it was; and only added, that if Monsieur had forgot (*par bazarard*) to answer Madame's letter, the arrangement gave him an opportunity to recover the *faux pas*—and if not, that things were only as they were.

Now I was not altogether sure of my *etiquette*, whether I ought to have wrote or no; but if I had—a devil himself could not have been angry: it was but the officious zeal of a well-meaning creature for my honour; and however he might have mistook the road—or embarrassed me in so doing—his heart was in no fault—I was under no necessity to write—and what weighed more than all—he did not look as if he had done amiss.

—'It is all very well, La Fleur!' said I. It was sufficient. La Fleur flew out of the room like lightning, and returned with pen, ink, and paper, in his hand; and coming up to the table, laid them close before me, with such a delight in his countenance, that I could not help taking up the pen.

I begun, and begun again; and though I had nothing to say, and that nothing might have been expressed in half a dozen lines, I made half a dozen different beginnings, and could no way please myself.

In short, I was in no mood to write. La Fleur stepped out, and brought a little water in a glass to dilute my ink—then fetched sand and seal-wax—It was all one—I wrote, and blotted, and tore off, and burnt, and wrote again—
'*Le diable l'emporte!*' said I, half to myself—'I cannot write this self-same letter!' throwing the pen down despairingly as I said it.

As soon as I had cast down the pen, La Fleur advanced with the most respectful

spectful carriage up to the table, and making a thousand apologies for the liberty he was going to take, told me he had a letter in his pocket wrote by a drummer in his regiment to a corporal's wife, which, he durst say, would suit the occasion.

I had a mind to let the poor fellow have his humour—'Then, pr'ythee, said I, 'let me see it.'

La Fleur instantly pulled out a little dirty pocket-book crammed full of small letters and billet-doux in a sad condition; and laying it upon the table, and then untying the string which held them all together, run them over, one by one, till he came to the letter in question—'*La voilà!*' said he, clapping his hands—So, unfolding it first, he laid it before me, and retired three steps from the table, whilst I read it.

THE LETTER.

'MADAME,

'**J**E suis pénétré de la douleur la plus vive, et réduit en même temp au desespoirs par ce retour imprévu du corporal, qui rend notre entrevue de ce soir la chose du monde la plus impossible.

'Mais vive la joie! et toute la mi-
enne sera de penser à vous.

'L'amour n'est rien sans sentiment.

'Et le sentiment est encore moins sans amour.

'On dit qu'on ne doit jamais se des-
espérer.

'On dit, aussi, que Monsieur le cor-
poral monte la garde Mercredi: alors
ce sera mon tour.

'Chacun a son tour.

'En attendant—Vive l'amour! et vive
la bagatelle!

'Je suis, Madame,

'Avec toutes les sentiments les plus
respectueux et les plus tendres,
tout à vous,

'JAQUES ROQUE.'

It was but changing the Corporal into the Count—and saying nothing about mounting guard on Wednesday—and the letter was neither right or wrong—so to gratify the poor fellow, who stood trembling for my honour,

his own, and the honour of his letter—I took the cream gently off it, and whipping it up in my own way—I sealed it up, and sent him with it to Madame de L***—and the next morning we pursued our journey to Paris.

PARIS.

WHEN a man can contest the point by dint of equipage, and carry all floundering before him with half a dozen lacquies and a couple of cooks—it is very well in such a place as Paris—he may drive in at which end of a street he will.

A poor prince who is weak in cavalry, and whose whole infantry does not exceed a single man, had best quit the field, and signalize himself in the cabinet, if he can get up into it—I say, *up into it*—for there is no descending perpendicular amongst them, with a '*Me voici, mes enfans*—here I am!'—whatever many may think.

I own my first sensations, as soon as I was left solitary and alone in my own chamber in the hotel, were far from being so flattering as I had prefigured them. I walked up gravely to the window in my dusty black coat, and looking through the glass, saw all the world in yellow, blue, and green, running at the ring of pleasure.—The old with broken lances, and in helmets which had lost their vizors—the young in armour bright which shone like gold, beplumed with each gay feather of the East—all—all—tilting at it, like fascinated knights in tournaments of yore, for fame and love—

'Alas, poor Yorick!' cried I, 'what art thou doing here? On the very first onset of all this glittering clatter thou art reduced to an atom—seek—seek some winding alley, with a tourniquet at the end of it, where chariot never rolled, or flambeau shot its rays—there thou mayest solace thy soul in converse sweet with some kind grisset of a barber's wife, and get into such coteries!—

—'May I perish if I do!' said I, pulling out the letter which I had to present to Madame De R***. —'I will wait upon this lady, the very first thing I do.' So I called La Fleur to go seek me a barber directly—and come back and brush my coat.

THE

THE WIG.

PARIS.

WHEN the barber came, he absolutely refused to have any thing to do with my wig; it was either above or below his art: I had nothing to do but to take one ready-made of his own recommendation.

—‘But I fear, friend,’ said I, ‘this buckle won’t stand.’—‘You may immerge it,’ replied he, ‘into the ocean, and it will stand.’

‘What a great scale is every thing upon in this city!’ thought I; ‘the utmost stretch of an English periwig-maker’s ideas could have gone no farther than to have dipped it into a pail of water.—What difference! it is like time to eternity.’

I confess, I do hate all cold conceptions, as I do the puny ideas which engender them; and am generally so struck with the great works of nature, that for my own part, if I could help it, I never would make a comparison less than a mountain at least. All that can be said against the French sublime in this instance of it, is this—that the grandeur is *more* in the word; and *less* in the thing. No doubt, the ocean fills the mind with vast ideas; but Paris being so far inland, it was not likely I should run post a hundred miles out of it, to try the experiment—the Parisian barber meant nothing.

The pail of water standing beside the great deep, makes certainly but a sorry figure in speech—but it will be said—it has one advantage—’tis in the next room, and the truth of the buckle may be tried in it without more ado, in a single moment.

In honest truth, and upon a more candid revision of the matter—*The French expression professes more than it performs.*

I think I can see the precise and distinguishing marks of national characters more in these nonsensical minutiae, than in the most important matters of state; where great men of all nations talk and stalk so much alike, that I would not give nine-pence to chuse amongst them.

I was so long in getting from under my barber’s hands, that it was too late

to think of going with my letter to Madame R*** that night; but when a man is once dressed at all points for going out, his reflections turn to little account, so taking down the name of the Hotel de Modene, where I lodged, I walked forth without any determination where to go—‘I shall consider of that,’ said I, ‘as I walk along.’

THE PULSE.

PARIS.

HAIL, ye small sweet courtesies of life, for smooth do ye make the road of it! like grace and beauty, which beget inclinations to love at first sight: it is ye who open this door and let the stranger in.

—‘Pray, Madame,’ said I, ‘have the goodness to tell me which way I must turn to go to the *Opera comique*?’—‘Most willingly, Monsieur,’ said she, laying aside her work.

I had given a cast with my eye into half a dozen shops as I came along, in search of a face not likely to be disordered by such an interruption; till at last, this hitting my fancy, I had walked in.

She was working a pair of ruffles as she sat in a low chair on the far side of the shop facing the door—

—‘*Tres volontiers*; most willingly!’ said she, laying her work down upon a chair next her, and rising up from the low chair she was sitting in, with so cheerful a movement, and so cheerful a look, that had I been laying out fifty louis d’ors with her, I should have said—‘This woman is grateful.’

‘You must turn Monsieur,’ said she, going with me to the door of the shop, and pointing the way down the street I was to take—‘you must turn first to your left-hand—*mais prenez garde*—there are two turns; and be so good as to take the second—then go down a little way, and you’ll see a church, and when you are past it, give yourself the trouble to turn directly to the right, and that will lead you to the foot of the *Pont Neuf*, which you must cross—and there any one will do himself the pleasure to shew you.’

She repeated her instructions three times over to me, with the same good-natured

natured patience the third time as the first—and if *tones and manners* have a meaning, which certainly they have, unless to hearts which shut them out—she seemed really interested, that I should not lose myself.

I will not suppose it was the woman's beauty, notwithstanding she was the handsomest grisset, I think, I ever saw, which had much to do with the sense I had of her courtesy; only I remember, when I told her how much I was obliged to her, that I looked very full in her eyes—and that I repeated my thanks as often as she had done her instructions.

I had not got ten paces from the door, before I found I had forgot every tittle of what she had said—so looking back, and seeing her still standing in the door of the shop, as if to look whether I went right or not—I returned back, to ask her whether the first turn was to my right or left—for that I had absolutely forgot.—‘Is it possible!’ said she, half laughing.—‘Tis very possible,’ replied I, ‘when a man is thinking more of a woman, than of her good advice.’

As this was the real truth—she took it, as every woman takes a matter of right, with a slight curtsy.

—‘*Attendez,*’ said she, laying her hand upon my arm to detain me, whilst she called a lad out of the back-shop to get ready a parcel of gloves. ‘I am just going to send him,’ said she, ‘with a packet into that quarter, and if you will have the complaisance to step in, it will be ready in a moment, and he shall attend you to the place.’—So I walked in with her to the far side of the shop, and taking up the ruffle in my hand which she laid upon the chair, as if I had a mind to sit, she sat down herself in her low chair, and I instantly sat myself down beside her.

—‘He will be ready, Monsieur,’ said she, ‘in a moment.’—‘And in that moment,’ replied I, ‘most willingly would I say something very civil to you for all these courtesies. Any one may do a casual act of goodness, but a continuation of them shews it is a part of the temperance; and certainly,’ added I, ‘if it is in the same blood which comes from the heart, which descends to the ex-

‘tremes,’ (touching her wrist) ‘I am sure you must have one of the best pulses of any woman in the world.’—‘Feel it,’ said she, holding out her arm. So laying down my hat, I took hold of her fingers in one hand, and applied the two fore-fingers of my other to the artery—

—‘Would to Heaven! my dear Eugenius, thou hadst passed by, and beheld me sitting in my black coat, and in my lack-a-day-fical manner, counting the throbs of it, one by one, with as much true devotion as if I had been watching the critical ebb or flow of her fever—How wouldst thou have laughed, and moralized upon my new profession!—and thou shouldst have laughed and moralized on—Trust me, my dear Eugenius, I should have said, “There are worse occupations in this world, than feeling a woman’s pulse.”—But a grisset’s!’ thou wouldst have said, ‘and in an open shop, Yorick!’—

—‘So much the better: for, when my views are direct, Eugenius, I care not if all the world saw me feel it.’

THE HUSBAND.

PARIS.

I Had counted twenty pulsations, and was going on fast towards the fortieth, when her husband coming unexpected from a back parlour into the shop, put me a little out in my reckoning.—It was nobody but her husband, she said—so I began a fresh score. ‘Monsieur is so good,’ quoth she, as he passed by us, ‘as to give himself the trouble of feeling my pulse.’ The husband took off his hat—and making me a bow, said I did him too much honour—and having said that, he put on his hat, and walked out.

‘Good God!’ said I to myself, as he went out—‘and can this man be the husband of this woman?’

Let it not torment the few who know what must have been the grounds of this exclamation, if I explain it to those who do not.

In London, a shopkeeper and a shopkeeper’s wife seem to be one bone and one flesh: in the several endowments of mind

and body, sometimes the one, sometimes the other has it—so as in general to be upon a par, and to tally with each other as nearly as a man and wife need to do.

In Paris, there are scarce two orders of beings more different: for the legislative and executive powers of the shop not resting in the husband, he seldom comes there—in some dark and dismal room behind, he sits commerceless, in his thrum night-cap, the same rough son of Nature that Nature left him.

The genius of a people where nothing but the monarchy is *salique*, having ceded this department, with sundry others, totally to the women—by a continual higgling with customers of all ranks and sizes, from morning to night, like so many rough pebbles shook along together in a bag, by amicable collisions they have worn down their asperities and sharp angles, and not only become round and smooth, but will receive, some of them, a polish like a brilliant—Monsieur Le Marli is little better than the stone under your foot—

—Surely—surely, man! it is not good for thee to sit alone—thou wast made for social intercourse and gentle greetings, and this improvement of our natures from it, I appeal to, as my evidence.

—‘And how does it beat, Monsieur?’ said she. ‘With all the benignity,’ said I, looking quietly in her eyes, ‘that I expected.’ She was going to say something civil in return—but the lad came into the shop with the gloves.—‘*A propos*,’ said I, ‘I want a couple of pair myself.’

THE GLOVES.

PARIS.

THE beautiful grisset rose up when I said this—and going behind the counter, reached down a parcel, and untied it: I advanced to the side over-against her—they were all too large. The beautiful grisset measured them one by one across my hand—It would not alter the dimensions—She begged I would try a single pair, which seemed

to be the least—She held it open—my hand slipped into it at once.—‘It will not do,’ said I, shaking my head a little.—‘No,’ said she, doing the same thing.

There are certain combined looks of simple subtlety—where whim, and sense, and seriousness, and nonsense, are so blended, that all the languages of Babel set loose together, could not express them—they are communicated and caught so instantaneously, that you can scarce say which party is the infester. I leave it to your men of words to swell pages about it—it is enough in the present to say again, the gloves would not do; so folding our hands within our arms, we both lolled upon the counter—it was narrow, and there was just room for the parcel to lay between us.

The beautiful grisset looked sometimes at the gloves, then side-ways to the window, then at the gloves—and then at me. I was not disposed to break silence—I followed her example; so I looked at the gloves, then to the window, then at the gloves, and then at her—and so on alternately.

I found I lost considerably in every attack—she had a quick black eye, and shot through two such long and silken eye-lashes with such penetration, that she looked into my very heart and reins—It may seem strange, but I could actually feel she did—

‘It is no matter,’ said I, taking up a couple of the pairs next me, and putting them into my pocket.

I was sensible the beautiful grisset had not asked above a single livre above the price—I wished she had asked a livre more, and was puzzling my brains how to bring the matter about.—‘Do you think, my dear Sir,’ said she, mistaking my embarrassment, ‘that I could ask a *sous* too much of a stranger—and of a stranger whose politeness, more than his want of gloves, has done me the honour to lay himself at my mercy?’—‘*M’en croyez capable?*—Faith, not I!’ said I; ‘and if you were, you are welcome.’—So counting the money into her hand, and with a lower bow than one generally makes to a shopkeeper’s wife, I went out, and her lad with his parcel followed me.

THE

THE TRANSLATION.

PARIS.

THERE was nobody in the box I was let into but a kindly old French officer. I love the character—not only because I honour the man whose manners are softened by a profession which makes bad men worse; but that I once knew one—for he is no more—and why should I not rescue one page from violation by writing his name in it, and telling the world it was Captain Tobias Shandy—the dearest of my flock and friends—whose philanthropy I never think of at this long distance from his death—but my eyes gush out with tears. For his sake, I have a predilection for the whole corps of veterans; and so I strode over the two back rows of benches, and placed myself beside him.

The old officer was reading attentively a small pamphlet (it might be the book of the opera) with a large pair of spectacles. As soon as I sat down, he took his spectacles off, and putting them into a shagreen case, returned them and the book into his pocket together. I half rose up, and made him a bow.

Translate this into any civilized language in the world—the sense is this:

‘Here’s a poor stranger come into the box—he seems as if he knew nobody; and is never likely, was he to be seven years in Paris, if every man he comes near keeps his spectacles upon his nose—’tis shutting the door of conversation absolutely in his face—and using him worse than a German.’

The French officer might as well have said it all aloud: and if he had, I should in course have put the bow I made him into French too—and told him, I was sensible of his attention, and returned him a thousand thanks for it.

There is not a secret so aiding to the progress of sociality, as to get master of this *short hand*, and to be quick in rendering the several turns of looks and limbs, with all their inflections and delineations, into plain words. For my own part, by long habitude, I do it so mechanically, that when I

walk the streets of London, I go translating all the way; and have more than once stood behind in the circle, where not three words have been said, and have brought off twenty different dialogues with me, which I could have fairly wrote down and sworn to.

I was going one evening to Martini’s concert at Milan, and was just entering the door of the hall, when the Marquisina di F*** was coming out in a sort of a hurry—she was almost upon me before I saw her; so I gave a spring to one side to let her pass—She had done the same, and on the same side too; so we ran our heads together: she instantly got to the other side, to get out; I was just as unfortunate as she had been, for I had sprung to that side, and opposed her passage again.—We both flew together to the other side, and then back—and so on.—It was ridiculous; and we both blushed intolerably: so I did at last the thing I should have done at first—I stood stock still, and the Marquisina had no more difficulty. I had no power to go into the room, till I had made her so much reparation as to wait and follow her with my eye to the end of the passage.—She looked back twice, and walked along it rather sideways, as if she would make room for any one coming up stairs to pass her—‘No,’ said I, ‘that’s a vile translation: the Marquisino has a right to the best apology I can make her; and that opening is left for me to do it in.’ So I ran and begged pardon for the embarrassment I had given her, saying it was my intention to have made her way. She answered, she was guided by the same intention towards me—so we reciprocally thanked each other. She was at the top of the stairs; and seeing no *chichee* near her, I begged to hand her to her coach—so we went down the stairs, stopping at every third step to talk of the concert and the adventure. ‘Upon my word, Madame,’ said I, when I had handed her in, ‘I made six different efforts to let you go out.’—‘And I made six efforts,’ replied she, ‘to let you enter.’—‘I wish to Heaven you would make a seventh!’ said I.—‘With all my heart,’ said she, making room.—Life is too short to be long about the forms of it—so I instantly stepped in, and she carried me home with her. And what became

of the concert, St. Cecilia, who, I suppose, was at it, knows more than I.

I will only add, that the connection which arose out of the translation, gave me more pleasure than any one I had the honour to make in Italy.

THE DWARF.

PARIS.

I Had never heard the remark made by any one in my life, except by one; and who that was, will probably come out in this chapter: so that being pretty much unprepossessed, there must have been grounds for what struck me the moment I cast my eyes over the *parterre*—and that was, the unaccountable sport of nature in forming such numbers of dwarfs.—No doubt, the sports at certain times in almost every corner of the world; but in Paris, there is no end to her amusements—the goddess seems almost as merry as she is wise.

As I carried my idea out of the *opera comique* with me, I measured every body I saw walking in the streets by it.—Melancholy application! especially where the size was extremely little—the face extremely dark—the eyes quick—the nose long—the teeth white—the jaw prominent.—To see so many miserales, by force of accidents driven out of their own proper class into the very verge of another, which it gives me pain to write down—every third man a pigmy!—some by ricketty heads and hump backs—others by bandy legs—a third set arrested by the hand of Nature in the sixth and seventh years of their growth—a fourth, in their perfect and natural state, like dwarf apple-trees; from the first rudiments and stamina of their existence never meant to grow higher.

A medical traveller might say, it is owing to undue bandages—a splenetic one, to want of air—and an inquisitive traveller, to fortify the system, may measure the height of their houses—the narrowness of their streets, and in how few feet square in the sixth and seventh stories such numbers of the *bourgeoisie* eat and sleep together; but I remember, Mr. Shandy the elder, who accounted for nothing like any body else, in speaking one evening of these

matters, averred, that children, like other animals, might be increased almost to any size, provided they came right into the world; but the misery was, the citizens of Paris were so cooped up, that they had not actually room enough to get them—‘I did not call it getting any thing,’ said he; ‘it is getting nothing.—Nay,’ continued he, rising in his argument, ‘tis getting worse than nothing—when all you have got, after twenty or five and twenty years of the tenderest care and most nutritious aliment bestowed upon it, shall not at last be as high as my leg.’ Now, Mr. Shandy being very short, there could be nothing more said upon it.

As this is not a work of reasoning, I leave the solution as I found it, and content myself with the truth only of the remark, which is verified in every lane and bye-lane of Paris. I was walking down that which leads from the Carousal to the Palais Royal, and observing a little boy in some distress at the side of the gutter which ran down the middle of it, I took hold of his hand, and helped him over. Upon turning up his face to look at him after, I perceived he was about forty.—‘Never mind,’ said I; ‘some good body will do as much for me when I am ninety.’

I feel some little principles within me, which incline me to be merciful towards this poor blighted part of my species, who have neither size or strength to get on in the world.—I cannot bear to see one of them trod upon; and had scarce got seated beside my old French officer, ere the disgust was exercised, by seeing the very thing happen under the box we sat in.

At the end of the orchestra, and betwixt that and the first side-box, there is a small esplanade left, where, when the house is full, numbers of all ranks take sanctuary. Though you stand, as in the *parterre*, you pay the same price as in the orchestra. A poor defenceless being of this order had got thrust somehow or other into this luckless place—the night was hot, and he was surrounded by beings two feet and a half higher than himself. The dwarf suffered inexpressibly on all sides; but the thing which incommoded him most, was a tall, corpulent German, near seven feet high, who stood directly betwixt

twixt him and all possibility of his seeing either the stage or the actors. The poor dwarf did all he could to get a peep at what was going forwards, by seeking for some little opening betwixt the German's arm and his body, trying first one side, then the other—but the German stood square in the most unaccommodating posture that can be imagined—the dwarf might as well have been placed at the bottom of the deepest draw-well in Paris; so he civilly reached up his hand to the German's sleeve, and told him his distress.—The German turned his head back, looked down upon him as Goliath did upon David—and unfeelingly resumed his posture.

I was just then taking a pinch of snuff out of my monk's little horn-box—'And how would thy meek and courteous spirit, my dear monk! so tempered to *bear and forbear!*—how sweetly would it have lent an ear to this poor soul's complaint!'

The old French officer, seeing me lifting up my eyes with an emotion, as I made the apostrophe, took the liberty to ask me, what was the matter—I told him the story in three words, and added, how inhuman it was.

By this time the dwarf was driven to extremes, and in his first transports, (which are generally unreasonable) had told the German he would cut off his long queue with his knife. The German looked back coolly, and told him he was welcome, if he could reach it.

An injury, sharpened by an insult, be it to whom it will, makes every man of sentiment a party: I could have leaped out of the box to have redressed it. The old French officer did it with much less confusion; for leaning a little over, and nodding to a sentinel, and pointing at the same time with his finger at the distress—the sentinel made his way to it.—There was no occasion to tell the grievance—the thing told itself; so thrusting back the German instantly with his musket—he took the poor dwarf by the hand, and placed him before him—'This is noble!' said I, clapping my hands together.—'And yet you would not permit this,' said the old officer, 'in England.'

—'In England, dear Sir,' said I, '*we sit all at our ease.*'

The old French officer would have

set me at unity with myself, in case I had been at variance—by saying it was a *bon mot*—and as a *bon mot* is always worth something at Paris, he offered me a pinch of snuff.

THE ROSE.

PARIS.

IT was now my turn to ask the old French officer, *what was the matter*; for a cry of, '*Hauffez les mains, Monsieur l'Abbé!*' re-echoed from a dozen different parts of the parterre, was as unintelligible to me, as my apostrophe to the monk had been to him.

He told me, it was some poor Abbé in one of the upper *loges*, who he supposed had got planted perdu behind a couple of griffets, in order to see the opera, and that the parterre espying him, were insisting upon his holding up both his hands during the representation—'And can it be supposed,' said I, 'that an ecclesiastick would pick the griffets pockets?' The old French officer smiled—and whispering in my ear, opened a door of knowledge which I had no idea of.

'Good God!' said I, turning pale with astonishment, 'is it possible, that a people so smit with sentiment should at the same time be so unclean, and so unlike themselves—*Quelle grossièreté!*' added I.

The French officer told me it was an illiberal sarcasm at the church, which had begun in the theatre about the time the *Tartuffe* was given in it, by Moliere—but, like other remains of Gothic manners, was declining—'Every nation,' continued he, 'have their finements and *grossièretés*, in which they take the lead, and lose it of one another by turns;—that he had been in most countries, but never in one where he found not some delicacies, which others seemed to want. '*Le POUR, et le CONTRE, se trouvent en chaque nation*—there is a balance,' said he, 'of good and bad every where; and nothing but the knowing it is so, can emancipate one half of the world from the prepossession which it holds against the other;—that the advantage of travel, as it regarded the *savoir vivre*, was by seeing

ing a great deal both of men and manners: it taught us mutual toleration—‘and mutual toleration,’ concluded he, making me a bow, ‘taught us mutual love.’

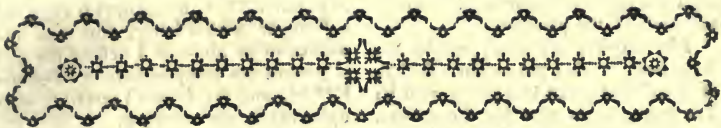
The old French officer delivered this with an air of such candour and good sense, as coincided with my first favourable impressions of his character—I thought I loved the man; but I fear I mistook the object—’twas my own way of thinking—the difference was, I could not have expressed it half so well.

It is alike troublesome to both the rider and his beast—if the latter goes pricking up his ears, and starting all the way at every object which he never saw before—I have as little torment of this kind as any creature alive; and yet, I honestly confess, that many a thing gave me pain, and that I blushed at many a word the first month—which I found inconsequent and perfectly innocent the second.

Madame de Rambouliet, after an acquaintance of about six weeks with her, had done me the honour to take me in her coach about two leagues out of town—Of all women, Madame de Rambouliet is the most correct; and I never wish to see one of more virtues and purity of heart—In our return back, Madame de Rambouliet desired me to pull the cord—I asked her if she wanted any thing—‘*Rien que piffer!*’ said Madame de Rambouliet.

Grieve not, gentle traveller, to let Madame de Rambouliet p—ss on—And ye fair mystick nymphs! go each one *pluck your rose*, and scatter them in your path—for Madame de Rambouliet did no more!—I handed Madame de Rambouliet out of the coach; and had I been the priest of the chaste CASTALIA, I could not have served at her fountain with a more respectful decorum.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



A

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

THE FILLE DE CHAMBRE.

PARIS.



WHAT the old French officer had delivered upon travelling, bringing Polonius's advice to his son, upon the same subject, into my head—and that bringing in Hamlet, and Hamlet the rest of Shakespeare's works—I stopped at the Quai de Conti, in my return home, to purchase the whole set.

The bookseller said he had not a set in the world.—‘*Comment!*’ said I; taking one up out of a set which lay upon the counter betwixt us.—He said, they were sent him only to be got bound, and were to be sent back to Versailles in the morning to the Count de B***.

—‘And does the Count de B***,’ said I, ‘read Shakespeare?’—‘*C’est un esprit fort,*’ replied the bookseller.—‘He loves English books; and, what is more to his honour, Monsieur, he loves the English too.’—‘You speak this so civilly,’ said I, ‘that it is enough to oblige an Englishman to lay out a louis d’or or two at your shop.’—The bookseller made a bow, and was going to say something; when a young decent girl about twenty, who by her air and dress seemed to be *fille de chambre* to some devout woman of fashion, came into the shop, and asked for *Les Egarements du Cœur & de l’Esprit*: the bookseller gave her the book

directly; she pulled out a little green satin purse run round with ribband of the same colour, and putting her finger and thumb into it, she took out the money and paid for it. As I had nothing more to stay me in the shop, we both walked out of the door together.

—‘And what have you to do, my dear,’ said I, ‘with *The Wanderings of the Heart*, who scarce know yet you have one; nor, till love has first told you it, or some faithless shepherd has made it ache, canst thou ever be sure it is so.’—‘*Le Dieu m’en garde!*’ said the girl. With reason,’ said I; ‘for if it is a good one, ’tis pity it should be stolen; ’tis a little treasure to thee, and gives a better air to your face, than if it was dressed out with pearls.’

The young girl listened with a submissive attention, holding her satin purse by it’s ribband in her hand all the time. ‘’Tis a very small one,’ said I, taking hold of the bottom of it—(she held it towards me).—‘and there is very little in it, my dear,’ said I; ‘but be but as good as thou art handsome, and Heaven will fill it.’ I had a parcel of crowns in my hand to pay for Shakespeare; and as she had let go the purse entirely, I put a single one in—and tying up the ribband in a bow-knot, returned it to her.

The young girl made me more a humble curtsy than a low one—’twas one of those quiet, thankful sinkings, where the spirit bows itself down—the body does no more than tell it. I never

ver

ver gave a girl a crown in my life which gave me half the pleasure.

'My advice, my dear, would not have been worth a pin to you,' said I, 'if I had not given this along with it: but now, when you see the crown, you'll remember it—so don't, my dear, lay it out in ribbands.'

'Upon my word, Sir,' said the girl, earnestly, 'I am incapable.' In saying which, as is usual in little bargains of honour, she gave me her hand—'*En vérité, Monsieur, je mettrai cet argent apart,*' said she.

When a virtuous convention is made betwixt man and woman, it sanctifies their most private walks: so, notwithstanding which was dusky, yet as both our roads lay the same way, we made no scruple of walking along the Quai de Conti together.

She made me a second curtsy in setting off—and before we got twenty yards from the door, as if she had not done enough before, she made a sort of a little stop—to tell me again, she thanked me.

It was a small tribute, I told her, which I could not avoid paying to virtue, and would not be mistaken in the person I had been rendering it to for the the world—'But I see innocence, my dear, in your face—and foul befall the man who ever lays a snare in it's way!'

The girl seemed affected some way or other with what I said—she gave a low sigh—I found I was not empowered to inquire at all after it—so said nothing more till I got to the corner of the Rue de Nevers, where we were to part.

—'But is this the way, my dear,' said I, 'to the Hotel de Modene?' She told me it was—or, that I might go by the Rue de Guenegault, which was the next turn.—'Then I'll go, my dear, by the Rue de Guenegault,' said I, 'for two reasons: first, I shall please myself; and next, I shall give you the protection of my company as far on your way as I can.' The girl was sensible I was civil—and said, she wished the Hotel de Modene was in the Rue de St. Pierre—'You live there?' said I. She told me she was *fille de chambre* to Madame R****. 'Good God!' said I, 'tis the very lady for whom I have brought a letter from Amiens.'—The girl told me that

Madame R****, she believed, expected a stranger with a letter, and was impatient to see him—so I desired the girl to present my compliments to Madame R****, and say I would certainly wait upon her in the morning.

We stood still at the corner of the Rue de Nevers whilst this passed—We then stopped a moment whilst she disposed of her *Egarements du Cœur*, &c. more commodiously than carrying them in her hand—they were two volumes: so I held the second for her whilst she put the first into her pocket; and then she held her pocket, and I put in the other after it.

It is sweet to feel by what fine-spun threads our affections are drawn together.

We set off afresh—and, as she took her third step, the girl put her hand within my arm—I was just bidding her—but she did it of herself with that unliberating simplicity, which shewed it was out of her head—that she had never seen me before. For my own part, I felt the conviction of consanguinity so strongly, that I could not help turning half round to look in her face, and see if I could trace out any thing in it of a family likeness—'Tut!' said I, 'are we not all relations?'

When we arrived at the turning up of the Rue de Guenegault, I stopped to bid her adieu for good and all: the girl would thank me again for my company and kindness—She bid me adieu twice—I repeated it as often; and so cordial was the parting between us, that had it happened any where else, I'm not sure but I should have signed it with a kiss of charity, as warm and holy as an apostle.

But in Paris, as none kiss each other but the men—I did what amounted to the same thing—

—I bid God bless her.

THE PASSPORT.

PARIS.

WHEN I got home to my hotel, La Fleur told me I had been enquired after by the lieutenant de police. 'The deuce take it!' said I, 'I know the reason.'—It is time the reader should know it, for in the order of things in which it happened, it was omitted—not that it was out of my

my head; but that had I told it then, it might have been forgot now—and now is the time I want it.

I had left London with so much precipitation, that it never entered my mind that we were at war with France; and had reached Dover, and looked through my glass at the hills beyond Boulogne, before the idea presented itself; and with this in its train, that there was no getting there without a passport. Go but to the end of a street, I have a mortal aversion for returning back no wiser than I set out; and as this was one of the greatest efforts I had ever made for knowledge, I could less bear the thoughts of it; so hearing the Count De *** had hired the packet, I begged he would take me in his *suite*. The count had some little knowledge of me, so made little or no difficulty—only said, his inclination to serve me could reach no farther than Calais, as he was to return by way of Brussels to Paris; however, when I had once passed there, I might get to Paris without interruption; but that in Paris I must make friends and shift for myself—‘Let me go to Paris, Monsieur Le Count,’ said I—‘and I shall do very well.’ So I embarked, and never thought more of the matter.

When La Fleur told me the Lieutenant de Police had been enquiring after me—the thing instantly recurred—and by the time La Fleur had well told me, the master of the hotel came into my room to tell me the same thing—with this addition to it, that my passport had been particularly asked after. The master of the hotel concluded with saying, he hoped I had one—‘Not I, faith!’ said I.

The master of the hotel retired three steps from me, as from an infected person, as I declared this—and poor La Fleur advanced three steps towards me, and with that sort of movement which a good soul makes to succour a distressed one—the fellow won my heart by it; and from that single *trait*, I knew his character as perfectly, and could rely upon it as firmly, as if he had served me with fidelity for seven years.

‘*Mon Seigneur!*’ cried the master of the hotel—but recollecting himself as he made the exclamation, he instantly changed the tone of it—‘If Monsieur,’ said he, ‘has not a passport; (*apparemment*) in all likelihood

‘he has friends in Paris who can procure him one.’—‘Not that I know of,’ quoth I, with an air of indifference.—‘Then, *certaines*,’ replied he, ‘you’ll be sent to the Bastille, or the Chatelet, *au moins!*’—‘Pool!’ said I, ‘the King of France is a good-natured soul—he’ll hurt nobody.’—‘*Cela n’empêche pas,*’ said he; ‘you will certainly be sent to the Bastille to-morrow morning.’—‘But I have taken your lodgings for a month,’ answered I, ‘and I’ll not quit them a day before the time, for all the Kings of France in the world.’ La Fleur whispered in my ear—that nobody could oppose the King of France.

‘*Pardi!*’ said my host, ‘*ces Messieurs Anglois sont des gens tres extraordinaires!*’—and, having both said and sworn it, he went out.

THE PASSPORT.

THE HOTEL AT PARIS.

I Could not find in my heart to torture La Fleur with a serious look upon the subject of my embarrassment, which was the reason I had treated it so cavalierly: and to shew him how light it lay upon my mind, I dropped the subject entirely; and whilst he waited upon me at supper, talked to him with more than usual gaiety about Paris, and of the *opera comique*.—La Fleur had been there himself, and had followed me through the streets as far as the bookseller’s shop; but seeing me come out with the young *fille de chambre*, and that we walked down the *Quai de Conti* together, La Fleur deemed it unnecessary to follow me a step farther—so making his own reflections upon it, he took a shorter cut—and got to the hotel in time to be informed of the affair of the police against my arrival.

As soon as the honest creature had taken away, and gone down to sup himself, I then began to think a little seriously about my situation.

—‘And here, I know, Eugenius, thou wilt smile at the remembrance of a short dialogue which passed betwixt us the moment I was going to set out:—I must tell it here.

Eugenius knowing that I was as little subject to be overburdened with money as thought, had drawn me aside

to interrogate me how much I had taken care for; upon telling the exact sum, Eugenius shook his head, and said it would not do; so pulled out his purse, in order to empty it into mine.—‘I have enough in conscience, Eugenius,’ said I.—‘Indeed, Yorick, you have not,’ replied Eugenius—‘I know France and Italy better than you.’—‘But you don’t consider, Eugenius,’ said I, refusing his offer, ‘that before I have been three days in Paris, I shall take care to say or do something or other for which I shall get clapped up into the Bastile, and that I shall live there a couple of months entirely at the King of France’s expence.’—‘I beg pardon,’ said Eugenius drily; ‘really I had forgot that resource.’

Now the event I treated gaily came seriously to my door.

Is it folly, or nonchalance, or philosophy, or pertinacity—or what is it in me—that, after all, when La Fleur had gone down stairs, and I was quite alone, that I could not bring down my mind to think of it otherwise than I had then spoken of it to Eugenius?

—And as for the Bastile! the terror is in the word.—‘Make the most of it you can,’ said I to myself, ‘the Bastile is but another word for a tower—and a tower is but another word for a house you can’t get out of—Mercy on the gouty! for they are in it twice a year—but with nine livres a day, and pen and ink, and paper and patience, albeit a man can’t get out, he may do very well within—at least, for a month or six weeks; at the end of which, if he is a harmless fellow, his innocence appears, and he comes out a better and wiser man than he went in.’

I had some occasion (I forget what) to step into the court-yard, as I settled this account; and remember I walked down stairs in no small triumph with the conceit of my reasoning.—‘Behold shrew the *sombre* pencil!’ said I, vauntingly—‘for I envy not it’s powers, which paints the evils of life with so hard and deadly a colouring. The mind sits terrified at the objects she has magnified herself, and blackened: reduce them to their proper size and hue, she overlooks them—It is true,’ said I, correcting the proposition, ‘the Bastile is not an evil to be despised—but strip it of it’s towers—fill up the

‘fosse—unbarricade the doors—call it simply a confinement, and suppose it is some tyrant of a distemper—and not of a man—which holds you in it—the evil vanishes, and you bear the other half without complaint.’

I was interrupted in the hey-day of this soliloquy, with a voice which I took to be of a child, which complained—*it could not get out.* I looked up and down the passage, and seeing neither man, woman, or child, I went out without without farther attention.

In my return back through the passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over; and looking up, I saw it was a starling hung in a little cage—‘I can’t get out—I can’t get out!’ said the starling.

I stood looking at the bird: and to every person who came through the passage it ran fluttering to the side towards which they approached it, with the same lamentation of it’s captivity—‘I can’t get out!’ said the starling.—‘God help thee!’ said I, ‘but I will let thee out, cost what it will.’ So I turned about the cage to get the door—it was twisted and double-twisted so fast with wire, there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces—I took both hands to it.

The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and thrusting his head through the trellis, pressed his breast against it, as if impatient—‘I fear, poor creature!’ said I, ‘I cannot set thee at liberty.’—‘No,’ said the starling—‘I can’t get out—I can’t get out!’ said the starling.

I vow I never had my affections more tenderly awakened; or do I remember an incident in my life, where the dissipated spirits, to which my reason had been a bubble, were so suddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature were they chaunted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematick reasonings upon the Bastile; and I heavily walked up stairs, unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

‘Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery!’ said I—‘still thou art a bitter draught! and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account.—It is thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddess!’ addressing myself to LIBERTY—‘whom
‘all

‘all in publick or in private worship;
 ‘whose taste is grateful, and ever will
 ‘be so, till Nature herself shall change!
 ‘—No *tint* of words can spot thy
 ‘snowy mantle, or chymick power turn
 ‘thy sceptre into iron—With thee to
 ‘smile upon him as he eats his crust,
 ‘the swain is happier than his monarch
 ‘from whose court thou art exiled—
 ‘Gracious Heaven!’ cried I, kneeling
 down upon the last step but one in
 my ascent, ‘grant me but health, thou
 ‘great Bestower of it, and give me but
 ‘this fair goddess as my companion—
 ‘and shower down thy mitres, if it
 ‘seems good unto thy Divine Provi-
 ‘dence, upon those heads which are
 ‘aching for them!’

THE CAPTIVE.

PARIS.

THE bird in his cage pursued me
 into my room; I sat down
 close to my table, and leaning my
 head upon my hand, I began to figure
 to myself the miseries of confinement.
 I was in a right frame for it, and
 so I gave full scope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the mil-
 lions of my fellow-creatures, born to
 no inheritance but slavery: but find-
 ing, however affecting the picture was,
 that I could not bring it near me, and
 that the multitude of groupes in it did
 but distract me—

—I took a single captive, and hav-
 ing first shut him up in his dungeon, I
 then looked through the twilight of his
 grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half wasted away
 with long expectation and confinement,
 and felt what kind of sickness of the
 heart it was which arises from hope de-
 ferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw
 him pale and feverish: in thirty years the
 western breeze had not once fanned his
 blood—he had seen no sun, no moon,
 in all that time—nor had the voice of
 friend or kinsman breathed through his
 lattice—His children—

But here my heart began to bleed—
 —and I was forced to go on with
 another part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground upon
 a little straw, in the farthest corner of
 his dungeon, which was alternately his

chair and bed: a little calendar of
 small sticks were laid at the head,
 notched, all over with the dismal days
 and nights he had passed there—he had
 one of these little sticks in his hand,
 and with a rusty nail he was etching
 another day of misery to add to the heap.
 As I darkened the little light he had,
 he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the
 door, then cast it down—shook his
 head, and went on with his work of
 affliction. I heard his chains upon
 his legs, as he turned his body to lay
 his little stick upon the bundle—He
 gave a deep sigh—I saw the iron enter
 into his soul—I burst into tears—I
 could not sustain the picture of con-
 finement which my fancy had drawn—
 I started up from my chair, and call-
 ing La Fleur, I bid him bespeak me a
remise, and have it ready at the door of
 the hotel by nine in the morning.

—‘I’ll go directly,’ said I, ‘my-
 ‘self, to Monsieur Le Duc de Choi-
 ‘seul.’

La Fleur would have put me to bed;
 but not willing he should see any thing
 upon my cheek which would cost the
 honest fellow a heart ache—I told him
 I would go to bed by myself—and bid
 him go do the same.

THE STARLING.

ROAD TO VERSAILLES.

I Got into my *remise* the hour I
 promised: La Fleur got up behind,
 and I bid the coachman make the best
 of his way to Versailles.

As there was nothing in this road,
 or rather nothing which I look for in
 travelling, I cannot fill up the blank
 better than with a short history of this
 self-same bird, which became the sub-
 ject of the last chapter.

Whilst the Honourable Mr. ****
 was waiting for a wind at Dover, it had
 been caught upon the cliffs before it
 could well fly, by an English lad who
 was his groom; who not caring to de-
 stroy it, had taken it in his breast into
 the packet—and by course of feeding
 it, and taking it once under his pro-
 tection, in a day or two grew fond of
 it, and got it safe along with him to
 Paris.

At Paris the lad had laid out a livre
 in a little cage for the starling, and as

he had little to do better the five months his master staid there, he taught it in his mother's tongue the four simple words—(and no more)—to which I owned myself so much it's debtor.

Upon his master's going on for Italy—the lad had given it to the master of the hotel—But his little song for liberty being in an *unknown* language at Paris, the bird had little or no store set by him—so La Fleur bought both him and his cage for me for a bottle of Burgundy.

In my return from Italy I brought him with me to the country in whose language he had learned his notes—and telling the story of him to Lord A—, Lord A. begged the bird of me—In a week Lord A. gave him to Lord B—; Lord B. made a present of him to Lord C—; and Lord C.'s gentleman sold him to Lord D.'s for a shilling—Lord D. gave him to Lord E—, and and so on—half round the alphabet—From that rank he passed into the lower house, and passed the hands of as many commoners—But as all these wanted to *get in*—and my bird wanted to *get out*—he had almost as little store set by him in London as in Paris.

It is impossible but many of my readers must have heard of him; and if any by mere chance have ever seen him—I beg leave to inform them, that that bird was my bird—or some vile copy set up to represent him.

I have nothing farther to add upon him, but that from that time to this, I have borne this poor starling as the crest to my arms—Thus—



—And let the heralds officers twist his neck about if they dare.

THE ADDRESS.

VERSAILLES.

I Should not like to have my enemy take a view of my mind when I am going to ask protection of any man; for which reason I generally endeavour to protect myself: but this going to Monsieur Le Duc de C**** was an act of compulsion—had it been an act of choice, I should have done it, I suppose, like other people.

How many mean plans of dirty address, as I went along, did my servile heart form!—I deserved the Bastile for every one of them.

Then nothing would serve me, when I got within sight of Versailles, but putting words and sentences together, and conceiving attitudes and tones to wreath myself into Monsieur Le Duc de C****'s good graces—‘This will do,’ said I, ‘Just as well,’ retorted I again, ‘as a coat, carried up to him by an adventurous taylor, without taking his measure—Fool!’ continued I, ‘see Monsieur Le Duc’s face first—observe what character is written in it—take notice in what posture he stands to hear you—mark the turn and expressions of his body and limbs—and for the tone, the first sound which comes from his lips will give it you—and from all these together you’ll compound an address at once upon the spot, which cannot disgust the duke—the ingredients are his own, and most likely to go down.’

‘Well,’ said I, ‘I wish it well over!’—‘Coward again! as if man to man was not equal throughout the whole surface of the globe; and if in the field—why not face to face in the cabinet, too? And trust me, Yorick, whenever it is not so, man is false to himself, and betrays his own succours ten times where nature does it once. Go to the Duc de C**** with the Bastile in thy looks—my life for it, thou wilt be sent back to Paris in half an hour with an escort!’

‘I believe so,’ said I.—‘Then I’ll go to the duke, by Heaven! with all the gaiety and debonairness in the world.’

—‘And there you are wrong again,’ replied I; ‘A heart at ease, Yorick, flies into no extremes—tis ever on it’s center.’—‘Well! well!’ cried

cried I, as the coachman turned in at the gates, 'I find I shall do very well.' And by the time he had wheeled round the court, and brought me up to the door, I found myself so much the better for my own lecture, that I neither ascended the steps like a victim to justice, who was to part with life upon the rope—nor did I mount them with a skip and a couple of strides, as I do when I fly up, Eliza! to thee, to meet it.

As I entered the door of the saloon I was met by a person who possibly might be the *maitre d'hotel*, but had more the air of one of the under-secretaries, who told me the Duc de C**** was busy.—'I am utterly ignorant,' said I, 'of the forms of obtaining an audience, being an absolute stranger; and what is worse in the present conjuncture of affairs, being an Englishman too.' He replied, that did not increase the difficulty.—I made him a slight bow—and told him, I had something of importance to say to Monsieur Le Duc. The secretary looked towards the stairs, as if he was about to leave me to carry up this account to some one.—'But I must not mislead you,' said I—'for what I have to say is of no manner of importance to Monsieur Le Duc de C****—but of great importance to myself.'—'*C'est une autre affaire*,' replied he.—'Not at all,' said I, 'to a man of gallantry.'—'But pray, good Sir,' continued I, 'when can a stranger hope to have access?'—'In not less than two hours,' said he, looking at his watch. The number of equipages in the court-yard seemed to justify the calculation, that I could have no nearer a prospect—and as walking backwards and forwards in the saloon, without a soul to commune with, was for the time as bad as being in the Bastille itself, I instantly went back to my *remise*, and bid the coachman drive me to the *Cordon Bleu*, which was the nearest hotel.

I think there is a fatality in it—I seldom go to the place I set out for.

LE PATTISER.

VERSAILLES.

BEFORE I had got half-way down the street, I changed my mind. 'As I am at Versailles,' thought

I, 'I might as well take a view of the town.' So I pulled the cord, and ordered the coachman to drive round some of the principal streets.—'I suppose the town is not very large,' said I. The coachman begged pardon for setting me right, and told me it was very superb, and that numbers of the first dukes, and marquesses, and counts, had hotels.—The Count de B****, of whom the bookseller at the *Quai de Conti* had spoke so handsomely the night before, came instantly into my mind. 'And why should I not go?' thought I, 'to the Count de B****, who has so high an idea of English books, and English men—and tell him my story?' So I changed my mind a second time.—In truth, it was the third; for I had intended that day for Madame de R**** in the *Rue St. Pierre*, and had devoutly sent her word by her *fille de chambre* that I would assuredly wait upon her.—But I am governed by circumstances.—I cannot govern them: so, seeing a man standing with a basket on the other side of the street, as if he had something to sell; I bid La Fleur go up to him, and enquire for the count's hotel, *allais dire*. La Fleur returned a little pale, and told me it was a Chevalier de St. Louis selling *patés*. 'It is impossible,' La Fleur, said I.—La Fleur could no more account for the phenomenon than myself; but persisted in his story: he had seen the *croix* set in gold, with its red ribband, he said, tied to his button-hole—and had looked into the basket, and seen the *patés* which the chevalier was selling; so could not be mistaken in that. *Il me parut*. Such a reverse in man's life awakens a better principle than curiosity: I could not help looking for some time at him, as I sat in the *remise*—the more I looked at him, his *croix* and his basket, the stronger they wove themselves into my brain—I got out of the *remise*, and went towards him.

He was begirt with a clean linen apron which fell below his knees, and with a sort of a bib that went half way up his breast; upon the top of this, but a little below the hem, hung his *croix*. His basket of little *patés* was covered over with a white damask napkin; another of the same kind was spread at the bottom; and there was a look of *propreté* and neatness throughout, that one might

might have bought his *patés* of him, as much from appetite as sentiment.

He made an offer of them to neither; but stood still with them at the corner of a hotel, for those to buy who chose it, without solicitation.

He was about forty-eight—of a sedate look, something approaching to gravity. I did not wonder.—I went up rather to the basket than him—and having lifted up the napkin, and taken one of his *patés* into my hand—I begged he would explain the appearance which affected me.

He told me in a few words, that the best part of his life had passed in the service, in which, after spending a small patrimony, he had obtained a company and the *croix* with it; but that at the conclusion of the last peace, his regiment being reformed, and the whole corps, with those of some other regiments, left without any provision, he found himself in a wide world, without friends, without a livre—‘and, indeed,’ said he, ‘without any thing but this.’—(Pointing, as he said it, to his *croix*.)—‘The poor chevalier won my pity, and he finished the scene with winning my esteem too.’

The king, he said, was the most generous of princes; but his generosity could neither relieve or reward every one, and it was only his misfortune to be amongst the number. He had a little wife, he said, whom he loved, who did the *patisserie*; and added, he felt no dishonour in defending her and himself from want in this way—unless Providence had offered him a better. It would be wicked to withhold a pleasure from the good, in passing over what happened to this poor chevalier of St. Louis about nine months after.

It seems, he usually took his stand near the iron gates which lead up to the palace, and as his *croix* had caught the eye of numbers, numbers had made the same inquiry which I had done.—He had told them the same story, and always with so much modesty and good sense, that it had reached at last the king's ears—who hearing the chevalier had been a gallant officer, and respected by the whole regiment as a man of honour and integrity—he broke up his little trade by a pension of fifteen hundred livres a year.

As I have told this to please the reader, I beg he will allow me to relate

another, out of it's order, to please myself—the two stories reflect light upon each other—and 'tis a pity they should be parted.

THE SWORD.

RENNES.

WHEN states and empires have their periods of declension, and feel in their turns what distress and poverty is—I stop not to tell the causes which gradually brought the house d'E**** in Brittany, into decay. The Marquis d'E**** had fought up against his condition with great firmness; wishing to preserve, and still shew to the world, some little fragments of what his ancestors had been—their indiscretions had put it out of his power. There was enough left for the little exigencies of *obscurity*—But he had two boys who looked up to him for *light*—he thought they deserved it. He had tried his sword—it could not open the way—the *mounting* was too expensive—and simple oeconomy was not a match for it—there was no resource but commerce.

In any other province in France, save Brittany, this was smiting the root for ever of the little tree his pride and affection wished to see re-blossom—But in Brittany, there being a provision for this, he availed himself of it; and taking an occasion, when the states were assembled at Rennes, the marquis, attended with his two boys, entered the court; and having pleaded the right of an ancient law of the duchy—which, though seldom claimed, he said, was no less in force—he took his sword from his side—‘Here,’ said he, ‘take it; and be trusty guardians of it, till better times put me in condition to reclaim it.’

The president accepted the marquis's sword—he staid a few minutes to see it deposited in the archives of his house, and departed.

The marquis and his whole family embarked the next day for Martinico, and in about nineteen or twenty years of successful application to business, with some unlooked-for bequests from distant branches of his house, returned home to reclaim his nobility and to support it.

It was an incident of good fortune which will never happen to any traveller but a sentimental one, that I should be at Rennes at the very time of this solemn requisition: I call it solemn—it was so to me.

The marquis entered the court with his whole family: he supported his lady—his eldest son supported his sister, and his youngest was at the other extreme of the line next his mother—he put his handkerchief to his face twice—

—There was a dead silence. When the marquis had approached within six paces of the tribunal, he gave the marchioness to his youngest son, and advancing three steps before his family—he reclaimed his sword. His sword was given him, and the moment he got it into his hand he drew it almost out of the scabbard—it was the shining face of a friend he had once given up—he looked attentively along it, beginning at the hilt, as if to see whether it was the same—when observing a little rust which it had contracted near the point, he brought it near his eye, and bending his head down over it—I think I saw a tear fall upon the place: I could not be deceived by what followed.

‘I shall find,’ said he, ‘some other way to get it off.’

When the marquis had said this, he returned his sword into its scabbard—made a bow to the guardians of it—and with his wife and daughter, and his two sons following him, walked out.

O how I envied him his feelings!

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

I Found no difficulty in getting admittance to Monsieur Le Count de B****. The set of Shakespeare was laid upon the table, and he was tumbling them over. I walked up close to the table, and giving first such a look at the books as to make him conceive I knew what they were—I told him I had come without any one to present me, knowing I should meet with a friend in his apartment, who, I trusted, would do it for me.—‘It is my countryman,’ the great Shakespeare,’ said I, pointing to his works.—‘*Et ayez la bonté, mon cher ami,*’ (apostrophizing his spirit, added I) ‘*de me faire cet bon-
neur-là!*’—

The count smiled at the singularity of the introduction; and seeing I looked a little pale and sickly, insisted upon my taking an arm-chair: so I sat down; and to save him conjectures upon a visit so out of all rule, I told him simply of the incident in the bookseller’s shop, and how that had impelled me rather to go to him with the story of a little embarrassment I was under, than to any other man in France—‘And what is your embarrassment—let me hear it?’ said the count. So I told him the story just as I have told it the reader.

—‘And the master of the hotel,’ said I, as I concluded it, ‘will needs have it, Monsieur Le Count, that I should be sent to the Bastille—But I have no apprehensions,’ continued I—‘for, in falling into the hands of the most polished people in the world, and being conscious I was a true man, and not come to spy the nakedness of the land, I scarce thought I laid at their mercy.—It does not suit the gallantry of the French, Monsieur Le Count,’ said I, ‘to shew it against invalids.’

An animated blush came into the Count de B****’s cheeks as I spoke this. ‘*Ne craignez rien*—Don’t fear,’ said he. ‘Indeed, I dont,’ replied I again. ‘Besides,’ continued I, a little sportingly, ‘I have come laughing all the way from London to Paris, and I do not think Monsieur Le Duc de Choiseul is such an enemy to mirth, as to send me back crying for my pains.’

—‘My application to you, Monsieur Le Count de B****’ (making him a low bow) ‘is to desire he will not.’

The count heard me with great good-nature, or I had not said half as much—and once or twice said—‘*C’est bien dit.*’ So I rested my cause there—and determined to say no more about it.

The count led the discourse: we talked of indifferent things—of books, and politicks, and men—and then of women. ‘God bless them all!’ said I, after much discourse about them—‘there is not a man upon earth who loves them so much as I do: after all the foibles I have seen, and all the satires I have read against them, still I love them; being firmly persuaded that a man, who has not a sort of an affection for the whole sex, is incapable of ever loving a single one as he ought.’

‘*Heh*

‘*Heb bien, Monsieur l’Anglois!*’ said the count, gaily. ‘You are not come to spy the nakedness of the land—I believe you—*ni encore*, I dare say, that of our women—But permit me to conjecture—if, *par hazard*, they fell into your way, that the prospect would not affect you.’

I have something within me which cannot bear the shock of the least indecent insinuation: in the sportability of chit-chat I have often endeavoured to conquer it, and with infinite pain have hazarded a thousand things to a dozen of the sex together—the least of which I could not venture to a single one to gain heaven.

‘Excuse me, Monsieur Le Count,’ said I; ‘as for the nakedness of your land, if I saw it, I should cast my eyes over it with tears in them—and for that of your women,’ (blushing at the idea he had excited in me) ‘I am so evangelical in this, and have such a fellow-feeling for whatever is *weak* about them, that I would cover it with a garment, if I knew how to throw it on—But I could wish,’ continued I, ‘to spy the *nakedness* of their hearts, and through the different disguises of customs, climates, and religion, find out what is good in them to fashion my own by—and therefore am I come.’

‘It is for this reason, Monsieur Le Count,’ continued I, ‘that I have not seen the Palais Royal—nor the Luxembourg—nor the Façade of the Louvre—nor have attempted to swell the catalogues we have of pictures, statues, and churches—I conceive every fair being as a temple, and would rather enter in, and see the original drawings and loose sketches hung up in it, than the Transfiguration of Raphael itself.’

‘The thirst of this,’ continued I, ‘as impatient as that which inflames the breast of the connoisseur, has led me from my own home to France—and from France will lead me through Italy—’tis a quiet journey of the heart in pursuit of NATURE, and those affections which arise out of her, which make us love each other—and the world—better than we do.’

The count said a great many civil things to me upon the occasion; and added, very politely, how much he stood obliged to Shakespeare for making me known to him. ‘But, *à-propos*,’ said he—‘Shakespeare is full of great things

—he forgot a small punctilio of announcing your name—it puts you under a necessity of doing it yourself.’

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

THERE is not a more perplexing affair in life to me, than to set about telling any one who I am—for there is scarce any body I cannot give a better account of than of myself; and I have often wished I could do it in a single word—and have an end of it. It was the only time and occasion in my life I could accomplish this to any purpose—for Shakespeare lying upon the table, and recollecting I was in his books, I took up Hamlet, and turning immediately to the grave-diggers scene in the fifth act, I laid my finger upon YORICK, and advancing the book to the count, with my finger all the way over the name—‘Me! *Voici!*’ said I.

Now whether the idea of poor Yorick’s skull was put out of the count’s mind by the reality of my own, or by what magick he could drop a period of seven or eight hundred years, makes nothing in this account—’tis certain the French conceive better than they combine—I wonder at nothing in this world, and the less at this; inasmuch as one of the first of our own church, for whose candour and paternal sentiments I have the highest veneration, fell into the same mistake in the very same case—He could not bear, he said, to look into sermons wrote by the King of Denmark’s jester—‘Good my lord!’ said I, ‘but there are two Yoricks—the Yorick your lordship thinks of, has been dead and buried eight hundred years ago; he flourished in Horwendillus’s court—the other Yorick is myself, who have flourished, my lord, in no court.’ [He shook his head]—‘Good God!’ said I, ‘you might as well confound Alexander the Great, with Alexander the Coppersmith, my lord.’—’Twas all one, he replied.

—‘If Alexander king of Macedon could have translated your lordship,’ said I, ‘I am sure your lordship would not have said so.’

The poor Count de B*** fell but into the same error—

—‘*Et, Monsieur, est il Yorick?*’ cried the

the count.—‘*Je le suis,*’ said I.—‘*Vous ?*’—‘*Moi—moi, qui ai l’honneur de vous parler, Monsieur le Comte.*’—‘*Mon Dieu !*’ said he, embracing me—‘*Vous êtes Yorick !*’

The count instantly put the Shakespeare into his pocket, and left me alone in his room.

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

I Could not conceive why the Count de B**** had gone so abruptly out of the room, any more than I could conceive why he had put the Shakespeare into his pocket—*Mysteries which must explain themselves are not worth the loss of time which a conjecture about them takes up*: it was better to read Shakespeare. So taking up *Much ado about Nothing*, I transported myself instantly from the chair I sat in to Messina in Sicily, and got so busy with Don Pedro, and Benedict, and Beatrice, that I thought not of Versailles, the Count, or the Passport.

Sweet pliability of man’s spirit, that can at once surrender itself to illusions; which cheat expectation and sorrow of their weary moments!—Long—long since had ye numbered out my days, had I not trod so great a part of them upon this enchanted ground! When my way is too rough for my feet, or too steep for my strength, I get off it, to some smooth velvet path which fancy has scattered over with rose-buds of delights; and having taken a few turns in it, come back strengthened and refreshed—When evils press sore upon me, and there is no retreat from them in this world, then I take a new course—I leave it—and as I have a clearer idea of the Elysian fields than I have of heaven, I force myself, like Æneas, into them—I see him meet the pensive shade of his forsaken Dido, and wish to recognize it—I see the injured spirit wave her head, and turn off silent from the author of her miseries and dishonours—I lose the feelings for myself in her’s, and in those affections which were wont to make me mourn for her when I was at school.

Surely this is not walking in a vain shadow—nor does man disquiet himself in vain by it—he oftener does so in trusting the issue of his commotions to reason

only—I can safely say for myself, I was never able to conquer any one single bad sensation in my heart so decisively, as by beating up as fast as I could for some kindly and gentle sensation to fight it upon it’s own ground.

When I had got to the end of the third act, the Count de B**** entered with my passport in his hand. ‘*Monf. Le Duc de ****,*’ said the count, is ‘as good a prophet, I dare say, as he is a statesman—’ ‘*Un homme qui rit,*’ said the duke, ‘*ne sera jamais dangereux.*’—‘Had it been for any one but the king’s jester,’ added the count, ‘I could not have got it these two hours.’—‘*Pardonnez moi, Monsieur Le Count,*’ said I, ‘I am not the king’s jester.’—‘But you are Yorick?’—‘Yes.’—‘*Et vous plaisantez ?*’—I answered, ‘Indeed, I did jest—but was not paid for it;—’twas entirely at my own expence.

‘We have no jester at court, Monsieur Le Count,’ said I; ‘the last we had was in the licentious reign of Charles II.—since which time our manners have been so gradually refining, that our court at present is so full of patriots, who wish for *nothing* but the honours and wealth of their country—and our ladies are all so chaste, so spotless, so good, so devout—there is nothing for a jester to make a jest of.’

‘*Voilà un persiflage !*’ cried the count.

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

AS the passport was directed to all lieutenant-governors, governors, and commandants of cities, generals of armies, justiciaries, and all officers of justice, to let Mr. Yorick the king’s jester, and his baggage, travel quietly along—I own, the triumph of obtaining the passport was not a little tarnished by the figure I cut in it—But there is nothing unmixed in this world; and some of the gravest of our divines have carried it so far, as to affirm, that enjoyment itself was attended even with a sigh—and that the greatest *they knew of* terminated in a general way, in little better than a convulsion.

I remember, the grave and learned Bevoriskius, in his Commentary upon the Generations from Adam, very na-

turally breaks off in the middle of a note to give an account to the world of a couple of sparrows upon the out-edge of his window, which had incommoded him all the time he wrote, and at last had entirely taken him off from his genealogy.

—‘Tis stranger!’ writes Bevoriskius—‘but the facts are certain, for I have had the curiosity to mark them down one by one with my pen—but the cock-sparrow, during the little time that I could have finished the other half of this note, has actually interrupted me with the reiteration of his caresses three and twenty times and a half.’

‘How merciful,’ adds Bevoriskius, ‘is Heaven to his creatures!’

—Ill-fated Yorick! that the graveest of thy brethren should be able to write that to the world, which stains thy face with crimson, to copy in even thy study.

But this is nothing to my travels—So I twice—twice beg pardon for it.

CHARACTER.

VERSAILLES.

AND how do you find the ‘French?’ said the Count de B****, after he had given me the Passport.

The reader may suppose, that after so obliging a ‘proof of courtesy,’ I could not be at a loss to say something handsome to the enquiry.

‘*Mais passe, pour cela*—Speak frankly,’ said he: ‘do you find all the urbanity in the French which the world give us the honour of?’ I had found every thing, I said, which confirmed it. ‘*Vraiment,*’ said the count—‘*les François sont polis.*’—‘To an excess,’ replied I.

The count took notice of the word *excesse*; and would have it, I meant more than I said. I defended myself a long time as well as I could against it—he insisted I had a reserve, and that I would speak my opinion frankly.

‘I believe, Monsieur Le Count,’ said I, ‘that man has a certain compass, as well as an instrument; and that the social and other calls have occasion by turns for every key in him;

‘so that if you begin a note too high or too low, there must be a want, either in the upper or under part, to fill up the system of harmony.’—The Count de B**** did not understand music, so desired me to explain it some other way. ‘A polished nation, my dear count,’ said I, ‘makes every one its debtor; and, besides, urbanity itself, like the fair-text, has so many charms, it goes against the heart to say it can do ill; and yet, I believe, there is but a certain line of perfection, that man, take him altogether, is impowered to arrive at—if he gets beyond, he rather exchanges qualities than gets them. I must not presume to say, how far this has affected the French in the subject we are speaking of—but should it ever be the case of the English, in the progress of their refinements, to arrive at the same polish which distinguishes the French, if we did not lose the *politesse du cœur*, which inclines men more to humane actions, than courteous ones—we should at least lose that distinct variety and originality of character, which distinguishes them, not only from each other, but from all the world besides.’

I had a few of King William’s shillings as smooth as glass in my pocket; and foreseeing they would be of use in the illustration of my hypothesis, I had got them into my hand, when I had proceeded so far—

‘See, Monsieur Le Count,’ said I, rising up, and laying them before him upon the table—‘by jingling and rubbing one against another for seventy years together in one body’s pocket or another’s, they are become so much alike, you can scarce distinguish one shilling from another.’

‘The English, like ancient medals, kept more apart, and passing but few people’s hands, preserve the first sharpnesses which the fine hand of Nature has given them—they are not so pleasant to feel—but, in return, the legend is so visible, that at the first look you see whose image and superscription they bear. But the French, Monsieur Le Count,’ added I, (wishing to soften what I had said) ‘have so many excellencies, they can the better spare this—they are a loyal, a gallant, a generous, an ingenious, and

‘and good-tempered people, as is under Heaven—if they have a fault, they are too *serious*.’

‘*Mon Dieu!*’ cried the count, rising out of his chair.

‘*Mais vous plaisantez,*’ said he, correcting his exclamation.—I laid my hand upon my breast, and with earnest gravity assured him it was my most settled opinion.

The count said, he was mortified he could not stay to hear my reasons, being engaged to go that moment to dine with the Duc de C****.

‘But if it is not too far to come to Versailles to eat your soup with me, I beg, before you leave France, I may have the pleasure of knowing you retract your opinion—or, in what manner you support it—but if you do support it, Monsieur Anglois,’ said he, ‘you must do it with all your powers, because you have the whole world against you.’—I promised the count I would do myself the honour of dining with him before I set out for Italy—so took my leave.

THE TEMPTATION.

PARIS.

WHEN I alighted at the hotel, the porter told me a young woman with a band-box had been that moment enquiring for me.—‘I do not know,’ said the porter, ‘whether she is gone away or no.’ I took the key of my chamber of him, and went up stairs; and when I had got within ten steps of the top of the landing before my door, I met her coming easily down.

It was the fair *fille de chambre* I had walked along the Quai de Conti with: Madame de R**** had sent her upon some commission to a *mercant de modes* within a step or two of the hotel de Modene; and as I had failed in waiting upon her, had bid her enquire if I had left Paris—and if so, whether I had not left a letter addressed to her.

As the fair *fille de chambre* was so near my door, she returned back, and went into the room with me for a moment or two whilst I wrote a card.

It was a fine still evening in the latter end of the month of May—the crimson window-curtains (which were of the same colour of those of the bed) were drawn close—the sun was setting,

and reflected through them so warm a tint into the fair *fille de chambre*’s face—I thought she blushed—the idea of it made me blush myself—we were quite alone; and that superinduced a second blush before the first could get off.

There is a sort of a pleasing half-guilty blush, where the blood is more in fault than the man—it is sent impetuous from the heart, and virtue flies after it—not to call it back, but to make the sensation of it more delicious to the nerves—it is associated.—

But I’ll not describe it—I felt something at first within me which was not in strict unison with the lesson of virtue I had given her the night before—I fought five minutes for a card—I knew I had not one—I took a pen up—I laid it down again—my hand trembled—the devil was in me.

I know as well as any one he is an adversary, whom if we resist he will fly from us—but I seldom resist him at all; from a terror, that though I may conquer, I may still get a hurt in the combat—so I give up the triumph for security; and instead of thinking to make him fly, I generally fly myself.

The fair *fille de chambre* came close up to the bureau where I was looking for a card—took up first the pen I cast down, then offered to hold me the ink: she offered it so sweetly, I was going to accept it—but I durst not—‘I have nothing, my dear,’ said I, ‘to write upon.’—‘Write it,’ said she, simply, ‘upon any thing.’

I was just going to cry out, ‘Then I will write it, fair girl! upon thy lips.’—

‘If I do,’ said I, ‘I shall perish.’—So I took her by the hand, and led her to the door, and begged she would not forget the lesson I had given her. She said, indeed she would not—and as she uttered it with some earnestness, she turned about, and gave me both her hands, closed together, into mine—It was impossible not to compress them in that situation—I wished to let them go; and all the time I held them, I kept arguing with myself against it—and still I held them on. In two minutes, I found I had all the battle to fight over again—and I felt my legs and every limb about me tremble at the idea.

The foot of the bed was within a yard and a half of the place where we

were standing—I had still hold of her hands—and how it happened I can give no account, but I neither asked her—nor drew her—nor did I think of the bed—but so it did happen, we both sat down.

‘I’ll just shew you,’ said the fair *fille de chambre*, ‘the little purse I have been making to hold your crown.’ So she put her hand into her right pocket, which was next me, and felt for it some time—then into the left—She had lost it.—I never bore expectation more quietly—it was in her right pocket at last—she pulled it out; it was of green taffeta, lined with a little bit of white quilted satin, and just big enough to hold the crown—she put it into my hand—it was pretty; and I held it ten minutes with the back of my hand resting upon her lap—looking sometimes at the purse, sometimes on the side of it.

A stitch or two had broke out in the gathers of my stock—the fair *fille de chambre*, without saying a word, took out her little huffive, threaded a small needle, and sewed it up—I foresaw it would hazard the glory of the day; and as she passed her hand in silence across and across my neck in the *manœuvre*, I felt the laurels shake which fancy had wreathed about my head.

A strap had given way in her walk, and the buckle of her shoe was just falling off—‘See!’ said the *fille de chambre*, holding up her foot.—I could not from my soul but fasten the buckle in return, and putting in the strap—and lifting up the other foot with it, when I had done, to see both were right—in doing it too suddenly—it unavoidably threw the fair *fille de chambre* off her centre—and then—

THE CONQUEST.

YES—and then—Ye whose clay-cold heads and lukewarm hearts can argue down or mask your passions, tell me, what trespass is it, that man should have them? or how his spirit stands answerable to the Father of spirits but for his conduct under them?

If Nature has so wove her web of Kindness, that some threads of love and desire are entangled with the piece—must the whole web be rent in drawing them out?—‘Whip me such stoicks,

‘great Governor of Nature!’ said I to myself; ‘wherever thy providence shall place me for the trials of my virtue—whatever is my danger—whatever is my situation—let me feel the movements which rise out of it, and which belong to me as a man—and if I govern them as a good one, I will trust the issues to thy justice—for thou hast made us, and not we ourselves.’

As I finished my address, I raised the fair *fille de chambre* up by the hand, and led her out of the room—she stood by me till I locked the door and put the key in my pocket—and then—the victory being quite decisive—and not till then, I pressed my lips to her cheek—and, taking her by the hand again, led her safe to the gate of the hotel.

THE MYSTERY.

PARIS.

IF a man knows the heart, he will know it was impossible to go back instantly to my chamber—it was touching a cold key with a flat third to it, upon the close of a piece of music which had called forth my affections—therefore, when I let go the hand of the *fille de chambre*, I remained at the gate of the hotel for some time, looking at every one who passed by, and forming conjectures upon them, till my attention got fixed upon a single object which confounded all kind of reasoning upon him.

It was a tall figure of a philosophick, serious, adult look, which passed and repassed sedately along the street, making a turn of about sixty paces on each side of the gate of the hotel—the man was about fifty-two—had a small cane under his arm—was dressed in a dark drab-coloured coat, waistcoat, and breeches, which seemed to have seen some years service—they were still clean, and there was a little air of frugal *propreté* throughout him. By his pulling off his hat, and his attitude of accosting a good many in his way, I saw he was asking charity; so I got a sous or two out of my pocket ready to give him, as he took me in his turn. He passed by me without asking any thing—and yet did not go five steps farther before he asked charity of a little woman.

—I was

—I was much more likely to have given of the two.—He had scarce done with the woman, when he pulled his hat off to another who was coming the same way. An ancient gentleman came slowly—and after him, a young smart one—he let them both pass, and asked nothing. I stood observing him half an hour, in which time he had made a dozen turns backwards and forwards, and found that he invariably pursued the same plan.

There were two things very singular in this, which set my brain to work, and to no purpose—the first was, why the man should *only* tell his story to the sex—and secondly—what kind of story it was, and what species of eloquence it could be, which softened the hearts of the women, which he knew 'twas to no purpose to practise upon the men.

There were two other circumstances which entangled this mystery—the one was, he told every woman what he had to say in her ear, and in a way which had much more the air of a secret than a petition—the other was, it was always successful—he never stopped a woman, but she pulled out her purse, and immediately gave him something.

I could form no system to explain the phenomenon.

I had got a riddle to amuse me for the rest of the evening, so I walked up stairs to my chamber.

THE CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

PARIS.

I Was immediately followed by the master of the hotel, who came into my room to tell me I must provide lodgings elsewhere.—‘How so, friend?’ said I. He answered, I had had a young woman locked up with me two hours that evening in my bed-chamber, and it was against the rules of his house.—‘Very well,’ said I, ‘we’ll all part friends, then—for the girl is no worse—and I am no worse—and you will be just as I found you.’—‘It was enough,’ he said, ‘to overthrow the credit of his hotel.’—‘*Voyez vous, Monsieur!*’ said he, pointing to the foot of the bed we had been sitting upon—I own, it had something of the appearance of an evidence; but my pride not suffering me to enter into any

detail of the case, I exhorted him to let his soul sleep in peace, as I resolved to let mine do that night, and that I would discharge what I owed him at breakfast.

‘I should not have minded, *Mon-sieur*,’ said he, ‘if you had had twenty girls.’—‘’Tis a score more,’ replied I, interrupting him, ‘than I ever reckoned upon.’—‘Provided,’ added he, ‘it had been in the morning.’—‘And does the difference of the time of the day, at Paris, make a difference in the sin?’—‘It made a difference,’ he said, in the scandal.—‘I like a good distinction in my heart; and cannot say I was intolerably out of temper with the man.’—‘I own it is necessary,’ reassured the master of the hotel, ‘that a stranger at Paris should have the opportunities presented to him of buying lace, and silk stockings, and ruffles, *et tout cela*—and it is nothing if a woman comes with a hand-box.’—‘O my conscience,’ said I, ‘she had one; but I never looked into it.’—‘Then,’ *Mon-sieur*,’ said he, ‘has bought nothing?’—‘Not one earthly thing,’ replied I. ‘Because,’ said he, ‘I could recommend one to you who would use you *en conscience*.’—‘But I must see her this night,’ said I. He made me a low bow, and walked down.

‘Now shall I triumph over this *maitre d’hotel!*’ cried I.—‘And what then?’—‘Then I shall let him see I know he is a dirty fellow.’—‘And what then?’—‘What then!’—‘I was too near myself to say it was for the sake of others.—I had no good answer left;—there was more of spleen than principle in my project, and I was sick of it before the execution.’

In a few minutes the grisset came in with her box of lace.—‘I’ll buy nothing, however,’ said I, within myself.

The grisset would shew me every thing—I was hard to please—she would not seem to see it—she opened her little magazine, and laid all her laces one after another before me—unfolded and folded them up again one by one with the most patient sweetness—I might buy—or not—she would let me have every thing at my own price—The poor creature seemed anxious to get a penny; and laid herself out to win me, and not so much in a manner which seemed artful,

artful, as in one I felt simple and careless.

If there is not a fund of honest cullibility in man, so much the worse—my heart relented, and I gave up my second resolution as quietly at the first.

—‘Why should I chastise one for the trespass of another? If thou art tributary to this tyrant of an host,’ thought I, looking up in her face, ‘so much harder is thy bread!’

If I had not had more than four Louis-d’ors in my purse, there was no such thing as rising up and shewing her the door, till I had first laid three of them out in a pair of ruffles.

—‘The master of the hotel will share the profit with her.’—No matter—then I have only paid, as many a poor soul has paid before me, for an act he could not do, or think of.

THE RIDDLE.

PARIS.

WHEN La Fleur came up to wait upon me at supper, he told me how sorry the master of the hotel was for his affront to me in bidding me change my lodgings.

A man who values a good night’s rest will not lie down with enmity in his heart, if he can help it—so I bid La Fleur tell the master of the hotel, that I was sorry on my side for the occasion I had given him—‘And you may tell him, if you will, La Fleur,’ added I, ‘that if the young woman should call again, I shall not see her.’

This was a sacrifice—not to him, but myself—having resolved, after so narrow an escape, to run no more risks—but to leave Paris, if it was possible, with all the virtue I entered it.

‘*C’est déroger à noblesse, Monsieur,*’ said La Fleur, making me a bow down to the ground as he said it—‘*Et encore, Monsieur,*’ said he, ‘may change his sentiments—and if (*par hazard*) he should like to amuse himself—’

‘I find no amusement in it,’ said I, interrupting him.

‘*Mon Dieu!*’ said La Fleur—and took away.

In an hour’s time he came to put me to bed, and was more than commonly officious—something hung upon his lips to say to me, or ask me, which he

which he could not get off: I could not conceive what it was, and indeed gave myself little trouble to find it out, as I had another riddle so much more interesting upon my mind, which was that of the man’s asking charity before the door of the hotel—I would have given any thing to have got to the bottom of it; and that not out of curiosity—’tis so low a principle of enquiry in general, I would not purchase the gratification of it with a two-sous piece—but a secret, I thought, which so soon and so certainly softened the heart of every woman you came near, was a secret at least equal to the philosopher’s stone: had I had both the Indies, I would have given up one to have been master of it.

I tossed and turned it almost all night long in my brains to no manner of purpose; and when I awoke in the morning, I found my spirit as much troubled with my dreams, as ever the king of Babylon had been with his; and I will not hesitate to affirm, it would have puzzled all the wise men of Paris as much as those of Chaldea, to have given it’s interpretation.

LE DIMANCHE.

PARIS.

IT was Sunday; and when La Fleur came in, in the morning, with my coffee and roll and butter, he had got himself so gallantly arrayed, I scarce knew him.

I had covenanted at Montrouil to give him a new hat with a silver button and loop, and four Louis-d’ors, *pour s’adonner*, when we got to Paris; and the poor fellow, to do him justice, had done wonders with it.

He had bought a bright, clean, good scarlet coat, and a pair of breeches of the same—They were not a crown worse, he said, for the wearing—I wished him hanged for telling me—They looked so fresh, that though I knew the thing could not be done, yet I would rather have imposed upon my fancy with thinking I had bought them new for the fellow, than that they had come out of the *Rue de Friperie*.

This is a nicety which makes not the heart sore at Paris.

He had purchased, moreover, a hand-
some

some blue fatten waistcoat, fancifully enough embroidered—this was indeed something the worse for the service it had done, but it was clean scoured—the gold had been touched up, and upon the whole was rather showy than otherwise—and as the blue was not violent, it suited with the coat and breeches very well: he had squeezed out of the money, moreover, a new bag and solitaire, and had insisted with the *fripier* upon a gold pair of garters to his breeches-knees—He had purchased muslin ruffles, *bien brodées*, with four livres of his own money—and a pair of white silk stockings for five more—and, to top all, nature had given him a handsome figure, without costing him a sou.

He entered the room thus set off, with his hair dressed in the first style, and with a handsome *bouquet* in his breast—in a word, there was that look of festivity in every thing about him, which at once put me in mind it was Sunday—and by combining both together, it instantly struck me, that the favour he wished to ask of me the night before, was to spend the day as every body in Paris spent it besides. I had scarce made the conjecture, when La Fleur, with infinite humility, but with a look of truit, as if I should not refuse him, begged I would grant him the day, *pour faire le galant vis-a-vis de sa maitresse*.

Now it was the very thing I intended to do myself *vis-a-vis* Madame De R****—I had retained the *remise* on purpose for it, and it would not have mortified my vanity to have had a servant so well dressed as La Fleur was, to have got up behind it: I never could have worse spared him.

But we must *feel*, not *argue*, in these embarrassments—the sons and daughters of service part with liberty, but not with nature, in their contracts; they are flesh and blood, and have their little vanities and wishes in the midst of the house of bondage, as well as their task-masters—No doubt they have set their self-denials at a price—and their expectations are so unreasonable, that I would often disappoint them—but that their condition puts it so much in my power to do it.

‘Behold—Behold, I am the servant!’—disarms me at once of the powers of a master—

—‘Thou shalt go, La Fleur!’ said I.

—‘And what mistress, La Fleur,’ said I, ‘canst thou have picked up in so little a time at Paris?’ La Fleur laid his hand upon his breast, and said it was a *petite demoiselle*, at Monsieur Le Count de B****’s. La Fleur had a heart made for society; and, to speak the truth of him, let as few occasions slip him as his master—so that, somehow or other—but how, Heaven knows—he had connected himself with the *demoiselle* upon the landing of the stair-case, during the time I was taken up with my passport; and as there was time enough for me to win the count to my interest, La Fleur had contrived to make it do to win the maid to his. The family, it seems, was to be at Paris that day, and he had made a party with her, and two or three more of the count’s household, upon the *Boulevards*.

‘Happy people! that once a week, at least, are sure to lay down all your cares together, and dance and sing, and sport away the weights of grievance, which bow down the spirit of other nations to the earth!’

THE FRAGMENT.

PARIS.

LA Fleur had left me something to amuse myself with for the day more than I had bargained for, or could have entered either into his head or mine.

He had brought the little print of butter upon a currant leaf; and, as the morning was warm, he had begged a sheet of waste paper to put betwixt the currant leaf and his hand—As that was plate sufficient, I bade him lay it upon the table as it was, and as I resolved to stay within all day, I ordered him to call upon the *traiteur*, to bespeak my dinner, and leave me to breakfast by myself.

When I had finished the butter, I threw the currant-leaf out of the window, and was going to do the same by the waste paper—but stopping to read a line first, and that drawing me on to a second and third—I thought it better worth; so I shut the window, and drawing a chair up to it, I sat down to read it.

It was in the old French of Rabelais's time—and, for aught I know, might have been wrote by him—it was moreover in a Gothick letter, and that so faded and gone off by damps and length of time, it cost me infinite trouble to make any thing of it—I threw it down; and then wrote a letter to Eugenius—then I took it up again, and embroiled my patience with it afresh—and then, to cure that, I wrote a letter to Eliza—Still it kept hold of me; and the difficulty of understanding it increased but the desire.

I got my dinner; and after I had enlightened my mind with a bottle of Burgundy, I at it again—and after two or three hours poring upon it, with almost as deep attention as ever Gruter or Jacob Spon did upon a nonsensical inscription, I thought I made sense of it; but to make sure of it, the best way, I imagined, was to turn it into English, and see how it would look then—so I went on leisurely as a trifling man does, sometimes writing a sentence—then taking a turn or two—and then looking how the world went, out of the window; so that it was nine o'clock at night before I had done it—I then began and read it as follows.

THE FRAGMENT.

PARIS.

—‘**N**OW as the notary's wife disputed the point with the notary with too much heat—“I wish,” said the notary, (throwing down the parchment) “that there was another notary here, only to set down and attest all this.”

—“And what would you do then, Monsieur?” said she, rising hastily up. —The notary's wife was a little fume of a woman, and the notary thought it well to avoid a hurricane by a mild reply—“I would go,” answered he, “to bed.”—“You may go to the devil!” answered the notary's wife.

Now, there happening to be but one bed in the house, the other two rooms being unfurnished, as is the custom at Paris, and the notary not caring to lie in the same bed with a woman who had but that moment sent him pell-mell to the devil, went forth with his hat and cane, and short cloak, the

‘night being very windy, and walked out ill at ease towards the *Pont Neuf*.

‘Of all the bridges which ever were built—the whole world, who have passed over the *Pont Neuf*, must own, that it is the noblest—the finest—the grandest—the lightest—the longest—the broadest—that ever conjoined land and land together upon the face of the terraqueous globe.’

[By this it seems as if the author of the fragment had not been a Frenchman.]

‘The worst fault which divines and the doctors of the Sorbonne can alledge against it, is—that if there is but a capful of wind in or about Paris, it is more blasphemously *sacre Dieu'd* there, than in any other aperture of the whole city—and with reason good and cogent, Messieurs; for it comes against you without crying, “*Garde d'eau!*” and with such unpremeditated puffs, that of the few who cross it with their hats on, not one in fifty but hazards two livres and a half, which is it's full worth.

‘The poor notary, just as he was passing by the sentry, instinctively clapped his cane to the side of it, but in raising it up, the point of his cane catching hold of the loop of the sentinel's hat, hoisted it over the spikes of the balustrade clear into the Seine.

—“‘*Tis an ill wind,*” said a boatman, who caught it, “*which blows nobody any good.*”

‘The sentry, being a Gascon, incessantly twirled up his whiskers, and levelled his harquebuss.

‘Harquebusses in those days went off with matches; and an old woman's paper lantern at the end of the bridge happening to be blown out, she had borrowed the sentry's match to light it—it gave a moment's time for the Gascon's blood to run cool, and turn the accident better to his advantage—“‘*Tis an ill wind,*” said he, catching off the notary's castor, and legitimating the capture with the boatman's adage.

‘The poor notary crossed the bridge, and passing along the Rue de Dauphine into the Fauxbourg of St. Germain, lamented himself as he walked along in this manner—

“Luckless man that I am!” said the notary, “to be the sport of hurricanes all my days—to be born to have the storm of ill language levelled

“ velled against me and my profession
 “ wherever I go—to be forced into
 “ marriage by the thunder of the church
 “ to a tempest of a woman—to be
 “ driven forth out of my house by do-
 “ mestick winds, and despoiled of my
 “ castor by pontifick ones—to be here,
 “ bare-headed, in a windy night, at
 “ the mercy of the ebbs and flows of
 “ accidents—where am I to lay my
 “ head?—Miserable man! what wind
 “ in the two and thirty points of the
 “ whole compass can blow unto thee,
 “ as it does to the rest of thy fellow-
 “ creatures, good!”

“ As the notary was passing on by a
 “ dark passage, complaining in this sort,
 “ a voice called out to a girl, to bid her
 “ run for the next notary—now the no-
 “ tary being the next, and availing him-
 “ self of his situation, walked up the
 “ passage to the door, and passing through
 “ an old sort of a saloon, was ushered
 “ into a large chamber, dismantled of
 “ every thing but a long military pike
 “ —a breast-plate—a rusty old sword—
 “ and bandoleer—hung up equidistant
 “ in four different places against the
 “ wall.

“ An old personage, who had here-
 “ tofore been a gentleman, and unless
 “ decay of fortune taints the blood along
 “ with it, was a gentleman at that
 “ time, lay supporting his head upon
 “ his hand, in his bed; a little table
 “ with a taper burning was set close
 “ beside it, and close by the table
 “ was placed a chair—the notary sat
 “ him down in it; and pulling out his
 “ inkhorn and a sheet or two of pa-
 “ per which he had in his pocket, he
 “ placed them before him—and dipping
 “ his pen in his ink, and leaning his
 “ breast over the table, he disposed eve-
 “ ry thing to make the gentleman’s last
 “ will and testament.

“ Alas! Monsieur le Notaire,” said
 “ the gentleman, raising himself up a
 “ little, “ I have nothing to bequeath,
 “ which will pay the expence of be-
 “ queathing, except the history of my-
 “ self, which I could not die in peace
 “ unless I left it as a legacy to the
 “ world; the profits arising out of it
 “ I bequeath to you for the pains of
 “ taking it from me—it is a story so
 “ uncommon, it must be read by all
 “ mankind—it will make the fortunes
 “ of your house.” The notary dipped
 “ his pen into his inkhorn.—“ Al-

“ mighty Director of every event in my
 “ life!” said the old gentleman, look-
 “ ing up earnestly, and raising his hands
 “ towards heaven—“ Thou, whose
 “ hand has led me on through such a
 “ labyrinth of strange passages down
 “ into this scene of desolation, assist
 “ the decaying memory of an old, in-
 “ firm, and broken-hearted man—di-
 “ rect my tongue by the spirit of thy
 “ eternal truth, that this stranger may
 “ set down nought but what is written
 “ in that BOOK, from whose records,”
 “ said he, clasping his hands together,
 “ I am to be condemned or acquitted!”

—“ The notary held up the point of his
 “ pen betwix the taper and his eye—

—“ It is a story, Monsieur Le No-
 “ taire,” said the gentleman, “ which
 “ will rouse up every affection in na-
 “ ture—it will kill the humane, and
 “ touch the heart of cruelty herself
 “ with pity.”

—“ The notary was inflamed with
 “ a desire to begin, and put his pen a third
 “ time into his inkhorn—and the old
 “ gentleman turning a little more to-
 “ wards the notary, began to dictate his
 “ story in these words—

—“ And where is the rest of it,
 “ La Fleur?” said I—he just then en-
 “ tered the room.

THE FRAGMENT,

AND THE BOUQUET.

WHEN La Fleur came up close
 to the table, and was made to
 comprehend what I wanted, he told me
 there were only two other sheets of it,
 which he had wrapt round the stalks of
 a *bouquet* to keep it together, which he
 had presented to the *demoiselle* upon
 the *Boulevards*—“ Then pr’ythee, La
 ‘ Fleur,’ said I, ‘ step back to her to
 ‘ the Count de B****’s hotel, and *see*
 ‘ if thou canst get it.’—“ There is no
 “ doubt of it,” said La Fleur—and away
 he flew.

In a very little time the poor fellow
 came back quite out of breath, with
 deeper marks of disappointment in his
 looks than could arise from the simple
 irreparability of the fragment—*Juste*
ciel! in less than two minutes that the
 poor fellow had taken his last tender
 farewell of her—his faithless mistress
 had given his *gage d’amour* to one of
 G the

the count's footmen—the footman to a young sempstress—and the sempstresses to a fiddler, with my fragment at the end of it—Our misfortunes were involved together—I gave a sigh—and La Fleur echoed it back again to my ear—

—‘How perfidious!’ cried La Fleur—‘How unlucky!’ said I.

—‘I should not have been mortified, Monsieur,’ quoth La Fleur, ‘if she had lost it.’—‘Nor I, La Fleur,’ said I, ‘had I found it.’

Whether I did or no will be seen hereafter.

THE ACT OF CHARITY.

PARIS.

THE man who either disdains or fears to walk up a dark entry, may be an excellent good man, and fit for a hundred things; but he will not do to make a good sentimental traveller. I count little of the many things I see pass at broad noon-day, in large and open streets.—Nature is shy, and hates to act before spectators; but in such an unobserved corner you sometimes see a single short scene of her's, worth all the sentiments of a dozen French plays compounded together—and yet they are *absolutely* fine—and whenever I have a more brilliant affair upon my hands than common, as they suit a preacher just as well as a hero, I generally make my sermons out of them—and for the text—*Cappadocia, Pontus and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphylia*—is as good as any one in the bible.

There is a long dark passage issuing out of the opera comique into a narrow street; it is trod by a few who humbly wait for a *fiacre**, or wish to get off quietly on foot when the opera is done. At the end of it, towards the theatre, it is lighted by a small candle, the light of which is almost lost before you get half-way down, but near the door—it is more for ornament than use: you see it as a fixed star of the least magnitude; it burns—but does little good to the world, that we know of.

In returning along this passage, I discerned, as I approached within five or six paces of the door, two ladies standing arm in arm with their backs against

the wall, waiting, as I imagined, for a *fiacre*—as they were next the door, I thought they had a prior right; so edged myself up within a yard or little more of them, and quietly took my stand—I was in black, and scarce seen.

The lady next me, was a tall lean figure of a woman, of about thirty-six; the other of the same size and make, of about forty; there was no mark of wife or widow in any one part of either of them—they seemed to be two upright vestal sisters, unsapped by caresses, unbroke in upon by tender salutations: I could have wished to have made them happy—their happiness was destined, that night, to come from another quarter.

A low voice, with a good turn of expression, and sweet cadence at the end of it, begged for a twelve-sous piece betwixt them, for the love of Heaven. I thought it singular that a beggar should fix the quota of an alms—and that the sum should be twelve times as much as what is usually given in the dark. They both seemed astonished at it as much as myself.—‘Twelve sous!’ said one.—‘A twelve-sous piece!’ said the other—and made no reply.

The poor man said, he knew not how to ask less of ladies of their rank; and bowed down his head to the ground.

‘Poo!’ said they—‘we have no money.’

The beggar remained silent for a moment or two, and renewed his supplication.

‘Do not, my fair young ladies,’ said he, ‘stop your good ears against me!’—‘Upon my word, honest man!’ said the younger, ‘we have no change.’—‘Then God bless you!’ said the poor man, ‘and multiply those joys which you can give to others without change!’—I observed the elder sister put her hand into her pocket—‘I’ll see,’ said she, ‘if I have a sous.’—‘A sous! give twelve!’ said the supplicant. ‘Nature has been bountiful to you, be bountiful to a poor man.’

‘I would, friend, with all my heart,’ said the younger, ‘if I had it.’

‘My fair charitable!’ said he, addressing himself to the elder—‘What is it but your goodness and humanity which makes your bright eyes so sweet that they outshine the morning

* Hackney-coach.

‘even in this dark passage? And what was it which made the Marquis De Santerre and his brother say so much of you both as they just passed by?’

The two ladies seemed much affected; and impulsively at the same time they both put their hands into their pockets, and each took out a twelve-sous piece.

The contest betwixt them and the poor suppliant was no more—it was continued betwixt themselves, which of the two should give the twelve-sous piece in charity—and to end the dispute, they both gave it together, and the man went away.

THE RIDDLE EXPLAIN'D.

PARIS.

I Stepped hastily after him: it was the very man whose success in asking charity of the woman before the door of the hotel had so puzzled me—and I found at once his secret, or at least the basis of it—’twas *Flattery*.

Delicious essence! how refreshing art thou to nature! how strongly are all its powers and all its weaknesses on thy side! How sweetly dost thou mix with the blood, and help it through the most difficult and tortuous passages to the heart!

The poor man, as he was not straitened for time, had given it here in a larger dose: it is certain he had a way of bringing it into less form, for the many sudden cases he had to do with in the streets; but how he contrived to correct, sweeten, concentrate, and qualify it—I vex not my spirit with the enquiry—it is enough, the beggar gained two twelve-sous pieces—and they can best tell the rest, who have gained much greater matters by it.

PARIS.

WE get forwards in the world, not so much by doing services, as receiving them; you take a withering twig, and put it in the ground; and then you water it because you have planted it.

Monsieur Le Count de B****, merely because he had done me one

kindness in the affair of my passport, would go on and do me another, the few days he was at Paris, in making me known to a few people of rank; and they were to present me to others, and so on.

I had got master of my *secret* just in time to turn these honours to some little account; otherwise, as is commonly the case, I should have dined or supped a single time or two round, and then by *translating* French looks and attitudes into plain English, I should presently have seen, that I had gold out of the *couvert** of some more entertaining guest; and in course should have resigned all my places one after another, merely upon the principle that I could not keep them.—As it was, things did not go much amiss.

I had the honour of being introduced to the old Marquis de B****: in days of yore he had signalized himself by some small feats of chivalry in the *cour d’amour*, and had dressed himself out to the idea of tilts and tournaments ever since—The Marquis de B**** wished to have it thought the affair was somewhere else than in his brain—He could like to take a trip to England—and asked much of the English ladies. ‘Stay where you are, I beseech you, Monsieur le Marquis,’ said I:—‘Les Messieurs Anglois can scarce get a kind look from them as ‘it is.’—The marquis invited me to supper.

Monsieur P****, the farmer-general, was just as inquisitive about our taxes.—They were very considerable, he heard—‘If we knew but how to collect them,’ said I—making him a low bow.

I could never have been invited to Monsieur P****’s concerts upon any other terms.

I had been misrepresented to Madame de Q**** as an *esprit*—Madame de Q**** was an *esprit* herself: she burnt with impatience to see me, and hear me talk. I had not taken my seat, before I saw she did not care a sous whether I had any wit or no—I was let in, to be convinced she had.—I call Heaven to witness, I never once opened the door of my lips.

Madame de V**** vowed to every creature she met—She had never had a

* Plate, napkin, knife, fork, and spoon.

more improving conversation with a man in her life.

There are three epochas in the empire of a French woman—She is coquette—then deist—then *devote*: the empire during these is never lost—she only changes her subjects—when thirty-five years and more have unpeopled her dominions of the slaves of love, she re-peoples it with slaves of infidelity—and then with the slaves of the church.

Madame de V*** was vibrating betwixt the first of these epochas: the colour of the rose was fading fast away—she ought to have been a deist five years before the time I had the honour to pay my first visit.

She placed me upon the same sofa with her, for the sake of disputing the point of religion more closely—In short, Madame de V*** told me she believed nothing.

I told Madame de V*** it might be her principle; but I was sure it could not be her interest to level the out-works, without which I could not conceive how such a citadel as her's could be defended—that there was not a more dangerous thing in the world than for a beauty to be a deist—that it was a debt I owed my creed, not to conceal it from her—that I had not been five minutes sat upon the sofa beside her, but I had began to form designs—and what is it, but the sentiments of religion, and the persuasion they had excited in her breast, which could have checked them as they rose up?

'We are not adamant,' said I, taking hold of her hand; 'and there is need of all restraints, till age in her own time steals in and lays them on us—but, my dear lady,' said I, kissing her hand—'it is too—too soon—'

I declare, I had the credit all over Paris of unperverting Madame de V***.—She affirmed to Monsieur D*** and the Abbe M***, that in one half hour I had said more for revealed religion, than all their Encyclopædia had said against it—I was lifted directly into Madame de V***'s *coterie*—and she put off the epocha of deism for two years.

I remember it was in this *coterie*, in the middle of a discourse, in which I was shewing the necessity of a *first cause*, that the young Count de Faineant took me by the hand to the farthest corner of

the room, to tell me my *solitaire* was pinned too strait about my neck—'It should be *plus badinant*,' said the count, looking down upon his own—but a word, Monsieur Yorick, to the *wife*—'

—'And from the wife, Monsieur 'Le Count,' replied I, making him a bow—'is enough.'

The Count de Faineant embraced me with more ardour than ever I was embraced by mortal man.

For three weeks together, I was of every man's opinion I met.—'Pardi! *ce Monsieur Yorick a autant d'esprit que nous autres*.'—'Il raisonne bien,' said another.—'C'est un bon enfant!' said a third.—And at this price I could have eaten and drank, and been merry, all the days of my life, at Paris; but it was a dishonest *reckoning*—I grew ashamed of it—It was the gain of a slave—every sentiment of honour revolted against it—the higher I got, the more was I forced upon my *beggarly system*—the better the *coterie*—the more children of Art—I languished for those of Nature: and one night, after a most vile prostitution of myself to half a dozen different people, I grew sick—went to bed—ordered La Fleur to get me horses in the morning to set out for Italy.

MARIA.

MOULINES.

I Never felt what the distress of plenty was in any one shape till now—to travel it through the Bourbonnois, the sweetest part of France—in the hey-day of the vintage, when Nature is pouring her abundance into every one's lap, and every eye is lifted up—a journey through each step of which Musick beats time to *Labour*, and all her children are rejoicing as they carry in their clusters—to pass through this with my affections flying out, and kindling at every groupe before me—and every one of them was pregnant with adventures.

—Just Heaven!—it would fill up twenty volumes—and, alas! I have but a few small pages left of this to crowd it into—and half of these must be taken up with the poor Maria my friend Mr. Shandy met with near Moulines.

The story he had told of that disordered





ordered maid affected me not a little in the reading; but when I got within the neighbourhood where she lived, it returned so strong into my mind, that I could not resist an impulse which prompted me to go half a league out of the road, to the village where her parents dwelt, to enquire after her.

It is going, I own, like the Knight of the Woeful Countenance, in quest of melancholy adventures—but I know not how it is, but I am never so perfectly conscious of the existence of a soul within me, as when I am entangled in them.

The old mother came to the door; her looks told me the story before she opened her mouth—She had lost her husband; he had died, she said, of anguish for the loss of Maria's senses, about a month before.—She had feared at first, she added, that it would have plundered her poor girl of what little understanding was left—but, on the contrary, it had brought her more to herself—still she could not rest—her poor daughter, she said, crying, was wandering somewhere about the road.—

—‘Why does my pulse beat languid as I write this? and what made La Fleur, whose heart seemed only to be tuned to joy, to pass the back of his hand twice across his eyes, as the woman stood and told it?’ I beckoned to the postillion to turn back into the road.

When we had got within half a league of Moulines, at a little opening in the road leading to a thicket, I discovered poor Maria sitting under a poplar—she was sitting with her elbow in her lap, and her head leaning on one side within her hand—a small brook ran at the foot of the tree.

I bid the postillion go on with the chaise to Moulines—and La Fleur to bespeak my supper—and that I would walk after him.

She was dressed in white, and much as my friend described her, except that her hair hung loose, which before was twisted within a silk net.—She had, superadded likewise to her jacket, a pale-green ribband, which fell across her shoulder to the waist; at the end of which hung her pipe.—Her goat had been as faithless as her lover; and she had got a little dog in lieu of him,

which she had kept tied by a string to her girdle; as I looked at her dog, she drew him towards her with the string.—‘Thou shalt not leave me, Sylvio,’ said she. I looked in Maria's eyes, and saw she was thinking more of her father than of her lover or her little goat; for, as she uttered them, the tears trickled down her cheeks.

I sat down close by her; and Maria let me wipe them away as they fell, with my handkerchief.—I then steeped it in my own—and then in her's—and then in mine—and then I wiped her's again—and as I did it, I felt such undescribable emotions within me, as I am sure could not be accounted for from any combinations of matter and motion.

I am positive I have a soul; nor can all the books with which materialists have pestered the world, ever convince me to the contrary.

MARIA.

WHEN Maria had come a little to herself, I asked her if she remembered a pale thin person of a man, who had sat down betwixt her and her goat about two years before? She said, she was unsettled much at that time, but remembered it upon two accounts—that, ill as she was, she saw the person pitied her; and next, that her goat had stolen his handkerchief, and she had beat him for the theft—she had washed it, she said, in the brook, and kept it ever since in her pocket to restore it to him in case she should ever see him again—which, she added, he had half promised her. As she told me this, she took the handkerchief out of her pocket to let me see it; she had folded it up neatly in a couple of vine-leaves, tied round with a tendril—on opening it, I saw an S. marked in one of the corners.

She had since that, she told me, strayed as far as Rome, and walked round St. Peter's once—and returned back—that she found her way alone across the Appenines—had travelled over all Lombardy without money—and through the stony roads of Savoy without shoes—How she had borne it, and how she had got supported, she could not tell.—‘But God tempers
‘the

'the wind,' said Maria, 'to the shorn lamb.'

'Shorn, indeed! and to the quick!' said I: 'and waft thou in my own land, where I have a cottage, I would take thee to it, and shelter thee: thou shouldst eat of, my own bread, and drink of my own cup—I would be kind to thy Sylvio—In all thy weaknesses and wanderings I would seek after thee, and bring thee back—when the sun went down, I would say my prayers; and when I had done, thou shouldst play thy evening song upon thy pipe—nor would the incense of my sacrifice be worse accepted, for entering heaven along with that of a broken heart.'

Nature melted within me as I uttered this; and Maria observing, as I took out my handkerchief, that it was steeped too much already to be of use, would needs go wash it in the stream.—'And where will you dry it, Maria?' said I.—'I will dry it in my bosom,' said she; 'it will do me good.'

'And is your heart still so warm, Maria?' said I.

I touched upon the string on which hung all her sorrows—she looked with wistful disorder for some time in my face; and then, without saying any thing, took her pipe, and played her service to the Virgin—The string I had touched ceased to vibrate—in a moment or two Maria returned to herself—let her pipe fall—and rose up.

'And where are you going, Maria?' said I. She said, 'To Moulines.'—'Let us go,' said I, 'together.'—Maria put her arm within mine, and lengthening the string, to let the dog follow—in that order we entered Moulines.

MARIA.

MOULINES.

THOUGH I hate salutations and greetings in the market-place, yet when we got into the middle of this, I stopped to take my last look and last farewell of Maria.

Maria, though not tall, was nevertheless of the first order of fine forms—affliction had touched her looks with something that was scarce earthly—still

she was feminine—and so much was there about her of all that the heart wishes, or the eye looks for in woman, that could the traces be ever worn out of her brain, and those of Eliza's out of mine, she should *not only eat of my bread, and drink of my own cup*, but Maria should lie in my bosom, and be unto me as a daughter.

'Adieu! poor luckless maiden!—Imbibe the oil and wine which the compassion of a stranger, as he journeyeth on his way, now pours into thy wounds—the Being who has twice bruised thee can only bind them up for ever.'

THE BOURBONNOIS.

THERE was nothing from which I had painted out for myself so joyous a riot of the affections, as in this journey in the vintage, through this part of France; but pressing through this gate of sorrow to it, my sufferings have totally unfitted me: in every scene of festivity I saw Maria in the back-ground of the piece, sitting pensive under her poplar; and I had got almost to Lyons before I was able to cast a shade across her.

—Dear Sensibility! source inexhausted of all that is precious in our joys, or costly in our sorrows! thou chainest thy martyr down upon his bed of straw—and it is thou who lifts him up to HEAVEN—Eternal fountain of our feelings! it is here I trace thee—and this is thy *'divinity which stirs within me'*—not that, in some sad and sickening moments, *'my soul shrinks back upon herself, and startles at destruction'*;—mere pomp of words!—but that I feel some generous joys and generous cares beyond myself, all comes from thee, great—great SENSORIUM of the world! which vibrates, if a hair of our heads but falls upon the ground in the remotest desert of thy creation.—Touched with thee, Eugenius draws my curtain when I languish—hears my tale of symptoms, and blames the weather for the disorder of his nerves. Thou givest a portion of it sometimes to the roughest peasant who traverses the bleakest mountains—he finds the lacerated lamb of another's flock—This moment I beheld him leaning with

with his head against his crook, with piteous inclination looking down upon it!—'Oh! had I come one moment sooner!'—It bleeds to death—His gentle heart bleeds with it—

'Peace to thee, generous swain!—
'I see thou walkest off with anguish—
'but thy joys shall balance it—for
'happy is thy cottage—and happy is
'the sharer of it—and happy are the
'lambs which sport about thee!'

THE SUPPER.

A Shoe coming loose from the fore-foot of the thill-horse, at the beginning of the ascent of mount Taurira, the postillion dismounted, twisted the shoe off, and put it in his pocket; as the ascent was of five or six miles, and that horse our main dependance, I made a point of having the shoe fastened on again, as well as we could; but the postillion had thrown away the nails, and the hammer in the chaise-box being of no great use without them, I submitted to go on.

He had not mounted half a mile higher, when coming to a flinty piece of road, the poor devil lost a second shoe, and from off his other fore-foot. I then got out of the chaise in good earnest; and seeing a house about a quarter of a mile to the left-hand, with a great deal to do I prevailed upon the postillion to turn up to it. The look of the house, and of every thing about it, as we drew nearer, soon reconciled me to the disaster.—It was a little farmhouse, surrounded with about twenty acres of vineyard, about as much corn—and close to the house, on one side, was a *potagerie* of an acre and a half, full of every thing which could make plenty in a French peasant's house—and on the other side was a little wood, which furnished wherewithal to dress it. It was about eight in the evening when I got to the house—so I left the postillion to manage his point as he could—and for mine, I walked directly into the house.

The family consisted of an old grey-headed man and his wife, with five or six sons and sons-in-law, and their several wives, and a joyous genealogy out of them.

They were all sitting down together to their lentil-soup; a large wheaten

loaf was in the middle of the table; and a flaggon of wine at each end of it, promised joy through the stages of the repast—it was a feast of love.

The old man rose up to meet me, and with a respectful cordiality would have me sit down at the table; my heart was set down the moment I entered the room—so I sat down at once like a son of the family; and to invest myself in the character as speedily as I could, I instantly borrowed the old man's knife, and taking up the loaf, cut myself a hearty luncheon; and as I did it, I saw a testimony in every eye, not only of an honest welcome, but of a welcome mixed with thanks that I had not seemed to doubt it.

Was it this—or tell me, Nature, what else it was, that made this morsel so sweet—and to what magick I owe it, that the draught I took of their flaggon was so delicious with it, that they remain upon my palate to this hour?

If the supper was to my taste—the grace which followed it was much more so.

THE GRACE.

WHEN supper was over, the old man gave a knock upon the table with the haft of his knife, to bid them prepare for the dance: the moment the signal was given, the women and girls ran all together into a back apartment to tie up their hair—and the young men to the door to wash their faces, and change their sabots; and in three minutes every soul was ready, upon a little esplanade before the house, to begin—The old man and his wife came out last, and placing me betwixt them, sat down upon a sofa of turf by the door.

The old man had some fifty years ago been no mean performer upon the *vielle*—and, at the age he was then of, touched it well enough for the purpose. His wife sung now-and-then a little to the tune—then intermitted—and joined her old man again, as their children and grand-children danced before them.

It was not till the middle of the second dance, when, for some pauses in the movement wherein they all seemed to look up, I fancied I could distinguish an elevation of spirit different from that which is the cause or the effect of simple

simple jollity.—In a word, I thought I beheld *Religion* mixing in the dance;—but as I had never seen her so engaged, I should have looked upon it now as one of the illusions of an imagination which is eternally misleading me, had not the old man, as soon as the dance ended, said—that this was their constant way; and that all his life long he had made it a rule, after supper was over, to call out his family to dance and rejoice; believing, he said, that a cheerful and contented mind was the best sort of thanks to Heaven that an illiterate peasant could pay——

—‘Or a learned prelate either,’ said I.

THE CASE OF DELICACY.

WHEN you have gained the top of mount Taurisa, you run presently down to Lyons—adieu, then; to all rapid movements! ‘Tis a journey of caution; and it fares better with sentiments, not to be in a hurry with them; so I contracted with a *voiturin* to take his time with a couple of mules, and convey me in my own chaise safe to Turin through Savoy.

‘Poor, patient, quiet, honest people! fear not: your poverty, the treachery of your simple virtues, will not be envied you by the world, nor will your vallies be invaded by it.—Nature! in the midst of thy disorders, thou art still friendly to the scantiness thou hast created—with all thy great works about thee, little hast thou left to give, either to the scythe or to the sickle—but to that little thou grantest safety and protection; and sweet are the dwellings which stand so sheltered.

‘Let the way-worn traveller vent his complaints upon the sudden turns and dangers of your roads—your rocks—your precipices—the difficulties of getting up—the horrors of getting down—mountains impracticable—and cataracts, which roll down great stones from their summits, and block up his road.’—The peasants had been all day at work in removing a fragment of this kind between St. Michael and Madane; and by the time my *voiturin* got to the place, it wanted full two hours of compleating before a passage could any how be gained: there was nothing but to wait

with patience—’twas a wet and tempestuous night: so that by the delay, and that together, the *voiturin* found himself obliged to keep up five miles short of his stage, at a little decent kind of an inn by the road side.

I forthwith took possession of my bed-chamber—got a good fire—ordered supper; and was thanking Heaven it was no worse—when a *voiture* arrived with a lady in it and her servant-maid.

As there was no other bed-chamber in the house, the hostess, without much nicety, led them into mine—telling them, as she ushered them in, that there was nobody in it but an English gentleman—that there were two good beds in it, and a closet within the room which held another.—The accent in which she spoke of this third bed did not say much for it—however, she said there were three beds, and but three people—and she durst say, the gentleman would do any thing to accommodate matters.—I left not the lady a moment to make a conjecture about it—so instantly made a declaration I would do any thing in my power.

As this did not amount to an absolute surrender of my bed-chamber, I still felt myself so much the proprietor, as to have a right to do the honours of it—so I desired the lady to sit down—pressed her into the warmest seat—called for more wood—desired the hostess to enlarge the plan of the supper, and to favour us with the very best wine.

The lady had scarce warmed herself five minutes at the fire, before she began to turn her head back, and give a look at the beds; and the oftener she cast her eyes that way, the more they returned perplexed—I felt for her—and for myself; for in a few minutes, what by her looks, and the case itself, I found myself as much embarrassed as it was possible the lady could be herself.

That the beds we were to lie in were in one and the same room, was enough simply by itself to have excited all this—but the position of them, for they stood parallel, and so very close to each other, as only to allow space for a small wicker chair betwixt them, rendered the affair still more oppressive to us—they were fixed up moreover near the fire, and the projection of the chimney on one side, and a large beam which crossed the room on the other, formed a kind of recess for them that was no way favourable

vantageable to the nicety of our sensations—if any thing could have added to it, it was that the two beds were both of them so very small, as to cut us off from every idea of the lady and the maid lying together; which in either of them, could it have been feasible, my lying beside them, though a thing not to be wished, yet there was nothing in it so terrible which the imagination might not have passed over without torment.

As for the little room within, it offered little or no consolation to us; it was a damp cold closet, with a half-dismantled window-shutter, and with a window which had neither glass or oil-paper in it to keep out the tempest of the night. I did not endeavour to stifle my cough when the lady gave a peep into it; so it reduced the case in course to this alternative—that the lady should sacrifice her health to her feelings, and take up with the closet herself, and abandon the bed next mine to her maid—or that the girl should take the closet, &c. &c.

The lady was a Piedmontese of about thirty, with a glow of health in her cheeks.—The maid was a Lyonoise of twenty, and as brisk and lively a French girl as ever moved.—There were difficulties every way—and the obstacle of the stone in the road, which brought us into the distress, great as it appeared whilst the peasants were removing it, was but a pebble to what lay in our ways now—I have only to add, that it did not lessen the weight which hung upon our spirits, that we were both too delicate to communicate what we felt to each other upon the occasion.

We sat down to supper; and had we not had more generous wine to it than a little inn in Savoy could have furnished, our tongues had been tied up, till necessity herself had set them at liberty—but the lady having a few bottles of Burgundy in her voiture, sent down her *filles de chambre* for a couple of them; so that by the time supper was over, and we were left alone, we felt ourselves inspired with a strength of mind sufficient to talk, at least, without reserve upon our situation. We turned it every way, and debated and considered it in all kind of lights in the course of a two hours negociation; at the end of which

the articles were settled finally betwixt us, and stipulated for, in form and manner of a treaty of peace—and I believe with as much religion and good faith on both sides, as in any treaty which has yet had the honour of being handed down to posterity.

They were as follow:

1st. As the right of the bed-chamber is in Monsieur—and he thinking the bed next to the fire to be the warmest, he insists upon the concession on the lady's side of taking up with it.

Granted, on the part of Madame: with a proviso, That as the curtains of that bed are of a flimsy transparent cotton, and appear likewise too scanty to draw close, that the *filles de chambre* shall fasten up the opening, either by corking-pins, or needle and thread, in such a manner as shall be deemed a sufficient barrier on the side of Monsieur.

2dly. It is required on the part of Madame, that Monsieur shall lie the whole night through in his robe de chambre.

Rejected: Inasmuch as Monsieur is not worth a robe de chambre; he having nothing in his portmanteau but six shirts and a black silk pair of breeches.

The mentioning the silk pair of breeches made an entire change of the article—for the breeches were accepted as an equivalent for the robe de chambre; and so it was stipulated and agreed upon, that I should lie in my black silk breeches all night.

3dly. It was insisted upon, and stipulated for by the lady, that after Monsieur was got to bed, and the candle and fire extinguished, that Monsieur should not speak one single word the whole night.

Granted: Provided Monsieur's saying his prayers might not be deemed an infraction of the treaty.

There was but one point forgot in this treaty, and that was the manner in which the lady and myself should be obliged to undress and get to bed—there was one way of doing it, and that I leave to the reader to devise; protesting as I do, that if it is not the most delicate in nature, tis the fault of his own imagination—against which this is not my first complaint.

Now when we were got to bed, whether it was the novelty of the situation,

or what it was, I know not; but so it was, I could not shut my eyes; I tried this side and that, and turned and turned again, till a full hour after midnight; when Nature and patience both wearing out—‘O my God!’ said I.

—‘You have broke the treaty,’ ‘Monsieur,’ said the lady—who had no more sleep than myself.—I begged a thousand pardons—but insisted it was no more than an ejaculation—she maintained it was an entire infraction of the treaty—I maintained it was provided for in the clause of the third article.

The lady would by no means give up the point, though she weakened her barrier by it; for in the warmth of the dispute, I could hear two or three corking pins fall out of the curtain to the ground.

‘Upon my word and honour, Madame,’ said I, stretching my arm out of bed, by way of asseveration—

—(I was going to have added, that I would not have trespassed against the remotest idea of decorum for the world)—

—But the *filles de chambre* hearing there were words between us, and fearing that hostilities would ensue in course, had crept silently out of her closet, and it being totally dark, had stolen so close to our beds, that she had got herself into the narrow passage which separated them, and had advanced so far up as to be in a line betwixt her mistress and me—

So that when I stretched out my hand, I caught hold of the *filles de chambre’s*—

F I N I S.

T R A V E L S

INTO SEVERAL

REMOTE NATIONS

OF THE

W O R L D.

BY

LEMUEL GULLIVER,

FIRST A SURGEON, AND THEN A CAPTAIN OF SEVERAL SHIPS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY DEAN SWIFT.



L O N D O N :

Printed for HARRISON and Co. No. 18, Paternoster-Row.

M D C C L X X X I I .

T R A V E L L E R S

REMOVALS

W O R K

THE NEW

THE NEW

THE NEW

THE NEW



THE NEW

THE NEW

THE NEW



THE
PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

THE author of these travels, Mr. Lemuel Gulliver, is my ancient and intimate friend; there is likewise some relation between us by the mother's side. About three years ago, Mr. Gulliver growing weary of the concourse of curious people coming to him at his house, in Redriff, made a small purchase of land, with a convenient house, near Newark in Nottinghamshire, his native country; where he now lives retired, yet in good esteem among his neighbours.

Although Mr. Gulliver was born in Nottinghamshire, where his father dwelt, yet I have heard him say his family came from Oxfordshire; to confirm which, I have observed in the church-yard at Banbury in that county, several tombs and monuments of the Gullivers.

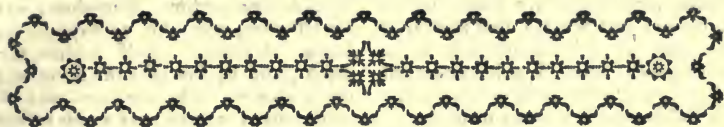
Before he quitted Redriff, he left the custody of the following papers in my hands, with the liberty to dispose of them as I should think fit. I have carefully perused them three times: the style is very plain and simple; and the only fault I find is, that the author, after the manner of travellers, is a little too circumstantial. There is an air of truth apparent through the whole; and, indeed, the author was so distinguished for his veracity, that it became a sort of proverb among his neighbours at Redriff, when any one affirmed a thing, to say, *It was as true as if Mr. Gulliver had spoken it.*

By the advice of several worthy persons, to whom, with the author's permission, I communicated these papers, I now venture to send them into the world; hoping they may be, at least for some time, a better entertainment to our young noblemen, than the common scribbles of politicks and party.

These volumes would have been at least twice at large, if I had not made bold to strike out innumerable passages relating to the winds and tides, as well as to the variations and bearings in the several voyages; together with the minute descriptions of the management of the ship in storms, in the style of sailors; likewise the account of longitudes and latitudes; wherein I have reason to apprehend that Mr. Gulliver may be a little dissatisfied: but I was resolved to fit the work as much as possible to the general capacity of readers. However, if my own ignorance in sea affairs shall have led me to commit some mistakes, I alone am answerable for them: and if any traveller hath a curiosity to see the whole work at large, as it came from the hand of the author, I shall be ready to gratify him.

As for any farther particulars relating to the author, the reader will receive satisfaction from the first pages of the book.

RICHARD SYMPSON.



GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

PART I.

A VOYAGE TO LILLIPUT.

CHAP. I.

THE AUTHOR GIVES SOME ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF AND FAMILY—HIS FIRST INDUCEMENTS TO TRAVEL—HE IS SHIPWRECKED, AND SWIMS FOR HIS LIFE—GETS SAFE ON SHORE IN THE COUNTRY OF LILLIPUT—IS MADE A PRISONER, AND CARRIED UP THE COUNTRY.



My father had a small estate in Nottinghamshire; I was the third of five sons. He sent me to Emanuel college, in Cambridge, at fourteen years old, where I resided three years, and applied myself close to my studies; but the charge of maintaining me (although I had a very scanty allowance) being too great for a narrow fortune, I was bound apprentice to Mr. James Bates, an eminent surgeon in London, with whom I continued four years; and my father now and then sending me small sums of money, I laid them out in learning navigation, and other parts of the mathematicks, useful to those who intend to travel, as I always believed it would be some time or other my fortune to do. When I left Mr. Bates, I went down to my father; where, by the assistance of him and my uncle John, and some other relations, I got forty pounds, and a promise of thirty pounds a year to

maintain me at Leyden: there I studied physick two years and seven months, knowing it would be useful in long voyages.

Soon after my return from Leyden, I was recommended by my good master Mr. Bates, to be surgeon to the Swallow, Captain Abraham Pannell commander; with whom I continued three years and a half, making a voyage or two into the Levant, and some other parts. When I came back, I resolved to settle in London; to which Mr. Bates, my master, encouraged me, and by him I was recommended to several patients. I took part of a small house in the Old Jewry; and being advised to alter my condition, I married Mrs. Mary Burton, second daughter to Mr. Edmund Burton, hosier, in Newgate Street, with whom I received four hundred pounds for a portion.

But my good Master Bates dying in two years after, and I having few friends, my business began to fail; for my conscience would not suffer me to imitate the bad practice of too many among my brethren. Having, therefore, consulted with my wife, and some of my acquaintance, I determined to go again to sea. I was surgeon successively in two ships, and made several voyages for six years to the East and West Indies, by which I got some addition to my fortune. My hours of leisure I spent in reading the best authors, ancient and modern, being
always

always provided with a good number of books; and when I was ashore, in observing the manners and dispositions of the people, as well as learning their language, wherein I had a great facility by the strength of my memory.

The last of these voyages not proving very fortunate, I grew weary of the sea, and intended to stay at home with my wife and family. I removed from the Old Jewry to Fetter Lane, and from thence to Wapping, hoping to get business among the sailors; but it would not turn to account. After three years expectation that things would mend, I accepted an advantageous offer from Captain William Pritchard, master of the *Antelope*, who was making a voyage to the South Sea. We set sail from Bristol, May 4th, 1699, and our voyage at first was very prosperous.

It would not be proper, for some reasons, to trouble the reader with the particulars of our adventures in those seas. Let it suffice to inform him, that in our passage from thence to the East-Indies, we were driven by a violent storm to the north-west of Van Diemen's land. By an observation, we found ourselves in the latitude of 30 degrees 2 minutes south. Twelve of our crew were dead by immoderate labour and ill food, the rest were in a very weak condition. On the fifth of November, which was the beginning of summer in those parts, the weather being very hazy, the seamen spied a rock within half a cable's length of the ship; but the wind was so strong, that we were driven directly upon it, and immediately split. Six of the crew, of whom I was one, having let down the boat into the sea, made a shift to get clear of the ship, and the rock. We rowed by my computation about three leagues, till we were able to work no longer, being already spent with labour while we were in the ship. We therefore trusted ourselves to the mercy of the waves, and in about half an hour the boat was overset by a sudden flurry from the north. What became of my companions in the boat, as well as of those who escaped on the rock or were left in the vessel, I cannot tell; but conclude they were all lost. For my own part, I swam as fortune directed me, and was pushed forward by wind and tide. I often let my legs drop, and

could feel no bottom. But when I was almost gone, and able to struggle no longer, I found myself within my depth; and by this time the storm was much abated. The declivity was so small, that I walked near a mile before I got to the shore, which I conjectured was about eight o'clock in the evening. I then advanced forward near half a mile, but could not discover any sign of houses or inhabitants; at least I was in so weak a condition that I did not observe them. I was extremely tired, and with that, and the heat of the weather, and about half a pint of brandy that I drank as I left the ship, I found myself much inclined to sleep. I lay down on the grass, which was very short and soft, where I slept sounder than ever I remember to have done in my life, and (as I reckoned) about nine hours; for when I awaked, it was just day-light. I attempted to rise, but was not able to stir; for as I happened to lie on my back, I found my arms and legs were strongly fastened on each side to the ground; and my hair, which was long and thick, tied down in the same manner. I likewise felt several slender ligatures across my body, from my arm-pits to my thighs. I could only look upwards; the sun began to grow hot, and the light offended my eyes. I heard a confused noise about me, but in the posture I lay, could see nothing except the sky. In a little time I felt something alive moving on my left leg, which advancing gently forward over my breast, came almost up to my chin; when, bending my eyes downwards as much as I could, I perceived it to be a human creature not six inches high, with a bow and arrow in his hands, and a quiver at his back. In the mean time, I felt at least forty more of the same kind (as I conjectured) following the first. I was in the utmost astonishment, and roared so loud, that they all ran back in a fright; and some of them as I was afterwards told, were hurt with the falls they got by leaping from my sides upon the ground. However, they soon returned; and one of them, who ventured so far as to get a full sight of my face, lifting up his hands and eyes by way of admiration, cried out, in a shrill but distinct voice, '*Hekinab degul*;' the others repeated the same words several times,

but

but I then knew not what they meant. I lay all this while, as the reader may believe, in great uneasiness; at length, struggling to get loose, I had the fortune to break the strings, and wrench out the pegs that fastened my left-arm to the ground; for by lifting it up to my face, I discovered the methods they had taken to bind me, and at the same time, with a violent pull, which gave me excessive pain, I a little loosened the strings that tied down my hair on the left side, so that I was just able to turn my head about two inches. But the creatures ran off a second time, before I could seize them; whereupon there was a great shout in a very shrill accent, and after it ceased, I heard one of them cry aloud, '*Telgo phonac!*' when in an instant I felt above an hundred arrows discharged on my left-hand, which pricked me like so many needles; and, besides, they shot another flight into the air, as we do bombs in Europe, whereof many, I suppose, fell on my body (though I felt them not) and some on my face, which I immediately covered with my left hand. When this shower of arrows was over, I fell a groaning with grief and pain, and then striving again to get loose, they discharged another volley larger than the first, and some of them attempted with spears to stick me in the sides; but, by good luck, I had on me a buff jerkin, which they could not pierce. I thought it the most prudent method to lie still, and my design was to continue so till night, when, my left-hand being already loose, I could easily free myself: and, as for the inhabitants, I had reason to believe I might be a match for the greatest army they could bring against me, if they were all of the same size with him that I saw. But fortune disposed otherwise of me. When the people observed I was quiet, they discharged no more arrows: but, by the noise I heard, I knew their numbers increased; and about four yards from me, over-against my right ear, I heard a knocking for above an hour, like that of people at work; when, turning my head that way, as well as the pegs and strings would permit me, I saw a stage erected, about a foot and a half from the ground, capable of holding four of the inhabitants; with two or three ladders to mount it: from whence

one of them, who seemed to be a person of quality, made me a long speech, whereof I understood not one syllable. But I should have mentioned, that, before the principal person began his oration, he cried out three times, '*Langro debul san:*' (these words and the former were afterwards repeated and explained to me.) Whereupon immediately about fifty of the inhabitants came and cut the strings that fastened the left side of my head, which gave me the liberty of turning it to the right, and of observing the person and gesture of him that was to speak. He appeared to be of a middle age, and taller than any of the other three who attended him, whereof one was a page that held up his train, and seemed to be somewhat longer than my middle-finger; the other two stood one on each side to support him. He acted every part of an orator, and I could observe many periods of threatenings, and others of promises, pity, and kindness. I answered in a few words, but in the most submissive manner, lifting up my left-hand and both my eyes to the sun, as calling him for a witness; and being almost famished with hunger, having not eaten a morsel for some hours before I left the ship, I found the demands of nature so strong upon me, that I could not forbear shewing my impatience (perhaps against the strict rules of decency) by putting my finger frequently to my mouth, to signify that I wanted food. The *burgo* (for so they call a great lord, as I afterwards learned) understood me very well. He descended from the stage, and commanded that several ladders should be applied to my sides, on which above an hundred of the inhabitants mounted, and walked towards my mouth, laden with baskets full of meat, which had been provided and sent thither by the king's orders, upon the first intelligence he received of me. I observed there was the flesh of several animals, but could not distinguish them by the taste. There were shoulders, legs, and loins, shaped like those of mutton, and very well dressed, but smaller than the wings of a lark. I eat them by two or three at a mouthful, and took three loaves at a time, about the bigness of musket bullets. They supplied me as fast as they

could, shewing a thousand marks of wonder and astonishment at my bulk and appetite. I then made another sign that I wanted drink. They found by my eating, that a small quantity would not suffice me; and, being a most ingenious people, they flung up, with great dexterity, one of their largest hogheads, then rolled it towards my hand, and beat out the top; I drank it off at a draught, which I might well do, for it did not hold half a pint, and tasted like a small wine of Burgundy, but much more delicious. They brought me a second hoghead, which I drank in the same manner, and made signs for more; but they had none to give me. When I had performed these wonders, they shouted for joy, and danced upon my breast, repeating several times, as they did at first, '*Hekinab degul.*' They made me a sign that I should throw down the two hogheads, but first warned the people below to stand out of the way, crying aloud, '*Borach mewola;*' and when they saw the vessels in the air, there was an universal shout of '*Hekinab degul.*' I confess I was often tempted, while they were passing backwards and forwards on my body, to seize forty or fifty of the first that came within my reach, and dash them against the ground. But the remembrance of what I had felt, which probably might not be the worst they could do, and the promise of honour I made them, (for so I interpreted my submissive behaviour) soon drove out these imaginations. Besides, I now considered myself as bound by the laws of hospitality to a people who had treated me with so much expence and magnificence. However, in my thoughts, I could not sufficiently wonder at the intrepidity of these diminutive mortals, who durst venture to mount and walk upon my body, while one of my hands was at liberty, without trembling at the very sight of so prodigious a creature as I must appear to them. After some time, when they observed that I made no more demands for meat, there appeared before me a person of high rank from his imperial majesty. His excellency having mounted on the small of my right-leg, advanced forwards up to my face, with about a dozen of his retinue. And producing his credentials under the signet royal, which he applied close to my eyes, spoke about ten

minutes, without any sign of anger, but with a kind of determinate resolution; often pointing forwards, which, as I afterwards found, was towards the capital city, about half a mile distant, whither it was agreed by his majesty in council that I must be conveyed. I answered in few words, but to no purpose, and made a sign with my hand that was loose, putting it to the other, (but over his excellency's head for fear of hurting him or his train) and then to my own head and body, to signify that I desired my liberty. It appeared that he understood me well enough, for he shook his head by way of disapprobation, and held his hand in a posture to shew that I must be carried as a prisoner. However, he made other signs, to let me understand that I should have meat and drink enough, and very good treatment. Whereupon I once more thought of attempting to break my bonds; but again, when I felt the smart of their arrows upon my face and hands, which were all in blisters, and many of the darts still sticking in them, and observing likewise that the number of my enemies increased; I gave tokens to let them know that they might do with me what they pleased. Upon this the *burgo* and his train withdrew with much civility and cheerful countenances. Soon after I heard a general shout, with frequent repetitions of the words, '*Peplom selan,*' and I felt great numbers of people on my left side relaxing the cords to such a degree, that I was able to turn upon my right, and to ease myself with making water; which I very plentifully did, to the great astonishment of the people, who, conjecturing by my motion what I was going to do, immediately opened to the right and left on that side, to avoid the torrent which fell with such noise and violence from me. But before this, they had dawbed my face and both my hands with a sort of ointment very pleasant to the smell, which in a few minutes removed all the smart of their arrows. These circumstances, added to the refreshment I had received by their victuals and drink, which were very nourishing, disposed me to sleep. I slept about eight hours, as I was afterwards assured: and it was no wonder; for the physicians, by the emperor's order, had mingled a sleepy potion in the hogheads of wine.

It seems, that upon the first moment I was discovered sleeping on the ground after my landing, the emperor had early notice of it by an express; and determined in council that I should be tied in the manner I have related, (which was done in the night while I slept) that plenty of meat and drink should be sent to me, and a machine prepared to carry me to the capital city.

This resolution perhaps may appear very bold and dangerous, and I am confident would not be imitated by any prince in Europe on the like occasion; however, in my opinion, it was extremely prudent, as well as generous: for supposing these people had endeavoured to kill me with their spears and arrows while I was asleep, I should certainly have awaked with the first sense of smart, which might so far have roused my rage and strength, as to have enabled me to break the strings wherewith I was tied: after which, as they were not able to make resistance, so they could expect no mercy.

These people are most excellent mathematicians, and arrived to a great perfection in mechanicks, by the countenance and encouragement of the emperor, who is a renowned patron of learning. This prince hath several machines fixed on wheels, for the carriage of trees and other great weights. He often builds his largest men of war, whereof some are nine feet long, in the woods where the timber grows, and has them carried on these engines three or four hundred yards to the sea. Five hundred carpenters and engineers were immediately set at work to prepare the greatest engine they had. It was a frame of wood, raised three inches from the ground, about seven feet long and four wide, moving upon twenty-two wheels. The shout I heard was upon the arrival of this engine, which it seems set out in four hours after my landing. It was brought parallel to me as I lay. But the principal difficulty was to raise and place me in this vehicle. Eighty poles, each of one foot high, were erected for this purpose, and very strong cords of the bigness of packthread were fastened by hooks to many bandages, which the workmen had girt round my neck, my hands, my body, and my legs. Nine hundred of the strongest men were employed to draw up these cords by

many pullies fastened on the poles, and thus, in less than three hours, I was raised and slung into the engine, and there tied fast. All this I was told; for, while the whole operation was performing, I lay in a profound sleep, by the force of that soporiferous medicine infused into my liquor. Fifteen hundred of the emperor's largest horses, each about four inches and a half high, were employed to draw me towards the metropolis, which, as I said, was half a mile distant.

About four hours after we began our journey. I awaked by a very ridiculous accident; for the carriage being stopt a while to adjust something that was out of order, two or three of the young natives had the curiosity to see how I looked when I was asleep; they climbed up into the engine, and advancing very softly to my face, one of them, an officer in the guards, put the sharp end of his half pike a good way up into my left nostril, which tickled my nose like a straw, and made me sneeze violently: whereupon they stole off unperceived, and it was three weeks before I knew the cause of my awaking so suddenly. We made a long march the remaining part of the day, and rested at night with five hundred guards on each side of me, half with torches, and half with bows and arrows, ready to shoot me if I should offer to stir. The next morning at sun-rise we continued our march, and arrived within two hundred yards of the city gates about noon. The emperor and all his court came out to meet us, but his great officers would by no means suffer his majesty to endanger his person by mounting on my body.

At the place where the carriage stopt, there stood an ancient temple, esteemed to be the largest in the whole kingdom, which having been polluted some years before by an unnatural murder, was, according to the zeal of those people, looked upon as prophane, and therefore had been applied to common use, and all the ornaments and furniture carried away. In this edifice it was determined I should lodge. The great gate fronting to the north was about four feet high, and almost two feet wide, through which I could easily creep. On each side of the gate was a small window not above six inches from the ground: into that on the left side, the king's smith

conveyed fourscore and eleven chains, like those that hang to a lady's watch in Europe, and almost as large, which were locked to my left-leg with six and thirty padlocks. Over-against this temple, on the other side of the great highway, at twenty feet distance, there was a turret at least five feet high. Here the emperor ascended with many principal lords of his court to have an opportunity of viewing me, as I was told, for I could not see them. It was reckoned that above an hundred thousand inhabitants came out of the town upon the same errand; and in spite of my guards, I believe there could not be fewer than ten thousand, at several times, who mounted my body by the help of ladders. But a proclamation was soon issued; to forbid it on pain of death. When the workmen found it was impossible for me to break loose, they cut all the strings that bound me; whereupon I rose up with as melancholy a disposition as ever I had in my life. But the noise and astonishment of the people at seeing me rise and walk, are not to be expressed. The chains that held my left leg were about two yards long, and gave me not only the liberty of walking backwards and forwards in a semicircle; but being fixed within four inches of the gate, allowed me to creep in and lie at my full length in the temple.

CH A P. II.

THE EMPEROR OF LILLIPUT, ATTENDED BY SEVERAL OF HIS NOBILITY, COMES TO SEE THE AUTHOR IN HIS CONFINEMENT—THE EMPEROR'S PERSON AND HABIT DESCRIBED—LEARNED MEN APPOINTED TO TEACH THE AUTHOR THEIR LANGUAGE—HE GAINS FAVOUR BY HIS MILD DISPOSITION—HIS POCKETS ARE SEARCHED, AND HIS SWORD AND PISTOLS TAKEN FROM HIM.

WHEN I found myself on my feet, I looked about me, and must confess I never beheld a more entertaining prospect. The country round appeared like a continued garden, and the inclosed fields, which were generally forty feet square, resembled so many

beds of flowers. These fields were intermingled with woods of half a fang*, and the tallest trees, as I could judge, appeared to be seven feet high. I viewed the town on my left-hand, which looked like the painted scene of a city in a theatre.

I had been for some hours extremely pressed by the necessities of nature; which was no wonder, it being almost two days since I had last disburdened myself. I was under great difficulties between urgency and shame. The best expedient I could think on, was to creep into my house, which I accordingly did; and shutting the gate after me, I went as far as the length of my chain would suffer, and discharged my body of that uneasy load. But this was the only time I was ever guilty of so uncleanly an action; for which I cannot but hope the candid reader will give some allowance, after he hath maturely and impartially considered my case, and the distress I was in. From this time my constant practice was, as soon as I rose, to perform that business in open air, at the full extent of my chain, and due care was taken every morning before company came, that the offensive matter should be carried off in wheel-barrow by two servants appointed for that purpose. I would not have dwelt so long upon a circumstance, that perhaps at first sight may appear not very momentous, if I had not thought it necessary to justify my character in point of cleanliness to the world; which I am told some of my maligners have been pleased, upon this and other occasions, to call in question.

When this adventure was at an end, I came back out of my house, having occasion for fresh air. The emperor was already descended from the tower, and advancing on horseback towards me, which had like to have cost him dear; for the beast, though very well trained, yet wholly unused to such a sight, which appeared as if a mountain moved before him, reared up on his hinder feet; but that prince, who is an excellent horseman, kept his seat, till his attendants ran in, and held the bridle, while his majesty had time to dismount. When he alighted, he surveyed me round with great admiration, but kept beyond the length of my chain. He

* A fang, is a pole or perch; sixteen feet and an half.

ordered his cooks and butlers, who were already prepared to give me victuals and drink, which they pushed forward in a sort of vehicles upon wheels, till I could reach them. I took these vehicles, and soon emptied them all; twenty of them were filled with meat, and ten with liquor; each of the former afforded me two or three good mouthfuls, and I emptied the liquor of ten vessels, which was contained in earthen vials, into one vehicle, drinking it off at a draught, and so I did with the rest. The empress, and young princes of the blood, of both sexes, attended by many ladies, sat at some distance in their chairs, but upon the accident that happened to the emperor's horse, they alighted, and came near his person, which I am now going to describe. He is taller by almost the breadth of my nail, than any of his court; which alone is enough to strike an awe into the beholders. His features are strong and masculine, with an Austrian lip and arched nose, his complexion olive, his countenance erect, his body and limbs well proportioned, all his motions graceful, and his deportment majestic. He was then past his prime, being twenty-eight years and three quarters old, of which he had reigned about seven, in great felicity, and generally victorious. For the better convenience of beholding him, I lay on my side, so that my face was parallel to his, and he stood but three yards off; however, I have had him since many times in my hand, and therefore cannot be deceived in the description. His dress was very plain and simple, and the fashion of it between the Asiatick and the European: but he had on his head a light helmet of gold, adorned with jewels, and a plume on the crest. He held his sword drawn in his hand, to defend himself, if I should happen to break loose; it was almost three inches long, the hilt and scabbard were gold enriched with diamonds. His voice was shrill, but very clear and articulate, and I could distinctly hear it when I stood up. The ladies and courtiers were all most magnificently clad, so that the spot they stood upon seemed to resemble a petticoat spread on the ground, embroidered with figures of gold and silver. His Imperial Majesty spoke often to me, and I returned answers, but neither of us could understand a syllable. There were several of his priests and lawyers

present (as I conjectured by their habits) who were commanded to address themselves to me, and I spoke to them in as many languages as I had the least smattering of, which were High and Low Dutch, Latin, French, Spanish, Italian, and Lingua Franca; but all to no purpose. After about two hours the court retired, and I was left with a strong guard, to prevent the impertinence, and probably the malice of the rabble, who were very impatient to crowd about me as near as they durst, and some of them had the impudence to shoot their arrows at me as I sat on the ground by the door of my house, whereof one very narrowly missed my left eye. But the Colonel ordered six of the ring-leaders to be seized, and thought no punishment so proper as to deliver them bound into my hands, which some of his soldiers accordingly did, pushing them forwards with the but-ends of their pikes into my reach; I took them all in my right hand, put five of them into my coat-pocket, and as to the sixth, I made a countenance as if I would eat him alive. The poor man squalled terribly, and the colonel and his officers were in much pain, especially when they saw me take out my penknife: but I soon put them out of fear, for, looking mildly, and immediately cutting the strings he was bound with, I set him gently on the ground, and away he ran; I treated the rest in the same manner, taking them, one by one, out of my pocket, and I observed both the soldiers and people were highly delighted at this mark of my clemency, which was represented very much to my advantage at court.

Towards night I got with some difficulty into my house, where I lay on the ground, and continued to do so about a fortnight; during which time the Emperor gave orders to have a bed prepared for me. Six hundred beds of the common measure were brought in carriages and worked up in my house, an hundred and fifty of their beds sown together made up the breadth and length; and these were four double, which however kept me but very indifferently from the hardness of the floor that was of smooth stone. By the same computation they provided me with sheets, blankets, and coverlets, tolerable enough for one who had been so long inured to hardships.

As the news of my arrival spread through the kingdom, it brought prodigious numbers of rich, idle, and curious people to see me; so that the villages were almost emptied, and great neglect of tillage and household affairs must have ensued, if his imperial majesty had not provided, by several proclamations and orders of state, against this inconveniency. He directed, that those who had already beheld me, should return home, and not presume to come within fifty yards of my house, without licence from court; whereby the secretaries of state got considerable fees.

In the mean time, the emperor had frequent councils to debate what course should be taken with me; and I was afterwards assured by a particular friend, a person of great quality, who was looked upon to be as much in the secret as any, that the court was under many difficulties concerning me. They apprehended my breaking loose, that my diet would be very expensive, and might cause a famine. Sometimes they determined to starve me, or at least to shoot me in the face and hands with poisoned arrows, which would soon dispatch me; but again they considered, that the stench of so large a carcase might produce a plague in the metropolis, and probably spread through the whole kingdom. In the midst of these consultations, several officers of the army went to the door of the great council-chamber; and two of them being admitted, gave an account of my behaviour to the six criminals above-mentioned, which made so favourable an impression in the breast of his majesty and the whole board in my behalf, that an imperial commission was issued out, obliging all the villages nine hundred yards round the city, to deliver in, every morning, six beeves, forty sheep, and other victuals for my sustenance; together with a proportionable quantity of bread, and wine, and other liquors: for the due payment of which, his majesty gave assignments upon his treasury. For this prince lives chiefly upon his own demesnes, seldom, except upon great occasions, raising any subsidies upon his subjects, who are bound to attend him in his wars at their own expense. An establishment was also made of six hundred persons, to be my domesticks, who had board-wages al-

lowed for their maintenance, and tents built for them very conveniently on each side of my door. It was likewise ordered, that three hundred taylors should make me a suit of cloaths after the fashion of the country. That six of his majesty's greatest scholars should be employed to instruct me in their language: and, lastly, that the emperor's horses, and those of the nobility, and troops of guards, should be frequently exercised in my sight, to accustom themselves to me. All these orders were duly put in execution, and in about three weeks I made a great progress in learning their language; during which time, the emperor frequently honoured me with his visits, and was pleased to assist my masters in teaching me. We began already to converse together in some sort; and the first words I learnt were to express my desire that he would please to give me my liberty, which I every day repeated on my knees. His answer, as I could apprehend it, was, that this must be a work of time, not to be thought on without the advice of his council, and that first I must *Lumos kelmin pesso desmar lon emposo*: that is, swear a peace with him and his kingdom. However, that I should be used with all kindness; and he advised me to acquire, by my patience and discreet behaviour, the good opinion of himself and his subjects. He desired I would not take it ill if he gave orders to certain proper officers to search me; for probably I might carry about me several weapons, which must needs be dangerous things, if they answered the bulk of so prodigious a person. I said, his majesty should be satisfied, for I was ready to strip myself, and turn up my pockets before him. This I delivered part in words, and part in signs. He replied, that by the laws of the kingdom I must be searched by two of his officers; that he knew this could not be done without my consent and assistance; that he had so good an opinion of my generosity and justice, as to trust their persons in my hands: that whatever they took from me should be returned when I left the country, or paid for at the rate which I would set upon them. I took up the two officers in my hands, put them first into my coat-pockets, and then into every other pocket about me, except my two fobs, and another secret pocket I had no mind should

should be searched, wherein I had some little necessaries that were of no consequence to any but myself. In one of my fobs there was a silver watch, and in the other a small quantity of gold in a purse. These gentlemen, having pen, ink, and paper about them, made an exact inventory of every thing they saw; and, when they had done, desired I would set them down, that they might deliver it to the emperor. This inventory I afterwards translated into English, and is word for word as follows:

‘ Imprimis, In the right coat-pocket of the great man - mountain (for so I interpret the words *quinbus fles-trin*) after the strictest search, we found only one piece of coarse cloth, large enough to be a foot-cloth for your majesty’s chief room of state. In the left pocket, we saw a huge silver chest, with a cover of the same metal, which we the searchers were not able to lift. We desired it should be opened, and one of us stepping into it, found himself up to the middle in a sort of dust, some part whereof flying up to our faces set us both sneezing for several times together. In his right waistcoat pocket, we found a prodigious bundle of white thin substances, folded one over another, about the bigness of three men, tied with a strong cable, and marked with black figures; which we humbly conceive to be writings, every letter almost half as large as the palm of our hands. In the left there was a sort of engine, from the back of which were extended twenty long poles, resembling the palisados before your majesty’s court; wherewith we conjecture the man mountain combs his head, for we did not always trouble him with questions, because we found it a great difficulty to make him understand us. In a large pocket on the right side of his middle cover, so I translate the word *rausfula*, by which they meant my breeches, we saw a hollow pillar of iron, about the length of a man, fastened to a strong piece of timber, larger than the pillar; and upon one side of the pillar were huge pieces of iron sticking out, cut in strange figures, which we knew not what to make of. In the left pocket, another engine of the same kind. In the smaller pocket, on the right side, were several round

‘ flat pieces of white and red metal, of different bulk; some of the white, which seemed to be silver, were so large and heavy, that my comrade and I could hardly lift them. In the left pocket were two black pillars irregularly shaped: we could not, without difficulty, reach the top of them as we stood at the bottom of his pocket. One of them was covered, and seemed all of a piece: but at the upper end of the other, there appeared a white round substance, about twice the bigness of our heads. Within each of these was inclosed a prodigious plate of steel; which, by our orders, we obliged him to shew us, because we apprehended they might be dangerous engines. He took them out of their cases, and told us, that in his own country his practice was to shave his beard with one of these, and to cut his meat with the other. There were two pockets which we could not enter: these he called his fobs; they were two large slits cut in the top of his middle cover, but squeezed close by the pressure of his belly. Out of the right fob hung a great silver chain, with a wonderful kind of engine at the bottom. We directed him to draw out whatever was fastened to that chain; which appeared to be a globe, half silver, and half of some transparent metal: for on the transparent side we saw certain strange figures circularly drawn, and thought we could touch them till we found our fingers stopped by that lucid substance. He put this engine to our ears, which made an incessant noise like that of a water-mill. And we conjecture it is either some unknown animal, or the God that he worships: but we are more inclined to the latter opinion, because he assured us, if we understood him right, (for he expressed himself very imperfectly) that he seldom did any thing without consulting it. He called it his oracle, and said, it pointed out the time for every action of his life. From the left fob he took out a net almost large enough for a fisherman, but contrived to open and shut like a purse, and served him for the same use: we found therein several massy pieces of yellow metal, which, if they be real gold, must be of immense value.

‘ Having

‘ Having thus, in obedience to your majesty’s commands, diligently searched all his pockets, we observed a girdle about his waist, made of the hide of some prodigious animal, from which, on the left side, hung a sword of the length of five men; and on the right, a bag or pouch, divided into two cells, each cell capable of holding three of your majesty’s subjects. In one of these cells were several globes or balls of a most ponderous metal, about the bigness of our heads, and required a strong hand to lift them: the other cell contained a heap of certain black grains, but of no great bulk or weight, for we could hold above fifty of them in the palms of our hands.

‘ This is an exact inventory of what we found about the body of the man-mountain, who used us with great civility, and due respect to your majesty’s commission. Signed and sealed on the fourth day of the eightyninth moon of your majesty’s auspicious reign.

‘ CLEFRIN FRELOCK,
‘ MARSJ FRELOCK.’

When this inventory was read over to the emperor, he directed me, although in very gentle terms, to deliver up the several particulars. He first called for my scymitar, which I took out, scabbard and all. In the mean time he ordered three thousand of his choicest troops (who then attended him) to surround me at a distance, with their bows and arrows just ready to discharge: but I did not observe it, for mine eyes were wholly fixed upon his majesty. He then desired me to draw my scymitar; which, although it had got some rust by the sea-water, was in most parts exceeding bright. I did so, and immediately all the troops gave a shout between terror and surprize; for the sun shone clear, and the reflection dazzled their eyes as I waved the scymitar to and fro in my hand. His majesty, who is a most magnanimous prince, was less daunted than I could expect; he ordered me to return it into the scabbard, and cast it on the ground as gently as I could, about six feet from the end of my chain. The next thing he demanded was one of the hollow iron pillars, by which he meant my pocket pistols. I drew it

out, and, at his desire, as well as I could, expressed to him the use of it; and charging it only with powder, which by the closeness of my pouch happened to escape wetting in the sea, (an inconvenience against which all prudent mariners take special care to provide) I first cautioned the emperor not to be afraid, and then I let it off into the air. The astonishment here was much greater than at the sight of my scymitar. Hundreds fell down as if they had been struck dead; and even the emperor, although he stood his ground, could not recover himself in some time. I delivered up both my pistols in the same manner as I had done my scymitar, and then my pouch of powder and bullets; begging him that the former might be kept from the fire, for it would kindle with the smallest spark, and blow up his imperial palace into the air. I likewise delivered up my watch, which the emperor was very curious to see, and commanded two of his tallest yeomen of the guards to bear it on a pole upon their shoulders, as draymen in England do a barrel of ale. He was amazed at the continual noise it made, and the motion of the minute-hand, which he could easily discern; for their sight is much more acute than ours: he asked the opinions of his learned men about him, which were various and remote, as the reader may well imagine without my repeating; although, indeed, I could not very perfectly understand them. I then gave up my silver and copper money, my purse with nine large pieces of gold, and some smaller ones; my knife and razor, my comb and silver snuff-box, my handkerchief and journal-book. My scymitar, pistols, and pouch, were conveyed in carriages to his majesty’s stores; but the rest of my goods were returned me.

I had, as I before observed, one private pocket which escaped their search, wherein there was a pair of spectacles, (which I sometimes use for the weakness of mine eyes) a pocket-perspective, and several other little conveniences; which being of no consequence to the emperor, I did not think myself bound in honour to discover, and I apprehended they might be lost or spoiled if I ventured them out of my possession.

C H A P.



Sawthard del.

Angus Sculp.



CHAP. III.

THE AUTHOR DIVERTS THE EMPEROR AND HIS NOBILITY OF BOTH SEXES IN A VERY UNCOMMON MANNER—THE DIVERSIONS OF THE COURT OF LILLIPUT DESCRIBED—THE AUTHOR HAS HIS LIBERTY GRANTED HIM UPON CERTAIN CONDITIONS.

MY gentleness and good behaviour had gained so far on the emperor and his court, and indeed upon the army and people in general, that I began to conceive hopes of getting my liberty in a short time. I took all possible methods to cultivate this favourable disposition. The natives came by degrees to be less apprehensive of any danger from me. I would sometimes lie down, and let five or six of them dance on my hand. And at last the boys and girls would venture to come and play at hide and seek in my hair. I had now made a good progress in understanding and speaking their language. The emperor had a mind one day to entertain me with several of the country shows, wherein they exceed all nations I have known, both for dexterity and magnificence. I was diverted with none so much as that of the rope-dancers performed upon a slender white thread, extended about two feet twelve inches from the ground. Upon which I shall desire liberty, with the reader's patience, to enlarge a little.

This diversion is only practised by those persons who are candidates for great employments, and high favour at court. They are trained in this art from their youth, and are not always of noble birth, or liberal education. When a great office is vacant, either by death or disgrace, (which often happens) five or six of these candidates petition the emperor to entertain his majesty and the court with a dance on the rope, and whoever jumps the highest, without falling, succeeds in the office. Very often the chief ministers themselves are commanded to shew their skill, and to convince the emperor that they have not lost their faculty. Flimnap, the treasurer, is allowed to cut a caper on the strait rope, at least an inch higher than any other lord in the whole empire. I have seen him do the sum-

merfet several times together upon a trencher fixed on the rope, which is no thicker than a common packthread in England. My friend Reldresfel, principal secretary for private affairs, is in my opinion, if I am not partial, the second after the treasurer; the rest of the great officers are much upon a par.

These diversions are often attended with fatal accidents, whereof great numbers are on record. I myself have seen two or three candidates break a limb. But the danger is much greater when the ministers themselves are commanded to shew their dexterity; for by contending to excel themselves and their fellows, they strain so far, that there is hardly one of them who hath not received a fall, and some of them two or three. I was assured that a year or two before my arrival, Flimnap would have infallibly broke his neck, if one of the king's cushions, that accidentally lay on the ground, had not weakened the force of his fall.

There is likewise another diversion which is only shewn before the emperor and empress, and first minister, upon peculiar occasions. The emperor lays on the table three fine silken threads of six inches long, one is blue, the other red, and the third green. These threads are proposed as prizes for those persons whom the emperor hath a mind to distinguish by a peculiar mark of his favour. The ceremony is performed in his majesty's great chamber of state, where the candidates are to undergo a trial of dexterity very different from the former, and such as I have not observed the least resemblance of in any other country of the old or new world. The emperor holds a stick in his hands, both ends parallel to the horizon, while the candidates advancing, one by one, sometimes leap over the stick, sometimes creep under it backwarks and forwards several times, according as the stick is advanced or depressed. Sometimes the emperor holds one end of the stick, and his first minister the other; sometimes the minister has it intirely to himself. Whoever performs his part with most agility, and holds out the longest in leaping and creeping, is rewarded with the blue-coloured silk; the red is given to the next, and the green to the third, which they all wear girt twice round about the middle; and you see few great persons about this court,

who are not adorned with one of these girdles.

The horses of the army, and those of the royal stables, having been daily led before me, were no longer shy, but would come up to my very feet without starting. The riders would leap them over my hand as I held it on the ground, and one of the emperor's huntsmen, upon a large courser, took my foot, shoe and all; which was indeed a prodigious leap. I had the good fortune to divert the emperor one day after a very extraordinary manner. I desired he would order several sticks of two feet high, and the thickness of an ordinary cane, to be brought me; whereupon his majesty commanded the master of his woods to give directions accordingly; and the next morning six woodmen arrived with as many carriages drawn by eight horses to each. I took nine of these sticks, and fixing them firmly in the ground in a quadrangular figure, two feet and a half square, I took four other sticks, and tied them parallel at each corner, about two feet from the ground; then I fastened my handkerchief to the nine sticks that stood erect, and extended it on all sides till it was as tight as the top of a drum; and the four parallel sticks, rising about five inches higher than the handkerchief, served as ledges on each side. When I had finished my work, I desired the emperor to let a troop of his best horse, twenty-four in number, come and exercise upon this plain. His majesty approved of the proposal, and I took them up one by one in my hands, ready mounted and armed, with the proper officers to exercise them. As soon as they got in order, they divided into two parties, performed mock skirmishes, discharged blunt arrows, drew their swords, fled and pursued, attacked and retired, and in short discovered the best military discipline I ever beheld. The parallel sticks secured them and their horses from falling over the stage; and the emperor was so much delighted, that he ordered this entertainment to be repeated several days, and once was pleased to be lifted up, and give the word of command; and, with great difficulty, persuaded even the empress herself to let me hold her in her close chair within two yards of the stage, from whence she was able to take a full view of the whole performance. It was

by good fortune that no ill accident happened in these entertainments, only once a fiery horse, that belonged to one of the captains, pawing with his hoof, struck a hole in my handkerchief, and his foot slipping, he overthrew his rider and himself; but I immediately relieved them both, and covering the hole with one hand, I set down the troop with the other, in the same manner as I took them up. The horse that fell was strained in the left-shoulder, but the rider got no hurt, and I repaired my handkerchief as well as I could; however, I would not trust to the strength of it any more in such dangerous enterprises.

About two or three days before I was set at liberty, as I was entertaining the court with this kind of feats, there arrived an express to inform his majesty, that some of his subjects, riding near the place where I was first taken up, had seen a great black substance lying on the ground, very oddly shaped, extending it's edges round as wide as his majesty's bed-chamber, and rising up in the middle as high as a man; that it was no living creature, as they at first apprehended, for it lay on the grass without motion; and some of them had walked round it several times: that, by mounting upon each other's shoulders, they had got to the top, which was flat and even, and, stamping upon it, they found it was hollow within; that they humbly conceived it might be something belonging to the man-mountain; and, if his majesty pleased, they would undertake to bring it with only five horses. I presently knew what they meant, and was glad at heart to receive this intelligence. It seems, upon my first reaching the shore, after our shipwreck, I was in such confusion, that, before I came to the place where I went to sleep, my hat, which I had fastened with a string to my head while I was rowing, and had stuck on all the time I was swimming, fell off after I came to land; the string, as I conjecture, breaking by some accident which I never observed, but thought my hat had been lost at sea. I intreated his imperial majesty to give orders it might be brought to me as soon as possible, describing to him the use and nature of it: and the next day the waggoners arrived with it, but not in a very good condition; they had
bored

bored two holes in the brim, within an inch and half of the edge, and fastened two hooks in the holes; these hooks were tied by a long cord to the harness, and thus my hat was dragged along for above half an English mile; but, the ground in that country being extremely smooth and level, it received less damage than I expected.

Two days after this adventure, the emperor having ordered that part of his army, which quarters in and about his metropolis, to be in readiness, took a fancy of diverting himself in a very singular manner; he desired I would stand like a colossus, with my legs as far asunder as I conveniently could; he then commanded his general (who was an old experienced leader, and a great patron of mine) to draw up the troops in close order, and march them under me; the foot by twenty-four in a breast, and the horse by sixteen, with drums beating, colours flying, and pikes advanced. This body consisted of three thousand foot, and a thousand horse. His majesty gave orders, upon pain of death, that every soldier in his march should observe the strictest decency, with regard to my person; which, however, could not prevent some of the younger officers from turning up their eyes as they passed under me. And, to confess the truth, my breeches were at that time in so ill a condition, that they afforded some opportunities for laughter and admiration.

I had sent so many memorials and petitions for my liberty, that his majesty at length mentioned the matter first in the cabinet, and then in a full council; where it was opposed by none, except Skyresh Bolgolam, who was pleased, without any provocation, to be my mortal enemy. But it was carried against him by the whole board, and confirmed by the emperor. That minister was Galbet, or admiral of the realm, very much in his master's confidence, and a person well versed in affairs, but of a morose and sour complexion. However, he was at length persuaded to comply; but prevailed that the articles and conditions upon which I should be set free, and to which I must swear, should be drawn up by himself. These articles were brought to me by Skyresh Bolgolam in person, attended by two under-secretaries, and several person of distinction. After they were read, I was demanded to

swear to the performance of them; first, in the manner of my own country, and afterwards in the method prescribed by their laws, which was to hold my right foot in my left-hand, and to place the middle finger of my right-hand on the crown of my head, and my thumb on the tip of my right-ear. But, because the reader may be curious to have some idea of the style and manner of expression peculiar to that people, as well as to know the articles upon which I recovered my liberty, I have made a translation of the whole instrument, word for word, as near as I was able, which I here offer to the publick.

‘ Golbasto Momaren Evlame Gur-
‘ dilo Shefin Mully Ullly Gue, most
‘ mighty Emperor of Lilliput, delight
‘ and terror of the universe, whose do-
‘ minions extend five thousand blu-
‘ strugs, (about twelve miles in cir-
‘ cumference) to the extremities of the
‘ globe; monarch of all monarchs,
‘ taller than the sons of men; whose
‘ feet press down to the center, and
‘ whose head strikes against the sun;
‘ at whose nod the princes of the earth
‘ shake their knees; pleasant as the
‘ spring, comfortable as the summer,
‘ fruitful as autumn, dreadful as win-
‘ ter. His most sublime majesty pro-
‘ peth to the man-mountain, lately
‘ arrived to our celestial dominions, the
‘ following articles, which, by a so-
‘ lemn oath, he shall be obliged to per-
‘ form—

‘ 1st, The man-mountain shall not
‘ depart from our dominions without
‘ our licence, under our great seal.

‘ 2d, He shall not presume to come
‘ into our metropolis, without our ex-
‘ press order; at which time the inha-
‘ bitants shall have two hours warning
‘ to keep within doors.

‘ 3d, The said man-mountain shall
‘ confine his walks to our principal high
‘ roads, and not offer to walk or lie
‘ down in a meadow or field of corn.

‘ 4th, As he walks the said roads,
‘ he shall take the utmost care not to
‘ trample upon the bodies of any of
‘ our loving subjects, their horses, or
‘ carriages, nor take any of our sub-
‘ jects into his hands, without their
‘ own consent.

‘ 5th, If an express requires extraor-
‘ dinary dispatch, the man-mountain
‘ shall be obliged to carry in his pocket
‘ the messenger and horse, a six days
‘ journey once in every moon, and re-

‘ turn the said messenger back, (if so required) safe to our imperial presence.

‘ 6th, He shall be our ally against our enemies in the island of Blefuscu, and do his utmost to destroy their fleet, which is now preparing to invade us.

‘ 7th, That the said man-mountain shall, at his times of leisure, be aiding and assisting to our workmen, in helping to raise certain great stones, towards covering the wall of the principal park, and other our royal buildings.

‘ 8th, That the said man-mountain shall, in two moons time, deliver in an exact survey of the circumference of our dominions, by a computation of his own paces round the coast.

‘ Lastly, That, upon his solemn oath to observe all the above articles, the said man-mountain shall have a daily allowance of meat and drink sufficient for the support of one thousand seven hundred and twenty-four of our subjects, with free access to our royal person, and other marks of our favour. Given at our palace at Bel-faborack, the twelfth day of the ninety-first moon of our reign.’

I swore and subscribed to these articles with great cheerfulness and content, although some of them were not so honourable as I could have wished; which proceeded wholly from the malice of Skyresh Bolgolam, the high admiral; whereupon my chains were immediately unlocked, and I was at full liberty; the emperor himself in person did me the honour to be by at the whole ceremony; I made my acknowledgments, by prostrating myself at his majesty's feet: but he commanded me to rise; and after many gracious expressions, which, to avoid the censure of vanity, I shall not repeat; he added, that he hoped I should prove a useful servant, and well deserve all the favours he had already conferred upon me, or might do for the future.

The reader may please to observe, that, in the last article for the recovery of my liberty, the emperor stipulates to allow me a quantity of meat and drink sufficient for the support of one thousand seven hundred and twenty-four Lilliputians. Some time after, asking a friend at court, how they came to fix on that determinate number; he told me, that his majesty's mathematicians, having taken the height of my body by the help of a quadrant, and

finding it to exceed theirs in the proportion of twelve to one, they concluded from the similarity of their bodies, that mine must contain, at least, one thousand seven hundred and twenty-four of their's, and, consequently, would require as much food as was necessary to support that number of Lilliputians. By which the reader may conceive an idea of the ingenuity of that people, as well as the prudent and exact œconomy of so great a prince.

CHAP. IV.

MILDENDO, THE METROPOLIS OF LILLIPUT, DESCRIBED, TOGETHER WITH THE EMPEROR'S PALACE—A CONVERSATION BETWEEN THE AUTHOR AND A PRINCIPAL SECRETARY, CONCERNING THE AFFAIRS OF THAT EMPIRE—THE AUTHOR OFFERS TO SERVE THE EMPEROR IN HIS WARS.

THE first request I made, after I had obtained my liberty, was, that I might have licence to see Mildendo the metropolis, which the emperor easily granted me, but with a special charge to do no hurt, either to the inhabitants or their houses. The people had notice by proclamation of my design to visit the town. The wall which encompassed it is two feet and a half high, and at least eleven inches broad, so that a coach and horses may be driven very safely round it; and it is flanked with strong towers, at ten feet distance. I stepped over the great western gate, and passed very gently, and sideling, through the two principal streets, only in my short waistcoat, for fear of damaging the roofs and eaves of the houses with the skirts of my coat. I walked with the utmost circumspection, to avoid treading on any stragglers that might remain in the streets, although the orders were very strict that all people should keep in their houses, at their own peril. The garret-windows and tops of houses were so crowded with spectators, that I thought, in all my travels, I had not seen a more populous place. The city is an exact square, each side of the wall being five hundred feet long. The two great streets, which run cross, and divide it into four quarters, are five feet wide.

The

The lanes and alleys, which I could not enter, but only viewed them as I passed, are from twelve to eighteen inches. The town is capable of holding five hundred thousand souls. The houses are from three to five stories. The shops and markets well provided.

The emperor's palace is in the centre of the city, where the two great streets meet. It is inclosed by a wall of two feet high, and twenty feet distance from the buildings. I had his majesty's permission to step over this wall; and, the space being so wide between that and the palace, I could easily view it on every side. The outward court is a square of forty feet, and includes two other courts: in the inmost are the royal apartments, which I was very desirous to see, but found it extremely difficult; for the great gates, from one square into another, were but eighteen inches high, and seven inches wide. Now the buildings of the outer court were at least five feet high, and it was impossible for me to stride over them without infinite damage to the pile, though the walls were strongly built of hewn stone, and four inches thick. At the same time, the emperor had a great desire that I should see the magnificence of his palace; but this I was not able to do till three days after, which I spent in cutting down with my knife some of the largest trees in the royal park, about an hundred yards distance from the city. Of these trees I made two stools, each about three feet high, and strong enough to bear my weight. The people having received notice a second time, I went again through the city to the palace, with my two stools in my hands. When I came to the side of the outer court, I stood upon one stool, and took the other in my hand; this I lifted over the roof, and gently set it down on the space between the first and second court, which was eight feet wide. I then stepped over the building very conveniently from one stool to the other, and drew up the first after me with a hooked stick. By this contrivance, I got into the inmost court; and, lying down upon my side, I applied my face to the windows of the middle stories, which were left open on purpose, and discovered the most splendid apartments that can be imagined. There I saw the empress and the young princes in their several lodgings, with their chief attendants about them. Her imperial

majesty was pleased to smile very graciously upon me, and gave me out of the window her hand to kiss.

But I shall not anticipate the reader with farther descriptions of this kind, because I reserve them for a greater work, which is now almost ready for the press, containing a general description of this empire, from it's first erection, through a long series of princes, with a particular account of their wars and politicks, laws, learning, and religion: their plants and animals, their peculiar manners and customs, with other matters very curious and useful; my chief design at present being only to relate such events and transactions as happened to the publick or to myself, during a residence of about nine months in that empire.

One morning, about a fortnight after I had obtained my liberty, Reldresal, principal secretary (as they stile him) of private affairs, came to my house, attended only by one servant. He ordered his coach to wait at a distance, and desired I would give him an hour's audience; which I readily consented to on account of his quality, and personal merits, as well as the many good offices he had done me during my solicitations at court. I offered to lie down, that he might the more conveniently reach my ear; but he chose rather to let me hold him in my hand during our conversation. He began with compliments on my liberty; said, he might pretend to some merit in it; but, however, added, that, if it had not been for the present situation of things at court, perhaps I might not have obtained it so soon. 'For,' said he, 'as flourishing a condition as we may appear to be in to foreigners, we labour under two mighty evils, a violent faction at home, and the danger of an invasion by a most potent enemy from abroad. As to the first, you are to understand, that, for above seventy moons past, there have been two struggling parties in this empire, under the names of *Trameckfan* and *Slameckfan*, from the high and low heels of their shoes, by which they distinguish themselves. It is alledged, indeed, that the high heels are most agreeable to our ancient constitution; but, however this be, his majesty hath determined to make use of only low heels in the administration of the government, and all offices in the gift of the crown, as

' you

‘ you cannot but observe; and particularly, that his majesty’s imperial heels are lower at least by a *drurr* than any of his court; (*drurr* is a measure about the fourteenth part of an inch.) The animosities between these two parties run so high, that they will neither eat nor drink, nor talk with each other. We compute the Tramecksan, or high heels, to exceed us in number; but the power is wholly on our side. We apprehend his imperial highness, the heir to the crown, to have some tendency towards the high heels; at least, we can plainly discover that one of his heels is higher than the other, which gives him a hobble in his gait. Now, in the midst of these intestine disquiets, we are threatened with an invasion from the island of Blefuscu, which is the other great empire of the universe, almost as large and powerful as this of his majesty. For, as to what we have heard you affirm, that there are other kingdoms and states in the world, inhabited by human creatures as large as yourself, our philosophers are in much doubt, and would rather conjecture that you dropped from the moon, or one of the stars; because it is certain that an hundred mortals of your bulk would, in a short time, destroy all the fruits and cattle of his majesty’s dominions. Besides, our histories of six thousand moons make no mention of any other regions than the two great empires of Lilliput and Blefuscu; which two mighty powers have, as I was going to tell you, been engaged in a most obstinate war for six and thirty moons past. It began upon the following occasion: It is allowed on all hands, that the primitive way of breaking eggs, before we eat them, was upon the larger end; but his present majesty’s grandfather, while he was a boy, going to eat an egg, and breaking it according to the ancient practice, happened to cut one of his fingers. Whereupon the emperor, his father, published an edict, commanding all his subjects, upon great penalties, to break the smaller end of their eggs. The people so highly resented this law, that our histories tell us, there have been six rebellions raised on that account; wherein one emperor lost his life, and another his crown. These civil commotions were con-

stantly fomented by the monarchs of Blefuscu; and when they were quelled, the exiles always fled for refuge to that empire. It is computed that eleven thousand persons have at several times suffered death, rather than submit to break their eggs at the smaller end. Many hundred large volumes have been published upon this controversy; but the books of the Big-Endians have been long forbidden, and the whole party rendered incapable, by law, of holding employments. During the course of these troubles, the emperors of Blefuscu did frequently expostulate by their ambassadors, accusing us of making a schism in religion, by offending against a fundamental doctrine of our great prophet Lustrog, in the fifty-fourth chapter of the Blundercal (which is their Alcoran.) This, however, is thought to be a mere strain upon the text; for the words are these: *That all true Believers break their eggs at the convenient end.* And which is the convenient end, seems, in my humble opinion, to be left to every man’s conscience, or at least in the power of the chief magistrate to determine. Now, Big-Indian exiles have found so much credit in the emperor of Blefuscu’s court, and so much private assistance and encouragement from their party here at home, that a bloody war hath been carried on between the two empires, for thirty-six moons, with various success; during which time we have lost forty capital ships, and a much greater number of smaller vessels, together with thirty thousand of our best seamen and soldiers; and the damage, received by the enemy, is reckoned to be somewhat greater than ours. However, they have now equipped a numerous fleet, and are just preparing to make a descent upon us; and his imperial majesty, placing great confidence in your valour and strength, hath commanded me to lay this account of his affairs before you.’

I desired the secretary to present my humble duty to the emperor, and to let him know, that I thought it would not become me, who was a foreigner, to interfere with parties; but I was ready, with the hazard of my life, to defend his person and state against all invaders.

CHAP. V.

THE AUTHOR, BY AN EXTRAORDINARY STRATAGEM, PREVENTS AN INVASION—A HIGH TITLE OF HONOUR IS CONFERRED UPON HIM—AMBASSADORS ARRIVE FROM THE EMPEROR OF BLEFUSCU, AND SUE FOR PEACE—THE EMPRESS'S APARTMENT ON FIRE BY ACCIDENT—THE AUTHOR INSTRUMENTAL IN SAVING THE REST OF THE PALACE.

THE empire of Blefuscu is an island situated on the north-east side of Lilliput, from whence it is parted only by a channel of eight hundred yards wide. I had not yet seen it; and, upon this notice of an intended invasion, I avoided appearing on that side of the coast, for fear of being discovered by some of the enemy's ships, who had received no intelligence of me, all intercourse between the two empires having been strictly forbidden during the war, upon pain of death, and an embargo laid by our emperor upon all vessels whatsoever, I communicated to his majesty a project I had formed of seizing the enemy's whole fleet: which, as our scouts assured us, lay at anchor in the harbour ready to sail with the first fair wind. I consulted the most experienced seamen, upon the depth of the channel, which they had often plummed, who told me, that in the middle at high water, it was seventy glumgluffs deep, which is about six feet of European measure; and the rest of it fifty glumgluffs at most. I walked towards the north-east coast, over-against Blefuscu; where lying down behind a hillock, I took out my small perspective glass, and viewed the enemy's fleet at anchor, consisting of about fifty men of war, and a great number of transports: I then came back to my house, and gave order (for which I had a warrant) for a great quantity of the strongest cable and bars of iron. The cable was about as thick as packthread, and the bars of the length and size of a knitting-needle. I trebled the cable to make it stronger, and for the same reason, I twisted three of the iron bars together, bending the extremities into a hook. Having thus fixed fifty hooks to as many cables, I went back to the north-east coast, and putting off my coat, shoes, and stock-

ings, walked into the sea, in my leathern jerkin, about an hour before high water. I waded with what haste I could, and swam in the middle about thirty yards, till I felt ground; I arrived to the fleet in less than half an hour. The enemy was so frightened when they saw me, that they leaped out of their ships, and swam to shore, where there could not be fewer than thirty thousand souls. I then took my tackling, and, fastening a hook to the hole at the prow of each, I tied all the cords together at the end. While I was thus employed, the enemy discharged several thousand arrows, many of which stuck in my hands and face, and besides the excessive smart, gave me much disturbance in my work. My greatest apprehension was for mine eyes, which I should infallibly have lost, if I had not suddenly thought of an expedient. I kept among other little necessities, a pair of spectacles in a private pocket, which, as I observed before, had escaped the emperor's searchers. These I took out, and fastened as strongly as I could upon my nose; and, thus armed, went on boldly with my work, in spite of the enemy's arrows, many of which struck against the glasses of my spectacles, but without any other effect, farther than a little to discompose them. I had now fastened all the hooks, and taking the knot in my hand, began to pull; but not a ship would stir, for they were all too fast held by their anchors, so that the boldest part of my enterprise remained. I therefore let go the cord, and leaving the hooks fixed to the ships, I resolutely cut with my knife the cables that fastened the anchors, receiving above two hundred shots in my face and hands; then I took up the knotted end of the cables to which my hooks were tied, and with great ease drew fifty of the enemy's largest men of war after me.

The Blefuscutians, who had not the least imagination of what I intended, were at first confounded with astonishment. They had seen me cut the cables, and thought my design was only to let the ships run adrift, or fall foul of each other: but when they perceived the whole fleet moving in order, and saw me pulling at the end, they set up such a scream of grief and despair, that it is almost impossible to describe or conceive. When I had got out of danger, I stopt a while to pick out the ar-

rows that stuck in my hands and face; and rubbed on some of the same ointment that was given me at my first arrival, as I have formerly mentioned. I then took off my spectacles, and waiting about an hour till the tide was a little fallen, I waded through the middle with my cargo, and arrived safe at the royal port of Lilliput.

The emperor and his whole court stood on the shore expecting the issue of this great adventure. They saw the ships move forward in a large half-moon, but could not discern me, who was up to my breast in water. When I advanced to the middle of the channel, they were yet in more pain, because I was under water to my neck. The emperor concluded me to be drowned, and that the enemy's fleet was approaching in a hostile manner: but he was soon eased of his fears, for the channel growing shallower every step I made, I came in a short time within hearing, and holding up the end of the cable by which the fleet was fastened, I cried in a loud voice, 'Long live the most 'puissant emperor of Lilliput!' This great prince received me at my landing with all possible encomiums, and created me a nardac upon the spot, which is the highest title of honour among them.

His majesty desired I would take some other opportunity of bringing all the rest of his enemy's ships into his ports. And so unmeasurable is the ambition of princes, that he seemed to think of nothing less than reducing the whole empire of Blefuscu into a province, and governing it by a vice-roy; of destroying the Big-Endian exiles, and compelling that people to break the smaller end of their eggs, by which he would remain the sole monarch of the whole world. But I endeavoured to divert him from his design, by many arguments drawn from the topicks of policy as well as justice: and I plainly protested, that I would never be an instrument of bringing a free and brave people into slavery. And, when the matter was debated in council, the wisest part of the ministry were of my opinion.

This open bold declaration of mine was so opposite to the schemes and politics of his imperial majesty, that he could never forgive me: he mentioned it in a very artful manner at council,

where I was told that some of the wisest appeared, at least, by their silence, to be of my opinion; but others, who were my secret enemies, could not forbear some expressions, which by a side-wind reflected on me. And from this time began an intrigue between his majesty and a junto of ministers maliciously bent against me, which broke out in less than two months, and had like to have ended in my utter destruction. Of so little weight are the greatest services to princes, when put into the balance with a refusal to gratify their passions.

About three weeks after this exploit, there arrived a solemn embassy from Blefuscu, with humble offers of a peace; which was soon concluded upon conditions very advantageous to our emperor, wherewith I shall not trouble the reader. There were six ambassadors, with a train of about five hundred persons, and their entry was very magnificent, suitable to the grandeur of their master, and the importance of their business. When their treaty was finished, wherein I did them several good offices by the credit I now had, or at least appeared to have at court, their excellencies, who were privately told how much I had been their friend, made me a visit in form. They began with many compliments upon my valour and generosity, invited me to that kingdom in the emperor their master's name, and desired me to shew them some proofs of my prodigious strength, of which they had heard so many wonders; wherein I readily obliged them, but shall not trouble the reader with the particulars.

When I had for some time entertained their excellencies to their infinite satisfaction and surprize, I desired they would do me the honour to present my most humble respects to the emperor their master, the renown of whose virtues had so justly filled the whole world with admiration, and whose royal person I resolved to attend before. I returned to my own country: accordingly, the next time I had the honour to see our emperor I desired his general licence to wait on the Blefuscudian monarch, which he was pleased to grant me, as I could plainly perceive, in a very cold manner; but could not guess the reason, till I had a whisper from a certain person, that Flimnap and Bolgolam had represented my intercourse with those ambadors

sadors as a mark of disaffection, from which I am sure my heart was wholly free. And this was the first time I began to conceive some imperfect idea of courts and ministers.

It is to be observed, that these ambassadors spoke to me by an interpreter, the languages of both empires differing as much from each other as any two in Europe, and each nation priding itself upon the antiquity, beauty, and energy of their own tongues, with an avowed contempt for that of their neighbour; yet our emperor, standing upon the advantage he had got by the seizure of their fleet, obliged them to deliver their credentials, and make their speech in the Lilliputian tongue. And it must be confessed, that from the great intercourse of trade and commerce between both realms, from the continual reception of exiles, which is mutual among them, and from the custom in each empire to send their young nobility and richer gentry to the other, in order to polish themselves by seeing the world, and understanding men and manners; there are few persons of distinction, or merchants, or seamen, who dwell in the maritime parts, but what can hold conversation in both tongues; as I found some weeks after, when I went to pay my respects to the emperor of Blefuscu, which, in the midst of great misfortunes, through the malice of my enemies, proved a very happy adventure to me, as I shall relate in its proper place.

The reader may remember, that, when I signed those articles upon which I recovered my liberty, there were some which I disliked upon account of their being too servile, neither could any thing but an extreme necessity have forced me to submit. But, being now a nardac of the highest rank in that empire, such offices were looked upon as below my dignity, and the emperor (to do him justice) never once mentioned them to me. However, it was not long before I had an opportunity of doing his majesty, at least, as I then thought, a most signal service. I was alarmed at midnight with the cries of many hundred people at my door; by which being suddenly awaked, I was in some kind of terror. I heard the word *burglum* repeated incessantly: several of the emperor's court, making their way through the crowd, intreated me

to come immediately to the palace, where her imperial majesty's apartment was on fire, by the carelessness of a maid of honour, who fell asleep while she was reading a romance. I got up in an instant; and orders being given to clear the way before me, and it being likewise a moon-shine night, I made a shift to get to the palace, without trampling on any of the people. I found they had already applied ladders to the walls of the apartment, and were well provided with buckets, but the water was at some distance. These buckets were about the size of a large thimble, and the poor people supplied me with them as fast as they could; but the flame was so violent that they did little good. I might easily have stifled it with my coat, which I unfortunately left behind me for haste, and came away only in my leathern jerkin. The case seemed wholly desperate and deplorable, and this magnificent palace would have infallibly been burnt down to the ground, if, by a presence of mind, unusual to me, I had not suddenly thought of an expedient. I had the evening before drank plentifully of a most delicious wine called *glimigrim*, (the Blefuscudians call it *flunee*, but ours is esteemed the better sort) which is very diuretick. By the luckiest chance in the world, I had not discharged myself of any part of it. The heat I had contracted by coming very near the flames, and by my labouring to quench them, made the wine begin to operate by urine; which I voided in such a quantity, and applied so well to the proper places, that in three minutes the fire was wholly extinguished, and the rest of that noble pile, which had cost so many ages in erecting, preserved from destruction.

It was now day-light, and I returned to my house, without waiting to congratulate with the emperor; because, although I had done a very eminent piece of service, yet I could not tell how his majesty might resent the manner by which I had performed it: for, by the fundamental laws of the realm, it is capital in any person, of what quality soever, to make water within the precincts of the palace. But I was a little comforted by a message from his majesty, that he would give orders to the grand justiciary for passing my pardon in form; which, however, I could not

obtain. And I was privately assured, that the empress, conceiving the greatest abhorrence of what I had done, removed to the most distant side of the court, firmly resolved that those build-ings should never be repaired for her use; and, in the presence of her chief confidants, could not forbear vowing revenge.

CHAP. VI.

OF THE INHABITANTS OF LILLIPUT—THEIR LEARNING, LAWS, AND CUSTOMS—THE MANNER OF EDUCATING THEIR CHILDREN—THE AUTHOR'S WAY OF LIVING IN THAT COUNTRY—HIS VINDICATION OF A GREAT LADY.

ALTHOUGH I intend to leave the description of this empire to a particular treatise, yet in the mean time, I am content to gratify the curious reader with some general ideas. As the common size of the natives is somewhat under six inches high, so there is an exact proportion in all other animals, as well as plants and trees: for instance, the tallest horses and oxen are between four and five inches in height, the sheep an inch and a half, more or less; their geese about the bigness of a sparrow, and so the several gradations downwards, till you come to the smallest, which, to my sight, were almost invisible; but nature hath adapted the eyes of the Lilliputians to all objects proper for their view: they see with great exactness, but at no great distance. And, to shew the sharpness of their sight towards objects that are near, I have been much pleased with observing a cook pulling a lark, which was not so large as a common fly; and a young girl threading an invisible needle with invisible silk. Their tallest trees are about seven feet high; I mean some of those in the great royal park, the tops whereof I could but just reach with my fist clinched. The other vegetables are in the same proportion, but this I leave to the reader's imagination.

I shall say but little at present of their learning, which for many ages hath flourished in all it's branches among them: but their manner of writing is very peculiar, being neither from the

left to the right, like the Europeans; nor from the right to the left, like the Arabians; nor from up to down, like the Chinese; but aslant from one corner of the paper to the other, like ladies in England.

They bury their dead with their heads directly downwards, because they hold an opinion, that in eleven thousand moons they are all to rise again, in which period the earth (which they conceive to be flat) will turn upside down, and by this means they shall, at their resurrection, be found ready standing on their feet. The learned among them confess the absurdity of this doctrine, but the practice still continues, in compliance to the vulgar.

There are some laws and customs in this empire very peculiar; and, if they were not so directly contrary to those of my own dear country, I should be tempted to say a little in their justification. It is only to be wished they were as well executed. The first I shall mention, relates to informers. All crimes against the state are punished here with the utmost severity; but, if the person accused maketh his innocence plainly to appear upon his trial, the accuser is immediately put to an ignominious death; and, out of his goods or lands, the innocent person is quadruply recompensed for the loss of his time, for the danger he underwent, for the hardship of his imprisonment, and for all the charges he has been at in making his defence. Or, if that fund be deficient, it is largely supplied by the crown. The emperor also confers on him some publick mark of his favour, and proclamation is made of his innocence through the whole city.

They look upon fraud as a greater crime than theft, and therefore seldom fail to punish it with death; for they alledge, that care and vigilance, with a very common understanding, may preserve a man's goods from thieves, but honesty has no fence against superior cunning; and since it is necessary that there should be a perpetual intercourse of buying and selling, and dealing upon credit, where fraud is permitted and connived at, or hath no law to punish it, the honest dealer is always undone, and the knave gets the advantage. I remember, when I was once interceding with the king for a criminal, who had wronged his master of a great sum of money

money which he had received by order, and ran away with; and happening to tell his majesty, by way of extenuation, that it was only a breach of trust; the emperor thought it monstrous in me to offer, as a defence, the greatest aggravation of the crime: and truly I had little to say in return, farther than the common answer, that different nations had different customs; for, I confess, I was heartily ashamed*.

Although we usually call reward and punishment, the two hinges upon which all government turns, yet I could never observe this maxim to be put in practice by any nation except that of Lilliput. Whoever can there bring sufficient proof that he has strictly observed the laws of his country for seventy-three moons, hath a claim to certain privileges, according to his quality and condition of life, with a proportionable sum of money out of a fund appropriated for that use: he likewise acquires the title of *snitball*, or *legal*, which is added to his name, but does not descend to posterity. And these people thought it a prodigious defect of policy among us, when I told them that our laws were enforced only by penalties, without any mention of reward. It is upon this account that the image of justice, in their courts of judicature, is formed with six eyes, two before, as many behind, and on each side one, to signify circumspection; with a bag of gold open in her right-hand, and a sword sheathed in her left, to shew she is more disposed to reward than to punish.

In chusing persons for all employments, they have more regard to good morals than to great abilities; for, since government is necessary to mankind, they believe that the common size of human understandings is fitted to some station or other, and that Providence never intended to make the management of publick affairs a mystery, to be comprehended only by a few persons of sublime genius, of which there seldom are three born in an age: but they suppose truth, justice, temperance, and the like, to be in every man's power; the practice of which virtues, assisted by experience, and a good intention, would qualify any man for the service of his country, except where a course

of study is required. But they thought the want of moral virtues was so far from being supplied by superior endowments of the mind, that employments could never be put into such dangerous hands as those of persons so qualified; and, at least, that the mistakes, committed by ignorance in a virtuous disposition, would never be of such fatal consequences to the publick weal, as the practices of a man whose inclinations led him to be corrupt, and had great abilities to manage, to multiply, and defend his corruptions.

In like manner, the disbelief of a Divine Providence renders a man incapable of holding any publick station; for, since kings avow themselves to be the deputies of Providence, the Lilliputians think nothing can be more absurd than for a prince to employ such men as disown the authority under which they act.

In relating these and the following laws, I would only be understood to mean the original institutions, and not the most scandalous corruptions into which these people are fallen by the degenerate nature of man. For as to that infamous practice of acquiring great employments by dancing on the ropes, or badges of favour and distinction, by leaping over sticks, and creeping under them, the reader is to observe, that they were first introduced by the grandfather of the emperor now reigning, and grew to the present height, by the gradual increase of party and faction.

Ingratitude is among them a capital crime, as we read it to have been in some other countries; for they reason thus, that whoever makes ill returns to his benefactor, must needs be a common enemy to the rest of mankind, from whom he hath received no obligation, and therefore such a man is not fit to live.

Their notions relating to the duties of parents and children, differ extremely from ours. For, since the conjunction of male and female is founded upon the great law of nature, in order to propagate and continue the species, the Lilliputians will needs have it, that men and women are joined together, like other animals, by the motives of concupiscence, and that their tenderness

* An act of parliament hath been since passed, by which some breaches of trust have been made capital.

towards their young proceeds from the like natural principle: for which reason they will never allow, that a child is under any obligation to his father for begetting him, or to his mother for bringing him into the world, which, considering the miseries of human life, was neither a benefit in itself, or intended so by his parents, whose thoughts in their love encounters were otherwise employed. Upon these, and the like reasonings, their opinion is, that parents are the last of all others to be trusted with the education of their own children, and therefore they have, in every town, publick nurseries, where all parents, except cottagers and labourers, are obliged to send their infants of both sexes to be reared and educated when they come to the age of twenty moons, at which time they are supposed to have some rudiments of docility. The schools are of several kinds, suited to different qualities, and to both sexes. They have certain professors well skilled in preparing children for such a condition of life as befits the rank of their parents, and their own capacities as well as inclinations. I shall first say something of the male nurseries, and then of the female.

The nurseries for males of noble or eminent birth, are provided with grave and learned professors, and their several deputies. The cloaths and food of the children are plain and simple. They are bred up in the principles of honour, justice, courage, modesty, clemency, religion, and love to their country; they are always employed in some business, except in the times of eating and sleeping, which are very short, and two hours for diversions, consisting of bodily exercises. They are dressed by men till four years of age, and then are obliged to dress themselves, although their quality be ever so great; and the women attendants, who are aged proportionably to ours at fifty, perform only the most menial offices. They are never suffered to converse with servants, but go together in smaller and greater numbers to take their diversions, and always in the presence of a professor, or one of his deputies, whereby they avoid those early bad impressions of folly and vice, to which our children are subject. Their parents are suffered to see them only twice a year; the visit is to last but an hour. They

are allowed to kiss the child at meeting and parting; but a professor, who always stands by on those occasions, will not suffer them to whisper or use any fondling expressions, or bring any presents of toys, sweet meats, and the like.

The pension from each family for the education and entertainment of a child, upon failure of due payment, is levied by the emperor's officers.

The nurseries for children of ordinary gentlemen, merchants, traders, and handicrafts, are managed proportionably after the same manner; only those designed for trades are put out apprentices at eleven years old, whereas those of persons of quality continue in their exercises till fifteen, which answers to twenty-one with us: but the confinement is gradually lessened for the last three years.

In the female nurseries, the young girls of quality are educated much like the males, only they are dressed by orderly servants of their own sex; but always in the presence of a professor or deputy, till they come to dress themselves, which is at five years old. And if it be found that these nurses ever presume to entertain the girls with frightful or foolish stories, or the common follies practised by chamber-maids among us, they are publickly whipped thrice about the city, imprisoned for a year, and banished for life to the most desolate part of the country. Thus the young ladies there are as much ashamed of being cowards and fools, as the men, and despise all personal ornaments beyond decency and cleanliness: neither did I perceive any difference in their education, made by their difference of sex, only that the exercises of the females were not altogether so robust; and that some rules were given them relating to domestick life, and a smaller compass of learning was enjoined them: for, their maxim is, that, among people of quality, a wife should be always a reasonable and agreeable companion, because she cannot always be young. When the girls are twelve years old, which among them is the marriageable age, their parents or guardians take them home, with great expressions of gratitude to the professors, and seldom without tears of the young lady and her companions.

In the nurseries of females of the meaner sort, the children are instructed in

in all kinds of works proper for their sex, and their several degrees: those intended for apprentices; are dismissed at seven years old, the rest are kept to eleven.

The meaner families, who have children at these nurseries, are obliged, besides their annual pension, which is as low as possible, to return to the steward of the nursery a small monthly share of their gettings to be a portion for the child; and therefore all parents are limited to their expences by the law. For the Lilliputians think nothing can be more unjust, than for people, in subservience to their own appetites, to bring children into the world, and leave the burden of supporting them on the publick. As to persons of quality, they give security to appropriate a certain sum for each child, suitable to their condition; and these funds are always managed with good husbandry, and the most exact justice.

The cottagers and labourers keep their children at home, their business being only to till and cultivate the earth, and therefore their education is of little consequence to the publick: but the old and diseased among them are supported by hospitals; for, begging is a trade unknown in that empire.

And here it may, perhaps, divert the curious reader, to give some account of my domestick, and my manner of living in this country, during a residence of nine months and thirteen days. Having a head mechanically turned, and being likewise forced by necessity, I had made for myself a table and chair convenient enough, out of the largest trees in the royal park. Two hundred sempstresses were employed to make me shirts and linen, for bed and table, all of the strongest and coarsest kind they could get; which, however, they were forced to quilt together in several folds, for the thickest was some degrees finer than lawn. Their linen is usually three inches wide, and three feet make a piece. The sempstresses took my measure as I lay on the ground, one standing at my neck, and another at my mid-leg, with a strong cord extended, that each held by the end, while the third measured the length of the cord with a rule of an inch long. Then they measured my right thumb, and desired no more; for by a mathematical computation, that twice round the thumb is once round

wrist, and so on to the neck and the waist, and by the help of my old shirt, which I displayed on the ground before them for a pattern, they fitted me exactly. Three hundred taylors were employed in the same manner to make me cloaths; but they had another contrivance for taking my measure. I knelt down, and they raised a ladder from the ground to my neck; upon this ladder one of them mounted, and let fall a plum-line from my collar to the floor, which just answered the length of my coat; but my waist and arms I measured myself. When my cloaths were finished, which was done in my house (for the largest of theirs would not have been able to hold them) they looked like the patch-work made by the ladies in England, only that mine were all of a colour.

I had three hundred cooks to dress my viands, in little convenient huts built about my house, where they and their families lived, and prepared me two dishes a-piece. I took up twenty waiters in my hand, and placed them on the table; a hundred more attended below on the ground, some with dishes of meat, and some with barrels of wine, and other liquors, slung on their shoulders; all which the waiters above drew up as I wanted, in a very ingenious manner, by certain cords, as we draw the bucket up a well in Europe. A dish of their meat was a good mouthful, and a barrel of their liquor a reasonable draught. Their mutton yields to ours, but their beef is excellent. I have had a surloin so large, that I have been forced to make three bits of it; but this is rare. My servants were astonished to see me eat it, bones and all, as in our country we do the leg of a lark. Their geese and turkies I usually eat at a mouthful; and, I must confess, they far exceed ours. Of their smaller fowl, I could take up twenty or thirty at the end of my knife.

One day his imperial majesty, being informed of my way of living, desired that himself and his royal consort, with the young princes of the blood of both sexes, might have the happiness (as he was pleased to call it) of dining with me. They came accordingly, and I placed them upon chairs of state on my table, just over-against me, with their guards about them. Flimnap, the lord high treasurer, attended there likewise,

wife, with his white staff; and I observed he often looked on me with a four countenance, which I would not seem to regard, but eat more than usual, in honour to my dear country, as well as to fill the court with admiration. I have some private reasons to believe, that this visit from his majesty gave Flinnap an opportunity of doing me ill offices to his master. That minister had always been my secret enemy, though he outwardly caressed me more than was usual to the moroseness of his nature. He represented to the emperor the low condition of his treasury; that he was forced to take up money at great discount; that exchequer bills would not circulate under nine per cent. below par; that, in short, I had cost his majesty above a million and a half of *sprugs* (their greatest gold coin, about the bigness of a spangle) and upon the whole, that it would be advisable in the emperor to take the first fair occasion of dismissing me.

I am here obliged to vindicate the reputation of an excellent lady, who was an innocent sufferer upon my account. The treasurer took a fancy to be jealous of his wife, from the malice of some evil tongues, who informed him, that her grace had taken a violent affection for my person; and the court-scandal ran for some time, that she once came privately to my lodging. This I solemnly declare to be a most infamous falsehood, without any grounds, farther than that her grace was pleased to treat me with all innocent marks of freedom and friendship. I own she came often to my house, but always publickly, nor ever without three more in the coach, who were usually her sister and young daughter, and some particular acquaintance; but this was common to many other ladies of the court. And I still appeal to my servants round, whether they at any time saw a coach at my door, without knowing what persons were in it. On those occasions, when a servant had given me notice, my custom was to go immediately to the door; and after paying my respects, to take up the coach and two horses very carefully in my hands (for if there were six horses, the postillion always unharnessed four) and placed them on a table, where I had fixed a moveable rim quite round, of five inches high, to prevent accidents. And I have often had four coaches and horses at once on

my table full of company, while I sat in my chair, leaning my face towards them; and, when I was engaged with one set, the coachman would gently drive the others round my table. I have passed many an afternoon very agreeably in these conversations. But I defy the treasurer, or his two informers (I will name them, and let them make their best of it) Clustril and Drunlo, to prove that any person ever came to me incognito, except the secretary Redresal, who was sent by express command of his imperial majesty, as I have before related. I should not have dwelt so long upon this particular, if it had not been a point wherein the reputation of a great lady is nearly concerned, to say nothing of my own; though I then had the honour to be a nardac, which the treasurer himself is not; for all the world knows that he is only a glum-lun, a title inferior by one degree, as that of a marquis is to a duke in England, although I allow he preceded me in right of his post. These false informations, which I afterwards came to the knowledge of, by an accident not proper to mention, made Flinnap, the treasurer, shew his lady, for some time, an ill countenance, and me a worse; and although he was at last undeceived and reconciled to her, yet I lost all credit with him, and found my interest decline very fast with the emperor himself, who was, indeed, too much governed by that favourite.

CHAP. VII.

THE AUTHOR BEING INFORMED OF A DESIGN TO ACCUSE HIM OF HIGH-TREASON, MAKES HIS ESCAPE TO BLEFUSCU—HIS RECEPTION THERE.

BEFORE I proceed to give an account of my leaving this kingdom, it may be proper to inform the reader of a private intrigue which had been for two months forming against me.

I had been hitherto all my life a stranger to courts, for which I was unqualified by the meanness of my condition. I had, indeed, heard and read enough of the dispositions of great princes and ministers; but never expected to have found such terrible effects of them in so remote a country, governed,

verned, as I thought, by different maxims from those in Europe.

When I was just preparing to pay my attendance on the Emperor of Blefuscu, a considerable person at court (to whom I had been very serviceable, at a time when he lay under the highest displeasure of his imperial majesty) came to my house, very privately at night in a close chair, and without sending his name, desired admittance: the chairmen were dismissed; I put the chair, with his lordship in it, into my coat-pocket; and giving orders to a trusty servant to say I was indisposed and gone to sleep, I fastened the door of my house, placed the chair on the table, according to my usual custom, and sat down by it. After the common salutations were over, observing his lordship's countenance full of concern, and enquiring into the reason, he desired I would hear him with patience, in a matter that highly concerned my honour and my life. His speech was to the following effect, for I took notes of it as soon as he left me.

'You are to know,' said he, 'that several committees of council have been lately called in the most private manner on your account; and it is but two days since his majesty came to a full resolution.

'You are very sensible that Skyresh Bolgolam (Galbet, or high admiral) hath been your mortal enemy almost ever since your arrival: his original reasons I know not; but his hatred is increased since your great success against Blefuscu, by which his glory, as admiral, is much obscured. This lord, in conjunction with Flimnap, the high treasurer, whose enmity against you is notorious on account of his lady, Limtoc the general, Lalcon the chamberlain, and Bal-muff the grand justiciary, have prepared articles of impeachment against you, for treason, and other capital crimes.'

This preface made me so impatient, being conscious of my own merits and innocence, that I was going to interrupt: when he entreated me to be silent, and thus proceeded.

'Out of gratitude for the favours you have done me, I procured information of the whole proceedings, and a copy of the articles, wherein I venture my head for your service.'

'ARTICLES OF IMPEACHMENT AGAINST QUINBUS FLESTRIN, THE MAN-MOUNTAIN.

'ARTICLE I.

'WHEREAS, by a statute made in the reign of his imperial majesty Calin Deffar Plune, it is enacted, That whoever shall make water within the precincts of the royal palace, shall be liable to the pains and penalties of high-treason: notwithstanding, the said Quinbus Flestrin, in open breach of the said law, under colour of extinguishing the fire kindled in the apartment of his majesty's most dear imperial consort, did maliciously, traiterously, and devilishly, by discharge of his urine, put out the said fire kindled in the said apartment, lying and being within the precincts of the said royal palace, against the statute in that case provided, &c. against the duty, &c.

'ARTICLE II.

'That the said Quinbus Flestrin having brought the imperial fleet of Blefuscu into the royal port, and being afterwards commanded by his imperial majesty to seize all the other ships of the said empire of Blefuscu, and reduce that empire to a province, to be governed by a viceroy from hence, and to destroy and put to death not only all the Big-Endian exiles, but likewise all the people of that empire, who would not immediately forsake the Big-Endian heresy: he the said Flestrin, like a false traitor against his most auspicious, serene, imperial majesty, did petition to be excused from the said service, upon pretence of unwillingness to force the consciences, or destroy the liberties and lives of innocent people.

'ARTICLE III.

'That, whereas certain ambassadors arrived from the court of Blefuscu, to sue for peace in his majesty's court: he the said Flestrin did, like a false traitor, aid, abet, comfort, and divert the said ambassadors, although he knew them to be servants to a prince who was lately an open enemy to his imperial majesty, and in open war against his said majesty.

'ARTICLE

ARTICLE IV.

‘ That the said Quinbus Flestrin, contrary to the duty of a faithful subject, is now preparing to make a voyage to the court and empire of Blefuscu, for which he has received only verbal licence from his imperial majesty; and under colour of the said licence doth falsely and traiterously intend to take the said voyage, and thereby to aid, comfort, and abet the emperor of Blefuscu, so late an enemy, and in open war with his imperial majesty aforesaid.’

‘ There are some other articles, but these are the most important, of which I have read you an abstract.

‘ In the several debates upon this impeachment, it must be confessed that his majesty gave many marks of his great lenity, often urging the services you had done him, and endeavouring to extenuate your crimes. The treasurer and admiral insisted that you should be put to the most painful and ignominious death, by setting fire on your house at night, and the general was to attend with twenty thousand men armed with poisoned arrows, to shoot you on the face and hands. Some of your servants were to have private orders to strew a poisonous juice on your shirts and sheets, which would soon make you tear your own flesh, and die in the uttiest torture. The general came into the same opinion; so that for a long time there was a majority against you: but his majesty resolving, if possible, to spare your life, at last brought off the chamberlain,

‘ Upon this incident, Reldresal, principal secretary for private affairs, who always approved himself your true friend, was commanded by the emperor to deliver his opinion, he accordingly did: and therein justified the good thoughts you have of him. He allowed your crimes to be great, but that still there was room for mercy; the most commendable virtue in a prince, and for which his majesty was so justly celebrated. He said, the friendship between you and him was so well known to the world, that perhaps the most honourable board might think him partial: however, in obedience to the command he

‘ had received, he would freely offer his sentiments. That if his majesty, in consideration of your services, and pursuant to his own merciful disposition, would please to spare your life, and only give order to put out both your eyes, he humbly conceived, that, by this expedient, justice might in some measure be satisfied, and all the world would applaud the lenity of the emperor, as well as the fair and generous proceedings of those who have the honour to be his counsellors. That the loss of your eyes would be no impediment to your bodily strength, by which you might still be useful to his majesty. That blindness is an addition to courage, by concealing dangers from us; that the fear you had for your eyes, was the greatest difficulty in bringing over the enemy’s fleet, and it would be sufficient for you to see by the eyes of the ministers, since the greatest princes do no more.

‘ This proposal was received with the utmost disapprobation by the whole board. Bolgolam, the admiral, could not preserve his temper; but rising up in a fury, said, he wondered how the secretary durst presume to give his opinion for preserving the life of a traitor: that the services you had performed were, by all true reasons of state, the great aggravation of your crimes; that you, who were able to extinguish the fire, by discharge of urine in her majesty’s apartment (which he mentioned with horror) might, at another time, raise an inundation by the same means to drown the whole palace; and the same strength, which enabled you to bring over the enemy’s fleet, might serve upon the first discontent, to carry it back: that he had good reasons to think you were a Big-Endian in your heart; and as treason begins in the heart, before it appears in overt acts, so he accused you as a traitor on that account, and therefore insisted you should be put to death.

‘ The treasurer was of the same opinion; he shewed to what straits his majesty’s revenue was reduced by the charge of maintaining you, which would soon grow insupportable: that the secretary’s expedient of putting out your eyes, was so far from being a remedy against this evil, it would probably increase it, as it is manifest

‘ from

from the blinding some kind of fowl, after which, they fed the faster, and grew sooner fat: that his sacred majesty, and the council, who are your judges, were in their own consciences fully convinced of your guilt, which was a sufficient argument to condemn you to death, without the formal proofs required by the strict letter of the law.

But his imperial majesty, fully determined against capital punishment, was graciously pleased to say, that, since the council thought the loss of your eyes too easy a censure, some other may be inflicted hereafter. And your friend, the secretary, humbly desiring to be heard again, in answer to what the treasurer had objected concerning the great charge his majesty was at in maintaining you, said, that his excellency, who had the sole disposal of the emperor's revenue, might easily provide against that evil, by gradually lessening your establishment; by which, for want of sufficient food, you would grow weak and faint, and lose your appetite, and consume in a few months; neither would the stench of your carcase be then so dangerous, when it should become more than half diminished; and, immediately upon your death, five or six thousand of his majesty's subjects might, in two or three days, cut your flesh from your bones, take it away by cart-loads, and bury it in distant parts to prevent infection, leaving the skeleton as a monument of admiration to posterity.

Thus, by the great friendship of the secretary, the whole affair was compromised. It was strictly enjoined, that the project of starving you, by degrees, should be kept a secret, but the sentence of putting out your eyes was entered on the books; none dissenting except Bolgolam, the admiral, who, being a creature of the empress, was perpetually instigated by her majesty to insist upon your death, she having borne perpetual malice against you, on account of that infamous and illegal method you took to extinguish the fire in her apartment.

In three days, your friend the secretary will be directed to come to your house, and read before you the articles of impeachment; and then to

signify the great lenity and favour of his majesty and council, whereby you are only condemned to the loss of your eyes, which his majesty doth not question you will gratefully and humbly submit to; and twenty of his majesty's surgeons will attend, in order to see the operation well performed, by discharging very sharp-pointed arrows into the balls of your eyes, as you lie on the ground.

I leave to your prudence what measures you will take; and, to avoid suspicion, I must immediately return in as private a manner as I came.

His lordship did so, and I remained alone, under many doubts and perplexities of mind.

It was a custom introduced by this prince and his ministry (very different, as I have been assured, from the practices of former times) that after the court had decreed any cruel execution, either to gratify the monarch's resentment, or the malice of a favourite, the emperor always made a speech to his whole council, expressing his great lenity and tenderness, as qualities known and confessed by all the world. This speech was immediately published through the kingdom; nor did any thing terrify the people so much as those encomiums on his majesty's mercy; because it was observed, that the more these praises were enlarged and insisted on, the more inhuman was the punishment, and the sufferer more innocent. And as to myself, I must confess, having never been designed for a courtier either by my birth or education, I was so ill a judge of things, that I could not discover the lenity and favour of this sentence, but conceived it (perhaps erroneously) rather to be rigorous than gentle. I sometimes thought of standing my trial; for, although I could not deny the facts alledged in the several articles, yet I hoped they would admit of some extenuation. But having in my life perused many state-trials, which I ever observed to terminate as the judges thought fit to direct, I durst not rely on so dangerous a decision, in so critical a juncture, and against such powerful enemies. Once I was strongly bent upon resistance; for, while I had liberty, the whole strength of that empire could hardly subdue me, and I might easily with stones pelt the metro-

polis to pieces; but I soon rejected that project with horror, by remembering the oath I had made to the emperor, the favours I had received from him, and the high title of nardac he conferred upon me. Neither had I so soon learned the gratitude of courtiers, to persuade myself, that his majesty's present severities acquitted me of all past obligations.

At last I fixed upon a resolution, for which it is probable I may incur some censure, and not unjustly; for I confess I owe the preserving mine eyes, and consequently my liberty, to my own great rashness, and want of experience; because, if I had then known the nature of princes and ministers, which I have since observed in many other courts, and their methods of treating criminals less obnoxious than myself, I should with great alacrity and readiness have submitted to so easy a punishment. But hurried on by the precipitancy of youth, and having his imperial majesty's licence to pay my attendance upon the emperor of Blefuscu, I took this opportunity, before the three days were elapsed, to send a letter to my friend the secretary, signifying my resolution of setting out that morning for Blefuscu, pursuant to the leave I had got; and, without waiting for an answer, I went to that side of the island where our fleet lay. I seized a large man of war, tied a cable to the prow, and, lifting up the anchors, I stripped myself, put my cloaths (together with my coverlet, which I brought under my arm) into the vessel, and drawing it after me, between wading and swimming, arrived at the royal port of Blefuscu, where the people had long expected me; they lent me two guides to direct me to the capital city, which is of the same name. I held them in my hands till I came within two hundred yards of the gate, and desired them to signify my arrival to one of the secretaries, and let him know I there waited his majesty's command. I had an answer in about an hour, that his majesty, attended by the royal family, and great officers of the court, was coming out to receive me. I advanced a hundred yards. The emperor and his train alighted from their horses, the empress and ladies from their coaches, and I did not perceive they were in any fright

or concern. I lay on the ground to kiss his majesty's and the empress's hand. I told his majesty that I was come according to my promise, and with the licence of the emperor my master, to have the honour of seeing so mighty a monarch, and to offer him any service in my power, consistent with my duty to my own prince; not mentioning a word of my disgrace, because I had hitherto no regular information of it, and might suppose myself wholly ignorant of any such design; neither could I reasonably conceive that the emperor would discover the secret while I was out of his power; wherein, however, it soon appeared I was deceived.

I shall not trouble the reader with the particular account of my reception at this court, which was suitable to the generosity of so great a prince; nor of the difficulties I was in for want of a house and bed, being forced to lie on the ground, wrapped up in my coverlet.

CHAP. VIII.

THE AUTHOR, BY A LUCKY ACCIDENT, FINDS MEANS TO LEAVE BLEFUSCU—AND, AFTER SOME DIFFICULTIES, RETURNS SAFE TO HIS NATIVE COUNTRY.

THREE days after my arrival, walking out of curiosity to the north-east coast of the island, I observed, about half a league off, in the sea, somewhat that looked like a boat overturned. I pulled off my shoes and stockings, and wading two or three hundred yards, I found the object to approach nearer by force of the tide; and then plainly saw it to be a real boat, which I supposed might, by some tempest, have been driven from a ship: whereupon I returned immediately towards the city, and desired his imperial majesty to lend me twenty of the tallest vessels he had left after the loss of his fleet, and three thousand seamen, under the command of the vice-admiral. This fleet sailed round, while I went back the shortest way to the coast, where I first discovered the boat; I found the tide had driven it still nearer. The seamen were all provided with cordage, which I had beforehand twitted to a sufficient

a sufficient strength. When the ships came up, I stripped myself, and waded till I came within an hundred yards of the boat, after which I was forced to swim till I got up to it. The seamen threw me the end of the cord, which I fastened to a hole in the fore-part of the boat, and the other end to a man of war: but I found all my labour to little purpose; for, being out of my depth, I was not able to work. In this necessity, I was forced to swim behind, and push the boat forwards as often as I could, with one of my hands; and, the tide favouring me, I advanced so far, that I could just hold up my chin, and feel the ground. I rested two or three minutes, and then gave the boat another shove, and so on, till the sea was no higher than my arm-pits; and now, the most laborious part being over, I took out my other cables, which were stowed in one of the ships, and fastened them first to the boat, and then to nine of the vessels which attended me; the wind being favourable, the seamen towed, and I shoved, till we arrived within forty yards of the shore, and waiting till the tide was out, I got dry to the boat, and by the assistance of two thousand men, with ropes and engines, I made a shift to turn it on it's bottom, and found it was but little damaged.

I shall not trouble the reader with the difficulties I was under by the help of certain paddles, which cost me ten days making, to get my boat to the royal port of Blefuscu, where a mighty concourse of people appeared upon my arrival, full of wonder at the sight of so prodigious a vessel. I told the emperor, that my good fortune had thrown this boat in my way, to carry me to some place, from whence I might return into my native country, and begged his majesty's orders for getting materials to fit it up, together with his licence to depart; which, after some kind expostulations, he was pleased to grant.

I did very much wonder, in all this time, not to have heard of any express relating to me from our emperor to the court of Blefuscu. But I was afterwards given privately to understand, that his imperial majesty, never imagining I had the least notice of his designs, believed I was only gone to Blefuscu in performance of my promise, according

to the licence he had given me, which was well known at our court, and would return in a few days, when the ceremony was ended. But he was at last in pain at my long absence; and, after consulting with the treasurer, and the rest of that cabal, a person of quality was dispatched with the copy of the articles against me. This envoy had instructions to represent to the monarch of Blefuscu the great lenity of his master, who was content to punish me no farther than with the loss of mine eyes; that I had fled from justice, and if I did not return in two hours, I should be deprived of my title of nardac, and declared a traitor. The envoy farther added, that, in order to maintain the peace and amity between both empires, his master expected that his brother of Blefuscu would give orders to have me sent back to Lilliput, bound hand and foot, to be punished as a traitor.

The emperor of Blefuscu, having taken three days to consult, returned an answer, consisting of many civilities and excuses. He said, that, as for sending me bound, his brother knew it was impossible; that although I had deprived him of his fleet, yet he owed great obligations to me for many good offices I had done him in making the peace. That, however, both their majesties would soon be made easy; for I had found a prodigious vessel on the shore, able to carry me on the sea, which he had given orders to fit up with my own assistance and direction; and he hoped, in a few weeks, both empires would be freed from so insupportable an incumbrance.

With this answer the envoy returned to Lilliput, and the monarch of Blefuscu related to me all that had passed; offering me at the same time (but under the strictest confidence) his gracious protection, if I would continue in his service; wherein, although I believed him sincere, yet I resolved never more to put any confidence in princes or ministers, where I could possibly avoid it; and, therefore, with all due acknowledgments for his favourable intentions, I humbly begged to be excused. I told him, that since fortune, whether good or evil, had thrown a vessel in my way, I was resolved to venture myself in the ocean, rather than be an occasion of difference between two such mighty

monarchs. Neither did I find the emperor at all displeased; and I discovered, by a certain accident, that he was, very glad of my resolution, and so were most of his ministers.

These considerations moved me to be hasten my departure somewhat sooner than I intended; to which the court, impatient to have me gone, very readily contributed. Five hundred workmen were employed to make two sails to my boat, according to my directions, by quilting thirteen fold of their strongest linen together. I was at the pains of making ropes and cables, by twisting ten, twenty, or thirty of the thickest and strongest of theirs. A great stone that I happened to find, after a long search by the sea-shore, served me for an anchor. I had the tallow of three hundred cows for greasing my boat, and other uses. I was at incredible pains in cutting down some of the largest timber-trees for oars and masts; wherein I was, however, much assisted by his majesty's ship carpenters, who helped me in smoothing them after I had done the rough work.

In about a month, when all was prepared, I sent to receive his majesty's commands, and to take my leave. The emperor and royal family came out of the palace; I laid down on my face to kiss his hand, which he very graciously gave me; so did the empress, and young princes of the blood. His majesty presented me with fifty purses of two hundred sprugs apiece, together with his picture at full length, which I put immediately into one of my gloves, to keep it from being hurt. The ceremonies at my departure were too many to trouble the reader with at this time.

I stored the boat with the carcases of an hundred oxen, and three hundred sheep, with bread and drink proportionable, and as much meat ready dressed as four hundred cooks could provide. I took with me six cows and two bulls alive, with as many ewes and rams, intending to carry them into my own country, and propagate the breed; and, to feed them on board, I had a good bundle of hay, and a bag of corn. I would gladly have taken a dozen of the natives, but this was a thing the emperor would by no means permit; and, besides a diligent search into my pockets, his majesty engaged my honour

not to carry away any of his subjects, although with their own consent and desire.

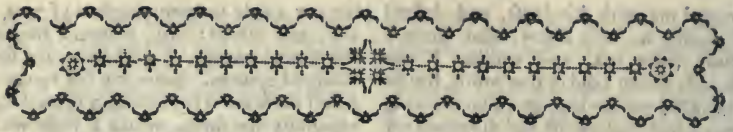
Having thus prepared all things as well as I was able, I set sail on the twenty-fourth day of September 1701, at six in the morning; and when I had gone about four leagues to the northward, the wind being at south-east, at six in the evening, I descried a small island about half a league to the north-west. I advanced forward, and cast anchor on the lee-side of the island, which seemed to be uninhabited. I then took some refreshment, and went to my rest. I slept well, and I conjecture at least six hours, for I found the day broke in two hours after I awaked. It was a clear night. I eat my breakfast before the sun was up; and heaving anchor, the wind being favourable, I steered the same course that I had done the day before, wherein I was directed by my pocket-compass. My intention was to reach, if possible, one of those islands, which I had reason to believe lay to the north-east of Van Diemen's land. I discovered nothing all that day; but upon the next, about three in the afternoon, when I had by my computation made twenty four leagues from Blefuscu, I descried a sail steering to the south-east; my course was due east. I hailed her, but could get no answer; yet I found I gained upon her, for the wind slackened. I made all the sail I could, and in half an hour she spied me, then hung out her ancient, and discharged a gun. It is not easy to express the joy I was in upon the unexpected hope of once more seeing my beloved country, and the dear pledges I left in it. The ship slackened her sails, and I came up with her between five and six in the evening, September 26; but my heart leapt within me to see her English colours. I put my cows and sheep into my coat-pockets, and got on board with all my little cargo of provisions. The vessel was an English merchantman, returning from Japan, by the north and south-seas; the captain, Mr. John Biddle of Deptford, a very civil man, and an excellent sailor. We were now in the latitude of 30 degrees south, there were about fifty men in the ship; and here I met an old comrade of mine, one Peter Williams, who gave me a good character to the captain. This gentleman treated

treated me with kindness, and desired I would let him know what place I came from last, and whither I was bound; which I did in few words, but he thought I was raving, and that the dangers I had underwent had disturbed my head; whereupon I took my black cattle and sheep out of my pocket, which, after great astonishment, clearly convinced him of my veracity. I then shewed him the gold given me by the emperor of Blefuscu, together with his majesty's picture at full length, and some other rarities of that country. I gave him two purses of two hundred sprugs each, and promised, when we arrived in England, to make him a present of a cow and a sheep big with young.

I shall not trouble the reader with a particular account of this voyage, which was very prosperous for the most part. We arrived in the Downs on the 13th of April 1702. I had only one misfortune, that the rats on board carried away one of my sheep; I found her bones in a hole, picked clean from the flesh. The rest of my cattle I got safe ashore, and set them a grazing in a bowling-green at Greenwich, where the fineness of the grass made them feed very heartily, though I had always feared the contrary: neither could I possibly have preserved them in so long a voyage, if the captain had not allowed me some of his best biscuit, which, rubbed to powder, and mingled with water, was their constant food. The short time I continued in England, I made a considerable profit by shew-

ing my cattle to many persons of quality, and others: and, before I began my second voyage, I sold them for six hundred pounds. Since my last return, I find the breed is considerably increased, especially the sheep, which I hope will prove much to the advantage of the woollen manufacture, by the fineness of the fleeces.

I stayed but two months with my wife and family; for my insatiable desire of seeing foreign countries would suffer me to continue no longer. I left fifteen hundred pounds with my wife, and fixed her in a good house at Redriff. My remaining stock I carried with me, part in money and part in goods, in hopes to improve my fortune. My eldest uncle John had left me an estate in land, near Epping, of about thirty pounds a year; and I had a long lease of the Black Bull in Fetter Lane, which yielded me as much more: so that I was not in any danger of leaving my family upon the parish. My son Johnny, named so after his uncle, was at the grammar-school, and a towardsly child. My daughter Betty (who is now well married, and has children) was then at her needle-work. I took leave of my wife, and boy and girl, with tears on both sides, and went on board the *Adventure*, a merchant-ship, of three hundred tons, bound for Surat, captain John Nicholas, of Liverpool, commander. But my account of this voyage must be referred to the second part of my travels.



GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.

PART II.

A VOYAGE TO BROBDINGNAG.

CHAP. I.

A GREAT STORM DESCRIBED—THE LONG BOAT SENT TO FETCH WATER—THE AUTHOR GOES WITH IT TO DISCOVER THE COUNTRY—HE IS LEFT ON SHORE—IS SEIZED BY ONE OF THE NATIVES, AND CARRIED TO A FARMER'S HOUSE—HIS RECEPTION, WITH SEVERAL ACCIDENTS THAT HAPPENED THERE—A DESCRIPTION OF THE INHABITANTS.



HAVING been condemned by nature and fortune to an active and restless life, in two months after my return, I again left my native country, and took shipping in the Downs on the 20th day of June 1702, in the *Adventure*, captain John Nicholas, a Cornish man, commander, bound for Surat. We had a very prosperous gale till we arrived at the Cape of Good Hope, where we landed for fresh water, but discovering a leak, we unshipped our goods, and wintered there; for, the captain falling sick of an ague, we could not leave the Cape till the end of March. We then set sail, and had a good voyage till we passed the Straits of Madagascar; but having got northward of that island, and to about five degrees south latitude, the winds, which in those seas are observed to blow a constant equal gale between the north and west, from the beginning of December to the beginning of May, on the ninth of April began to blow with much greater violence, and more west-

erly than usual, continuing so for twenty days together, during which time, we were driven a little to the east of the Molucca islands, and about three degrees northward of the line, as our captain found by an observation he took the second of May, at which time the wind ceased, and it was a perfect calm, whereat I was not a little rejoiced. But he, being a man experienced in the navigation of those seas, bid us all prepare against a storm, which accordingly happened the day following: for a southern wind, called the southern monsoon, began to set in.

Finding it was like to overblow, we took in our sprit-sail; and stood by to hand the fore-sail; but, making foul weather, we locked the guns were all fast, and handed the mizzen. The ship lay very broad off, so we thought it better spooning before the sea, than trying or hulling. We reefed the fore-sail and set him, and hauled aft the fore-sheet; the helm was hard a-weather. The ship wore bravely. We belayed the fore-down-hall; but the sail was split, and we hauled down the yard, and got the sail into the ship, and unbound all the things clear of it. It was a very fierce storm; the sea broke strange and dangerous. We hauled off upon the laniard of the whiptaff, and helped the man at the helm. We would not get down our top-mast, but let all stand, because she scudded before the sea very well, and we knew that, the top-mast being aloft, the ship was the wholsomer, and made better way through the sea, seeing we had sea-room. When the storm was over, we set fore-sail and main-sail, and brought the

the ship to. Then we set the mizen, main-top-sail, and the fore-top-sail. Our course was east-north-east, the wind was at south-west. We got the starboard tacks aboard, we cast off our weather-braces and lifts; we set in the lee-braces, and hauled forward by the weather-bowlings, and hauled them tight, and belayed them, and hauled over the mizen-tack to windward, and kept her full and by as near as she would lie.

During this storm, which was followed by a strong wind west-south-west, we were carried, by my computation, about five hundred leagues to the east, so that the oldest sailor on board could not tell in what part of the world we were. Our provisions held out well, our ship was staunch, and our crew all in good health; but we lay in the utmost distress for water. We thought it best to hold on the same course, rather than turn more northerly, which might have brought us to the north-west parts of Great Tartary, and into the frozen sea.

On the 16th day of June 1703, a boy on the top-mast discovered land. On the 17th, we came in full view of a great island or continent, (for we knew not whether) on the south-side whereof was a small neck of land jutting out into the sea, and a creek too shallow to hold a ship of above one hundred tons. We cast anchor within a league of this creek, and our captain sent a dozen of his men, well armed, in the long-boat, with vessels for water, if any could be found. I desired his leave to go with them, that I might see the country, and make what discoveries I could. When we came to land, we saw no river or spring, nor any sign of inhabitants. Our men therefore wandered on the shore to find out some fresh water near the sea, and I walked alone about a mile on the other side, where I observed the country all barren and rocky. I now began to be weary, and seeing nothing to entertain my curiosity, I returned gently down towards the creek; and, the sea being full in my view, I saw our men already got into the boat, and rowing for life to the ship. I was going to halloo after them, although it had been to little purpose, when I observed a huge creature walking after them into the sea, as fast as he could. He waded not much

deeper than his knees, and took prodigious strides; but our men had the start of him half a league, and the sea thereabouts being full of sharp-pointed rocks, the monster was not able to overtake the boat. This I was afterwards told, for I durst not stay to see the issue of the adventure; but ran as fast as I could the way I first went, and then climbed up a steep hill, which gave me some prospect of the country. I found it fully cultivated; but that which first surprized me was the length of the grass, which, in those grounds that seemed to be kept for hay, was about twenty feet high.

I fell into a high road, for so I took it to be, though it served for the inhabitants only as a foot path through a field of barley. Here I walked on for some time, but could see little on either side, it being now near harvest, and the corn rising at least forty feet. I was an hour walking to the end of this field, which was fenced in with a hedge of at least one hundred and twenty feet high, and the trees so lofty that I could make no computation of their altitude. There was a stile to pass from this field into the next; it had four steps, and a stone to cross over when you came to the uppermost: it was impossible for me to climb this stile, because every step was six feet high, and the upper stone above twenty. I was endeavouring to find some gap in the hedge, when I discovered one of the inhabitants in the next field, advancing towards the stile, of the same size with him whom I saw in the sea, pursuing our boat. He appeared as tall as an ordinary spire-steeple, and took about ten yards at every stride, as near as I could guess. I was struck with the utmost fear and astonishment, and ran to hide myself in the corn, from whence I saw him at the top of the stile, looking back into the next field on the right hand, and heard him call in a voice many degrees louder than a speaking trumpet; but the noise was so high in the air, that at first I thought it was certainly thunder. Whereupon seven monsters like himself came towards him, with reaping-hooks in their hands, each hook about the largeness of six scythes. These people were not so well clad as the first, whose servants or labourers they seemed to be; for, upon some words he spoke, they went to reap the corn in the field where I lay.

I lay. I kept from them at as great a distance as I could, but was forced to move with extreme difficulty, for the stalks of the corn were sometimes not above a foot distant, so that I could hardly squeeze my body betwixt them. I made shift to go forward, till I came to a part of the field where the corn had been laid by the rain and wind. Here it was impossible for me to advance a step; for the stalks were so interwoven that I could not creep through, and the beards of the fallen ears so strong and pointed, that they pierced through my cloaths into my flesh. At the same time I heard the reapers not above an hundred yards behind me. Being quite dispirited with toil, and wholly overcome by grief and despair, I lay down between two ridges, and heartily wished I might there end my days. I bemoaned my desolate widow, and fatherless children. I lamented my own folly and wilfulness, in attempting a second voyage against the advice of all my friends and relations. In this terrible agitation of mind I could not forbear thinking of Lilliput, whose inhabitants looked upon me as the greatest prodigy that ever appeared in the world: where I was able to draw an imperial fleet in my hand, and perform those other actions which will be recorded for ever in the chronicles of that empire, while posterity shall hardly believe them, although attested by millions. I reflected what a mortification it must prove to me to appear as inconsiderable in this nation, as one single Lilliputian would be among us. But this I conceived was to be the least of my misfortunes: for, as human creatures are observed to be more savage and cruel in proportion to their bulk, what could I expect but to be a morsel in the mouth of the first among these enormous barbarians, that should happen to seize me? Undoubtedly philosophers are in the right, when they tell us, that nothing is great or little otherwise than by comparison. It might have pleased Fortune to let the Lilliputians find some nation, where the people were as diminutive with respect to them, as they were to me. And who knows but that even this prodigious race of mortals might be equally overmatched in some distant part of the world, whereof we have yet no discovery?

Scared and confounded as I was, I

could not forbear going on with these reflections, when one of the reapers, approaching within ten yards of the ridge where I lay, made me apprehend, that with the next step I should be squashed to death under his foot, or cut in two with his reaping hook: and, therefore, when he was again about to move, I screamed as loud as fear could make me. Whereupon the huge creature trod short; and, looking round about under him for some time, at last espied me as I lay on the ground. He considered a while with the caution of one who endeavours to lay hold on a small dangerous animal in such a manner that it may not be able either to scratch or to bite him, as I myself have sometimes done with a weasel in England. At length he ventured to take me up behind by the middle, between his fore-finger and thumb, and brought me within three yards of his eyes, that he might behold my shape more perfectly. I guessed his meaning, and my good fortune gave me so much presence of mind, that I resolved not to struggle in the least as he held me in the air, about sixty feet from the ground, although he grievously pinched my sides, for fear I should slip through his fingers. All I ventured was to raise mine eyes towards the sun, and place my hands together in a supplicating posture, and to speak some words in an humble melancholy tone, suitable to the condition I then was in. For I apprehended every moment that he would dash me against the ground, as we usually do any little hateful animal which we have a mind to destroy. But my good star would have it, that he appeared pleased with my voice and gestures, and began to look upon me as a curiosity, much wondering to hear me pronounce articulate words, although he could not understand them. In the mean time I was not able to forbear groaning and shedding tears, and turning my head towards my sides, letting him know, as well as I could, how cruelly I was hurt by the pressure of his thumb and finger. He seemed to apprehend my meaning; for, lifting up the lappet of his coat, he put me gently into it, and immediately ran along with me to his master, who was a substantial farmer, and the same person I had first seen in the field.

The farmer having (as I suppose by their

their talk) received such an account of me as his servant could give him, took a piece of a small straw, about the size of a walking-staff, and therewith lifted up the lappets of my coat; which, it seems, he thought to be some kind of covering that nature had given me. He blew my hairs aside to take a better view of my face. He called his hinds about him, and asked them (as I afterwards learned) whether they had ever seen in the fields any little creature that resembled me: he then placed me softly on the ground upon all four, but I got immediately up, and walked slowly backwards and forwards, to let those people see I had no intent to run away. They all sat down in a circle about me, the better to observe my motions. I pulled off my hat, and made a low bow towards the farmer. I fell on my knees, and lifted up my hands and eyes, and spoke several words as loud as I could: I took a purse of gold out of my pocket, and humbly presented it to him. He received it on the palm of his hand, then applied it close to his eye, to see what it was, and afterwards turned it several times with the point of a pin (which he took out of his sleeve) but could make nothing of it. Whereupon I made a sign that he should place his hand on the ground. I then took the purse, and opening it, poured all the gold into his palm. There were six Spanish pieces of four pistoles each, besides twenty or thirty smaller coins. I saw him wet the tip of his little finger upon his tongue, and take up one of my largest pieces, and then another, but he seemed to be wholly ignorant what they were. He made me a sign to put them again into my purse, and my purse again into my pocket, which, after offering it to him several times, I thought it best to do.

The farmer, by this time, was convinced I must be a rational creature. He spoke often to me, but the sound of his voice pierced my ears like that of a water-mill, yet his words were articulate enough. I answered as loud as I could, in several languages, and he often laid his ear within two yards of me; but all in vain, for we were wholly unintelligible to each other. He then sent his servants to their work, and taking his handkerchief out of his pocket, he doubled and spread it on his

left-hand, which he placed flat on the ground, with the palm upwards, making me a sign to step into it, as I could easily do, for it was not above a foot in thickness. I thought it my part to obey, and, for fear of falling, I laid myself at full length upon the handkerchief, with the remainder of which he lapped me up to the head for farther security, and in this manner carried me home to his house. There he called his wife, and shewed me to her; but she screamed and ran back, as women in England do at the sight of a toad or a spider. However, when she had a while seen my behaviour, and how well I observed the signs her husband made, she was soon reconciled, and by degrees grew extremely tender of me.

It was about twelve at noon, and a servant brought in dinner. It was only one substantial dish of meat (fit for the plain condition of an husbandman) in a dish of about four and twenty feet diameter. The company were the farmer and his wife, three children, and an old grandmother. When they were set down, the farmer placed me at some distance from him on the table, which was thirty feet high from the floor. I was in a terrible fright, and kept as far as I could from the edge, for fear of falling. The wife minced a bit of meat, then crumbled some bread on a trencher, and placed it before me. I made her a low bow, took out my knife and fork, and fell to eat, which gave them exceeding delight. The mistress sent her maid for a small dram-cup, which held about two gallons, and filled it with drink; I took up the vessel with much difficulty in both hands, and in a most respectful manner drank to her ladyship's health, expressing the word as loud as I could in English, which made the company laugh so heartily, that I was almost deafened with the noise. This liquor tasted like a small cyder, and was not unpleasant. Then the master made a sign to come to his trencher-side; but as I walked on the table, being in great surprize all the time, as the indulgent reader will easily conceive and excuse, I happened to stumble against a crust, and fell flat on my face, but received no hurt. I got up immediately, and observing the good people to be in much concern, I took my hat (which I held under my arm out of good manners)

and waving it over my head, made three huzzas to shew I had got no mischief by my fall. But advancing forward towards my master (as I shall henceforth call him) his youngest son who sat next him, an arch boy of about ten years old, took me up by the legs, and held me so high in the air, that I trembled every limb; but his father snatched me from him, and at the same time gave him such a box on the left ear, as would have felled an European troop of horse to the earth, ordering him to be taken from the table. But being afraid the boy might owe me a spite, and well remembering how mischievous all children among us naturally are to sparrows, rabbits, young kittens, and puppy-dogs, I fell on my knees, and pointing to the boy, made my master to understand, as well as I could, that I desired his son might be pardoned. The father complied, and the lad took his seat again; whereupon I went to him and kissed his hand, which my master took, and made him stroak me gently with it.

In the midst of dinner, my mistress's favourite cat leapt into her lap. I heard a noise behind me like that of a dozen stocking-weavers at work; and, turning my head, I found it proceeded from the purring of that animal, who seemed to be three times larger than an ox, as I computed by the view of her head, and one of her paws, while her mistress was feeding and stroaking her. The fierceness of this creature's countenance altogether discomposed me; though I stood at the farther end of the table, about fifty feet off; and although my mistress held her fast, for fear she might give a spring, and seize me in her talons. But it happened there was no danger; for the cat took not the least notice of me, when my master placed me within three yards of her. And as I have been always told, and found true by experience in my travels, that flying or discovering fear, before a fierce animal, is a certain way to make it pursue or attack you, so I resolved, in this dangerous juncture, to shew no manner of concern. I walked with intrepidity five or six times before the very head of the cat, and came within half a yard of her; whereupon she drew herself back, as if she were more afraid of me: I had less apprehension concerning the dogs, whereof three or four came into the

room, as it is usual in farmer's houses, one of which was a mastiff, equal in bulk to four elephants, and a greyhound somewhat taller than the mastiff, but not so large.

When dinner was almost done, the nurse came in with a child of a year old in her arms, who immediately spied me, and began a squall that you might have heard from London Bridge to Chelsea, after the usual oratory of infants to get me for a play-thing. The mother out of pure indulgence took me up, and put me towards the child, who presently seized me by the middle, and got my head into his mouth, where I roared so loud that the urchin was frightened, and let me drop, and I should have infallibly broke my neck if the mother had not held her apron under me. The nurse, to quiet her babe, made use of a rattle, which was a kind of hollow vessel filled with great stones, and fastened by a cable to the child's waist: but all in vain, so that she was forced to apply the last remedy by giving it suck. I must confess no object ever disgusted me so much as the sight of her monstrous breast, which I cannot tell what to compare with, so as to give the curious reader an idea of its bulk, shape, and colour. It stood prominent six feet, and could not be less than sixteen in circumference. The nipple was about half the bigness of my head, and the hue both of that and the dug so varified with spots, pimples, and freckles, that nothing could appear more nauseous: for I had a near sight of her, she sitting down the more conveniently to give suck, and I standing on the table. This made me reflect upon the fair skins of our English ladies, who appear so beautiful to us, only because they are of our own size, and their defects not to be seen but through a magnifying glass, where we find by experiment, that the smoothest and whitest skins look rough and coarse and ill-coloured.

I remember, when I was at Lilliput, the complexions of those diminutive people appeared to me the fairest in the world, and talking upon this subject with a person of learning there, who was an intimate friend of mine, he said that my face appeared much fairer and smoother when he looked on me from the ground, than it did upon a nearer view when I took him up in my hand and brought

brought him close, which he confessed was at first a very shocking sight. He said he could discover great holes in my skin; that the stumps of my beard were ten times stronger than the bristles of a boar, and my complexion made up of several colours altogether disagreeable: although I must beg leave to say for myself, that I am as fair as most of my sex and country, and very little sunburnt by all my travel. On the other side, discoursing of the ladies in that emperor's court, he used to tell me, one had freckles, another too wide a mouth, a third too large a nose, nothing of which I was able to distinguish. I confess, this reflection was obvious enough; which, however, I could not forbear, lest the reader might think those vast creatures were actually deformed: for I must do them justice to say, they are a comely race of people; and particularly the features of my master's countenance, although he were but a farmer, when I beheld him from the height of sixty feet, appeared very well proportioned.

When dinner was done, my master went out to his labourers; and, as I could discover by his voice and gesture, gave his wife a strict charge to take care of me. I was very much tired, and disposed to sleep, which my mistress perceiving, she put me on her own bed, and covered me with a clean white handkerchief, but larger and coarser than the main-sail of a man of war.

I slept about two hours, and dreamed I was at home with my wife and children, which aggravated my sorrows when I awaked, and found myself alone in a vast room, between two and three hundred feet wide, and above two hundred high, lying in a bed twenty yards wide. My mistress was gone about her household affairs, and had locked me in. The bed was eight yards from the floor. Some natural necessities required me to get down; I durst not presume to call, and if I had, it would have been in vain, with such a voice as mine, at so great a distance as from the room where I lay to the kitchen where the family kept. While I was under these circumstances, two rats crept up the curtains, and ran smelling backwards and forwards on the bed. One of them came up almost to my face, whereupon I rose in a fright, and drew out my hanger to defend myself. These

horrible animals had the boldness to attack me on both sides, and one of them held his fore-feet at my collar; but I had the good fortune to rip up his belly, before he could do me any mischief. He fell down at my feet, and the other, seeing the fate of his comrade, made his escape, but not without one good wound on the back, which I gave him as he fled, and made the blood run trickling from him. After this exploit, I walked gently to and fro on the bed, to recover my breath and loss of spirits. These creatures were of the size of a large mastiff, but infinitely more nimble and fierce, so that, if I had taken off my belt before I went to sleep, I must have infallibly been torn to pieces and devoured. I measured the tail of the dead rat, and found it to be two yards long, wanting an inch; but it went against my stomach to drag the carcase off the bed, where it lay still bleeding; I observed it had yet some life, but, with a strong slash cross the neck, I thoroughly dispatched it.

Soon after, my mistress came into the room; who, seeing me all bloody, ran and took me up in her hand. I pointed to the dead rat, smiling, and making other signs, to shew I was not hurt, whereat she was extremely rejoiced, calling the maid to take up the dead rat with a pair of tongs, and throw it out at the window. Then she set me on a table, where I shewed her my hanger all bloody, and wiping it on the lapet of my coat, returned it to the scabbard. I was pressed to do more than one thing, which another could not do for me, and therefore endeavoured to make my mistress understand that I desired to be set down on the floor; which after she had done, my bashfulness would not suffer me to express myself farther, than by pointing to the door, and bowing several times. The good woman, with much difficulty, at last perceived what I would be at, and taking me up again in her hand, walked into the garden, where she set me down. I went on one side, about two hundred yards, and beckoning to her not to look or to follow me, I hid myself between two leaves of sorrel, and there discharged the necessities of nature.

I hope the gentle reader will excuse me for dwelling on these and the like

particulars, which, however insignificant they may appear to grovelling vulgar minds, yet will certainly help a philosopher to enlarge his thoughts and imagination, and apply them to the benefit of publick as well as private life, which was my sole design in presenting this and other accounts of my travels to the world; wherein I have been chiefly studious of truth, without affecting any ornaments of learning or of style. But the whole scene of this voyage made so strong an impression on my mind, and is so deeply fixed in my memory, that, in committing it to paper, I did not omit one material circumstance: however, upon a strict review, I blotted out several passages of less moment which were in my first copy, for fear of being censured as tedious and trifling, whereof travellers are often, perhaps not without justice, accused.

CHAP. II.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER—THE AUTHOR CARRIED TO A MARKET-TOWN, AND THEN TO THE METROPOLIS—THE PARTICULARS OF HIS JOURNEY.

MY mistress had a daughter of nine years old, a child of towards parts of her age, very dextrous at her needle, and skilful in dressing her baby. Her mother and she contrived to fit up the baby's cradle for me against night: the cradle was put into a small drawer placed upon a hanging shelf, for fear of the rats. This was my bed all the time I stayed with those people, though made more convenient by degrees, as I began to learn their language, and make my wants known. This young girl was so handy, that after I had once or twice pulled off my cloaths before her, she was able to dress and undress me, though I never gave her that trouble, when she would let me do either myself. She made me seven shirts, and some other linen, of as fine cloth as could be got, which indeed was coarser than sackcloth; and these she constantly washed for me with her own hands. She was likewise my school-mistress, to teach me the language: when I pointed to any thing,

she told me the name of it in her own tongue, so that in a few days I was able to call for whatever I had a mind to. She was very good-natured, and not above forty-feet high, being little for her age. She gave me the name of Grildrig, which the family took up, and afterwards the whole kingdom. The word imports what the Latins call *nanunculus*, the Italians *bonunceletino*, and the English *mannikin*. To her I chiefly owe my preservation in that country; we never parted while I was there; I called her my *glumdalclitch*, or little nurse; and should be guilty of great ingratitude, if I omitted this honourable mention of her care and affection towards me, which I heartily wish it lay in my power to requite as she deserves, instead of being the innocent, but unhappy instrument of her disgrace, as I have too much reason to fear.

It now began to be known and talked of in the neighbourhood, that my master had found a strange animal in the field, about the bigness of a splacknuck, but exactly shaped in every part like a human creature; which it likewise imitated in all it's actions; seemed to speak in a little language of it's own, had already learned several words of theirs, went erect upon two legs, was tame and gentle, would come when it was called, do whatever it was bid, had the finest limbs in the world, and a complexion fairer than a nobleman's daughter of three years old. Another farmer who lived hard by, and was a particular friend of my master, came on a visit on purpose to enquire into the truth of this story. I was immediately produced, and placed upon a table, where I walked as I was commanded, drew my hanger, put it up again, made my reverence to my master's guest, asked him in his own language how he did, and told him he was welcome, just as my little nurse had instructed me. This man, who was old and dim-sighted, put on his spectacles to behold me better, at which I could not forbear laughing very heartily, for his eyes appeared like the full moon shining into a chamber at two windows. Our people, who discovered the cause of my mirth, bore me company in laughing, at which the old fellow was fool enough to be angry and out of countenance. He had the character of
a great

a great miser, and to my misfortune he well deserved it, by the cursed advice he gave my master to shew me as a sight upon a market-day in the next town, which was half an hour's riding, about two and twenty miles from our house. I guessed there was some mischief contriving, when I observed my master and his friend whispering long together, sometimes pointing at me; and my fears made me fancy that I overheard and understood some of their words. But the next morning, Glumdalclitch, my little nurse, told me the whole matter, which she had cunningly picked out from her mother. The poor girl laid me on her bosom, and fell a weeping with shame and grief. She apprehended some mischief would happen to me from rude vulgar folks, who might squeeze me to death, or break one of my limbs, by taking me in their hands. She had also observed how modest I was in my nature, how nicely I regarded my honour, and what an indignity I should conceive it to be exposed for money as a publick spectacle to the meanest of the people. She said, her papa and mamma had promised that Grildrig should be her's, but now she found they meant to serve her as they did last year, when they pretended to give her a lamb, and yet, as soon as it was fat, sold it to a butcher. For my own part, I may truly affirm, that I was less concerned than my nurse. I had a strong hope, which never left me, that I should one day recover my liberty; and as to the ignominy of being carried about for a monster, I considered myself to be a perfect stranger in the country, and that such a misfortune could never be charged upon me as a reproach, if ever I should return to England; since the King of Great Britain himself, in my condition, must have undergone the same distress.

My master, pursuant to the advice of his friend, carried me in a box the next market-day to the neighbouring town, and took along with him his little daughter, my nurse, upon a pillion behind him. The box was close on every side, with a little door for me to go in and out, and a few gimlet-holes to let in air. The girl had been so careful to put the quilt of her baby's bed into it, for me to lie down on. However, I was terribly shaken and discomposed in this journey, though it

were but of half an hour. For the horse went about forty feet at every step, and trotted so high, that the agitation was equal to the rising and falling of a ship in a great storm, but much more frequent: our journey was somewhat farther than from London to St. Alban's. My master alighted at an inn which he used to frequent; and after consulting a while with the inn-keeper, and making some necessary preparations, he hired the gultrud or crier, to give notice through the town of a strange creature, to be seen at the sign of the Green Eagle, not so big as a splack-nuck (an animal in that country very finely shaped, about six feet long) and in every part of the body resembling an human creature, could speak several words, and perform an hundred diverting tricks.

I was placed upon a table in the largest room of the inn, which might be near three hundred feet square. My little nurse stood on a low stool close to the table, to take care of me, and direct what I should do. My master, to avoid a crowd, would suffer only thirty people at a time to see me. I walked about on the table as the girl commanded: she asked me questions, as far as she knew my understanding of the language reached, and I answered them as loud as I could. I turned about several times to the company, paid my humble respects, said they were welcome, and used some other speeches I had been taught. I took up a thimble filled with liquor, which Glumdalclitch had given me for a cup, and drank their health. I drew out my hanger, and flourished with it after the manner of fencers in England. My nurse gave me part of a straw, which I exercised as a pike, having learned the art in my youth. I was that day shewn to twelve sets of company, and as often forced to go over again the same fopperies, till I was half dead with weariness and vexation. For those who had seen me made such wonderful reports, that the people were ready to break down the doors to come in. My master, for his own interest, would not suffer any one to touch me except my nurse; and, to prevent danger, benches were set round the table at such a distance as to put me out of every body's reach. However, an unlucky school-boy aimed a hazel-nut directly at my head, which very narrowly missed me; otherwise

otherwise, it came with so much violence that it would have infallibly knocked out my brains, for it was almost as large as a small pumpkin: but I had the satisfaction to see the young rogue well beaten, and turned out of the room.

My master gave publick notice that he would shew me again the next market-day, and in the mean time he prepared a more convenient vehicle for me, which he had reason enough to do; for I was so tired with my first journey, and with entertaining company for eight hours together, that I could hardly stand upon my legs or speak a word. It was at least three days before I recovered my strength; and that I might have no rest at home, all the neighbouring gentlemen, from a hundred miles round, hearing of my fame, came to see me at my master's own house. There could not be fewer than thirty persons, with their wives and children, (for the country is very populous;) and my master demanded the rate of a full room whenever he shewed me at home, although it were only to a single family. So that for some time I had but little ease every day of the week (except Wednesday, which is their sabbath) although I were not carried to the town.

My master, finding how profitable I was like to be, resolved to carry me to the most considerable cities of the kingdom. Having therefore provided himself with all things necessary for a long journey, and settled his affairs at home, he took leave of his wife, and upon the 17th of August 1703, about two months after my arrival, we set out for the metropolis, situated near the middle of that empire, and about three thousand miles distance from our house: my master made his daughter Glumdalclitch ride behind him. She carried me on her lap, in a box tied about her waist. The girl had lined it on all sides with the softest cloth she could get, well quilted underneath, furnished it with her baby's bed, provided me with linen and other necessaries, and made every thing as convenient as she could. We had no other company but a boy of the house, who rode after us with the luggage.

My master's design was to shew me in all the towns by the way, and to stop out of the road for fifty or an

hundred miles, to any village, or person of quality's house, where he might expect custom. We made easy journeys of not above seven or eight score miles a day: for Glumdalclitch, on purpose to spare me, complained she was tired with the trotting of the horse. She often took me out of the box, at my own desire, to give me air, and shew me the country, but always held me fast by a leading-string. We passed over five or six rivers, many degrees broader and deeper than the Nile, or the Ganges; and there was hardly a rivulet so small as the Thames at London Bridge. We were ten weeks in our journey, and I was shewn in eighteen large towns, besides many villages and private families.

On the 26th day of October, we arrived at the metropolis, called, in their language, Lorbrulgrud, or Pride of the Universe. My master took a lodging in the principal street of the city, not far from the royal palace, and put out bills in the usual form, containing an exact description of my person and parts. He hired a large room, between three and four hundred feet wide. He provided a table sixty feet in diameter, upon which I was to act my part, and palisadoed it round three feet from the edge, and as many high, to prevent my falling over. I was shewn ten times a day, to the wonder and satisfaction of all people. I could now speak the language tolerably well, and perfectly understood every word that was spoken to me. Besides, I had learned their alphabet, and could make a shift to explain a sentence here and there; for Glumdalclitch had been my instructor while we were at home, and at leisure hours during our journey. She carried a little book in her pocket, not much larger than a Sanfon's Atlas; it was a common treatise for the use of young girls, giving a short account of their religion; out of this she taught me my letters, and interpreted the words.

C H A P. III.

THE AUTHOR-SENT FOR TO COURT—THE QUEEN BUYS HIM OF HIS MASTER, THE FARMER, AND PRESENTS HIM TO THE KING—HE DISPUTES WITH HIS MAJESTY'S GREAT SCHOLARS—AN APPOINTMENT

MENT AT COURT PROVIDED FOR THE AUTHOR—HE IS IN HIGH FAVOUR WITH THE QUEEN—HE STANDS UP FOR THE HONOUR OF HIS OWN COUNTRY—HIS QUARRELS WITH THE QUEEN'S DWARF.

THE frequent labours I underwent every day, made in a few weeks a very considerable change in my health: the more my master got by me, the more insatiable he grew. I had quite lost my stomach, and was almost reduced to a skeleton. The farmer observed it, and concluding I must soon die, resolved to make as good a hand of me as he could. While he was thus reasoning and resolving with himself, a sardal, or gentleman-usher, came from court, commanding my master to carry me immediately thither, for the diversion of the queen and her ladies. Some of the latter had already been to see me, and reported strange things of my beauty, behaviour, and good sense. Her majesty, and those who attended her, were beyond measure delighted with my demeanour; I fell on my knees, and begged the honour of kissing her imperial foot; but this gracious princess held out her little finger towards me (after I was set on a table) which I embraced in both my arms, and put the tip of it, with the utmost respect, to my lips. She made me some general questions about my country, and my travels, which I answered as distinctly and in as few words as I could. She asked me whether I would be content to live at court. I bowed down to the board of the table, and humbly answered that I was my master's slave; but, if I were at my own disposal, I should be proud to devote my life to her majesty's service. She then asked my master whether he was willing to sell me at a good price. He, who apprehended I could not live a month, was ready enough to part with me, and demanded a thousand pieces of gold, which were ordered him on the spot, each piece being about the bigness of eight hundred moldores; but allowing for the proportion of all things between that country and Europe, and the high price of gold among them, was hardly so great a sum as a thousand guineas would be in England. I then said to the queen, since I was now her

majesty's most humble creature and vassal, I must beg the favour, that Glumdalclitch, who had always tended me with so much care and kindness, and understood to do it so well, might be admitted into her service, and continue to be my nurse and instructor. Her majesty agreed to my petition, and easily got the farmer's consent, who was glad enough to have his daughter preferred at court: and the poor girl herself was not able to hide her joy. My late master withdrew, bidding me farewell, and saying he had left me in a good service; to which I replied not a word, only making him a slight bow.

The queen observed my coldness; and, when the farmer was gone out of the apartment, asked me the reason. I made bold to tell her majesty, that I owed no other obligation to my late master, than his not dashing out the brains of a poor harmless creature found by chance in his field; which obligation was amply recompensed by the gain he had made in shewing me through half the kingdom, and the price he had now sold me for. That the life I had since led, was laborious enough to kill an animal of ten times my strength. That my health was much impaired by the continual drudgery of entertaining the rabble every hour of the day, and that, if my master had not thought my life in danger, her majesty would not have got so cheap a bargain. But, as I was out of all fear of being ill-treated under the protection of so great and good an empress, the ornament of nature, the darling of the world, the delight of her subjects, the phoenix of the creation; so I hoped my late master's apprehensions would appear to be groundless, for I already found my spirits to revive by the influence of her most august presence.

This was the sum of my speech, delivered with great improprieties and hesitation; the latter part was altogether framed in the style peculiar to that people, whereof I learned some phrases from Glumdalclitch, while she was carrying me to court.

The queen, giving great allowance for my defectiveness in speaking, was, however, surprized at so much wit and good sense in so diminutive an animal. She took me in her own hand, and carried me to the king, who was then retired

tired to his cabinet. His majesty, a prince of much gravity, and austere countenance, not well observing my shape at first view, asked the queen after a cold manner, how long it was since she grew fond of a splacknuck; for such, it seems, he took me to be, as I lay upon my breast in her majesty's right-hand. But this princess, who hath an infinite deal of wit and humour, set me gently on my feet upon the scritoire, and commanded me to give his majesty an account of myself, which I did in a very few words; and Glumdalclitch, who attended at the cabinet door, and could not endure I should be out of her sight, being admitted, confirmed all that had passed from my arrival at her father's house.

The king, although he be as learned a person as any in his dominions, had been educated in the study of philosophy, and particularly mathematicks; yet, when he observed my shape exactly, and saw me walk erect, before I began to speak, conceived I might be a piece of clock-work (which is in that country arrived to a very great perfection) contrived by some ingenious artist. But when he heard my voice, and found what I delivered to be regular and rational, he could not conceal his astonishment. He was by no means satisfied with the relation I gave him of the manner I came into his kingdom; but thought it a story concerted between Glumdalclitch and her father, who had taught me a set of words to make me sell at a better price. Upon this imagination he put several other questions to me, and still received rational answers, no otherwise defective, than by a foreign accent, and an imperfect knowledge in the language, with some rustick phrases which I had learned at the farmer's house, and did not suit the polite stile of a court.

His majesty sent for three great scholars who were then in their weekly waiting, according to the custom in that country. These gentlemen, after they had a while examined my shape with much nicety, were of different opinions concerning me. They all agreed that I could not be produced according to the regular laws of nature, because I was not framed with a capacity of preserving my life, either by swiftness, or climbing of trees, or digging holes in the earth. They observed by my teeth,

which they viewed with great exactness, that I was a carnivorous animal; yet most quadrupedes being an overmatch for me, and field-mice, with some others, too nimble, they could not imagine how I should be able to support myself, unless I fed upon snails and other insects, which they offered, by many learned arguments, to evince that I could not possibly do. One of these virtuosi seemed to think that I might be an embryo, or abortive birth. But this opinion was rejected by the other two, who observed my limbs to be perfect and finished, and that I had lived several years, as it was manifest from my beard, the stumps whereof they plainly discovered through a magnifying-glass. They would not allow me to be a dwarf, because my littleness was beyond all degrees of comparison; for the queen's favourite dwarf, the smallest ever known in that kingdom, was near thirty feet high. After much debate, they concluded unanimously that I was only *relplum scalcat*, which is, interpreted literally, *lusus naturæ*; a determination exactly agreeable to the modern philosophy of Europe, whose professors, disdaining the old evasion of *occult causes*, whereby the followers of Aristotle endeavoured in vain to disguise their ignorance, have invented this wonderful solution of all difficulties, to the unspeakable advancement of human knowledge.

After this decisive conclusion, I entreated to be heard a word or two. I applied myself to the king, and assured his majesty that I came from a country which abounded with several millions of both sexes, and of my own stature; where the animals, trees, and houses, were all in proportion, and where by consequence I might be as able to defend myself, and to find sustenance, as any of his majesty's subjects could do here; which I took for a full answer to those gentlemen's arguments. To this they only replied with a smile of contempt; saying, that the farmer had instructed me very well in my lesson. The king, who had a much better understanding, dismissing his learned men, sent for the farmer, who by good fortune was not yet gone out of town: having, therefore, first examined him privately, and then confronted him with me and the young girl, his majesty began to think that what we told him might

might possibly be true. He desired the queen to order that a particular care should be taken of me, and was of opinion that Glumdalclitch should still continue in her office of tending me, because he observed we had a great affection for each other. A convenient apartment was provided for her at court; she had a sort of governess appointed to take care of her education, a maid to dress her, and two other servants for menial offices; but the care of me was wholly appropriated to herself. The queen commanded her own cabinet-maker to contrive a box that might serve me for a bed-chamber, after the model that Glumdalclitch and I should agree upon. This man was a most ingenious artist; and, according to my directions, in three weeks finished for me a wooden chamber of sixteen feet square, and twelve high, with sash-windows, a door, and two closets, like a London bed chamber. The board that made the cieling was to be lifted up and down by two hinges, to put in a bed ready furnished by her majesty's upholsterer, which Glumdalclitch took out every day to air, made it with her own hands, and letting it down at night, locked up the roof over me. A nice workman, who was famous for little curiosities, undertook to make me two chairs, with backs and frames of a substance not unlike ivory, and two tables, with a cabinet to put my things in. The room was quilted on all sides, as well as the floor and the cieling, to prevent any accident from the carelessness of those who carried me, and to break the force of a jolt when I went in a coach. I desired a lock for my door, to prevent rats and mice from coming in. The smith, after several attempts, made the smallest that ever was seen among them, for I have known a larger at the gate of a gentleman's house in England. I made a shift to keep the key in a pocket of my own, fearing Glumdalclitch might lose it. The queen likewise ordered the thinnest silks that could be gotten, to make me cloaths, not much thicker than an English blanket, very cumbersome till I was accustomed to them. They were after the fashion of the kingdom, partly resembling the Persian, and partly the Chinese, and are a very grave and decent habit.

The queen became so fond of my company, that she could not dine without me. I had a table placed upon the same at which her majesty eat, just at her left-elbow, and a chair to sit on. Glumdalclitch stood on a stool on the floor, near my table, to assist and take care of me. I had an entire set of silver dishes and plates, and other necessaries, which, in proportion to those of the queen's, were not much bigger than what I have seen of the same kind in a London toy-shop, for the furniture of a baby-house: these my little nurse kept in her pocket, in a silver box, and gave me at meals as I wanted them, always cleaning them herself. No person dined with the queen but the two princesses royal, the elder sixteen years old, and the younger at that time thirteen and a month. Her majesty used to put a bit of meat upon one of my dishes, out of which I carved for myself; and her diversion was to see me eat in miniature. For the queen (who had indeed but a weak stomach) took up, at one mouthful, as much as a dozen English farmers could eat at a meal; which, to me, was for some time a very nauseous sight. She would craunch the wing of a lark, bones and all, between her teeth, although it were nine times as large as that of a full-grown turkey; and put a bit of bread into her mouth as big as two twelve-penny loaves. She drank, out of a golden cup, above a hoghead at a draught. Her knives were twice as long as a scythe, set straight upon the handle. The spoons, forks, and other instruments, were all in the same proportion. I remember, when Glumdalclitch carried me out of curiosity to see some of the tables at court, where ten or a dozen of these enormous knives and forks were lifted up together, I thought I had never, till then, beheld so terrible a sight.

It is the custom, that every Wednesday (which, as I have before observed, was their sabbath) the king and queen, with the royal issue of both sexes, dine together in the apartment of his majesty, to whom I was now become a great favourite; and at these times my little chair and table were placed at his left-hand, before one of the salt-cellars. This prince took a pleasure in conversing with me, enquiring into the manners, reli-

gion, laws, government, and learning, of Europe; wherein I gave him the best account I was able. His apprehension was so clear, and his judgment so exact, that he made very wise reflections and observations upon all I said. But I confess, that after I had been a little too copious in talking of my own beloved country, of our trade, and wars by sea and land, of our schisms in religion, and parties in the state; the prejudices of his education prevailed so far, that he could not forbear taking me up in his right-hand, and stroaking me gently with the other, after an hearty fit of laughing asked me whether I was a Whig or Tory? Then turning to his first minister, who waited behind him with a white staff, near as tall as the main-mast of the Royal Sovereign, he observed how contemptible a thing was human grandeur, which could be mimicked by such diminutive insects as I: 'And yet,' says he, 'I dare engage, these creatures have their titles and distinctions of honour; they contrive little nests and burrows, that they call houses and cities; they make a figure in dress and equipage; they love, they fight, they dispute, they cheat, they betray.' And thus he continued on, while my colour came and went several times with indignation, to hear our noble country, the mistress of arts and arms, the scourge of France, the arbitress of Europe, the seat of virtue, piety, honour, and truth, the pride and envy of the world, so contemptuously treated.

But as I was not in a condition to resent injuries, so, upon mature thoughts, I began to doubt whether I was injured or no. For, after having been accustomed several months to the sight and converse of this people, and observed every object, upon which I cast mine eyes, to be of proportionable magnitude, the horror I had at first conceived from their bulk and aspect was so far worn off, that if I had then beheld a company of English lords and ladies in their finery and birth-day cloaths, acting their several parts in the most courtly manner, of strutting, and bowing, and prating; to say the truth, I should have been strongly tempted to laugh as much at them, as the king and his grantees did at me. Neither, indeed, could I forbear smiling at myself, when the queen used to place me upon her hand

towards a looking-glass, by which both our persons appeared before me in full view together; and there could be nothing more ridiculous than the comparison: so that I really began to imagine myself dwindled many degrees below my usual size.

Nothing angered and mortified me so much as the queen's dwarf, who being of the lowest stature that was ever in that country (for I verily think he was not full thirty feet high) became so insolent at seeing a creature so much beneath him, that he would always affect to swagger and look big as he passed by me in the queen's anti-chamber, while I was standing on some table talking with the lords or ladies of the court, and he seldom failed of a smart word or two upon my littleness; against which I could only revenge myself by calling him brother, challenging him to wrestle, and such repartees as are usual in the mouths of court-pages. One day, at dinner, this malicious little cub was so nettled with something I had said to him, that, raising himself upon the frame of her majesty's chair, he took me up by the middle, as I was sitting down, not thinking any harm, and let me drop into a large silver bowl of cream, and then ran away as fast as he could. I fell over head and ears; and, if I had not been a good swimmer, it might have gone very hard with me; for Glumdalclitch, in that instant, happened to be at the other end of the room, and the queen was in such a fright, that she wanted presence of mind to assist me. But my little nurse ran to my relief, and took me out, after I had swallowed above a quart of the cream. I was put to bed: however, I received no other damage than the loss of a suit of cloaths, which was utterly spoiled. The dwarf was soundly whipped, and, as a farther punishment, forced to drink up the bowl of cream into which he had thrown me; neither was he ever restored to favour: for, soon after, the queen bestowed him on a lady of high quality, so that I saw him no more, to my very great satisfaction; for I could not tell to what extremity such a malicious urchin might have carried his resentment.

He had before served me a scurvy trick, which set the queen a laughing, although at the same time she was heartily vexed, and would have immediately cashiered

cashiered him; if I had not been so generous as to intercede. Her majesty had taken a marrow-bone upon her plate, and, after knocking out the marrow, placed the bone again in the dish erect, as it stood before; the dwarf watching his opportunity while Glumdalclitch was gone to the side-board, mounted the stool she stood on to take care of me at meals, took me up in both hands, and, squeezing my legs together, wedged them into the marrow-bone above my waist, where I stuck for some time, and made a very ridiculous figure. I believe it was near a minute before any one knew what was become of me; for I thought it below me to cry out. But as princes seldom get their meat hot, my legs were not scalded, only my stockings and breeches in a sad condition. The dwarf, at my entreaty, had no other punishment than a sound whipping.

I was frequently rallied by the queen upon account of my fearfulness; and she used to ask me, whether the people of my country were as great cowards as myself? The occasion was this: the kingdom is much pestered with flies in summer; and these odious insects, each of them as big as a Dunstable lark, hardly gave me any rest while I sat at dinner, with their continual humming and buzzing about mine ears. They would sometimes alight upon my victuals, and leave their loathsome excrement or spawn behind, which to me was very visible, though not to the natives of that country, whose large opticks were not so acute as mine in viewing smaller objects. Sometimes they would fix upon my nose or forehead, where they stung me to the quick, smelling very offensively; and I could easily trace that viscous matter, which our naturalists tell us enable those creatures to walk with their feet upwards upon a ceiling. I had much ado to defend myself against these detestable animals, and could not forbear starting when they came on my face. It was the common practice of the dwarf to catch a number of these insects in his hand, as school-boys do among us, and let them out suddenly under my nose, on purpose to frighten me, and divert the queen. My remedy was to cut them in pieces with my knife, as they flew in the air, wherein my dexterity was much admired.

I remember, one morning when Glumdalclitch had set me in my box upon a window, as she usually did in fair days, to give me air (for I durst not venture to let the box be hung on a nail out of the window, as we do with cages in England) after I had lifted up one of my sashes, and sat down at my table to eat a piece of sweet cake for my breakfast, above twenty wasps, allured by the smell, came flying into the room, humming louder than the drones of as many bag-pipes. Some of them seized my cake, and carried it piece-meal away; others flew about my head and face, confounding me with the noise, and putting me in the utmost terror of their stings. However, I had the courage to rise and draw my hanger, and attack them in the air. I dispatched four of them, but the rest got away, and I presently shut my window. These insects were as large as partridges; I took out their stings, found them an inch and a half long, and as sharp as needles. I carefully preserved them all, and having since shewn them with some other curiosities, in several parts of Europe; upon my return to England, I gave three of them to Gresham College, and kept the fourth for myself.

CHAP. IV.

THE COUNTRY DESCRIBED — A PROPOSAL FOR CORRECTING MODERN MAPS — THE KING'S PALACE, AND SOME ACCOUNT OF THE METROPOLIS — THE AUTHOR'S WAY OF TRAVELLING — THE CHIEF TEMPLE DESCRIBED.

I Now intend to give the reader a short description of this country, as far as I travelled in it, which was not above two thousand miles round Lorbrulgrud, the metropolis. For the queen, whom I always attended, never went farther when she accompanied the king in his progresses, and there staid till his majesty returned from viewing his frontiers. The whole extent of this prince's dominions reached six thousand miles in length, and from three to five in breadth. From whence I cannot but conclude, that our geographers are in a great error, by supposing nothing but sea between Japan and California; for it was ever my

opinion, that there must be a balance of earth to counterpoise the great continent of Tartary; and therefore they ought to correct their maps and charts, by joining this vast tract of land to the north-west parts of America, wherein I shall be ready to lend them my assistance.

The kingdom is a peninsula, terminated to the north-east by a ridge of mountains thirty miles high, which are altogether impassable, by reason of the volcanoes upon the tops. Neither do the most learned know what sort of mortals inhabit beyond those mountains, or whether they be inhabited at all. On the three other sides it is bounded by the ocean. There is not one sea-port in the whole kingdom, and those parts of the coasts into which the rivers issue, are so full of pointed rocks, and the sea generally so rough, that there is no venturing with the smallest of their boats, so that these people are wholly excluded from any commerce with the rest of the world. But the large rivers are full of vessels, and abound with excellent fish, for they seldom get any from the sea, because the sea-fish are of the same size with those in Europe, and consequently not worth catching; whereby it is manifest, that nature in the production of plants and animals of so extraordinary a bulk is wholly confined to this continent, of which I leave the reasons to be determined by philosophers. However, now and then they take a whale that happens to be dashed against the rocks, which the common people feed on heartily. These whales I have known so large that a man could hardly carry one upon his shoulders; and sometimes for curiosity they are brought in hampers to Lorbrulgrud: I saw one of them in a dish at the king's table, which passed for a rarity, but I did not observe he was fond of it; for I think indeed the bigness disgusted him, although I have seen one somewhat larger in Greenland.

The country is well inhabited, for it contains fifty-one cities, near an hundred walled towns, and a great number of villages. To satisfy my curious reader, it may be sufficient to describe Lorbrulgrud. This city stands upon almost two equal parts on each side the river that passes through. It contains above eighty thousand houses, and about six hundred thousand inhabitants.

It is in length three gloimlungs (which make about fifty-four English miles) and two and a half in breadth, as I measured it myself in the royal map made by the king's order, which was laid on the ground on purpose for me, and extended an hundred feet; I paced the diameter and circumference several times bare-foot, and computing by the scale, measured it pretty exactly.

The king's palace is no regular edifice, but an heap of building about seven miles round: the chief rooms are generally two hundred and forty feet high, and broad and long in proportion. A coach was allowed to Glumdalclitch and me, wherein her governess frequently took her out to see the town, or go among the shops; and I was always of the party, carried in my box; although the girl, at my own desire, would often take me out, and hold me in her hand, that I might more conveniently view the houses and the people, as we passed along the streets. I reckoned our coach to be about a square of Westminster hall, but not altogether so high: however, I cannot be very exact. One day the governess ordered our coachman to stop at several shops, where the beggars, watching their opportunity, crowded to the sides of the coach, and gave me the most horrible spectacles that ever an European eye beheld. There was a woman with a cancer in her breast, swelled to a monstrous size, full of holes, in two or three of which I could have easily crept, and covered my whole body. There was a fellow with a wen in his neck, larger than five woolpacks, and another with a couple of wooden legs, each about twenty feet high. But the most hateful sight of all was the lice crawling on their cloaths. I could see distinctly the limbs of these vermin with my naked eye, much better than those of an European louse through a microscope, and their snouts with which they rooted like swine. They were the first I had ever beheld, and I should have been curious enough to dissect one of them, if I had had proper instruments (which I unluckily left behind me in the ship) although indeed the sight was so nauseous, that it perfectly turned my stomach.

Beside the large box in which I was usually carried, the queen ordered a smaller one to be made for me, of about twelve feet square, and ten high, for the conve-

convenience of travelling, because the other was somewhat too large for Glumdalclitch's lap, and cumbersome in the coach; it was made by the same artist, whom I directed in the whole contrivance. This travelling closet was an exact square, with a window in the middle of three of the squares, and each window was latticed with iron wire on the outside, to prevent accidents in long journies. On the fourth side, which had no window, two strong staples were fixed, through which the person that carried me, when I had a mind to be on horseback, put a leathern belt, and buckled it about his waist. This was always the office of some grave trusty servant in whom I could confide, whether I attended the king and queen in their progresses, or were disposed to see the gardens, or pay a visit to some great lady or minister of state in the court, when Glumdalclitch happened to be out of order: for I soon began to be known and esteemed among the greatest officers, I suppose more upon account of their majesty's favour than any merit of my own. In journies, when I was weary of the coach, a servant on horseback would buckle on my box, and place it upon a cushion before him; and there I had a full prospect of the country on three sides from the three windows. I had in this closet a field-bed and a hammock hung from the ceiling, two chairs and a table neatly screwed to the floor, to prevent being tossed about by the agitation of the horse or the coach; and having been long used to sea-voyages, those motions, although sometimes very violent, did not much discompose me.

Whenever I had a mind to see the town, it was always in a travelling-closet, which Glumdalclitch held in her lap in a kind of open sedan, after the fashion of the country, borne by four men, and attended by two others in the queen's livery. The people, who had often heard of me, were very curious to croud about the sedan, and the girl was complaisant enough to make the bearers stop, and to take me in her hand that I might be more conveniently seen.

I was very desirous to see the chief temple, and particularly the tower belonging to it, which is reckoned the highest in the kingdom. Accordingly, one day, my nurse carried me thither; but I may truly say I came back dis-

appointed; for the height is not above three thousand feet, reckoning from the ground to the highest pinnacle top; which, allowing for the difference between the size of those people, and us in Europe, is no great matter for admiration, nor at all equal in proportion (if I rightly remember) to Salisbury steeple. But not to detract from a nation to which during my life I shall acknowledge myself extremely obliged, it must be allowed, that whatever this famous tower wants in height is amply made up in beauty and strength. For the walls are near an hundred feet thick, built of hewn stone; whereof each is about forty feet square, and adorned on all sides with statues of gods and emperors cut in marble larger than the life, placed in their several niches. I measured a little finger which had fallen down from one of the statues, and lay unperceived among some rubbish, and found it exactly four feet and an inch in length. Glumdalclitch wrapped it up in her handkerchief; and carried it home in her pocket to keep among other trinkets, of which the girl was very fond, as children at her age usually are.

The king's kitchen is indeed a noble building, vaulted at top, and about six hundred feet high. The great oven is not so wide by ten paces as the cupola of St. Paul's: for I measured the latter on purpose after my return. But if I should describe the kitchen grate, the prodigious pots and kettles, the joints of meat turning on the spits, with many other particulars, perhaps I should be hardly believed; at least, a severe critick would be apt to think I enlarged a little, as travellers are often suspected to do. To avoid which censure, I fear I have run too much into the other extreme; and that if this treatise should happen to be translated into the language of Brobdingnag (which is the general name of that kingdom) and transmitted thither, the king and his people would have reason to complain that I had done them an injury by a false and diminutive representation.

His majesty seldom keeps above six hundred horses in his stables: they are generally from fifty-four to sixty feet high. But, when he goes abroad on solemn days, he is attended for state by a militia guard of five hundred horse, which indeed I thought was the most splendid

splendid sight that could be ever beheld, till I saw part of his army in battalia, whereof I shall find another occasion to speak.

CHAP. V.

SEVERAL ADVENTURES THAT HAPPENED TO THE AUTHOR—THE EXECUTION OF A CRIMINAL—THE AUTHOR SHEWS HIS SKILL IN NAVIGATION.

I Should have lived happy enough in that country, if my littleness had not exposed me to several ridiculous and troublesome accidents: some of which I shall venture to relate. Glumdalclitch often carried me into the gardens of the court in my smaller box, and would sometimes take me out of it, and hold me in her hand, or set me down to walk. I remember, before the dwarf left the queen, he followed us one day into those gardens, and my nurse having set me down, he and I being close together, near some dwarf-apple-trees, I must needs shew my wit, by a silly allusion between him and the trees, which happens to hold in their language, as it doth in ours. Whereupon, the malicious rogue watching his opportunity, when I was walking under one of them, shook it directly over my head, by which a dozen apples, each of them near as large as a Bristol barrel, came tumbling about my ears; one of them hit me on the back as I chanced to stoop, and knocked me down flat on my face; but I received no other hurt, and the dwarf was pardoned at my desire, because I had given the provocation.

Another day Glumdalclitch left me on a smooth grass-plot to divert myself, while she walked at some distance with her governess. In the mean time there suddenly fell such a violent shower of hail, that I was immediately, by the force of it, struck to the ground: and, when I was down, the hail-stones gave me such cruel bangs all over the body, as if I had been pelted with tennis balls; however, I made a shift to creep on all four, and shelter myself, by lying flat on my face, on the lee-side of a border of lemon thyme, but so bruised from head to foot, that I could not go abroad in ten days. Neither is this at

all to be wondered at, because nature in that country, observing the same proportion through all her operations, a hail-stone is near eighteen hundred times as large as one in Europe, which I can assert upon experience, having been so curious to weigh and measure them.

But a more dangerous accident happened to me in the same garden, when my little nurse believing she had put me in a secure place, which I often entreated her to do, that I might enjoy my own thoughts, and having left my box at home to avoid the trouble of carrying it, went to another part of the garden with her governess, and some ladies of her acquaintance. While she was absent and out of hearing, a small white spaniel belonging to one of the chief gardeners, having got by accident into the garden, happened to range near the place where I lay: the dog, following the scent, came directly up, and taking me in his mouth, ran straight to his master, wagging his tail, and set me gently on the ground. By good fortune he had been so well taught, that I was carried between his teeth without the least hurt, or even tearing my cloaths. But the poor gardener, who knew me well, and had a great kindness for me, was in a terrible fright: he gently took me up in both his hands, and asked me how I did; but I was so amazed and out of breath, that I could not speak a word. In a few minutes I came to myself, and he carried me safe to my little nurse, who by this time had returned to the place where she left me, and was in cruel agonies when I did not appear, nor answer when she called: she severely reprimanded the gardener on account of his dog. But the thing was hushed up, and never known at court: for the girl was afraid of the queen's anger; and truly, as to myself, I thought it would not be for my reputation that such a story should go about.

This accident absolutely determined Glumdalclitch never to trust me abroad for the future out of her sight. I had been long afraid of this resolution, and therefore concealed from her some little unlucky adventures that happened in those times when I was left by myself. Once a kite, hovering over the garden, made a stoop at me, and if I had not resolutely drawn my hanger, and run under a thick espalier, he would have certainly carried me away in his talons.

Another





Another time, walking to the top of a fresh mole-hill, I fell to my neck in the hole, through which that animal had cast up the earth, and coined some lye not worth remembering, to excuse myself for spoiling my cloaths. I likewise stroke my right-shin against the shell of a snail, which I happened to stumble over, as I was walking alone, and thinking on poor England.

I cannot tell whether I were more pleased or mortified, to observe in those solitary walks, that the smaller birds did not appear to be at all afraid of me, but would hop about within a yard's distance, looking for worms, and other food, with as much indifference and security, as if no creature at all were near them. I remember a thrush had the confidence to snatch out of my hand, with his bill, a piece of cake that Glumdalclitch had just given me for my breakfast. When I attempted to catch any of these birds, they would boldly turn against me, endeavouring to peck my fingers, which I durst not venture within their reach; and then they would hop back unconcerned, to hunt for worms or snails, as they did before. But one day I took a thick cudgel, and threw it with all my strength so luckily at a linnet, that I knocked him down, and seizing him by the neck with both my hands, ran with him in triumph to my nurse. However, the bird, who had only been stunned, recovering himself, gave me so many boxes with his wings on both sides of my head and body, though I held him at arms length, and was out of the reach of his claws, that I was twenty times thinking to let him go. But I was soon relieved by one of our servants, who wrung off the bird's neck, and I had him next day for dinner by the queen's command. This linnet, as near as I can remember, seemed to be somewhat larger than an England swan.

The maids of honour often invited Glumdalclitch to their apartments, and desired he would bring me along with her, on purpose to have the pleasure of seeing and touching me. They would often strip me naked from top to toe, and lay me at full length in their bosoms; wherewith I was much disgusted; because, to say the truth, a very offensive smell came from their skins; which I do not mention, or intend, to the disadvantage of those excellent ladies, for

whom I have all manner of respect; but I conceive that my sense was more acute, in proportion to my littleness, and that those illustrious persons were no more disagreeable to their lovers, or to each other, than people of the same quality are with us in England. And, after all, I found their natural smell was much more supportable than when they used perfumes, under which I immediately swooned away. I cannot forget, that an intimate friend of mine in Lilliput took the freedom in a warm day, when I had used a good deal of exercise, to complain of a strong smell about me, although I am as little faulty that way as most of my sex: but I suppose his faculty of smelling was as nice with regard to me, as mine was to that of this people. Upon this point, I cannot forbear doing justice to the queen my mistress, and Glumdalclitch my nurse, whose persons were as sweet as those of any lady in England.

That which gave the most uneasiness among these maids of honour (when my nurse carried me to visit them) was to see them use me without any manner of ceremony, like a creature who had no sort of consequence; for they would strip themselves to the skin, and put on their smocks in my presence, while I was placed on the toilet, directly before their naked bodies, which, I am sure, to me, was very far from being a tempting sight, or from giving me any other emotions, than those of horror and disgust. Their skins appeared so coarse and uneven, so variously coloured, when I saw them near, with a mole here and there as broad as a trencher, and hairs hanging from it thicker than packthreads, to say nothing farther concerning the rest of their persons. Neither did they at all scruple, while I was by, to discharge what they had drank, to the quantity of at least two hogshheads, in a vessel that held above three tuns. The handsomest among these maids of honour, a pleasant, frolicksome girl of sixteen, would sometimes set me astride upon one of her nipples, with many other tricks, wherein the reader will excuse me for not being over particular. But I was so much displeased, that I entreated Glumdalclitch to contrive some excuse for not seeing that young lady any more.

One day a young gentleman, who was

key's paw; how I liked the victuals he gave me; his manner of feeding; and whether the fresh air on the roof had sharpened my stomach. He desired to know what I would have done upon such an occasion in my own country. I told his majesty, that in Europe we had no monkeys, except such as were brought for curiosities from other places, and so small that I could deal with a dozen of them together, if they presumed to attack me. And as for that monstrous animal with whom I was so lately engaged (it was, indeed, as large as an elephant) if my fears had suffered me to think so far as to make use of my hanger (looking fiercely, and clapping my hand upon the hilt as I spoke) when he poked his paw into my chamber, perhaps I should have given him such a wound, as would have made him glad to withdraw it with more haste than he put it in. This I delivered in a firm tone, like a person who was jealous lest his courage should be called in question. However, my speech produced nothing else besides a loud laughter, which all the respect due to his majesty, from those about him, could not make them contain. This made me reflect, how vain an attempt it is for a man to endeavour doing himself honour among those who are out of all degree of equality or comparison with him. And yet I have seen the moral of my own behaviour very frequent in England since my return, where a little contemptible varlet, without the least title to birth, person, wit, or common sense, shall presume to look with importance, and put himself upon a foot with the greatest persons in the kingdom.

I was every day furnishing the court with some ridiculous story; and Glumdalclitch, although she loved me to excess, yet was arch enough to inform the queen, whenever I committed any folly that she thought would be diverting to her majesty. The girl, who had been out of order, was carried by her governess to take the air about an hour's distance, or thirty miles from town. They alighted out of the coach near a small foot-path in the field, and Glumdalclitch setting down my travelling-box, I went out of it to walk. There was a cow-dung in the path, and I must needs try my activity, by attempting to leap over it. I took a run, but

unfortunately jumped short, and found myself just in the middle up to my knees. I waded through with some difficulty, and one of the footmen wiped me as clean as he could with his handkerchief; for I was filthily bemired, and my nurse confined me to my box, till we returned home; where the queen was soon informed of what had passed, and the footman spread it about the court; so that all the mirth, for some days, was at my expence.

CHAP. VI.

SEVERAL CONTRIVANCES OF THE AUTHOR TO PLEASE THE KING AND QUEEN—HE SHEWS HIS SKILL IN MUSICK—THE KING ENQUIRES INTO THE STATE OF ENGLAND, WHICH THE AUTHOR RELATES TO HIM—THE KING'S OBSERVATIONS THEREON.

I Used to attend the king's levee once or twice a week, and had often seen him under the barber's hand; which, indeed, was at first very terrible to behold; for the razor was almost twice as long as an ordinary scythe. His majesty, according to the custom of the country, was only shaved twice a week. I once prevailed on the barber to give me some of the suds or lather, out of which I picked forty or fifty of the strongest stumps of hair. I then took a piece of fine wood, and cut it like the back of a comb, making several holes in it at equal distance, with as small a needle as I could get from Glumdalclitch. I fixed in the stumps so artificially, scraping and sloping them with my knife towards the points, that I made a very tolerable comb; which was a seasonable supply, my own being so much broken in the teeth, that it was almost useless: neither did I know any artist in that country so nice and exact, as would undertake to make me another.

And this puts me in mind of an amusement wherein I spent many of my leisure hours. I desired the queen's woman to save for me the combings of her majesty's hair, whereof in time I got a good quantity, and consulting with my friend the cabinet-maker, who had received general orders to do little jobs for me, I directed him to make two chair-

chair-frames, no larger than those I had in my box, and then to bore little holes with a fine awl round those parts where I designed the backs and seats; through these holes I wove the strongest hairs I could pick out, just after the manner of cane chairs in England. When they were finished, I made a present of them to her majesty, who kept them in her cabinet, and used to shew them for curiosities, as indeed they were the wonder of every one that beheld them. The queen would have had me sit upon one of these chairs, but I absolutely refused to obey her, protesting I would rather die a thousand deaths, than place a dishonourable part of my body on those precious hairs that once adorned her majesty's head. Of these hairs (as I had always a mechanical genius) I likewise made a neat little purse about five feet long, with her majesty's name decyphered in gold letters, which I gave to Glumdalclitch, by the queen's consent. To say the truth, it was more for shew than use, being not of strength to bear the weight of their larger coins, and therefore she kept nothing in it but some little toys that girls are fond of.

The king, who delighted in musick, had frequent concerts at court, to which I was sometimes carried, and set in my box on a table to hear them: but the noise was so great, that I could hardly distinguish the tunes. I am confident, that all the drums and trumpets of a royal army, beating and sounding together just at your ears, could not equal it. My practice was to have my box removed from the place where the performers sat, as far as I could; then to shut the doors and windows of it, and draw the window-curtains; after which I found their musick not disagreeable.

I had learned in my youth to play a little upon the spinnet. Glumdalclitch kept one in her chamber, and a master attended twice a week to teach her: I call it a spinnet, because it somewhat resembled that instrument, and was played upon in the same manner. A fancy came into my head that I would entertain the king and queen with an English tune upon this instrument. But this appeared extremely difficult: for the spinnet was near sixty feet long, each key being almost a foot wide, so that, with my arms extended, I could not reach to above five keys, and to press

them down required a good smart stroke with my fist, which would be too great a labour, and to no purpose. The method I contrived was this: I prepared two round sticks about the bigness of common cudgels; they were thicker at one end than the other, and I covered the thicker end with a piece of a mouse's skin, that, by rapping on them, I might neither damage the tops of the keys, nor interrupt the sound. Before the spinnet a bench was placed about four feet below the keys, and I was put upon the bench. I ran sideling upon it that way and this, as fast as I could, banging the proper keys with my two sticks, and made a shift to play a jig, to the great satisfaction of both their majesties: but it was the most violent exercise I ever underwent, and yet I could not strike above sixteen keys, nor consequently play the bass and treble together, as other artists do; which was a great disadvantage to my performance.

The king, who, as I before observed, was a prince of excellent understanding, would frequently order that I should be brought in my box, and set upon the table in his closet: he would then command me to bring one of my chairs out of the box, and sit down within three yards distance upon the top of the cabinet, which brought me almost to a level with his face. In this manner I had several conversations with him. I one day took the freedom to tell his majesty, that the contempt he discovered towards Europe, and the rest of the world, did not seem answerable to those excellent qualities of mind he was master of. That reason did not extend itself with the bulk of the body: on the contrary, we observed in our country, that the tallest persons were usually least provided with it. That, among other animals, bees and ants had the reputation of more industry, art, and sagacity, than many of the larger kinds; and that, as inconsiderable as he took me to be, I hoped I might live to do his majesty some signal service. The king heard me with attention, and began to conceive a much better opinion of me than he had ever before. He desired I would give him as exact an account of the government of England, as I possibly could; because, as fond as princes commonly are of their own customs (for so he con-

jeasured of other monarchs by my former discourses) he should be glad to hear of any thing that might deserve imitation.

Imagine with thyself, courteous reader, how often I then wished for the tongue of Demosthenes or Cicero, that might have enabled me to celebrate the praise of my own dear native country, in a style equal to it's merits and felicity.

I began my discourse, by informing his majesty, that our dominions consisted of two islands, which composed three mighty kingdoms under one Sovereign, besides our plantations in America. I dwelt long upon the fertility of our soil, and the temperature of our climate. I then spoke at large upon the constitution of an English parliament, partly made up of an illustrious body, called the house of peers, persons of the noblest blood, and of the most ancient and ample patrimonies. I described that extraordinary care always taken of their education in arts and arms, to qualify them for being counsellors both to the king and kingdom; to have a share in the legislature; to be members of the highest court of judicature, from whence there could be no appeal; and to be champions always ready for the defence of their prince and country, by their valour, conduct, and fidelity. That these were the ornament and bulwark of the kingdom, worthy followers of their most renowned ancestors, whose honour had been the reward of their virtue, from which their posterity were never once known to degenerate. To these were joined several holy persons, as part of that assembly, under the title of bishops, whose peculiar business it is to take care of religion, and of those who instruct the people therein. These were searched and sought out through the whole nation, by the prince and his wisest counsellors, among such of the priesthood as were most deservedly distinguished by the sanctity of their lives, and the depth of their erudition, who were indeed the spiritual fathers of the clergy and the people.

That the other part of the parliament consisted of an assembly called the house of commons, who were all principal gentlemen, freely picked and culled out by the people themselves, for their great abilities and love of their country, to represent the wisdom of the whole na-

tion. And that these two bodies made up the most august assembly in Europe; to whom, in conjunction with the prince, the whole legislature is committed.

I then descended to the courts of justice, over which the judges, those venerable sages and interpreters of the law, presided, for determining the disputed rights and properties of men, as well as for the punishment of vice, and the protection of innocence. I mentioned the prudent management of our treasury, the valour and achievements of our forces by sea and land. I computed the number of our people, by reckoning how many millions there might be of each religious sect, or political party among us. I did not omit even our sports and pastimes, or any other particular which I thought might redound to the honour of my country. And I finished all with a brief historical account of affairs and events in England, for about an hundred years past.

This conversation was not ended under five audiences, each of several hours; and the king heard the whole with great attention, frequently taking notes of what I spoke, as well as memorandums of what questions he intended to ask me.

When I had put an end to these long discourses, his majesty, in a sixth audience, consulting his notes, proposed many doubts, queries, and objections, upon every article. He asked what methods were used to cultivate the minds and bodies of our young nobility, and in what kind of business they commonly spent the first and teachable part of their lives. What course was taken to supply that assembly, when any noble family became extinct. What qualifications were necessary in those who are to be created new lords: whether the humour of the prince, a sum of money to a court lady or a prime-minister, or a design of strengthening a party opposite to the publick interest, ever happened to be motives in those advancements. What share of knowledge these lords had in the laws of their country, and how they came by it, so as to enable them to decide the properties of their fellow-subjects in the last resort. Whether they were all so free from avarice, partialities, or want, that a bribe, or some other sinister view, could have no place among them. Whether those

those holy lords I spoke of, were always promoted to that rank upon account of their knowledge in religious matters, and the sanctity of their lives; had never been compliers with the times, while they were common priests, or slavish prostitute chaplains to some nobleman, whose opinions they continued servilely to follow, after they were admitted into that assembly.

He then desired to know what arts were practised in electing those whom I called commoners: whether a stranger, with a strong purse, might not influence the vulgar voters to chuse him before their own landlord, or the most considerable gentleman in the neighbourhood. How it came to pass that people were so violently bent upon getting into this assembly, which I allowed to be a great trouble and expence, often to the ruin of their families, without any salary or pension; because this appeared such an exalted strain of virtue and publick spirit, that his majesty seemed to doubt it might possibly not be always sincere; and he desired to know whether such zealous gentlemen could have any views of refunding themselves for the charges and trouble they were at, by sacrificing the publick good to the designs of a weak and vicious prince, in conjunction with a corrupted ministry. He multiplied his questions, and sifted me thoroughly upon every part of this head, proposing numberless enquiries and objections, which I think it not prudent or convenient to repeat.

Upon what I said in relation to our courts of justice, his majesty desired to be satisfied in several points: and this I was the better able to do, having been formerly almost ruined by a long suit in chancery, which was decreed for me with costs. He asked what time was usually spent in determining between right and wrong, and what degree of expence. Whether advocates and orators had liberty to plead in causes manifestly known to be unjust, vexatious, or oppressive. Whether party in religion or politicks were observed to be of any weight in the scale of justice. Whether those pleading orators were persons educated in the general knowledge of equity, or only in provincial, national, and other local customs. Whether they or their judges had any part in penning those laws which they assumed the liberty of interpreting and

glossing upon at their pleasure. Whether they had ever, at different times, pleaded for and against the same cause, and cited precedents to prove contrary opinions. Whether they were a rich or a poor corporation. Whether they received any pecuniary reward for pleading or delivering their opinions. And particularly, whether they were ever admitted as members in the lower senate.

He fell next upon the management of our treasury; and said, he thought my memory had failed me, because I computed our taxes at about five or six millions a year, and when I came to mention the issues, he found they sometimes amounted to more than double; for the notes he had taken were very particular in this point, because he hoped, as he told me, that the knowledge of our conduct might be useful to him, and he could not be deceived in his calculations: but, if what I told him were true, he was still at a loss how a kingdom could run out of it's estate like a private person. He asked me who were our creditors; and where we found money to pay them. He wondered to hear me talk of such chargeable and expensive wars; that certainly we must be a quarrelsome people, or live among very bad neighbours; and that our generals must needs be richer than our kings. He asked what business we had out of our own islands, unless upon the score of trade or treaty, or to defend the coasts with our fleet. Above all, he was amazed to hear me talk of a mercenary standing-army in the midst of peace, and among a free people. He said, if we were governed by our own consent in the persons of our representatives, he could not imagine of whom we were afraid, or against whom we were to fight; and would hear my opinion, whether a private man's house might not be better defended by himself, his children, and family, than by half a dozen rascals, picked up at a venture in the streets, for small wages, who might get an hundred times more by cutting their throats.

He laughed at my odd kind of arithmetick (as he was pleased to call it) in reckoning the numbers of our people by a computation drawn from the several sects among us in religion and politicks. He said, he knew no reason why those who

who entertain opinions prejudicial to the publick, should be obliged to change, or should not be obliged to conceal them. And as it was tyranny in any government to require the first, so it was weakness not to enforce the second: for a man may be allowed to keep poisons in his closet, but not to vend them about for cordials.

He observed, that, among the diversions of our nobility and gentry, I had mentioned gaming. He desired to know at what age this entertainment was usually taken up, and when it was laid down; how much of their time it employed; whether it ever went so high as to affect their fortunes: whether mean vicious people, by their dexterity in that art, might not arrive at great riches, and sometimes keep our very nobles in dependance, as well as habituate them to vile companions, wholly take them from the improvement of their minds, and force them, by the losses they received, to learn and practise that infamous dexterity upon others.

He was perfectly astonished with the historical account I gave him of our affairs during the last century, protesting it was only a heap of conspiracies, rebellions, murders, massacres, revolutions, banishments, the very worst effects that avarice, faction, hypocrisy, perfidiousness, cruelty, rage, madness, hatred, envy, lust, malice, or ambition, could produce.

His majesty in another audience was at the pains to recapitulate the sum of all I had spoken, compared the questions he made with the answers I had given; then taking me into his hands, and stroking me gently, delivered himself in these words, which I shall never forget, nor the manner he spoke them in: 'My little friend Grildrig, you have made a most admirable panegyrick upon your country: you have clearly proved, that ignorance, idleness, and vice, are the proper ingredients for qualifying a legislator: that laws are best explained, interpreted and applied, by those whose interest and abilities lie in perverting, confounding, and eluding them. I observe among you some lines of an institution, which in it's original might have been tolerable; but these half erased, and the rest wholly blurred and blotted by corruptions. It doth not appear from all you have said, how any one perfection is required towards

'the procurement of any one station among you; much less that men are ennobled on account of their virtue, that priests are advanced for their piety or learning, soldiers for their conduct or valour, judges for their integrity, senators for the love of their country, or counsellors for their wisdom. As for yourself,' continued the king, 'who have spent the greatest part of your life in travelling, I am well disposed to hope you may hitherto have escaped many vices of your country. But by what I have gathered from your own relation, and the answers I have with much pains wringed and extorted from you, I cannot but conclude the bulk of your natives to be the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth.'

C. H. A. P. VII.

THE AUTHOR'S LOVE OF HIS COUNTRY — HE MAKES A PROPOSAL OF MUCH ADVANTAGE TO THE KING, WHICH IS REJECTED — THE KING'S GREAT IGNORANCE IN POLITICKS — THE LEARNING OF THAT COUNTRY VERY IMPERFECT AND CONFINED — THEIR LAWS AND MILITARY AFFAIRS, AND PARTIES IN THE STATE.

NOTHING but an extreme love of truth could have hindered me from concealing this part of my story. It was in vain to discover my resentments, which were always turned into ridicule; and I was forced to rest with patience, while my noble and most beloved country was so injuriously treated. I am as heartily sorry, as any of my readers can possibly be, that such an occasion was given: but this prince happened to be so curious and inquisitive upon every particular, that it could not consist either with gratitude or good manners, to refuse giving him what satisfaction I was able. Yet thus much I may be allowed to say in my own vindication, that I artfully eluded many of his questions, and gave to every point a more favourable turn, by many degrees, than the strictness of truth would allow. For I have always borne that laudable partiality to my own country,

country, which Dionysius Halicarnassensis with so much justice recommends to an historian: I would hide the frailties and deformities of my political mother, and place her virtues and beauties in the most advantageous light. This was my sincere endeavour in those many discourses I had with that monarch, although it unfortunately failed of success.

But great allowances should be given to a king who lives wholly secluded from the rest of the world, and must therefore be altogether unacquainted with the manners and customs that most prevail in other nations; the want of which knowledge will ever produce many *prejudices*, and a certain *narrowness of thinking*, from which we and the politer countries of Europe are wholly exempted. And it would be hard, indeed, if so remote a prince's notions of virtue and vice were to be offered as a standard for all mankind.

To confirm what I have now said, and further, to shew the miserable effects of a *confined education*, I shall here insert a passage which will hardly obtain belief. In hopes to ingratiate myself farther into his majesty's favour, I told him of an invention discovered between three and four hundred years ago, to make a certain powder, into an heap of which the smallest spark of fire falling, would kindle the whole in a moment, although it were as big as a mountain, and make it all fly up in the air together, with a noise and agitation greater than thunder. That a proper quantity of this powder rammed into a hollow tube of brass or iron, according to it's bigness, would drive a ball of iron or lead with such violence and speed, as nothing was able to sustain it's force. That the largest balls, thus discharged, would not only destroy whole ranks of an army at once, but batter the strongest walls to the ground, sink down ships, with a thousand men in each, to the bottom of the sea; and, when linked together by a chain, would cut through masts and rigging, divide hundreds of bodies in the middle, and lay all waste before them. That we often put this powder into large hollow balls of iron, and discharged them by an engine into some city we were besieging, which would rip up the pavements, tear the houses to pieces, burst and throw splin-

ters on every side, dashing out the brains of all who came near. That I knew the ingredients very well, which were cheap and common; I understood the manner of compounding them, and could direct his workmen how to make those tubes of a size proportionable to all other things in his majesty's kingdom, and the largest need not be above an hundred feet long; twenty or thirty of which tubes, charged with the proper quantity of powder and balls, would batter down the walls of the strongest town in his dominions in a few hours, or destroy the whole metropolis, if ever it should pretend to dispute his absolute commands. This I humbly offered to his majesty, as a small tribute of acknowledgment in return of so many marks that I had received of his royal favour and protection.

The king was struck with horror at the description I had given of those terrible engines, and the proposal I had made. He was amazed how so impotent and grovelling an insect as I (these were his expressions) could entertain such inhuman ideas, and in so familiar a manner, as to appear wholly unmoved at all the scenes of blood and desolation, which I had painted as the common effects of those destructive machines, whereof, he said, some evil genius, enemy to mankind, must have been the first contriver. As for himself, he protested, that although few things delighted him so much as new discoveries in art or in nature, yet he would rather lose half his kingdom than be privy to such a secret, which he commanded me, as I valued my life, never to mention any more.

A strange effect of *narrow principles* and *short views*! that a prince possessed of every quality which procures veneration, love, and esteem; of strong parts, great wisdom, and profound learning; endowed with admirable talents for government, and almost adored by his subjects; should, from a *nice unnecessary scruple*, whereof in Europe we can have no conception, let slip an opportunity put into his hands, that would have made him absolute master of the lives, the liberties, and the fortunes of his people. Neither do I say this with the least intention to detract from the many virtues of that excellent king; whose character, I am sensible, will, on this account, be very much lessened in the

the opinion of an English reader: but I take this defect among them to have risen from their ignorance, by not having hitherto reduced politicks into a science, as the more acute wits of Europe have done. For I remember very well, in a discourse one day with the king, when I happened to say there were several thousand books among us written upon the *art of government*, it gave him (directly contrary to my intention) a very mean opinion of our understandings. He professed both to abominate and despise all *mystery, refinement, and intrigue*, either in a prince or a minister. He could not tell what I meant by *secrets of state*, where an enemy or some rival nation, were not in the case. He confined the knowledge of governing within very *narrow bounds*, to common sense and reason, to justice and lenity, to the speedy determination of civil and criminal causes, with some other obvious topicks, which are not worth considering. And he gave it for his opinion, that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together.

The learning of this people is very defective, consisting only in morality, history, poetry, and mathematicks, wherein they must be allowed to excel. But the last of these is wholly applied to what may be useful in life, to the improvement of agriculture, and all mechanical arts; so that among us it would be little esteemed. And as to ideas, entities, abstractions, and transcendentals, I could never drive the least conception into their heads.

No law of that country must exceed in words the number of letters in their alphabet, which consists only in two and twenty. But, indeed, few of them extend even to that length. They are expressed in the most plain and simple terms, wherein those people are not mercurial enough to discover above one interpretation: and to write a comment upon any law is a capital crime. As to the decision of civil causes or proceedings against criminals, their precedents are so few, that they have little reason to boast of any extraordinary skill in either.

They have had the art of printing, as well as the Chinese, time out of mind. But their libraries are not very large; for that of the king, which is reckoned the largest, doth not amount to above a thousand volumes, placed in a gallery of twelve hundred feet long, from whence I had liberty to borrow what books I pleased. The queen's joiner had contrived, in one of Glumdalclitch's rooms, a kind of wooden machine, five and twenty feet high, formed like a standing ladder, the steps were each fifty feet long. It was, indeed, a moveable pair of stairs, the lowest end placed at ten feet distance from the wall of the chamber. The book I had a mind to read, was put up leaning against the wall: I first mounted to the upper step of the ladder, and turning my face towards the book, began at the top of the page, and so walking to the right and left about eight or ten paces, according to the length of the lines, till I had gotten a little below the level of mine eyes, and then descending gradually till I came to the bottom; after which I mounted again, and began the other page in the same manner, and so turned over the leaf, which I could easily do with both my hands, for it was as thick and stiff as a pasteboard, and, in the largest folios, not above eighteen or twenty feet long.

Their style is clear, masculine, and smooth, but not florid; for they avoid nothing more than multiplying unnecessary words, or using various expressions. I have perused many of their books, especially those in history and morality. Among the rest, I was much diverted with a little old Treatise, which always lay in Glumdalclitch's bed-chamber, and belonged to her governess, a grave elderly gentlewoman, who dealt in writings of morality and devotion. The book treats of the weakness of human kind, and is in little esteem, except among the women, and the vulgar. However, I was curious to see what an author of that country could say upon such a subject. This writer went through all the usual topicks of European moralists, shewing how diminutive, contemptible, and helpless an animal was man in his own nature; how unable to defend himself from inclemencies of the air, or the fury of wild beasts: how much he was excelled by one creature in strength, by another

another in speed, by a third in foresight, by a fourth in industry. He added, that nature was degenerated in these latter declining ages of the world, and could now produce only small abortive births, in comparison of those in ancient times. He said, it was very reasonable to think, not only that the species of men were originally much larger, but also, that there must have been giants in former ages, which, as it is asserted by history and tradition, so it hath been confirmed by huge bones and skulls casually dug up in several parts of the kingdom, far exceeding the common dwindling race of man in our days. He argued, that the very laws of nature absolutely required we should have been made in the beginning, of a size more large and robust, not so liable to destruction from every little accident of a tile falling from an house, or a stone cast from the hand of a boy, or being drowned in a little brook. From this way of reasoning, the author drew several moral applications useful in the conduct of life, but needless here to repeat. For my own part, I could not avoid reflecting how universally this talent was spread, of drawing lectures in morality, or, indeed, rather matter of discontent and repining, from the quarrels we raise with nature. And I believe, upon a strict enquiry, those quarrels might be shewn as ill-grounded among us, as they are among that people.

As to their military affairs, they boast that the king's army consists of an hundred and seventy-six thousand foot, and thirty-two thousand horse: if that may be called an army which is made up of tradesmen in the several cities, and farmers in the country, whose commanders are only the nobility and gentry, without pay or reward. They are, indeed, perfect enough in their exercises, and under very good discipline, wherein I saw no great merit; for how should it be otherwise, where every farmer is under the command of his own landlord, and every citizen under that of the principal men in his own city, chosen after the manner of Venice, by *ballot*?

I have often seen the militia of Lorbrulgrud drawn out to exercise in a great field near the city, of twenty miles square. They were, in all, not above twenty-five thousand foot and six thou-

sand horse; but it was impossible for me to compute their number, considering the space of ground they took up. A cavalier, mounted on a large steed, might be about ninety feet high. I have seen this whole body of horse, upon a word of command, draw their swords at once, and brandish them in the air. Imagination can figure nothing so grand, so surprizing, and so astonishing. It looked as if ten thousand flashes of lightning were darting at the same time from every quarter of the sky.

I was curious to know how this prince, to whose dominions there is no access from any other country, came to think of armies, or to teach his people the practice of military discipline. But I was soon informed, both by conversation and reading their histories: for in the course of many ages, they have been troubled with the same disease to which the whole race of mankind is subject; the nobility often contending for power, the people for liberty, and the king for absolute dominion. All which, however, happily tempered by the laws of that kingdom, have been sometimes violated by each of the three parties, and have more than once, occasioned civil wars, the last whereof was happily put an end to by this prince's grandfather in a general composition; and the militia, then settled with common consent, hath been ever since kept in the strictest duty.

CHAP. VIII.

THE KING AND QUEEN MAKE A PROGRESS TO THE FRONTIERS—THE AUTHOR ATTENDS THEM—THE MANNER IN WHICH HE LEAVES THE COUNTRY VERY PARTICULARLY RELATED—HE RETURNS TO ENGLAND.

I Had always a strong impulse, that I should some time recover my liberty, though it was impossible to conjecture by what means, or to form any project with the least hope of succeeding. The ship in which I sailed was the first ever known to be driven within sight of that coast, and the king had given strict orders, that if at any time another appeared, it should be taken ashore, and, with all it's crew and passengers, brought in a tumbril to Lorbrulgrud. He was strongly bent to get me a wo-

man of my own size, by whom I might propagate the breed: but, I think, I should rather have died, than undergone the disgrace of leaving a posterity to be kept in cages like tame canary-birds, and perhaps, in time, sold about the kingdom to persons of quality for curiosities. I was, indeed, treated with much kindness: I was the favourite of a great king and queen, and the delight of the whole court; but it was upon such a foot, as ill became the dignity of human kind. I could never forget those domestic pledges I had left behind me. I wanted to be among people with whom I could converse upon even terms, and walk about the streets and fields, without being afraid of being trod to death, like a frog or young puppy. But my deliverance came sooner than I expected, and in a manner not very common: the whole story and circumstances of which I shall faithfully relate.

I had now been two years in this country; and, about the beginning of the third, Glumdalclitch and I attended the king and queen in a progress to the south coast of the kingdom. I was carried, as usual, in my travelling-box, which as I have already described, was a very convenient closet of twelve feet wide. And I had ordered a hammock to be fixed, by silken ropes, from the four corners at the top, to break the jolts, when a servant carried me before him on horseback, as I sometimes desired, and would often sleep in my hammock while we were upon the road. On the roof of my closet, not directly over the middle of the hammock, I ordered the joiner to cut out a hole of a foot square, to give me air in hot weather, as I slept; which hole I shut at pleasure with a board that drew backwards and forwards through a groove.

When we came to our journey's end, the king thought proper to pass a few days at a palace he had near Flanflanic, a city within eighteen English miles of the sea-side. Glumdalclitch and I were much fatigued: I had gotten a small cold, but the poor girl was so ill, as to be confined to her chamber. I longed to see the ocean, which must be the only scene of my escape, if ever it should happen. I pretended to be worse than I really was, and desired leave to take the fresh air of the sea, with a page I was very fond of, and who had some-

times been trusted with me. I shall never forget with what unwillingness Glumdalclitch consented, nor the strict charge she gave the page to be careful of me, bursting at the same time into a flood of tears, as if she had some foreboding of what was to happen. The boy took me out in my box about half an hour's walk from the palace towards the rocks on the sea-shore. I ordered him to set me down; and, lifting up one of my sashes, cast many a wistful melancholy look towards the sea. I found myself not very well, and told the page that I had a mind to take a nap in my hammock, which I hoped would do me good. I got in, and the boy shut the window close down to keep out the cold. I soon fell asleep, and all I can conjecture is, that, while I slept, the page thinking no danger could happen, went among the rocks to look for birds eggs, having before observed him from my window searching about, and picking up one or two in the clefts. Be that as it will, I found myself suddenly awaked with a violent pull upon the ring which was fastened at the top of my box, for the conveniency of carriage. I felt my box raised very high in the air, and then borne forward with prodigious speed. The first jolt had like to have shaken me out of my hammock, but afterwards the motion was easy enough. I called out several times, as loud as I could raise my voice, but all to no purpose. I looked towards my windows, and could see nothing but the clouds and sky. I heard a noise just over my head like the clapping of wings, and then began to perceive the woeful condition I was in, that some eagle had got the ring of my box in his beak, with an intent to let it fall on a rock like a tortoise in a shell, and then pick out my body and devour it. For the sagacity and smell of this bird enabled him to discover his quarry at a great distance, though better concealed than I could be within a two-inch board.

In a little time I observed the noise and flutter of wings to increase very fast, and my box was tossed up and down like a sign in a windy day. I heard several bangs or buffets, as I thought, given to the eagle, (for such I am certain it must have been, that held the ring of my box in his beak) and then all on a sudden felt myself falling perpendicularly down for above a minute,

nute, but with such incredible swiftness that I almost lost my breath. My fall was stopped by a terrible squash, that sounded louder to my ears than the cataract of Niagara; after which I was quite in the dark for another minute, and then my box began to rise so high that I could see light from the tops of the windows. I now perceived that I was fallen into the sea. My box, by the weight of my body, the goods that were in, and the broad plates of iron fixed for strength at the four corners of the top and bottom, floated about five feet deep in water. I did then, and do now suppose, that the eagle which flew away with my box, was pursued by two or three others, and forced to let me drop while he was defending himself against the rest, who hoped to share in the prey. The plates of iron fastened at the bottom of the box (for those were the strongest) preserved the balance while it fell, and hindered it from being broken on the surface of the water. Every joint of it was well grooved; and the door did not move on hinges, but up and down like a sash, which kept my closet so tight that very little water came in. I got with much difficulty out of my hammock, having first ventured to draw back the slip-board on the roof already mentioned, contrived on purpose to let in air, for want of which I found myself almost stifled.

How often did I then with myself with my dear Glumdalclitch, from whom one single hour had so far divided me! And I may say, with truth, that in the midst of my own misfortunes I could not forbear lamenting my poor nurse, the grief she would suffer for my loss, the displeasure of the queen, and the ruin of her fortune. Perhaps many travellers have not been under greater difficulties and distress than I was at this juncture, expecting every moment to see my box dashed in pieces, or at least overset by the first violent blast, or a rising wave. A breach in one single pane of glass would have been immediate death: nor could any thing have preserved the windows but the strong lattice-wires placed on the outside against accidents in travelling. I saw the water ooze in at several cranies, although the leaks were not considerable, and I endeavoured to stop them as well as I could. I was not able to lift up the roof of my closet, which otherwise

I certainly should have done, and sat on the top of it, where I might, at least, preserve myself some hours longer than by being shut up, as I may call it, in the hold. Or, if I escaped these dangers for a day or two, what could I expect but a miserable death of cold and hunger! I was four hours under these circumstances, expecting, and indeed wishing, every moment to be my last.

I have already told the reader, that there were two strong staples fixed upon that side of my box which had no window, and into which the servant who used to carry me on horseback would put a leathern belt, and buckle it about his waist. Being in this disconsolate state, I heard, or at least thought I heard, some kind of grating noise on that side of my box where the staples were fixed, and soon after I began to fancy that the box was pulled or towed along in the sea; for I now and then felt a sort of tugging, which made the waves rise near the tops of my windows, leaving me almost in the dark. This gave me some faint hopes of relief; although I was not able to imagine how it could be brought about. I ventured to unscrew one of my chairs, which were always fastened to the floor; and having made a hard shift to screw it down again directly under the slipping board that I had lately opened, I mounted on the chair, and putting my mouth as near as I could to the hole, I called for help in a loud voice, and in all the languages I understood. I then fastened my handkerchief to a stick I usually carried, and thrusting it up the hole, waved it several times in the air, that, if any boat or ship were near, the seamen might conjecture some unhappy mortal to be shut up in the box.

I found no effect from all I could do, but plainly perceived my closet to be moved along; and in the space of an hour or better, that side of the box where the staples were, and had no window, struck against something that was hard. I apprehended it to be a rock, and found myself tossed more than ever. I plainly heard a noise upon the cover of my closet, like that of a cable, and the grating of it as it passed through the ring. I then found myself hoisted up by degrees, at least three feet higher than I was before: whereupon I again thrust up my stick and handkerchief, calling for help till I was

almost hoarse. In return to which, I heard a great shout repeated three times, giving me such transports of joy, as are not to be conceived but by those who feel them. I now heard a trampling over my head, and somebody calling through the hole, with a loud voice in the English tongue, 'If there be any body below, let them speak.' I answered I was an Englishman, drawn by ill fortune into the greatest calamity that ever any creature underwent, and begged, by all that was moving, to be delivered out of the dungeon I was in. The voice replied, I was safe, for my box was fastened to their ship; and the carpenter should immediately come and saw a hole in the cover large enough to pull me out. I answered, that was needless, and would take up too much time, for there was no more to be done, but let one of the crew put his finger into the ring, and take the box out of the sea into the ship, and so into the captain's cabin. Some of them, upon hearing me talk so wildly, thought I was mad, others laughed; for, indeed, it never came into my head, that I was now got among people of my own stature and strength. The carpenter came, and in a few minutes sawed a passage about four feet square, then let down a small ladder, upon which I mounted, and from thence was taken into the ship in a very weak condition.

The sailors were all in amazement, and asked me a thousand questions, which I had no inclination to answer. I was equally confounded at the sight of so many pigmies, for such I took them to be, after having so long accustomed mine eyes to the monstrous objects I had left. But the captain, Mr. Thomas Wilcocks, an honest worthy Shropshire man, observing I was ready to faint, took me into his cabin, gave me a cordial to comfort me, and made me turn in upon his own bed, advising me to take a little rest, of which I had great need. Before I went to sleep, I gave him to understand that I had some valuable furniture in my box, too good to be lost; a fine hammock, an handsome field-bed, two chairs, a table, and a cabinet. That my closet was hung on all sides, or rather quilted, with silk and cotton: that, if he would let one of the crew bring my closet into his cabin, I would open it there before him, and shew him my goods. The captain, hearing me utter

these absurdities, concluded I was raving: however, (I suppose, to pacify me) he promised to give order, as I desired; and, going upon deck, sent some of his men down into my closet, from whence (as I afterwards found) they drew up all my goods, and stripped off the quilting; but the chairs, cabinet, and bedstead, being screwed to the floor, were much damaged by the ignorance of the seamen, who tore them up by force. Then they knocked off some of the boards for the use of the ship, and when they had got all they had a mind for, let the hulk drop into the sea; which, by reason of many breaches made in the bottom and sides, sunk to rights. And, indeed, I was glad not to have been a spectator of the havoc they made; because I am confident it would have sensibly touched me, by bringing former passages into my mind, which I had rather forget.

I slept some hours, but perpetually disturbed with dreams of the place I had left, and the danger's I had escaped. However, upon waking, I found myself much recovered. It was now about eight o'clock at night; and the captain ordered supper immediately, thinking I had already fasted too long. He entertained me with great kindness, observing me not to look wildly or talk inconsistently; and when we were left alone, desired I would give him a relation of my travels, and by what accident I came to be set adrift in that monstrous wooden chest. He said, that about twelve o'clock at noon, as he was looking through his glass, he spied it at a distance, and thought it was a sail, which he had a mind to make, being not much out of his course, in hopes of buying some biscuit, his own beginning to fall short. That upon coming nearer, and finding his error, he sent out his long-boat to discover what I was; that his men came back in a fright, swearing they had seen a swimming house. That he laughed at their folly, and went himself in the boat, ordering his men to take a strong cable along with them. That the weather being calm, he rowed round me several times, observed my windows, and the wire-lattices that defended them. That he discovered two staples upon one side, which was all of boards, without any passage for light. He then commanded his men to row up to that side, and fastening a cable to one of the staples,

ples, ordered them to tow my chest, (as they called it) towards the ship. When it was there, he gave directions to fasten another cable to the ring fixed in the cover, and to raise up my chest with pulleys, which all the sailors were not able to do above two or three feet. He said, they saw my stick and handkerchief thrust out of the hole, and concluded that some unhappy man must be shut up in the cavity. I asked whether he or his crew had seen any prodigious bird in the air about the time he first discovered me? To which he answered, that, discoursing this matter with the sailors while I was asleep, one of them said, he had observed three eagles flying towards the north, but remarked nothing of their being larger than the usual size, which I suppose must be imputed to the great height they were at; and he could not guess the reason of my question. I then asked the captain, how far he reckoned we might be from land? He said, by the best computation he could make, we were at least a hundred leagues. I assured him, that he must be mistaken by almost half, for I had not left the country from whence I came above two hours before I dropped into the sea. Whereupon, he began again to think that my brain was disturbed, of which he gave me a hint, and advised me to go to bed in a cabin he had provided. I assured him I was well refreshed with his good entertainment and company, and as much in my senses as ever I was in my life. He then grew serious, and desired to ask me freely whether I were not troubled in mind by the consciousness of some enormous crime, for which I was punished at the command of some prince, by exposing me in that chest, as great criminals, in other countries, have been forced to sea in a leaky vessel without provisions: for although he should be sorry to have taken so ill a man into his ship, yet he would engage his word to set me safe ashore in the first port where we arrived. He added, that his suspicions were much increased, by some very absurd speeches I had delivered at first to the sailors, and afterwards to himself, in relation to my closet or chest, as well as by my odd looks and behaviour while I was at supper.

I begged his patience to hear me tell my story; which I faithfully did, from the last time I left England, to the mo-

ment he first discovered me. And as truth always forceth it's way into rational minds, so this honest worthy gentleman, who had some tincture of learning, and very good sense, was immediately convinced of my candour and veracity. But, farther to confirm all I had said, I entreated him to give order that my cabinet should be brought, of which I had the key in my pocket, (for he had already informed me how the seamen disposed of my closet.) I opened it in his own presence, and shewed him the small collection of rarities I made in the country from whence I had been so strangely delivered. There was the comb I had contrived out of the stumps of the king's beard, and another of the same materials, but fixed into a paring of her majesty's thumbnail, which served for the back. There was a collection of needles and pins from a foot to half a yard long; four wasp-stings, like joiners tacks; some combings of the queen's hair; a gold ring which one day she made me a present of in a most obliging manner, taking it from her little finger, and throwing it over my head like a collar. I desired the captain would please to accept this ring in return of his civilities; which he absolutely refused. I shewed him a corn that I had cut off with my own hand, from a maid of honour's toe; it was about the bigness of a Kentish pippin, and grown so hard that when I returned to England, I got it hollowed into a cup, and set in silver. Lastly, I desired him to see the breeches I had then on, which were made of a mouse's skin.

I could force nothing on him but a footman's tooth, which I observed him to examine with great curiosity, and found he had a fancy for it. He received it with abundance of thanks, more than such a trifle could deserve. It was drawn by an unskilful surgeon, in a mistake from one of Glumdalclitch's men, who was afflicted with the tooth-ache, but it was as found as any in his head. I got it cleaned, and put it into my cabinet. It was about a foot long, and four inches in diameter.

The captain was very well satisfied with this plain relation I had given him, and said, he hoped when we returned to England, I would oblige the world, by putting it in the paper and making it publick. My answer was, that I thought

we were already over-stocked with books of travels: that nothing could now pass which was not extraordinary; wherein I doubted some authors less consulted truth than their own vanity, or interest, or the diversion of ignorant readers. That my story could contain little besides common events, without those ornamental descriptions of strange plants, trees, birds, and other animals; or of the barbarous customs and idolatry of savage people, with which most writers abound. However, I thanked him for his good opinion, and promised to take the matter into my thoughts.

He said, he wondered at one thing very much, which was, to hear me speak so loud, asking me whether the king or queen of that country were thick of hearing. I told him, it was what I had been used to for above two years past; and that I admired as much at the voices of him and his men, who seemed to me only to whisper, and yet I could hear them well enough. But when I spoke in that country, it was like a man talking in the street to another looking out from the top of a steeple, unless when I was placed on a table, or held in any person's hand. I told him, I had likewise observed another thing, that when I first got into the ship, and the sailors stood all about me, I thought they were the most little contemptible creatures I had ever beheld. For, indeed, while I was in that prince's country I could never endure to look in a glass after mine eyes had been accustomed to such prodigious objects, because the comparison gave me so despicable a conceit of myself. The captain said, that while we were at supper, he observed me to look at every thing with a sort of wonder, and that I often seemed hardly able to contain my laughter, which he knew not well how to take, but imputed it to some disorder in my brain. I answered, it was very true; and I wondered how I could forbear, when I saw his dishes of the size of a silver three-pence, a leg of pork hardly a mouthful, a cup not so big as a nut-shell; and so I went on, describing the rest of his household-stuff and provisions, after the same manner. For although the queen had ordered a little equipage of all things necessary for me while I was in her service, yet my ideas were wholly taken up with what I saw on every side of me, and I winked

at my own littleness, as people do at their own faults. The captain understood my raillery very well, and merrily replied with the old English proverb, that he doubted mine eyes were bigger than my belly, for he did not observe my stomach so good, although I had fasted all day; and, continuing in his mirth, protested he would have gladly given an hundred pounds to have seen my closet in the eagle's bill, and afterwards in it's fall from so great a height into the sea; which would certainly have been a most astonishing object, worthy to have the description of it transmitted to future ages: and the comparison of Phaeton was so obvious, that he could not forbear applying it, although I did not much admire the conceit.

The captain having been at Tonquin, was, in his return to England, driven north-eastward, to the latitude of 44 degrees, and of longitude 143. But meeting a trade-wind two days after I came on board him, we sailed southward a long time, and coasting New Holland, kept our coast west-south-west, and then south-south-west, till we doubled the Cape of Good Hope. Our voyage was very prosperous, but I shall not trouble the reader with a journal of it. The captain called in at one or two ports, and sent in his long-boat for provisions and fresh water, but I never went out of the ship till we came into the Downs, which was on the third day of June 1706, about nine months after my escape. I offered to leave my goods in security for payment of my freight; but the captain protested he would not receive one farthing. We took a kind leave of each other, and I made him promise he would come to see me at Redriff. I hired a horse and guide for five shillings, which I borrowed of the captain.

As I was on the road, observing the littleness of the houses, the trees, the cattle and the people, I began to think myself in Lilliput. I was afraid of trampling on every traveller I met, and often called aloud to have them stand out of the way, so that I had like to have gotten one or two broken heads for my impertinence.

When I came to my own house, for which I was forced to enquire, one of the servants opening the door, I bent down to go in (like a goose under a gate) for fear of striking my head. My wife

wife ran out to embrace me; but I stooped lower than her knees, thinking she could otherwise never be able to reach my mouth. My daughter knelt to ask my blessing; but I could not see her till she arose, having been so long used to stand with my head and eyes erect, to above sixty feet; and then I went to take her up with one hand by the waist. I looked down upon the servants, and one or two friends who were in the house, as if they had been pigmies, and I a giant. I told my wife she had been too thrifty, for I found she had starved herself and her daughter to nothing. In short, I be-

haved myself so unaccountably, that they were all of the captain's opinion when he first saw me, and concluded I had lost my wits. This I mention as an instance of the great power of habit and prejudice.

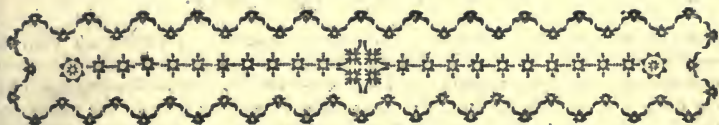
In a little time, I and my family and friends came to a right understanding: but my wife protested I should never go to sea any more; although my evil destiny so ordered, that she had not power to hinder me, as the reader may know hereafter. In the mean time, I here conclude the second part of my unfortunate voyages.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

and the most of the country is a vast plain, the soil of which is very fertile, and the climate is very healthy. The people are very industrious and the country is very rich in minerals.

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GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

PART III.

A VOYAGE TO LAPUTA, BALNIBARBI, LUGGNAGG,
GLUBBDUEDRIB, AND JAPAN.

CHAP. I.

THE AUTHOR SETS OUT ON HIS
THIRD VOYAGE—IS TAKEN BY
PYRATES—THE MALICE OF A
DUTCHMAN—HIS ARRIVAL AT
AN ISLAND—HE IS RECEIVED IN-
TO LAPUTA.



Had not been at home above ten days, when Captain William Robertson, a Cornish man, commander of the *Hope-well*, a stout ship of three

hundred tons, came to my house. I had formerly been surgeon of another ship where he was master, and a fourth part owner, in a voyage to the Levant: he had always treated me more like a brother than an inferior officer, and hearing of my arrival, made me a visit, as I apprehended only out of friendship, for nothing passed more than what is usual after long absences. But repeating his visits often; expressing his joy to find me in good health; asking whether I were now settled for life; adding, that he intended a voyage to the East Indies in two months: at last, he plainly invited me, though with some apologies, to be surgeon of the ship; that I should have another surgeon under me besides our two mates; that my salary should be double to the usual pay; and that, having experienced my knowledge in sea affairs to be at least equal to his, he would enter into any engagement to

follow my advice, as much as if I had shared in the command.

He said so many other obliging things, and I knew him to be so honest a man, that I could not reject his proposal; the thirst I had of seeing the world, notwithstanding my past misfortunes, continuing as violent as ever. The only difficulty that remained, was to persuade my wife; whose consent, however, I at last obtained, by the prospect of advantage she proposed to her children.

We set out the 5th day of August, 1706, and arrived at Fort St. George the 11th of April 1707. We stayed there three weeks to refresh our crew, many of whom were sick. From thence we went to Tonquin, where the captain resolved to continue some time, because many of the goods he intended to buy were not ready, nor could he expect to be dispatched in several months. Therefore, in hopes to defray some of the charges he must be at, he bought a sloop, loaded with several sorts of goods, wherewith the Tonquinese usually trade to the neighbouring islands; and putting fourteen men on board, whereof three were of the country, he appointed me master of the sloop, and gave me power to traffick for two months, while he transacted his affairs at Tonquin.

We had not sailed above three days, when a great storm arising, we were driven five days to the north-north-east, and then to the east; after which we had fair weather, but still with a
K pretty

pretty strong gale from the west. Upon the tenth day we were chased by two pirates, who soon overtook us; for my sloop was so deep laden, that she sailed very slow, neither were we in a condition to defend ourselves.

We were boarded about the same time by both the pirates, who entered furiously at the head of their men, but finding us all prostrate upon our faces, (for so I gave order) they pinioned us with strong ropes, and setting a guard upon us, went to search the sloop.

I observed among them a Dutchman, who seemed to be of some authority, though he was not commander of either ship. He knew us by our countenances to be Englishmen, and jabbering to us in his own language, swore we should be tied back to back, and thrown into the sea. I spoke Dutch tolerably well; I told him who we were, and begged him in consideration of our being Christians and Protestants, of neighbouring countries, in strict alliance, that he would move the captains to take some pity on us. This inflamed his rage; he repeated his threatenings, and turning to his companions, spoke with great vehemence, in the Japanese language, as I suppose, often using the word *Christianos*.

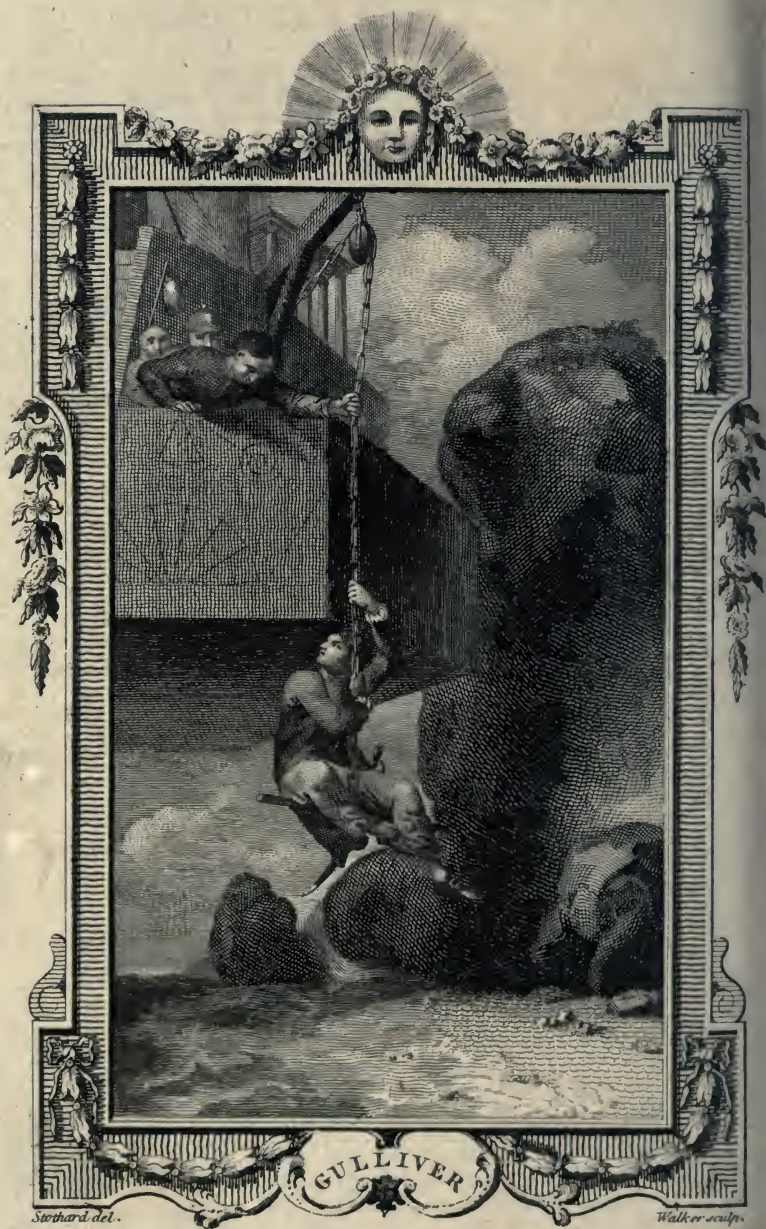
The largest of these two pirate ships, was commanded by a Japanese captain, who spoke a little Dutch, but very imperfectly. He came up to me, and after several questions, which I answered in great humility, he said we should not die. I made the captain a very low bow; and then turning to the Dutchman, said, I was sorry to find more mercy in a Heathen than in a brother Christian. But I had soon reason to repent those foolish words, for that malicious reprobate, having often endeavoured in vain to persuade both the captains that I might be thrown into the sea, (which they would not yield to after the promise made me that I should not die) however prevailed so far as to have a punishment inflicted on me, worse, in all human appearance than death itself. My men were sent by an equal division into both the pirate ships, and my sloop new manned. As to myself, it was determined that I should be set adrift in a small canoe, with paddles and a sail, and four days provisions, which last the Japanese captain was so kind to double out of his own

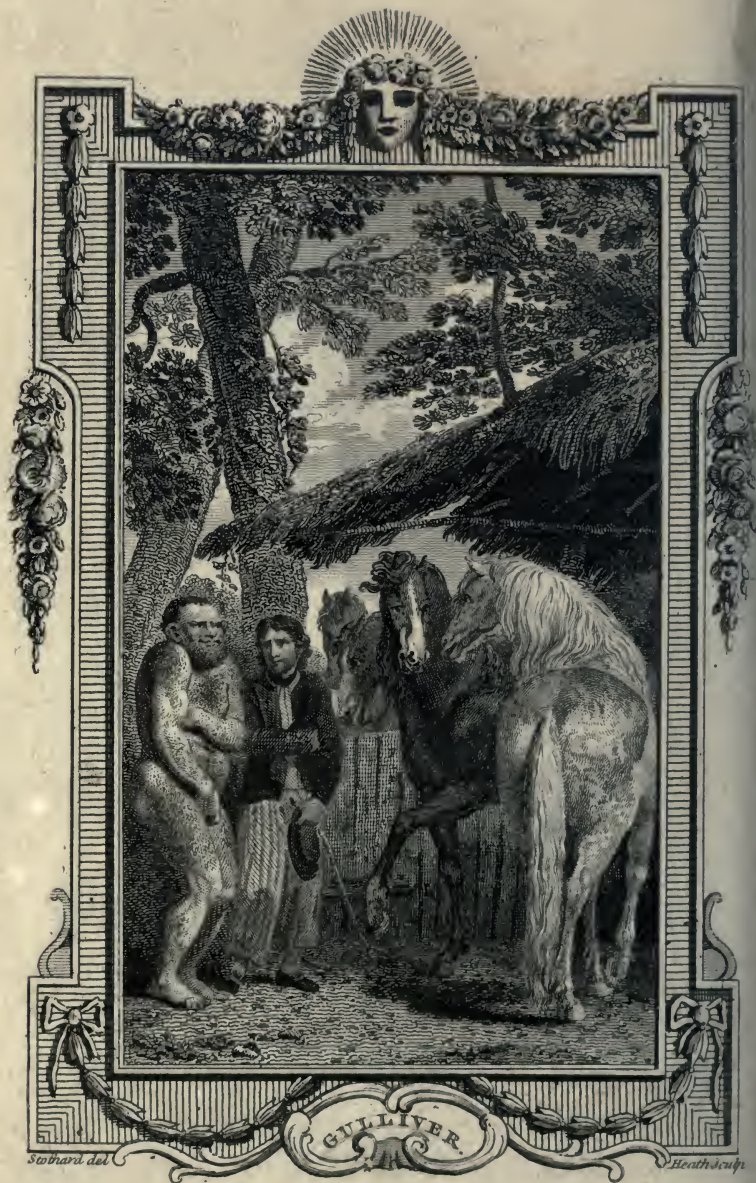
stores, and would permit no man to search me. I got down into the canoe, while the Dutchman standing upon the deck loaded me with all the curses and injurious terms his language could afford.

About an hour before we saw the pirates, I had taken an observation, and found we were in the latitude of 46 north, and of longitude 183. When I was at some distance from the pirates, I discovered by my pocket-glass several islands to the south-east. I set up my sail, the wind being fair, with a design to reach the nearest of those islands, which I made a shift to do in about three hours. It was all rocky; however, I got many birds eggs, and striking fire, I kindled some heath and dry sea-weed, by which I roasted my eggs. I eat no other supper, being resolved to spare my provisions as much as I could. I passed the night under the shelter of a rock, strowing some heath under me, and slept pretty well.

The next day I failed to another island, and thence to a third or fourth, sometimes using my sail, and sometimes my paddles. But, not to trouble the reader with a particular account of my distresses, let it suffice, that on the fifth day I arrived at the last island in my sight, which lay south-south-east to the former.

This island was at a greater distance than I expected, and I did not reach it in less than five hours. I encompassed it almost round before I could find a convenient place to land in, which was a small creek, about three times the wideness of my canoe. I found the island to be all rocky, only a little intermingled with tufts of grass, and sweet-smelling herbs. I took out my small provisions, and after having refreshed myself, I secured the remainder in a cave, whereof there were great numbers. I gathered plenty of eggs upon the rocks, and got a quantity of dry sea-weed and parched grass, which I designed to kindle the next day, and roast my eggs as well as I could (for I had about me my flint, steel, match, and burning-glass.) I lay all night in the cave where I had lodged my provisions. My bed was the same dry grass and sea-weed which I intended for fuel. I slept very little, for the disquiet of my mind prevailed over my weariness, and kept me awake. I considered





dered how impossible it was to preserve my life in so desolate a place, and how miserable my end must be; yet found myself so listless and desponding, that I had not the heart to rise; and before I could get spirits enough to creep out of my cave, the day was far advanced. I walked a while among the rocks; the sky was perfectly clear, and the sun so hot, that I was forced to turn my face from it: when all on a sudden it became obscure, as I thought in a manner very different from what happens by the interposition of a cloud. I turned back, and perceived a vast opaque body between me and the sun, moving forwards towards the island: it seemed to be about two miles high, and hid the sun six or seven minutes; but I did not observe the air to be much colder, or the sky more darkened, than if I had stood under the shade of a mountain. As it approached nearer over the place where I was, it appeared to be a firm substance, the bottom flat, smooth, and shining very bright from the reflexion of the sea below. I stood upon a height about two hundred yards from the shore, and saw this vast body descending almost to a parallel with me, at less than an English mile distance. I took out my pocket-perspective, and could plainly discover numbers of people moving up and down the sides of it, which appeared to be sloping; but what those people were doing, I was not able to distinguish.

The natural love of life gave me some inward motions of joy, and I was ready to entertain a hope, that this adventure might some way or other help to deliver me from the desolate place and condition I was in. But at the same time the reader can hardly conceive my astonishment, to behold an island in the air inhabited by men, who were able (as it should seem) to raise, or sink, or put it into a progressive motion, as they pleased. But not being at that time in a disposition to philosophise upon this phenomenon, I rather chose to observe what course the island would take, because it seemed for a while to stand still. Yet soon after it advanced nearer, and I could see the sides of it encompassed with several gradations of galleries and stairs, at certain intervals, to descend from one to the other. In the lowest gallery I beheld some people fishing with long angling-rods, and

others looking on. I waved my cap (for my hat was long since worn out) and my handkerchief towards the island; and, upon it's nearer approach, I called and shouted with the utmost strength of my voice: and then looking circumspectly, I beheld a crowd gathered to that side which was most in my view. I found, by their pointing towards me, and to each other, that they plainly discovered me, although they made no return to my shouting. But I could see four or five men running in great haste up the stairs to the top of the island, who then disappeared. I happened rightly to conjecture, that these were sent for orders to some person in authority upon this occasion.

The number of people increased, and in less than half an hour the island was moved and raised in such a manner, that the lowest gallery appeared in a parallel of less than an hundred yards distance from the height where I stood. I then put myself into the most supplicating postures, and spoke in the humblest accent, but received no answer. Those who stood nearest over-against me, seemed to be persons of distinction, as I supposed by their habit. They conferred earnestly with each other, looking often upon me. At length one of them called out in a clear, polite, smooth dialect, not unlike in sound to the Italian; and therefore I returned an answer in that language, hoping at least that the cadence might be more agreeable to his ears. Although neither of us understood the other, yet my meaning was easily known, for the people saw the distress I was in.

They made signs for me to come down from the rock, and go towards the shore, which I accordingly did; and the flying island being raised to a convenient height, the verge directly over me, a chain was let down from the lowest gallery, with a seat fastened to the bottom, to which I fixed myself, and was drawn up by pullies.

CHAP. II.

THE HUMOURS AND DISPOSITIONS
OF THE LAPUTIANS DESCRIBED
—AN ACCOUNT OF THEIR LEARNING—OF THE KING AND HIS
COURT—THE AUTHOR'S RECEPTION THERE—THE INHABITANTS

SUBJECT TO FEAR AND DISQUI-
ETUDES—AN ACCOUNT OF THE
WOMEN.

AT my alighting I was surrounded with a crowd of people; but those who stood nearest seemed to be of better quality. They beheld me with all the marks and circumstances of wonder; neither, indeed, was I much in their debt, having never till then seen a race of mortals so singular in their shapes, habits, and countenances. Their heads were all reclined either to the right or to the left; one of their eyes turned inward, and the other directly up to the zenith. Their outward garments were adorned with the figures of suns, moons, and stars interwoven with those of fiddles, flutes, harps, trumpets, guitars, harpsichords, and many other instruments of musick, unknown to us in Europe. I observed here and there many in the habit of servants, with a blown bladder fastened like a flail to the end of a short stick, which they carried in their hands. In each bladder was a small quantity of dried pease, or little pebbles (as I was afterwards informed.) With these bladders they now and then flapped the mouths and ears of those who stood near them, of which practice I could not then conceive the meaning. It seems, the minds of these people are so taken up with intense speculations, that they neither can speak, nor attend to the discourses of others, without being roused by some external action upon the organs of speech and hearing; for which reason, those persons who can afford it, always keep a flapper (the original is *climenole*) in their family, as one of their domesticks, nor ever walk abroad or make visits without him; and the business of this officer is, when two, three, or more persons are in company, gently to strike with his bladder the mouth of him who is to speak, and the right-ear of him or them to whom the speaker addresseth himself. This flapper is likewise employed diligently to attend his master in his walks; and, upon occasion, to give him a soft flap on his eyes, because he is always so wrapped up in cogitation, that he is in manifest danger of falling down every precipice, and bouncing his head against every post, and in the streets of jostling

others, or being jostled himself into the kennel.

It was necessary to give the reader this information, without which, he would be at the same loss with me, to understand the proceedings of these people, as they conducted me up the stairs, to the top of the island, and from thence to the royal palace. While we were ascending, they forgot several times what they were about, and left me to myself, till their memories were again roused by their flappers; for they appeared altogether unmoved by the sight of my foreign habit and countenance, and by the shouts of the vulgar, whose thoughts and minds were more disengaged.

At last we entered the palace, and proceeded into the chamber of presence, where I saw the king seated on his throne, attended on each side by persons of prime quality. Before the throne was a large table filled with globes and spheres, and mathematical instruments of all kinds. His majesty took not the least notice of us, although our entrance was not without sufficient noise by the concourse of all persons belonging to the court. But he was then deep in a problem, and we attended at least an hour, before he could solve it. There stood by him on each side a young page with flaps in their hands, and when they saw he was at leisure, one of them gently struck his mouth, and the other his right-ear; at which he started like one awaked on the sudden, and looking towards me and the company I was in, recollected the occasion of our coming, whereof he had been informed before. He spoke some words, whereupon immediately a young man with a flap came up to my side, and flapt me gently on the right-ear, but I made signs, as well as I could, that I had no occasion for such an instrument; which, as I afterwards found, gave his majesty and the whole court a very mean opinion of my understanding. The king, as far as I could conjecture, asked me several questions, and I addressed myself to him in all the languages I had. When it was found, that I could neither understand, nor be understood, I was conducted by his order to an apartment in his palace (this prince being distinguished above all his predecessors for his hospitality to strangers) where two servants

servants were appointed to attend me. My dinner was brought, and four persons of quality, whom I remembered to have seen very near the king's person, did me the honour to dine with me. We had two courses, of three dishes each. In the first course there was a shoulder of mutton cut into an æquilateral triangle, a piece of beef into a rhomboides, and a pudding into a cycloid. The second course was two ducks trussed up into the form of fiddles; saufages and puddings resembling flutes and hautboys, and a breast of veal in the shape of a harp. The servants cut our bread into cones, cylinders, parallelograms, and several other mathematical figures.

While we were at dinner, I made bold to ask the names of several things in their language; and those noble persons, by the assistance of their flappers, delighted to give me answers, hoping to raise my admiration of their great abilities, if I could be brought to converse with them. I was soon able to call for bread and drink, or whatever else I wanted.

After dinner, my company withdrew, and a person was sent to me by the king's order, attended by a flapper. He brought with him pen, ink, and paper, and three or four books, giving me to understand by signs, that he was sent to teach me the language. We sat together four hours, in which time I wrote down a great number of words in columns, with the translations over-against them. I likewise made a shift to learn several short sentences; for my tutor would order one of my servants to fetch something, to turn about, to make a bow, to sit, or to stand, or walk, and the like. Then I took down the sentence in writing. He shewed me also in one of his books the figures of the sun, moon, and stars, the zodiack, the tropicks, and polar circles, together with the denominations of many figures of planes and solids. He gave me the names and descriptions of all the musical instruments, and the general terms of art in playing on each of them. After he had left me, I placed all my words with their interpretations in alphabetical order. And thus in a few days, by the help of a very faithful memory, I got some insight into their language.

The word, which I interpret the *flying or floating island*, is in the original *Laputa*, whereof I could never learn the true etymology. *Lap*, in the old obsolete language signifieth *high*, and *untub*, a *governor*, from which, they say, by corruption, was derived *Laputa* from *Lapuntub*. But I do not approve of this derivation, which seems to be a little strained. I ventured to offer to the learned among them a conjecture of my own, that *Laputa* was *quasi Lap outed*, *Lap* signifying properly the dancing of the sun-beams in the sea, and *outed* a wing; which, however, I shall not obtrude, but submit to the judicious reader.

Those to whom the king had entrusted me, observing how ill I was clad, ordered a taylor to come next morning, and take measure for a suit of cloaths. This operator did his office after a different manner from those of his trade in Europe. He first took my altitude by a quadrant, and then with rule and compasses described the dimensions and outlines of my whole body; all which he entered upon paper, and in six days brought my cloaths very ill made, and quite out of shape, by happening to mistake a figure in the calculation. But my comfort was, that I observed such accidents very frequent, and little regarded.

During my confinement for want of cloaths, and by an indisposition that held me some days longer, I much enlarged my dictionary; and when I went next to court, was able to understand many things the king spoke, and to return him some kind of answers. His majesty had given orders that the island should move north-east and by east, to the vertical point over Lagado, the metropolis of the whole kingdom below upon the firm earth. It was about ninety leagues distant, and our voyage lasted four days and a half. I was not in the least sensible of the progressive motion made in the air by the island. On the second morning, about eleven o'clock, the king himself in person, attended by his nobility, courtiers, and officers, having prepared all their musical instruments, played on them for three hours without intermission; so that I was quite stunned with the noise; neither could I possibly guess the meaning, till my tutor informed me. He said, that the people

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of their island had their ears adapted to hear the musick of the spheres, which always played at certain periods, and the court was now prepared to bear their part in whatever instrument they most excelled.

In our journey towards Lagado, the capital city, his majesty ordered that the island should stop over certain towns and villages, from whence he might receive the petitions of his subjects. And to this purpose several packthreads were let down with small weights at the bottom. On these packthreads the people strung their petitions, which mounted up directly like the scraps of paper fastened by school-boys at the end of the string that holds their kite. Sometimes we received wine and victuals from below, which were drawn up by pulleys.

The knowledge I had in mathematics gave me great assistance in acquiring their phraseology, which depended much upon that science and musick; and in the latter I was not unskilled. Their ideas are perpetually conversant in lines and figures. If they would, for example, praise the beauty of a woman, or any other animal, they describe it by rhombs, circles, parallelograms, ellipses, and other geometrical terms, or by words of art drawn from musick, needless here to repeat. I observed in the king's kitchen all sorts of mathematical and musical instruments, after the figures of which they cut up the joints that were served to his majesty's table.

Their houses are very ill built, the walls bevil, without one right-angle in any apartment; and this defect ariseth from the contempt they bear to practical geometry, which they despise, as vulgar and mechanick, those instructions they give being too refined for the intellectuals of their workmen, which occasions perpetual mistakes. And although they are dexterous enough upon a piece of paper in the management of the rule, the pencil, and the divider, yet in the common actions and behaviour of life, I have not seen a more clumsy, awkward, and unhandy people, nor so slow and perplexed in their conceptions upon all other subjects, except those of mathematics and musick. They are very bad reasoners, and vehemently given to opposition, unless when they happen to be of the right opinion,

which is seldom their case. Imagination, fancy, and invention, they are wholly strangers to, nor have they any words in their language by which those ideas can be expressed; the whole compass of their thoughts and mind being shut up within the two forementioned sciences.

Most of them, and especially those who deal in the astronomical part, have great faith in judicial astrology, although they are ashamed to own it publicly. But what I chiefly admired, and thought altogether unaccountable, was, the strong disposition I observed in them towards news and politicks, perpetually enquiring into publick affairs, giving their judgments in matters of state, and passionately disputing every inch of a party opinion. I have indeed observed the same disposition among most of the mathematicians I have known in Europe, although I could never discover the least analogy between the two sciences; unless those people suppose, that because the smallest circle hath as many degrees as the largest, therefore the regulation and management of the world require no more abilities than the handling and turning of a globe. But, I rather take this quality to spring from a very common infirmity of human nature, inclining us to be more curious and conceited in matters where we have least concern, and for which we are least adapted either by study or nature.

These people are under continual disquietudes, never enjoying a minute's peace of mind; and their disturbances proceed from causes which very little affect the rest of mortals. Their apprehensions arise from several changes they dread in the celestial bodies. For instance, that the earth; by the continual approaches of the sun towards it, must, in course of time, be absorbed or swallowed; that the face of the sun will, by degrees, be incrustated with it's own effluvia, and give no more light to the world; that the earth very narrowly escaped a brush from the tail of the last comet, which would have infallibly reduced it to ashes; and that the next, which they have calculated for one and thirty years hence, will probably destroy us. For, if in it's perihelium it should approach within a certain degree of the sun, (as by their calculations

calculations they have reason to dread) it will receive a degree of heat ten thousand times more intense than that of red-hot-glowing iron; and, in it's absence from the sun, carry a blazing tail ten hundred thousand and fourteen miles long; through which, if the earth should pass at the distance of one hundred thousand miles from the *nucleus* or main body of the comet, it must in it's passage be set on fire and reduced to ashes: that the sun daily spending it's rays without any nutriment to supply them, will at last be wholly consumed and annihilated; which must be attended with the destruction of this earth, and of all the planets that receive their light from it.

They are so perpetually alarmed with the apprehensions of these and the like impending dangers, that they can neither sleep quietly in their beds, nor have any relish for the common pleasures or amusements of life. When they meet an acquaintance in the morning, the first question is about the sun's health, how he looked at his setting and rising, and what hopes they have to avoid the stroke of the approaching comet. This conversation they are apt to run into with the same temper that boys discover in delighting to hear terrible stories of spirits and hobgoblins, which they greedily listen to, and dare not go to bed for fear.

The women of the island have abundance of vivacity; they condemn their husbands, and are exceedingly fond of strangers, whereof there is always a considerable number from the continent below, attending at court, either upon affairs of the several towns and corporations, or their own particular occasions, but are much despised, because they want the same endowments. Among these the ladies chuse their gallants: but the vexation is, that they act with too much ease and security; for the husband is always so wrapped in speculation, that the mistress and lover may proceed to the greatest familiarities before his face, if he be but provided with paper and implements, and without his flapper at his side.

The wives and daughters lament their confinement to the island, although I think it the most delicious spot of ground in the world; and although they live here in the greatest

plenty and magnificence, and are allowed to do whatever they please, they long to see the world, and take the diversions of the metropolis, which they are not allowed to do without a particular licence from the king; and this is not easy to be obtained, because the people of quality have found by frequent experience, how hard it is to persuade their women to return from below. I was told that a great court-lady, who had several children, is married to the prime-minister, the richest subject in the kingdom, a very graceful person, extremely fond of her, and lives in the finest palace of the island, went down to Lagado, on the pretence of health, there hid herself for several months, till the king sent a warrant to search for her, and she was found in an obscure eating-house all in rags, having pawned her cloaths to maintain an old deformed footman, who beat her every day, and in whose company she was taken much against her will. And although her husband received her with all possible kindness, and without the least reproach, she soon after contrived to steal down again, with all her jewels, to the same gallant, and hath not been heard of since.

This may, perhaps, pass with the reader rather for an European or English story, than for one of a country so remote: but he may please to consider, that the caprices of womankind are not limited by any climate or nation, and that they are much more uniform than can be easily imagined.

In about a month's time, I had made a tolerable proficiency in their language, and was able to answer most of the king's questions, when I had the honour to attend him. His majesty discovered not the least curiosity to inquire into the laws, government, history, religion, or manners of the countries where I had been, but confined his questions to the state of mathematics, and received the account I gave him with great contempt and indifference, though often roused by his flapper on each side.

C H A P. III.

A PHÆNOMENON SOLVED BY MODERN PHILOSOPHY AND ASTRONOMY—THE LAPUTIANS GREAT IMPROVE-

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE LATTER
—THE KING'S METHOD OF SUP-
PRESSING INSURRECTIONS.

I Desired leave of this prince to see the curiosities of the island, which he was graciously pleased to grant, and ordered my tutor to attend me. I chiefly wanted to know to what cause in art, or in nature, it owed it's several motions, whereof I will now give a philosophical account to the reader.

The flying or floating island, is exactly circular, it's diameter 7837 yards, or about four miles and a half, and consequently contains ten thousand acres. It is three hundred yards thick. The bottom or under-surface, which appears to those who view it from below, is one even regular plate of adamant, shooting up to the height of about two hundred yards. Above it lie the several minerals in their usual order, and overall is a coat of rich mould ten or twelve feet deep. This declivity of the upper-surface, from the circumference of the center, is the natural cause why all the dews and rains which fall upon the island, are conveyed in small rivulets towards the middle, where they are emptied into four large basons, each of about half a mile in circuit, and two hundred yards distant from the center. From these basons the water is continually exhaled by the sun in the day-time, which effectually prevents their overflowing. Besides, as it is in the power of the monarch to raise the island above the region of clouds and vapours, he can prevent the falling of dews and rains whenever he pleases: for the highest clouds cannot rise above two miles as naturalists agree, at least they were never known to do so in that country.

At the center of the island there is a chasm about fifty yards in diameter, from whence the astronomers descend into a large dome, which is therefore called Flandona Gagnole, or, the Astronomers Cave, situated at the depth of a hundred yards beneath the upper surface of the adamant. In this cave are twenty lamps continually burning, which, from the reflection of the adamant, cast a strong light into every part. The place is stored with great variety of sextants, quadrants, telescopes, astrolabes, and other astronomical instruments. But the greatest

curiosity, upon which the fate of the island depends, is a load-stone of a prodigious size, in shape resembling a weaver's shuttle. It is in length six yards, and in the thickest part at least three yards over. This magnet is sustained by a very strong axle of adamant passing through it's middle, upon which it plays, and is poised so exactly that the weakest hand can turn it. It is hooped round with a hollow cylinder of adamant, four feet deep, as many thick, and twelve yards in diameter, placed horizontally, and supported by eight adamantine feet, each six yards high. In the middle of the concave side there is a groove twelve inches deep, in which the extremities of the axle are lodged, and turned round as there is occasion.

The stone cannot be moved from it's place by any force, because the hoop and it's feet are one continued piece with that body of adamant, which constitutes the bottom of the island.

By means of this load-stone, the island is made to rise and fall, and move from one place to another. For, with respect to that part of the earth over which the monarch presides, the stone is endued at one of it's sides with an attractive power, and at the other with a repulsive. Upon placing the magnet erect with it's attracting end towards the earth, the island descends; but when the repelling extremity points downwards, the island mounts directly upwards. When the position of the stone is oblique, the motion of the island is so too. For in this magnet the forces always act in lines parallel to it's direction.

By this oblique motion the island is conveyed to different parts of the monarch's dominions. To explain the manner of it's progress, let A B represent a line drawn cross the dominions of Balnibarbi, let the line c d represent the load-stone of which let d be the repelling end, and c the attracting end; the island being over C, let the stone be placed in the position c d, with it's repelling end downwards, then the island will be driven upwards obliquely towards D. When it is arrived at D, let the stone be turned upon it's axle till it's attracting end points towards E, and then the island will be carried obliquely towards E; where, if the stone be again turned upon it's axle till it stands

stands in the position E F, with it's repelling point downwards, the island will rise obliquely towards F; where, by directing the attracting end towards G, the island may be carried to G, and from G to H, by turning the stone, so as to make it's repelling extremity point directly downwards. And thus by changing the situation of the stone as often as there is occasion, the island is made to rise and fall by turns in an oblique direction; and by those alternate risings and fallings (the obliquity being not considerable) is conveyed from one part of the dominions to the other.



But it must be observed, that this island cannot move beyond the extent of the dominions below, nor can it rise above the height of four miles. For which the astronomers (who have written large systems concerning the stone) assign the following reason: that the magnetick virtue does not extend beyond the distance of four miles, and that the mineral which acts upon the stone in the bowels of the earth, and in the sea about six leagues distant from the shore, is not diffused through the whole globe, but terminated with the limits of the king's dominions; and it was easy, from the great advantage of such a superior situation, for a prince to bring under his obedience whatever country lay within the attraction of that magnet.

When the stone is put parallel to the plane of the horizon, the island standeth still; for in that case, the extremities of it being at equal distance from the earth, act with equal force; the one in drawing downwards, the other in pushing upwards, and consequently no motion can ensue.

This load-stone is under the care of certain astronomers, who from time to time give it such positions as the monarch directs. They spend the greatest

part of their lives in observing the celestial bodies, which they do by the assistance of glasses far excelling ours in goodness. For although their largest telescopes do not exceed three feet, they magnify much more than those of an hundred with us, and shew the stars with greater clearness. This advantage hath enabled them to extend the discoveries much farther than our astronomers in Europe; for they have made a catalogue of ten thousand fixed stars; whereas the largest of ours do not contain above one third part of that number. They have likewise discovered two lesser stars, or satellites, which revolve about Mars, whereof the innermost is distant from the center of the primary planet exactly three of his diameters, and the outermost five; the former revolves in the space of ten hours, and the latter in twenty-one and a half: so that the squares of their periodical times are very near in the same proportion with the cubes of their distance from the center of Mars; which evidently shews them to be governed by the same law of gravitation that influences the other heavenly bodies.

They have observed ninety-three different comets, and settled their periods with great exactness. If this be true, (and they affirm it with great confidence) it is much to be wished that their observations were made publick, whereby the theory of comets, which at present is very lame and defective, might be brought to the same perfection with other parts of astronomy.

The king would be the most absolute prince in the universe, if he could but prevail on a ministry to join with him; but these have their estates below on the continent, and considering that the office of a favourite hath a very uncertain tenure, would never consent to the enslaving their country.

If any town should engage in rebellion and mutiny, fall into violent factions, or refuse to pay the usual tribute, the king hath two methods of reducing them to obedience. The first and the mildest course is by keeping the island hovering over such a town, and the lands about it, whereby he can deprive them of the benefit of the sun and the rain, and consequently afflict the inhabitants with death and diseases. And if the crime deserve it, they are at the same time pelted from above with great stones, against which they have no de-

fence but by creeping into cellars or caves, while the roofs of their houses are beaten to pieces. But if they still continue obstinate, or offer to raise insurrections, he proceeds to the last remedy, by letting the island drop directly upon their heads, which makes a universal destruction both of houses and men. However, this is an extremity to which the prince is seldom driven, neither indeed is he willing to put it in execution, nor dare his ministers advise him to an action which, as it would render them odious to the people, so it would be a great damage to their own estates, which lie all below, for the island is the king's demesne.

But there is still indeed a more weighty reason why the kings of this country have been always averse from executing so terrible an action, unless upon the utmost necessity: for if the town intended to be destroyed should have in it any tall rocks, as it generally falls out in the larger cities, a situation probably chosen at first with a view to prevent such a catastrophe; or if it abound in high spires, or pillars of stone, a sudden fall might endanger the bottom or under surface of the island; which although it consists, as I have said, of one entire adamant, two hundred yards thick, might happen to crack by too great a shock, or burst by approaching too near the fires from the houses below, as the backs both of iron and stone will often do in our chimnies. Of all this the people are well apprized, and understand how far to carry their obstinacy, where their liberty or property is concerned. And the king, when he is highest provoked, and most determined to press a city to rubbish, orders the island to descend with great gentleness, out of a pretence of tenderness to his people, but indeed for fear of breaking the adamantine bottom; in which case, it is the opinion of all their philosophers, that the load-stone could no longer hold it up, and the whole mass would fall to the ground.

By a fundamental law of this realm, neither the king, nor either of his two elder sons, are permitted to leave the island; nor the queen, till she is past child-bearing.

CHAP. IV.

THE AUTHOR LEAVES LAPUTA, IS CONVEYED TO BALNIBARBI, ARRIVES AT THE METROPOLIS—A

DESCRIPTION OF THE METROPOLIS, AND THE COUNTRY ADJOINING—THE AUTHOR HOSPITABLY RECEIVED BY A GREAT LORD—HIS CONVERSATION WITH THAT LORD.

ALTHOUGH I cannot say that I was ill-treated in this island, yet I must confess I thought myself too much neglected, not without some degree of contempt. For neither prince nor people appeared to be curious in any part of knowledge except mathematics and musick, wherein I was far their inferior, and upon that account very little regarded.

On the other side, after having seen all the curiosities of the island, I was very desirous to leave it, being heartily weary of those people. They were indeed excellent in two sciences for which I have great esteem, and wherein I am not unversed; but at the same time so abstracted and involved in speculation, that I never met with such disagreeable companions. I conversed only with women, tradesmen, flappers, and court-pages, during two months of my abode here, by which, at last, I rendered myself extremely contemptible, yet these were the only people from whom I could ever receive a reasonable answer.

I had obtained, by hard study, a good degree of knowledge in their language; I was weary of being confined to an island where I received so little countenance, and resolved to leave it with the first opportunity.

There was a great lord at court, nearly related to the king, and for that reason alone used with respect. He was universally reckoned the most ignorant and stupid person among them. He had performed many eminent services for the crown, had great natural and acquired parts, adorned with integrity and honour, but so ill an ear for musick, that his detractors reported he had been often known to beat time in the wrong place; neither could his tutors, without extreme difficulty, teach him to demonstrate the most easy proposition in the mathematics. He was pleased to shew me many marks of favour, often did me the honour of a visit, desired to be informed in the affairs of Europe, the laws and customs, the manners and learning, of the several countries where I had travelled. He listened to me with great attention, and made very wise observations on all I spoke. He had two flappers

pers attending him for state, but never made use of them, except at court and in visits of ceremony, and would always command them to withdraw when we were alone together.

I intreated this illustrious person to intercede in my behalf with his majesty for leave to depart; which he accordingly did, as he was pleased to tell me, with regret: for indeed he had made me several offers very advantageous, which however I refused with expressions of the highest acknowledgment.

On the 16th day of February I took leave of his majesty and the court. The king made me a present to the value of about two hundred pounds English, and my protector, his kinsman, as much more, together with a letter of recommendation to a friend of his in Lagado, the metropolis: the island being then hovering over a mountain about two miles from it, I was let down from the lowest gallery in the same manner as I had been taken up.

The continent, as far as it is subject to the monarch of the Flying Island, passes under the general name of Balnibarbi, and the metropolis, as I said before, is called Lagado. I felt some little satisfaction in finding myself on firm ground. I walked to the city without any concern, being clad like one of the natives, and sufficiently instructed to converse with them. I soon found out the person's house to whom I was recommended, presented my letter from his friend the grandee in the island, and was received with much kindness. This great lord, whose name was Munodi, ordered me an apartment in his own house, where I continued during my stay, and was entertained in a most hospitable manner.

The next morning after my arrival, he took me in his chariot to see the town, which is about half the bigness of London, but the houses very strangely built, and most of them out of repair. The people in the streets walked fast, looked wild, their eyes fixed, and were generally in rags. We passed through one of the town-gates, and went about three miles into the country, where I saw many labourers working with several sorts of tools in the ground, but was not able to conjecture what they were about; neither did I observe any expectation either of corn or grass, although the soil appeared to be excellent. I could not forbear admiring at these odd

appearances both in town and country, and I made bold to desire my conductor, that he would be pleased to explain to me what could be meant by so many busy heads, hands, and faces, both in the streets and the fields, because I did not discover any good effects they produced; but, on the contrary, I never knew a soil so unhappily cultivated, houses so ill contrived, and so ruinous, or a people whose countenances and habit expressed so much misery and want.

This Lord Munodi was a person of the first rank, and had been some years governor of Lagado; but by a cabal of ministers was discharged for insufficiency. However, the king treated him with tenderness, as a well-meaning man, but of a low contemptible understanding.

When I gave that free censure of the country, and its inhabitants, he made no farther answer, than by telling me that I had not been long enough among them to form a judgment, and that the different nations of the world had different customs; with other common topicks to the same purpose. But when we returned to his palace, he asked me how I liked the building, what absurdities I observed, and what quarrel I had with the dress and looks of his domesticks. This he might safely do, because every thing about him was magnificent, regular, and polite. I answered, that his excellency's prudence, quality, and fortune, had exempted him from those defects which folly and beggary had produced in others. He said, if I would go with him to his country house, about twenty miles distant, where his estate lay, there would be more leisure for this kind of conversation. I told his excellency, that I was entirely at his disposal; and accordingly we set out next morning.

During our journey, he made me observe the several methods used by farmers in managing their lands, which to me were wholly unaccountable; for, except in some very few places, I could not discover one ear of corn or blade of grass. But, in three hours travelling, the scene was wholly altered; we came into a most beautiful country; farmers houses at small distances, neatly built; the fields inclosed, containing vineyards, corn-grounds, and meadows. Neither do I remember to have seen a more delightful prospect. His excellency observed my countenance to clear up; he

told me with a sigh, that there his estate began, and would continue the same till we should come to his house; that his countrymen ridiculed and despised him for managing his affairs no better, and for setting so ill an example to the kingdom, which however was followed by very few, such as were old, and wilful, and weak, like himself.

We came at length to the house; which was indeed a noble structure, built according to the best rules of ancient architecture. The fountains, gardens, walks, avenues, and groves, were all disposed with exact judgment and taste. I gave due praises to every thing I saw; whereof his excellency took not the least notice till after supper, when, there being no third companion, he told me, with a very melancholy air, that he doubted he must throw down his houses in town and country, to rebuild them after the present mode, destroy all his plantations, and cast others in such a form as modern usage required, and give the same directions to all his tenants, unless he would submit to incur the censure of pride, singularity, affectation, ignorance, caprice, and perhaps increase his majesty's displeasure.

That the admiration I appeared to be under would cease or diminish, when he had informed me of some particulars, which probably I never heard of at court; the people there being too much taken up in their own speculations, to have regard to what passed here below.

The sum of his discourse was to this effect: that about forty years ago, certain persons went up to Laputa, either upon business or diversion, and after five months continuance, came back with a very little smattering in mathematics, but full of volatile spirits acquired in that airy region. That these persons upon their return began to dislike the management of every thing below, and fell into schemes of putting all arts, sciences, languages, and mechanicks upon a new foot. To this end, they procured a royal patent for erecting an academy of projectors in Lagado; and the humour prevailed so strongly among the people, that there is not a town of any consequence in the kingdom without such an academy. In these colleges, the professors contrive new rules and methods of Agriculture and building, and new instruments and tools for all trades and

manufactures; whereby, as they undertake, one man shall do the work of ten; a palace may be built in a week, of materials so durable, as to last for ever without repairing; all the fruits of the earth shall come to maturity at whatever season we think fit to chuse, and increase an hundred fold more than they do at present, with innumerable other happy proposals. The only inconvenience is, that none of these projects are yet brought to perfection, and in the mean time the whole country lies miserably waste, the houses in ruins, and the people without food or cloaths. By all which, instead of being discouraged, they are fifty times more violently bent upon prosecuting their schemes, driven equally on by hope and despair: that as for himself, being not of an enterprising spirit, he was content to go on in the old forms, to live in the houses his ancestors had built, and act as they did in every part of life without innovation; that some few other persons of quality and gentry had done the same, but were looked on with an eye of contempt and ill-will, as enemies to art, ignorant and ill commonwealthsmen, preferring their own ease and sloth before the general improvement of their country.

His lordship added, that he would not by any farther particulars prevent the pleasure I should certainly take in viewing the grand academy, whither he was resolved I should go. He only desired me to observe a ruined building upon the side of a mountain about three miles distant, of which he gave me this account: that he had a very convenient mill within half a mile of his house, turned by a current from a large river, and sufficient for his own family, as well as a great number of his tenants; that, about seven years ago, a club of those projectors came to him with proposals to destroy this mill, and build another on the side of that mountain, on the long ridge, whereof a long canal must be cut for a repository of water to be conveyed up by pipes and engines to supply the mill; because the wind and air upon an height agitated the water, and thereby made it fitter for motion; and because the water, descending down a declivity, would turn the mill with half the current of a river, whose course is more upon a level. He said, that being then not very well with the court, and pressed by many

ny of his friends, he complied with the proposal; and, after employing an hundred men for two years, the work miscarried, the projectors went off, laying the blame entirely upon him, railing at him ever since, and putting others upon the same experiment, with equal assurance of success, as well as equal disappointment.

In a few days we came back to town, and his excellency, considering the bad character he had in the academy, would not go with me himself, but recommended me to a friend of his to bear me company thither. My lord was pleased to represent me as a great admirer of projects, and a person of much curiosity and easy belief; which, indeed, was not without truth, for I had myself been a sort of projector in my younger days.

CHAP. V.

THE AUTHOR PERMITTED TO SEE
THE GRAND ACADEMY OF LAGADO—THE ACADEMY LARGELY
DESCRIBED—THE ARTS WHEREIN
THE PROFESSORS EMPLOY
THEMSELVES.

THIS academy is not an entire single building, but a continuation of several houses on both sides of a street, which growing waste was purchased and applied to that use.

I was received very kindly by the warden, and went for many days to the academy. Every room hath in it one or more projectors, and I believe I could not be in fewer than five hundred rooms.

The first man I saw was of a meagre aspect, with sooty hands and face, his hair and beard long, ragged, and singed in several places: his clothes, shirt, and skin, were all of the same colour. He had been eight years upon a project for extracting sun-beams out of cucumbers, which were to be put into vials hermetically sealed, and let out to warm the air in raw inclement summers. He told me, he did not doubt, in eight years more, he should be able to supply the governor's gardens with sunshine at a reasonable rate; but he complained that his stock was low, and intreated me to give him something as an encouragement to ingenuity, especially since this had been a very dear season for cucumbers. I made him a small present, for my lord had furnish-

ed me with money on purpose, because he knew their practice of begging from all who go to see them.

I went into another chamber; but was ready to hasten back, being almost overcome with a horrible stink. My conductor pressed me forward, conjuring me in a whisper to give no offence, which would be highly resented, and therefore I durst not so much as to stop my nose. The projector of this cell was the most ancient student of the academy: his face and beard were of a pale yellow, his hands and cloaths daubed over with filth. When I was presented to him, he gave me a very close embrace, (a compliment I could well have excused.) His employment, from his first coming into the academy, was an operation to reduce human excrement to it's original food, by separating the several parts, removing the tincture which it receives from the gall, making the ordure exhale, and scumming off the saliva. He had a weekly allowance from the society, of a vessel filled with human ordure, about the bigness of a Bristol barrel.

I saw another at work to calcine ice into gun-powder; who likewise shewed me a treatise he had written concerning the malleability of fire, which he intended to publish.

There was a most ingenious architect, who had contrived a new method for building houses, by beginning at the roof and working downwards to the foundation, which he justified to me by the like practice of those two prudent insects the bee and the spider.

There was a man born blind, who had several apprentices in his own condition: their employments was to mix colours for painters, which their master taught them to distinguish by feeling and smelling. It was indeed my misfortune to find them at that time not very perfect in their lessons, and the professor himself happened to be generally mistaken: this artist is much encouraged and esteemed by the whole fraternity.

In another apartment I was highly pleased with a projector, who had found a device of ploughing the ground with hogs to save the charges of ploughs, cattle, and labour. The method is this: in an acre of ground you bury at six inches distance, and eight deep, a quantity of acorns, dates, chefnuts, and other masts or vegetables, whereof
these

these animals are fondest; then you drive six hundred or more of them into the field, where in a few days they will root up the whole ground in search of their food, and make it fit for sowing, at the same time manuring it with their dung. It is true, upon experiment, they found the charge and trouble very great, and they had little or no crop: however, it is not doubted, that this invention may be capable of great improvement.

I went into another room where the walls and ceiling were all hung round with cobwebs, except a narrow passage for the artist to go in and out. At my entrance he called aloud to me not to disturb his webs. He lamented the fatal mistake the world had been so long in, of using silk-worms, while we had such plenty of domestick insects, who infinitely excelled the former, because they understood how to weave as well as spin. And he proposed farther, that, by employing spiders, the charge of dying silks would be wholly saved, whereof I was fully convinced, when he shewed me a vast number of flies most beautifully coloured, wherewith he fed his spiders, assuring us, that the webs would take a tincture from them; and as he had them of all hues, he hoped to fit every body's fancy as soon as he could find proper food for the flies of certain gums, oils, and other glutinous matter, to give a strength and consistence to the threads.

There was an astronomer who had undertaken to place a sun-dial upon the great weather-cock on the town-house, by adjusting the annual and diurnal motions of the earth and sun, so as to answer and coincide with all accidental turnings of the wind.

I was complaining of a small fit of the colick, upon which my conductor led me into a room, where a great physician resided, who was famous for curing that disease by contrary operations from the same instrument. He had a large pair of bellows, with a long slender muzzle of ivory. This he conveyed eight inches up the anus, and drawing in the wind, he affirmed he could make the guts as lank as a dried bladder. But when the disease was more stubborn and violent, he let in the muzzle, while the bellows were full of wind, which he discharged into the body of the patient, then withdrew the instrument to replenish it, clapping his

thumb strongly against the orifice of the fundament; and this being repeated three or four times, the adventitious wind would rush out, bringing the noxious along with it (like water put into a pump) and the patient recover. I saw him try both experiments upon a dog, but could not discern any effect from the former. After the latter, the animal was ready to burst, and made so violent a discharge, as was very offensive to me and my companions. The dog died on the spot, and we left the doctor endeavouring to recover him by the same operation.

I visited many other apartments, but shall not trouble my reader with all the curiosities I observed, being studious of brevity.

I had hitherto seen only one side of the academy, the other being appropriated to the advancers of speculative learning, of whom I shall say some thing when I have mentioned one illustrious person more, who is called among them *the universal artist*. He told us, he had been thirty years employing his thoughts for the improvement of human life. He had two large rooms full of wonderful curiosities, and fifty men at work. Some were condensing air into a dry tangible substance, by extracting the nitre, and letting the aqueous or fluid particles percolate; others softening marble for pillows and pincushions, others petrifying the hoofs of a living horse to preserve them from foundering. The artist himself was at that time busy upon two great designs: the first to sow land with chaff, wherein he affirmed the true seminal virtue to be contained, as he demonstrated by several experiments, which I was not skillful enough to comprehend; the other was, by a certain composition of gums, minerals, and vegetables outwardly applied, to prevent the growth of wool upon two young lambs, and he hoped in a reasonable time to propagate the breed of naked sheep all over the kingdom.

We crossed a walk to the other part of the academy, where, as I have already said, the projectors in speculative learning resided.

The first professor I saw was in a very large room, with forty pupils about him. After salutation, observing me to look earnestly upon a frame, which took up the greatest part of both the length and breadth of the room, he

said

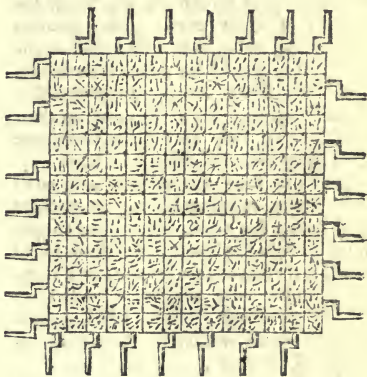
said perhaps I might wonder to see him employed in a project for improving speculative knowledge by practical and mechanical operations. But the world would soon be sensible of it's usefulness, and he flattered himself that a more noble exalted thought never sprung in any other man's head. Every one knew how laborious the usual method is of attaining to arts and sciences; whereas by his contrivance the most ignorant person, at a reasonable charge, and with a little bodily labour, may write books in philosophy, poetry, politics, law, mathematicks, and theology, without the least assistance from genius or study. He then led me to the frame, about the sides whereof all his pupils stood in ranks. It was twenty feet square, placed in the middle of the room. The superficies was composed of several bits of wood, about the bigness of a dye, but some larger than others. They were all linked together by slender wires. These bits of wood were covered on every square with paper pasted on them, and on these papers were written all the words of their language in their several moods, tenses, and declensions, but without any order. The professor then desired me to observe, for he was going to set his engine at work. The pupils at his command took each of them hold of an iron handle, whereof there were forty fixed round the edges of the frame; and giving them a sudden turn, the whole disposition of the words was entirely changed. He then commanded six and thirty of the lads to read the several lines softly as they appeared upon the frame; and where they found three or four words together that might make part of a sentence, they dictated to the four remaining boys, who were scribes. This work was repeated three or four times, and at every turn the engine was so contrived, that the words shifted into new places, as the square bits of wood moved upside down.

Six hours a day the young students were employed in this labour, and the professor shewed me several volumes in large folio already collected, of broken sentences, which he intended to piece together, and out of those rich materials to give the world a compleat body of all arts and sciences; which, however, might be still improved, and much expedited, if the public would raise a fund for making and employing five

hundred such frames in Lagado, and oblige the managers to contribute in common their several collections.

He assured me, that this invention had employed all his thoughts from his youth, that he had emptied the whole vocabulary into his frame, and made the strictest computation of the general proportion there is in books between the numbers of particles, nouns, and verbs, and other parts of speech.

I made my humblest acknowledgment to this illustrious person for his great communicativeness, and promised, if ever I had the good fortune to return to my native country, that I would do him justice, as the sole inventor of this wonderful machine; the form and contrivance of which I desired leave to delineate upon paper, as in the figure here annexed. I told him, although it were the custom of our learned in Europe to steal inventions from each other, who had thereby at least this advantage, that it became a controversy which was the right owner, yet I would take such caution, that he should have the honour entire without a rival.



We next went to the school of languages, where three professors sat in consultation upon improving that of their own country.

The first project was to shorten discourse, by cutting polysyllables into one, and leaving out verbs and participles, because in reality all things imaginable are but nouns.

The other was a scheme for entirely abolishing all words whatsoever; and this was urged as a great advantage in point of health as well as brevity. For it is plain, that every word we speak is in some degree a diminution of our lungs

lungs by corrosion, and consequently contributes to the shortening of our lives. An expedient was therefore offered, that since words are only names for *things*, it would be more convenient for all men to carry about them such *things* as were necessary to express the particular business they are to discourse on. And this invention would certainly have taken place, to the great ease as well as health of the subject, if the women, in conjunction with the vulgar and illiterate, had not threatened to raise a rebellion, unless they might be allowed the liberty to speak with their tongues, after the manner of their ancestors; such constant irreconcilable enemies to science are the common people. However, many of the most learned and wise adhere to the new scheme of expressing themselves by *things*; which hath only this inconvenience attending it, that if a man's business be very great, and of various kinds, he must be obliged in proportion to carry a great bundle of *things* upon his back, unless he can afford one or two strong servants to attend him. I have often beheld two of those sages almost sinking under the weight of their packs, like pedlars among us; who, when they met in the streets, would lay down their loads, open their sacks, and hold conversation for an hour together; then put up their implements, help each other to resume their burdens, and take their leave.

But for short conversations, a man may carry implements in his pockets, and under his arms, enough to supply him, and in his house he cannot be at a loss: therefore the room where company meet, who practise this art, is full of all *things* ready at hand, requisite to furnish matter for this kind of artificial converse.

Another great advantage proposed by this invention, was, that it would serve as an universal language to be understood in all civilized nations, whose goods and utensils are generally of the same kind, or nearly resembling, so that their uses might easily be comprehended. And thus ambassadors would be qualified to treat with foreign princes or ministers of state, to whose tongues they were utter strangers.

I was at the mathematical school, where the master taught his pupils after a method scarce imaginable to us in Europe. The proposition and demonstration were fairly written on a thin

wafer, with ink composed of a cephalick tincture. This the student was to swallow upon a fasting stomach, and for three days following eat nothing but bread and water. As the wafer digested, the tincture mounted to his brain, bearing the proposition along with it. But the success hath not hitherto been answerable, partly by some error in the quantum or composition, and partly by the perverseness of lads, to whom this bolus is so nauseous, that they generally steal aside, and discharge it upwards before it can operate; neither have they been yet persuaded to use so long an abstinence as the prescription requires.

CHAP. VI.

A FARTHER ACCOUNT OF THE ACADEMY—THE AUTHOR PROPOSES SOME IMPROVEMENTS, WHICH ARE HONOURABLY RECEIVED.

IN the school of political projectors I was but ill entertained, the professors appearing, in my judgment, wholly out of their senses, which is a scene that never fails to make me melancholy. These unhappy people were proposing schemes for persuading monarchs to chuse favourites upon the score of their wisdom, capacity and virtue; of teaching ministers to consult the publick good; of rewarding merit, great abilities, and eminent services; of instructing princes to know their true interest, by placing it on the same foundation with that of their people: of chusing for employments persons qualified to exercise them, with many other wild impossible chimæras, that never entered before into the heart of man to conceive, and confirmed in me the old observation, that there is nothing so extravagant and irrational which some philosophers have not maintained for truth.

But, however, I shall so far do justice to this part of the academy, as to acknowledge that all of them were not so visionary. There was a most ingenious doctor who seemed to be perfectly versed in the whole nature and system of government. This illustrious person had very usefully employed his studies in finding out effectual remedies for all diseases and corruptions, to which

which the several kinds of publick administration are subject by the vices or infirmities of those who govern, as well as by the licentiousness of those who are to obey. For instance: whereas all writers and reasoners have agreed, that there is a strict universal resemblance between the natural and the political body; can there be any thing more evident, than that the health of both must be preserved, and the diseases cured by the same prescriptions? It is allowed, that senates and great councils are often troubled with redundant, ebullient, and other peccant humours, with many diseases of the head, and more of the heart; with strong convulsions, with grievous contractions of the nerves and sinews in both hands, but especially the right; with spleen, flatulency, vertigos, and deliriums; with scrophulous tumours full of foetid purulent matter; with sour frothy rustations, with canine appetites and crudeness of digestion, besides many others needless to mention. This doctor therefore proposed, that, upon the meeting of a senate, certain physicians should attend at the three first days of their sitting; and, at the close of each day's debate, feel the pulses of every senator; after which, having maturely considered, and consulted upon the nature of the several maladies, and the methods of cure, they should, on the fourth day, return to the senate-house, attended by their apothecaries, stored with proper medicines; and, before the members sat, administer to each of them lenitives, aperitives, abstersives, corrosives, restrungents, palliatives, laxatives, cephalalgicks, ietericks, apophlegmaticks, acousticks, as their several cases required; and according as these medicines should operate, repeat, alter, or omit them, at the next meeting.

This project could not be of any great expence to the publick, and might, in my poor opinion, be of much use for the dispatch of business in those countries where senates have any share in the legislative power, beget unanimity, shorten debates, open a few mouths which are now closed, and close many more which are now open; curb the petulance of the young, and correct the positiveness of the old; rouse the stupid, and damp the pert.

Again, because it is a general complaint that the favourites of princes are

troubled with short and weak memories, the same doctor proposed, that whoever attended a first-minister, after having told his business with the utmost brevity, and in the plainest words, should at his departure give the said minister a tweak by the nose, or a kick in the belly, or tread on his corns, or lug him thrice by both ears, or run a pin into his breech, or pinch his arm black and blue, to prevent forgetfulness; and at every levee-day repeat the same operation, till the business were done or absolutely refused.

He likewise directed, that every senator in the great council of a nation, after he had delivered his opinion, and argued in the defence of it, should be obliged to give his vote directly contrary; because if that were done, the result would infallibly terminate in the good of the publick.

When parties in a state are violent, he offered a wonderful contrivance to reconcile them. The method is this: You take an hundred leaders of each party, you dispose them into couples of such whose heads are nearest of a size; then let two nice operators saw off the *occiput* of each couple at the same time, in such a manner that the brain may be equally divided. Let the *occiputs* thus cut off be interchanged, applying each to the head of his opposite party-man. It seems, indeed, to be a work that requireth some exactness, but the professor assured us, that, if it were dexterously performed, the cure would be infallible. For he argued thus; that the two half brains being left to debate the matter between themselves within the space of one skull, would soon come to a good understanding, and produce that moderation as well as regularity of thinking, so much to be wished for in the heads of those who imagine they come into the world only to watch and govern it's motion: and as to the difference of brains in quantity or quality, among those who are directors in faction, the doctor assured us from his own knowledge, that it was a perfect trifle.

I heard a very warm debate between two professors, about the most commodious and effectual ways and means of raising money without grieving the subject. The first affirmed the justest method would be to lay a certain tax upon vices and folly, and the sum fixed upon every man to be rated after the fairest manner by a jury of his neighbours.

bours. The second was of an opinion directly contrary, to tax those qualities of body and mind for which men chiefly value themselves, the rate to be more or less according to the degrees of excelling, the decision whereof should be left entirely to their own breast. The highest tax was upon men who are the greatest favourites of the other sex, and the assessments according to the number and nature of the favours they have received; for which they are allowed to be their own vouchers. Wit, valour, and politeness, were likewise proposed to be largely taxed, and collected in the same manner, by every person giving his own word for the quantum of what he possessed. But as to honour, justice, wisdom, and learning, they should not be taxed at all, because they are qualifications of so singular a kind, that no man will either allow them in his neighbour, or value them in himself.

The women were proposed to be taxed according to their beauty and skill in dressing, wherein they had the same privilege with the men, to be determined by their own judgment. But constancy, chastity, good sense, and good nature, were not rated, because they would not bear the charge of collecting.

To keep senators in the interest of the crown, it was proposed that the members should raffle for employments, every man first taking an oath, and giving security, that he would vote for the court, whether he won or no; after which the losers had in their turn the liberty of raffling upon the next vacancy. Thus hope and expectation would be kept alive, none would complain of broken promises, but impute their disappointments wholly to fortune, whose shoulders are broader and stronger than those of a ministry.

Another professor shewed me a large paper of instructions for discovering plots and conspiracies against the government. He advised great statesmen to examine into the diet of all suspected persons; their times of eating; upon which side they lay in bed; with which hand they wiped their posteriors; to take a strict view of their excrements, and from the colour, the ordure, the taste, the consistence, the crudeness, or maturity of digestion, form a judgment of their thoughts and designs; because

men are never so serious, thoughtful, and intent, as when they are at stool, which he found by frequent experiment. For in such conjunctures, when he used merely as a trial to consider which was the best way of murdering the king, his ordure would have a tincture of green; but quite different when he thought only of raising an insurrection, or burning the metropolis.

The whole discourse was written with great acuteness, containing many observations both curious and useful for politicians; but, as I conceived, not altogether compleat. This I ventured to tell the author, and offered if he pleased to supply him with some additions. He received my proposition with more compliance than is usual among writers, especially those of the projecting species, professing he would be glad to receive farther information.

I told him, that, should I happen to live in a kingdom where plots and conspiracies were either in vogue from the turbulency of the meaner people, or could be turned to the use and service of the higher rank of them, I first would take care to cherish and encourage the breed of discoverers, witnesses, informers, accusers, prosecutors, evidences, swearers, together with their several subservient and subaltern instruments; and, when I had got a competent number of them of all sorts and capacities, I would put them under the colour and conduct of some dextrous persons in sufficient power both to protect and reward them. Men thus qualified, and thus empowered, might make a most excellent use and advantage of plots; they might raise their own characters, and pass for most profound politicians; they might restore new vigour to a crazy administration; they might stifle or divert general discontents; fill their pockets with forfeitures; and advance or sink the opinion of public credit, as either might answer their private advantage. This might be done by first agreeing and settling among themselves what suspected persons should be accused of a plot. Then effectual care is taken to secure all their letters and papers, and put the criminal in safe and secure custody. These papers might be delivered to a set of artists of dexterity sufficient to find out the mysterious meanings of words, syllables, and letters. They should be
allowed

allowed to put what interpretation they pleased upon them, giving them a sense not only which hath no relation at all to them, but even what is quite contrary to their true intent and real meaning: thus, for instance, they may, if they so fancy, interpret a sieve to signify a court-lady; a lame dog *, an invader; the plague, a standing army; a buzzard, a great statesman; the gout, a high priest; a chamber-pot, a committee of grandees; a broom, a revolution; a mousetrap, an employment; a bottomless pit, a treasury; a sink, a court; a cap and bells, a favourite; a broken reed, a court of justice; an empty tun, a general; a running sore, an administration.

But, should this method fail, recourse might be had to others more effectual, by learned men called *acrostick*s and *anagrams*. First, might be found men of skill and penetration, who can discern that all initial letters have political meanings; thus, *N.* shall signify a plot; *B.* a regiment of horse; *L.* a fleet at sea:—or, secondly, by transposing the letters of the alphabet in any suspected paper, who can discover the deepest designs of a discontented party; so, for example, if I should say in a letter to a friend, *Our brother Tom has just got the piles*, a man of skill in this art would discover how the same letters which compose that sentence may be analysed into the following words; *Resist—a plot is brought home—The Tour*; and this is the anagrammatick method.

The professor made me great acknowledgements for communicating these observations, and promised to make honourable mention of me in his treatise.

I saw nothing in this country that could invite me to a longer continuance, and began to think of returning home to England.

CHAP. VII.

THE AUTHOR LEAVES LAGADO,
ARRIVES AT MALDONADA—NO
SHIP READY—HE TAKES A SHORT
VOYAGE TO GLUBDUBDRIBB—
HIS RECEPTION BY THE GOVERNOR.

THE continent, of which this kingdom was a part, extends itself, as I have reason to believe, eastward to

that unknown tract of America, westward of California, and north to the Pacifick Ocean, which is not above an hundred and fifty miles from Lagado, where there is a good port, and much commerce with the great island of Luggnagg, situated to the north-west about 29 degrees north latitude, and 140 longitude. This island of Luggnagg stands south-eastward of Japan, about an hundred leagues distant. There is a strict alliance between the Japanese emperor and the king of Luggnagg, which affords frequent opportunities of sailing from one island to the other. I determined therefore to direct my course this way, in order to my return to Europe. I hired two mules with a guide to shew me the way, and carry my small baggage. I took leave of my noble protector, who had shewn me so much favour, and he made me a generous present at my departure.

My journey was without any accident or adventure worth relating. When I arrived at the port of Maldonada, (for so it is called) there was no ship in the harbour bound for Luggnagg, nor like to be in some time. The town is about as large as Portsmouth. I soon fell into some acquaintance, and was very hospitably received. A gentleman of distinction said to me, that since the ships bound for Luggnagg could not be ready in less than a month, it might be no disagreeable amusement for me to take a trip to the little island of Glubbdubdrigg, about five leagues off to the south-west. He offered himself and a friend to accompany me, and that I should be provided with a small convenient bark for the voyage.

Glubbdubdrigg, as nearly as I can interpret the word, signifies the island of *sorcerers* or *magicians*. It is about one third as large as the Isle of Wight, and extremely fruitful: it is governed by the head of a certain tribe, who are all magicians. This tribe marries only among each other, and the eldest in succession is prince or governor. He hath a noble palace, and a park of about three thousand acres, surrounded by a wall of hewn stone twenty feet high. In this park are several smaller inclosures for cattle, corn, and gardening.

* See the proceedings against Dr. Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, State Trials, vol. vi.

The governor and his family are served and attended by domesticks of a kind somewhat unusual. By his skill in necromancy, he hath a power of calling whom he pleaseth from the dead, and commanding their service for twenty-four hours, but no longer; nor can he call the same person up again in less than three months, except upon very extraordinary occasions.

When we arrived at the island, which was about eleven in the morning, one of the gentlemen who accompanied me went to the governor, and desired admittance for a stranger, who came on purpose to have the honour of attending on his highness. This was immediately granted, and we all three entered the gate of the palace between two rows of guards, armed and dressed after a very antick manner, and something in their countenances that made my flesh creep with a horror I cannot express. We passed through several apartments between servants of the same sort, ranked on each side as before, till we came to the chamber of presence, where, after three profound obeisances, and a few general questions, we were permitted to sit on three stools near the lowest step of his highness's throne. He understood the language of Balnibarbi, although it were different from that of his island. He desired me to give him some account of my travels; and to let me see that I should be treated without ceremony, he dismissed all his attendants with a turn of his finger; at which, to my great astonishment, they vanished in an instant like visions in a dream, when we awoke on a sudden. I could not recover myself in some time, till the governor assured me that I should receive no hurt; and observing my two companions to be under no concern, who had been often entertained in the same manner, I began to take courage, and related to his highness a short history of my several adventures, yet not without some hesitation, and frequently looking behind me to the place where I had seen those domestick spectres. I had the honour to dine with the governor, where a new set of ghosts served up the meat, and waited at table. I now observed myself to be less terrified than I had been in the morning. I staid till sun-set, but humbly desired his highness to excuse me for not accepting his invitation of lodging in the palace. My

two friends and I lay at a private house in the town adjoining, which is the capital of this little island; and the next morning we returned to pay our duty to the governor, as he was pleased to command us.

After this manner we continued in the island for ten days, most part of every day with the governor, and at night in our lodging. I soon grew so familiarized to the sight of spirits, that after the third or fourth time they gave me no emotion at all; or if I had any apprehensions left, my curiosity prevailed over them. For his highness the governor ordered me to call up whatever persons I would chuse to name, and in whatever numbers, among all the dead from the beginning of the world to the present time, and command them to answer any question I should think fit to ask, with this condition, that my questions must be confined within the compass of the times they lived in. And one thing I might depend upon, that they would certainly tell me truth, for lying was a talent of no use in the lower world.

I made my humble acknowledgments to his highness for so great a favour. We were in a chamber, from whence there was a fair prospect into the park. And, because my first inclination was to be entertained with scenes of pomp and magnificence, I desired to see Alexander the Great at the head of his army just after the battle of Arbela; which upon a motion of the governor's finger immediately appeared in a large field under the window where we stood. Alexander was called up into the room: it was with great difficulty that I understood his Greek, and had but little of my own. He assured me upon his honour that he was not poisoned, but died of a fever by excessive drinking.

Next I saw Hannibal passing the Alps, who told me he had not a drop of vinegar in his camp.

I saw Cæsar and Pompey at the head of their troops just ready to engage. I saw the former in his last great triumph. I desired that the senate of Rome might appear before me in one large chamber, and an assembly of somewhat a later age, in counterview in another. The first seemed to be an assembly of heroes and demi-gods; the other, a knot of pedlars, pick-pockets, highwaymen, and bullies.

The governor, at my request, gave the sign for Cæsar and Brutus to advance towards us. I was struck with a profound veneration at the sight of Brutus, and could easily discover the most consummate virtue, the greatest intrepidity and firmness of mind, the truest love of his country, and general benevolence for mankind in every lineament of his countenance. I observed with much pleasure, that these two persons were in good intelligence with each other, and Cæsar freely confessed to me, that the greatest actions of his own life were not equal by many degrees to the glory of taking it away. I had the honour to have much conversation with Brutus; and was told that his ancestors Junius, Socrates, Epaminondas, Cato the Younger, Sir Thomas More, and himself, were perpetually together: a *sexumviratè* to which all the ages of the world cannot add a seventh.

It would be tedious to trouble the reader with relating what vast numbers of illustrious persons were called up to gratify that insatiable desire I had to see the world in every period of antiquity placed before me. I chiefly fed mine eyes with beholding the destroyers of tyrants and usurpers, and the restorers of liberty to oppressed and injured nations. But it is impossible to express the satisfaction I received in my own mind, after such a manner as to make a suitable entertainment to the reader.

CHAP. VIII.

A FARTHER ACCOUNT OF GLUBB-DUBDRIBB—ANCIENT AND MODERN HISTORY CORRECTED.

HAVING a desire to see those ancients who were most renowned for wit and learning, I set apart one day on purpose. I proposed that Homer and Aristotle might appear at the head of all their commentators; but these were so numerous that some hundreds were forced to attend in the court and outward rooms of the palace. I knew, and could distinguish those two heroes at first sight, not only from the crowd but from each other. Homer was the taller and comelier person of the two, walked very erect for one of his age, and his eyes were the most quick and piercing I ever beheld. Aristotle stooped

much, and made use of a staff. His visage was meagre, his hair lank and thin, and his voice hollow. I soon discovered that both of them were perfect strangers to the rest of the company, and had never seen or heard of them before. And I had a whisper from a ghost, who shall be nameless, that these commentators always kept in the most distant quarters from their principals in the lower world, through a consciousness of shame and guilt, because they had so horribly misrepresented the meaning of those authors to posterity. I introduced Didymus and Eustathius to Homer, and prevailed on him to treat them better than perhaps they deserved; for he soon found they wanted a genius to enter into the spirit of a poet. But Aristotle was out of all patience with the account I gave him of Scotus and Ramus, as I presented them to him; and he asked them, whether the rest of the tribe were as great dunces as themselves.

I then desired the governor to call up Descartes and Gassendi, with whom I prevailed to explain their systems to Aristotle. This great philosopher freely acknowledged his own mistakes in natural philosophy, because he proceeded in many things upon conjecture, as all men must do; and he found that Gassendi, who had made the doctrine of Epicurus as palatable as he could, and the Vortices of Descartes, were equally to be exploded. He predicted the same fate to attraction, whereof the present learned were such zealous assertors. He said, that new systems of nature were but new fashions, which would vary in every age; and even those who pretend to demonstrate them from mathematical principles, would flourish but a short period of time, and be out of vogue when that was determined.

I spent five days in conversing with many others of the ancient learned. I saw most of the first Roman emperors. I prevailed on the governor to call up Eliogabalus's cooks to dress us a dinner; but they could not shew us much of their skill for want of materials. A helot of Agefilaus made us a dish of Spartan broth; but I was not able to get down a second spoonful.

The two gentlemen who conducted me to the island, were pressed by their private affairs to return in three days, which I employed in seeing some of the modern dead, who had made the greatest

figure for two or three hundred years past in our own and other countries of Europe; and having been always a great admirer of old illustrious families, I desired the governor would call up a dozen or two of kings, with their ancestors, in order, for eight or nine generations. But my disappointment was grievous and unexpected: for instead of a long train with royal diadems, I saw in one family two fiddlers, three spruce courtiers, and an Italian prelate. In another a barber, an abbot, and two cardinals. I have too great a veneration for crowned heads to dwell any longer on so nice a subject. But as to counts, marquisses, dukes, earls, and the like, I was not so scrupulous. And I confess it was not without some pleasure that I found myself able to trace the particular features by which certain families are distinguished, up to their originals. I could plainly discover from whence one family derives a long chin, why a second hath abounded with knaves for two generations, and fools for two more; why a third happened to be crack-brained, and a fourth to be sharpers. Whence it came, what Polydore Virgil says of a certain great house; *Nec vir fortis, nec fœmina casta*. How cruelty, falshood, and cowardice, grew to be the characteristicks by which certain families are distinguished as much as by their coats of arms. Who first brought the pox into a noble house, which has lineally descended in scrophulous tumours to their posterity. Neither could I wonder at all this; when I saw such an interruption of lineages, by pages, lacquies, valets, coachmen, gamesters, captains, and pick-pockets.

I was chiefly disgusted with modern history. For, having strictly examined all the persons of greatest name in the courts of princes for an hundred years past, I found how the world had been misled by prostitute writers to ascribe the greatest exploits in war to cowards, the wisest counsel to fools, sincerity to flatterers, Roman virtue to betrayers of their country, piety to atheists, chastity to sodomites, truth to informers. How many innocent and excellent persons had been condemned to death or banishment, by the practising of great ministers upon the corruption of judges, and the malice of faction. How many villains had been exalted to the highest

places of trust, power, dignity, and profit. How great a share in the motions and events of courts, councils, and senates, might be challenged by bawds, whores, pimps, parasites, and buffoons. How low an opinion I had of human wisdom and integrity, when I was truly informed of the springs and motives of great enterprizes and revolutions in the world, and of the contemptible accidents to which they owed their success!

Here I discovered the roguery and ignorance of those who pretend to write anecdotes, or secret history; who send so many kings to their graves with a cup of poison; will repeat the discourse between a prince and chief minister, where no witness was by; unlock the thoughts and cabinets of ambassadors and secretaries of state, and have the perpetual misfortune to be mistaken. Here I discovered the true causes of many great events that have surprized the world; how a whore can govern the back-stairs, the back-stairs a council, and the council a senate. A general confessed in my presence, that he got a victory purely by the force of cowardice and ill conduct: and an admiral, that for want of proper intelligence, he beat the enemy to whom he intended to betray the fleet. Three kings protested to me, that in their whole reigns they did never once prefer any person of merit, unless by mistake, or treachery of some minister in whom they confided: neither would they do it, if they were to live again; and they shewed with great strength of reason, that the royal throne could not be supported without corruption, because that positive, confident, reftive temper, which virtue infused into man, was a perpetual clog to publick business.

I had the curiosity to enquire in a particular manner, by what method great numbers had procured to themselves high titles of honour, and prodigious estates; and I confined my enquiry to a very modern period; however, without grating upon present times, because I would be sure to give no offence even to foreigners (for I hope the reader need not be told that I do not in the least intend my own country in what I say upon this occasion) a great number of persons concerned were called up, and upon a very slight examination discovered such a scene of infamy, that I cannot

cannot reflect upon it without some seriousness. Perjury, oppression, subornation, fraud, pandarism, and the like *infirmities* were amongst the most excusable arts they had to mention, and for these I gave, as it was reasonable, great allowance. But when some confessed they owed their greatness and wealth to sodomy or incest; others to the prostituting of their own wives and daughters; others to the betraying their country or their prince; some to poisoning, more to the perverting of justice, in order to destroy the innocent: I hope I may be pardoned, if these discoveries inclined me a little to abate of that profound veneration which I am naturally apt to pay to persons of high rank, who ought to be treated with the utmost respect due to their sublime dignity, by us their inferiors.

I had often read of some great services done to princes and states, and desired to see the persons by whom these services were performed. Upon enquiry, I was told that their names were to be found on no record, except a few of them whom history hath represented as the vilest rogues and traitors. As to the rest, I had never once heard of them. They all appeared with dejected looks, and in the meanest habit, most of them telling me they died in poverty and disgrace, and the rest on a scaffold or a gibbet.

Among the rest, there was one person whose case appeared a little singular. He had a youth about eighteen years old standing by his side. He told me he had for many years been commander of a ship, and in the sea-fight at Actium, had the good fortune to break through the enemy's great line of battle, sink three of their capital ships, and take a fourth, which was the sole cause of Antony's flight, and of the victory that ensued; that the youth standing by him, his only son, was killed in the action. He added, that upon the confidence of some merit, the war being at an end, he went to Rome, and solicited at the court of Augustus to be preferred to a greater ship, whose commander had been killed; but without any regard to his pretensions, it was given to a youth who had never seen the sea, the son of Libertina, who waited on one of the emperor's mistresses. Returning back to his own vessel, he was charged with

neglect of duty, and the ship given to a favourite page of Publicola, the vice-admiral; whereupon he retired to a poor farm, at a great distance from Rome, and there ended his life. I was so curious to know the truth of this story, that I desired Agrippa might be called, who was admiral in that fight. He appeared, and confirmed the whole account, but with much more advantage to the captain, whose modesty had extenuated or concealed a great part of his merit.

I was surprized to find corruption grown so high and so quick in that empire, by the force of luxury so lately introduced, which made me less wonder at many parallel cases in other countries, where vices of all kinds have reigned so much longer, and where the whole praise as well as pillage hath been engrossed by the chief commander, who perhaps had the least title to either.

As every person called up made exactly the same appearance he had done in the world, it gave me melancholy reflections, to observe how much the race of human kind was degenerated among us, within these hundred years past. How the pox, under all its consequences and denominations, had altered every lineament of an English countenance, shortened the size of bodies, unbraced the nerves, relaxed the sinews and muscles, introduced a sallow complexion, and rendered the flesh loose and rancid.

I descended so low, as to desire that some English yeomen of the old stamp might be summoned to appear, once so famous for the simplicity of their manners, diet, and dress, for justice in their dealings, for their true spirit of liberty, for their valour and love of their country. Neither could I be wholly unmoved, after comparing the living with the dead, when I considered how all these pure native virtues were prostituted for a piece of money by their grand-children, who in selling their votes, and managing at elections, have acquired every vice and corruption that can possibly be learned in a court.

CHAP. IX.

THE AUTHOR'S RETURN TO MALDONADA—SAILS TO THE KINGDOM OF LUGGNAGG—THE AUTHOR CONFINED

CONFINED—HE IS SENT FOR TO COURT—THE MANNER OF HIS ADMITTANCE—THE KING'S GREAT LENITY TO HIS SUBJECTS.

THE day of our departure being come, I took leave of his highness, the governor of Glubbudbrib, and returned with my two companions to Maldonada, where, after a fortnight's waiting, a ship was ready to sail for Luggnagg. The two gentlemen, and some others, were so generous and kind as to furnish me with provisions, and see me on board. I was a month in this voyage. We had one violent storm, and were under a necessity of steering westward to get into the trade-wind, which holds for above sixty leagues. On the 21st of April 1708, we sailed into the river Clumegnig, which is a sea-port town, at the south-east point of Luggnagg. We cast anchor within a league of the town, and made a signal for a pilot. Two of them came on board in less than half an hour, by whom we were guided between certain shoals and rocks, which are very dangerous in a passage to a large bason, where a fleet may ride in safety within a cable's length of the town-wall.

Some of our sailors, whether out of treachery or inadvertence, had informed the pilots that I was a stranger, and a great traveller whereof these gave notice to a custom-house officer, by whom I was examined very strictly upon my landing. This officer spoke to me in the language of Balnibarbi, which by the force of much commerce is generally understood in that town, especially by seamen, and those employed in the customs. I gave him a short account of some particulars, and made my story as plausible and consistent as I could; but I thought it necessary to disguise my country, and call myself an Hollander, because my intentions were for Japan, and I knew the Dutch were the only Europeans permitted to enter into that kingdom. I therefore told the officer, that having been shipwrecked on the coast of Balnibarbi, and cast on a rock, I was received up into Laputa, or the flying island, (of which he had often heard) and was now endeavouring to get to Japan, from whence I might find a convenience of returning

to my own country. The officer said, I must be confined till he could receive orders from court, for which he would write immediately, and hoped to receive an answer in a fortnight. I was carried to a convenient lodging, with a sentry placed at the door; however, I had the liberty of a large garden, and was treated with humanity enough, being maintained all the time at the king's charge. I was invited by several persons, chiefly out of curiosity, because it was reported that I came from countries very remote, of which they had never heard.

I hired a young man, who came in the same ship, to be an interpreter; he was a native of Luggnagg, but had lived some years at Maldonada, and was a perfect master of both languages. By his assistance I was able to hold a conversation with those who came to visit me; but this consisted only of their questions and my answers.

The dispatch came from court about the time we expected. It contained a warrant for conducting me and my retinue to Traldragdubb or Trildrogdrib, for it is pronounced both ways as near as I can remember, by a party of ten horse. All my retinue was that poor lad for an interpreter, whom I persuaded into my service; and, at my humble request, we had each of us a mule to ride on. A messenger was dispatched half a day's journey before us, to give the king notice of my approach, and to desire that his majesty would please to appoint a day and hour, when it would be his gracious pleasure that I might have the honour to *lick the dust before his footstool*. This is the court stile, and I found it to be more than matter of form. For upon my admittance two days after my arrival, I was commanded to crawl upon my belly, and lick the floor as I advanced; but on account of my being a stranger, care was taken to have it swept so clean, that the dust was not offensive. However this was a peculiar grace, not allowed to any but persons of the highest rank, when they desire an admittance. Nay, sometimes the floor is strewn with dust on purpose, when the person to be admitted happens to have powerful enemies at court. And I have seen a great lord with his mouth so crammed, that when he had crept to the proper distance from the throne, he was not able

able to speak a word. Neither is there any remedy, because it is capital for those who receive an audience to spit or wipe their mouths in his majesty's presence. There is indeed another custom, which I cannot altogether approve of. When the king hath a mind to put any of his nobles to death in a gentle indulgent manner, he commands to have the floor strewed with a certain brown powder, of a deadly composition, which being licked up, infallibly kills him in twenty-four hours. But injustice to this prince's great clemency, and the care he hath of his subjects' lives, (wherein it were much to be wished that the monarchs of Europe would imitate him) it must be mentioned for his honour, that strict orders are given to have the infected parts of the floor well washed after every such execution; which, if his domesticks neglect, they are in danger of incurring his royal displeasure. I myself heard him give directions, that one of his pages should be whipt, whose turn it was to give notice about washing the floor after an execution, but maliciously had omitted it; by which neglect, a young lord of great hopes coming to an audience, was unfortunately poisoned, although the king at that time had no design against his life. But this good prince was so gracious, as to forgive the poor page his whipping, upon promise that he would do so no more, without special orders.

To return from this digression; when I had crept within four yards of the throne, I raised myself gently upon my knees, and then striking my forehead seven times on the ground, I pronounced the following words, as they had been taught me night before, '*Ick-pling glossthrobb squutserumm bliöþ mlasfnalt, zwin tnodbalkguffh stbiop had gurdlubbb asbt.*' This is the compliment established by the laws of the land for all persons admitted to the king's presence. It may be rendered into English thus: 'May your celestial majesty out-live the sun, eleven moons and an half!' To this the king returned some answer, which although I could not understand, yet I replied as I had been directed: '*Fluft drin yalerick dawuldom prastrad mir-push;*' which properly signifies, 'My tongue is in the mouth of my friend;' and by this expression was meant, that

I desired leave to bring my interpreter; whereupon the young man already mentioned was accordingly introduced, by whose intervention I answered as many questions as his majesty could put in above an hour. I spoke in the Balnibarbian tongue, and my interpreter delivered my meaning in that of Luggnagg.

The king was much delighted with my company, and ordered his *bliff-marklub*, or high chamberlain, to appoint a lodging in the court for me and my interpreter, with a daily allowance for my table, and a large purse of gold for my common expences.

I stayed three months in this country out of perfect obedience to his majesty, who was pleased highly to favour me, and made me very honourable offers; but I thought it more consistent with prudence and justice to pass the remainder of my days with my wife and family.

CHAP. X.

THE LUGGNAGGIANS COMMENDED
—A PARTICULAR DESCRIPTION
OF THE STRULDBRUGGS—WITH
MANY CONVERSATIONS BE-
TWEEN THE AUTHOR AND SOME
EMINENT PERSONS UPON THAT
SUBJECT.

THE Luggnaggians are a polite and generous people, and although they are not without some share of that pride which is peculiar to all Eastern countries, yet they shew themselves courteous to strangers, especially such who are countenanced by the court. I had many acquaintance among persons of the best fashion, and being always attended by my interpreter, the conversation we had was not disagreeable.

One day in much good company I was asked by a person of quality, whether I had seen any of their Struldruggs, or immortals. I said I had not, and desired he would explain to me what he meant by such an appellation applied to a mortal creature. He told me, that sometimes, though very rarely, a child happened to be born in a family with a red circular spot in the forehead, directly over the left eye brow, which was an infallible mark that it should never

die. The spot, as he described it, was about the compass of a silver three-pence, but in the course of time grew larger and changed its colour; for at twelve years old it became green, so continued till five and twenty, then turned to a deep blue; at five and forty it grew coal black, and as large as an English shilling, but never admitted any farther alteration. He said these birds were so rare, that he did not believe there could be above eleven hundred Struldbuggs of both sexes in the whole kingdom, of which he computed about fifty in the metropolis, and among the rest a young girl born about three years ago. That these productions were not peculiar to any family, but a mere effect of chance; and the children of the Struldbuggs themselves were equally mortal with the rest of the people.

I freely own myself to have been struck with inexpressive delight upon hearing this account: and the person who gave it to me, happening to understand the Balnibarbian language, which I spoke very well, I could not forbear breaking out into expressions perhaps a little too extravagant. I cried out as in a rapture: 'Happy nation! where every child hath at least a chance for being immortal! Happy people! who enjoy so many living examples of ancient virtue; and have masters ready to instruct them in the wisdom of all former ages! but, happiest beyond all comparison are those excellent Struldbuggs, who, born exempt from that universal calamity of human nature, have their minds free and disengaged, without the weight and depression of spirits caused by the continual apprehension of death.' I discovered my admiration, that I had not observed any of these illustrious persons at court; the black spot on the forehead being so remarkable a distinction that I could not have easily overlooked it: and it was impossible that his majesty, a most judicious prince, should not provide himself with a good number of such wise and able counsellors. Yet perhaps the virtue of those reverend sages was too strict for the corrupt and libertine manners of a court. And we often find by experience, that young men are too opinionative and volatile to be guided by the sober dictates of their seniors: however, since the king was pleased to allow me access to his royal person, I

was resolved upon the very first occasion to deliver my opinion to him on this matter freely, and at large, by the help of my interpreter; and whether he would please to take my advice or no, yet in one thing I was determined, that his majesty having frequently offered me an establishment in this country, I would with great thankfulness accept the favour, and pass my life here in the conversation of those superior beings, the Struldbuggs, if they would please to admit me.

The gentleman to whom I addressed my discourse, because (as I have already observed) he spoke the language of Balnibarbi, said to me, with a sort of a smile, which usually arises from pity to the ignorant, that he was glad of any occasion to keep me among them, and desired my permission to explain to the company what I had spoke. He did so, and they talked together for some time in their own language, whereof I understood not a syllable; neither could I observe by their countenances, what impression my discourse had made on them. After a short silence, the same person told me, that his friends and mine (so he thought fit to express himself) were very much pleased with the judicious remarks I had made on the great happiness and advantages of immortal life; and they were desirous to know in a particular manner, what scheme of living I should have formed to myself if it had fallen to my lot to have been born a Struldbugg.

I answered it was easy to be eloquent on so copious and delightful a subject, especially to me who have been often apt to amuse myself with visions of what I should do if I were a king, a general, or a great lord: and upon this very case I had frequently run over the whole system how I should employ myself, and pass the time, if I were sure to live for ever.

That, if it had been my good fortune to come into the world a Struldbugg, as soon as I could discover my own happiness, by understanding the difference between life and death, I would first resolve, by all arts and methods whatsoever, to procure myself riches. In the pursuit of which, by thrift and management, I might reasonably expect, in about two hundred years, to be the wealthiest man in the kingdom. In the second place, I would

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from my earliest youth apply myself to the study of arts and sciences, by which I should arrive in time to excel all others in learning. Lastly, I would carefully record every action and event of consequence that happened in the publick; impartially draw the characters of the several successions of princes and great ministers of state, with my own observations on every point. I would exactly set down the several changes in customs, languages, fashions, dress, diet, and diversions. By all which acquirements, I should be a living treasury of knowledge and wisdom, and certainly become the oracle of the nation.

I would never marry after three-score, but live in an hospitable manner, yet still on the saving side. I would entertain myself in forming and directing the minds of hopeful young men, by convincing them from my own remembrance, experience, and observation, fortified by numerous examples, of the usefulness of virtue in publick and private life. But my choice and constant companions should be a set of my own immortal brotherhood, among whom I would elect a dozen from the most ancient down to my own contemporaries. Where any of these wanted fortunes, I would provide them with convenient lodges round my own estate, and have some of them always at my table, only mingling a few of the most valuable among you mortals, whom length of time would harden me to lose with little or no reluctance, and treat your posterity after the same manner, just as a man diverts himself with the annual succession of pinks and tulips in his garden, without regretting the loss of those which withered the preceding year.

These Struldbruggs and I would mutually communicate our observations and memorials through the course of time, remark the several gradations by which corruption steals into the world, and oppose it in every step, by giving perpetual warning and instruction to mankind; which, added to the strong influence of our own example, would probably prevent that continual degeneracy of human nature so justly complained of in all ages.

Add to all this the pleasure of seeing the various revolutions of states and

empires, the changes in the lower and upper world, ancient cities in ruins, and obscure villages become the seats of kings; famous rivers lessening into shallow brooks, the ocean leaving one coast dry, and overwhelming another: the discovery of many countries yet unknown; barbarity over-running the politest nations, and the most barbarous become civilized. I should then see the discovery of the *longitude*, the *perpetual motion*, the *universal medicine*, and many other great inventions brought to the utmost perfection.

What wonderful discoveries should we make in astronomy, by out-living and confirming our own predictions, by observing the progress and returns of comets, with the changes of motion in the sun, moon, and stars.

I enlarged upon many other topicks, which the natural desire of endless life and sublunary happiness could easily furnish me with. When I had ended, and the sum of my discourse had been interpreted as before, to the rest of the company, there was a good deal of talk among them in the language of the country, not without some laughter at my expence. At last the same gentleman who had been my interpreter, said, he was desir'd by the rest to set me right in a few mistakes, which I had fallen into through the common imbecility of human nature, and upon that allowance was less answerable for them. That this breed of Struldbruggs were peculiar to their country, for there were no such people either in Balnibarbi or Japan, where he had the honour to be ambassador from his majesty, and found the natives in both these kingdoms very hard to believe that the fact was possible; and it appeared from my astonishment, when he first mentioned the matter to me, that I received it as a thing wholly new, and scarcely to be credited. That in the two kingdoms abovementioned, where, during his residence, he had conversed very much, he observed long life to be the universal desire and wish of mankind. That whoever had one foot in the grave, was sure to hold back the other as strongly as he could. That the oldest had still hopes of living one day longer, and looked on death as the greatest evil, from which nature always prompted him to retreat; only in this island of Luggnagg, the appetite for

living was not so eager, from the continual example of the Struldbruggs before their eyes.

That the system of living contrived by me was unreasonable and unjust, because it supposed a perpetuity of youth, health and vigour, which no man could be so foolish to hope, however extravagant he may be in his wishes. That the question therefore was not, whether a man would chuse to be always in the prime of youth, attended with prosperity and health; but how he would pass a perpetual life under all the usual disadvantages which old age brings along with it. For although few men will avow their desires of being immortal upon such hard conditions, yet in the two kingdoms before mentioned of Balnibarbi and Japan, he observed that every man desired to put off death for some time longer, let it approach ever so late; and he rarely heard of any man who died willingly, except he were incited by the extremity of grief or torture. And he appealed to me, whether in those countries I had travelled, as well as my own, I had not observed the same general disposition.

After this preface, he gave me a particular account of the Struldbruggs among them. He said they commonly acted like mortals till about thirty years old, after which, by degrees, they grew melancholy and dejected, increasing in both till they came to fourscore. This he learned from their own confession; for otherwise, there not being above two or three of that species born in an age, were too few to form a general observation by. When they came to fourscore years, which is reckoned the extremity of living in this country, they had not only all the follies and infirmities of other old men, but many more, which arose from the dreadful prospects of never dying. They were not only opinionative, peevish, covetous, morose, vain, talkative, but incapable of friendship, and dead to all natural affection, which never descended below their grandchildren. Envy and impotent desires are their prevailing passions. But those objects against which their envy seems principally directed, are the vices of the younger sort, and the deaths of the old. By reflecting on the former, they find themselves cut off from all possibility of pleasure; and whenever they see a funeral, they lament and pine that

others are gone to an harbour of rest, to which they themselves never can hope to arrive. They have no remembrance of any thing but what they learned and observed in their youth and middle age, and even that is very imperfect. And for the truth or particulars of any fact, it is safer to depend upon common traditions, than upon their best recollections. The least miserable among them appear to be those who turn to dotage, and entirely lose their memories; these meet with more pity and assistance, because they want many bad qualities which abound in others.

If a Struldbugg happen to marry one of his own kind, the marriage is dissolved of course by the courtesy of the kingdom, as soon as the younger of the two comes to be fourscore. For the law thinks it a reasonable indulgence, that those who are condemned without any fault of their own to a perpetual continuance in the world, should not have their misery doubled by the load of a wife.

As soon as they have compleated the term of eighty years, they are looked on as dead in law; their heirs immediately succeed to their estates, only a small pittance is reserved for their support, and the poor ones are maintained at the publick charge. After that period they are held incapable of any employment of trust or profit; they cannot purchase lands, or take leases, neither are they allowed to be witnesses in any cause, either civil or criminal, not even for the decision of meers and bounds.

At ninety, they lose their teeth and hair; they have at that age no distinction of taste, but eat and drink whatever they can get, without relish or appetite: the diseases they were subject to still continuing without increasing or diminishing. In talking, they forget the common appellation of things, and the names of persons, even of those who are the nearest friends and relations. For the same reason, they never can amuse themselves with reading, because their memory will not serve to carry them from the beginning of a sentence to the end; and by this defect they are deprived of the only entertainment whereof they might otherwise be capable.

The language of this country being always upon the flux, the Struldbruggs
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of one age do not understand those of another, neither are they able after two hundred years to hold any conversation (farther than by a few general words) with their neighbours the mortals; and thus they lie under the disadvantage of living like foreigners in their own country.

This was the account given me of the Struldbruggs, as near as I can remember. I afterwards saw five or six of different ages, the youngest not above two hundred years old, who were brought me at several times by some of my friends; but although they were told that I was a great traveller, and had seen all the world, they had not the least curiosity to ask me a question; only desired I would give them *stumskudask*, or a token of remembrance, which is a modest way of begging, to avoid the law that strictly forbids it, because they are provided for by the publick, although, indeed, with a very scanty allowance.

They are despised and hated by all sorts of people; when one of them is born, it is reckoned ominous, and their birth is recorded very particularly; so that you may know their age by consulting the registry, which, however, hath not been kept above a thousand years past, or at least hath been destroyed by time or publick disturbances. But the usual way of computing how old they are, is by asking them what kings or great persons they can remember, and then consulting history; for infallibly the last prince, in their mind, did not begin his reign after they were four-score years old.

They were the most mortifying sight I ever beheld; and the women more horrible than the men. Besides the usual deformities in extreme old age, they acquired an additional ghastliness in proportion to their number of years, which is not to be described; and among half a dozen, I soon distinguished which was the eldest, although there was not above a century or two between them.

The reader will easily believe, that from what I had heard and seen, my keen appetite for perpetuity of life was much abated. I grew heartily ashamed of the pleasing visions I had formed, and thought no tyrant could invent a death into which I would not run with

pleasure from such a life. The king heard of all that had passed between me and my friends upon this occasion, and rallied me very pleasantly, wishing I would send a couple of Struldbruggs to my own country, to arm our people against the fear of death; but this it seems is forbidden by the fundamental laws of the kingdom, or else I should have been well content with the trouble and expence of transporting them.

I could not but agree that the laws of this kingdom, relating to the Struldbruggs, were founded upon the strongest reasons, and such as any other country would be under the necessity of enacting in the like circumstances. Otherwise, as avarice is the necessary consequent of old age, those immortals would in time become proprietors of the whole nation, and engross the civil power, which, for want of abilities to manage, must end in the ruin of the publick.

CH A P. XI.

THE AUTHOR LEAVES LUGGNAGG, AND SAILS TO JAPAN—FROM THENCE HE RETURNS IN A DUTCH SHIP TO AMSTERDAM—AND FROM AMSTERDAM TO ENGLAND.

I Thought this account of the Struldbruggs might be some entertainment to the reader, because it seems to be a little out of the common way; at least, I do not remember to have met the like in any book of travels that had come to my hands: and if I am deceived, my excuse must be, that it is necessary for travellers, who describe the same country, very often to agree in dwelling on the same particulars, without deserving the censure of having borrowed or transcribed from those who wrote before them.

There is indeed a perpetual commerce between this kingdom and the great empire of Japan; and it is very probable that the Japanese authors may have given some account of the Struldbruggs; but my stay in Japan was so short, and I was so entirely a stranger to that language, that I was not qualified to make any enquiries. But I hope the Dutch, upon this notice, will
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be curious and able enough to supply my defects.

His majesty having often pressed me to accept some employment in his court, and finding me absolutely determined to return to my native country, was pleased to give me his licence to depart, and honoured me with a letter of recommendation, under his own hand, to the emperor of Japan. He likewise presented me with four hundred forty-four large pieces of gold, (this nation delighting in even numbers) and a red diamond which I sold in England for eleven hundred pounds.

On the 6th day of May 1709, I took a solemn leave of his majesty, and all my friends. This prince was so gracious as to order a guard to conduct me to Glanguenstald, which is a royal port to the south-west part of the island. In six days I found a vessel ready to carry me to Japan, and spent fifteen days in the voyage. We landed at a small port-town called Xamoschi, situated on the south-east part of Japan; the town lies on the western point, where there is a narrow streight leading northward into a long arm of the sea, upon the north-west part of which, Yedo, the metropolis, stands. At landing, I shewed the custom-house officers my letter from the king of Luggnagg to his imperial majesty. They knew the seal perfectly well; it was as broad as the palm of my hand. The impression was, *a king lifting up a lame beggar from the earth*. The magistrates of the town hearing of my letter, received me as a publick minister; they provided me with carriages and servants, and bore my charges to Yedo, where I was admitted to an audience, and delivered my letter, which was opened with great ceremony, and explained to the emperor by an interpreter, who then gave me notice, by his majesty's order, that I should signify my request, and, whatever it were, it should be granted for the sake of his royal brother of Luggnagg. This interpreter was a person employed to transact affairs with the Hollanders; he soon conjectured by my countenance that I was an European, and therefore repeated his majesty's commands in Low Dutch, which he spoke perfectly well. I answered, (as I had before determined) that I was a Dutch merchant, shipwrecked in a very remote country, from

whence I had travelled by sea and land to Luggnagg, and then took shipping for Japan, where I knew my countrymen often traded, and with some of these I hoped to get an opportunity of returning into Europe: I therefore most humbly entreated his royal favour, to give order that I should be conducted in safety to Nangasack. To this I added another petition, that, for the sake of my patron the king of Luggnagg, his majesty would condescend to excuse my performing the ceremony imposed on my countrymen, of *trampling upon the crucifix*, because I had been thrown into this kingdom by my misfortunes, without any intention of trading. When this latter petition was interpreted to the emperor, he seemed a little surprized, and said, he believed I was the first of my countrymen who ever made any scruple in this point, and that he began to doubt whether I was a real Hollander, or no, but rather suspected I must be a Christian. However, for the reasons I had offered, but chiefly to gratify the king of Luggnagg, by an uncommon mark of his favour, he would comply with the *singularity* of my humour; but the affair must be managed with dexterity, and his officers should be commanded to let me pass, as it were, by forgetfulness. For he assured me, that if the secret should be discovered by my countrymen the Dutch, they would cut my throat in the voyage. I returned my thanks by the interpreter for so unusual a favour; and some troops being at that time on their march to Nangasack, the commanding officer had orders to convey me safe thither, with particular instructions about the business of the crucifix.

On the 9th day of June 1709, I arrived at Nangasack, after a very long and troublesome journey. I soon fell into company of some Dutch sailors, belonging to the Amboyna of Amsterdam, a stout ship of 450 tons. I had lived long in Holland, pursuing my studies at Leyden, and I spoke Dutch well. The seamen soon knew from whence I came last; they were curious to enquire into my voyages and course of life. I made up a story as short and probable as I could, but concealed the greatest part. I knew many persons in Holland; I was able to invent names for my parents, whom I pretended to be obscure people in the province of Guelderland.

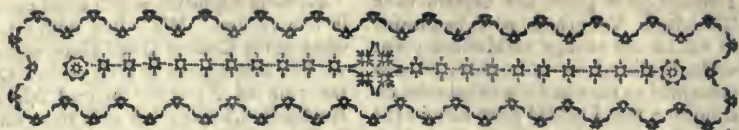
I would

I would have given the captain (one Theodorus Vangrult) what he pleased to ask for my voyage to Holland; but understanding I was a surgeon, he was contented to take half the usual rate, on condition that I would serve him in the way of my calling. Before we took shipping, I was often asked by some of the crew, whether I had performed the ceremony above-mentioned: I evaded the question by general answers, that I had satisfied the emperor and court in all particulars. However, a malicious rogue of a skipper went to an officer, and pointing to me told him, I had not yet *trampled on the crucifix*: but the other, who had received instructions to let me pass, gave the rascal twenty strokes on the shoulders with a bamboo, after which I was no more troubled with such questions.

Nothing happened worth mentioning in this voyage. We sailed with a fair wind to the Cape of Good Hope, where we staid only to take in fresh water. On the 16th of April we arrived safe at Amsterdam, having lost only three men by sickness in the voyage, and a fourth who fell from the fore-mast into the sea, not far from the Coast of Guinea. From Amsterdam I soon after set sail for England, in a small vessel belonging to that city.

On the 10th of April 1710, we put in at the Downs. I landed the next morning, and saw once more my native country, after an absence of five years and six months compleat. I went straight to Redriff, where I arrived the same day at two in the afternoon, and found my wife and family in good health.

END OF THE THIRD PART.



GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.

PART IV.

A VOYAGE TO THE COUNTRY OF THE HOUYHNHNMS.

CHAP. I.

THE AUTHOR SETS OUT AS CAPTAIN OF A SHIP—HIS MEN CONSPIRE AGAINST HIM, CONFINES HIM A LONG TIME TO HIS CABBIN, SETS HIM ON SHORE IN AN UNKNOWN LAND—HE TRAVELS UP INTO THE COUNTRY—THE YAHOO, A STRANGE SORT OF ANIMAL DESCRIBED—THE AUTHOR MEETS TWO HOUYHNHNMS.



I Continued at home with my wife and children about five months in a very happy condition, if I could have learned the lesson of knowing when I was well. I left my poor wife big with child, and accepted an advantageous offer made me to be captain of the *Adventure*, a stout merchant-man of 350 tons: for I understood navigation well; and being grown weary of a surgeon's employment at sea, which however I could exercise upon occasion, I took a skilful young man of that calling, one Robert Purefoy, into my ship. We set sail from Portsmouth upon the second day of August 1710; on the fourteenth we met with Captain Pocock, of Bristol, at Teneriff, who was going to the Bay of Campechy, to cut logwood. On the sixteenth he was parted from us by a storm; I heard since my return that his ship foundered, and none escaped but one cabin-boy. He was an honest man, and a good sailor; but a little too positive in his own opinions, which was the cause of his de-

struction, as it hath been of several others. For if he had followed my advice, he might have been safe at home with his family at this time, as well as myself.

I had several men died in my ship of calentures; so that I was forced to get recruits out of Barbadoes, and the Leeward Islands, where I touched by the direction of the merchants who employed me, which I had soon too much cause to repent; for I found afterwards, that most of them had been buccaneers. I had fifty hands on board, and my orders were, that I should trade with the Indians in the South-Sea, and make what discoveries I could. These rogues, whom I had picked up, debauched my other men, and they all formed a conspiracy to seize the ship, and secure me; which they did one morning, rushing into my cabin, and binding me hand and foot, threatening to throw me overboard, if I offered to stir. I told them I was their prisoner, and would submit. This they made me swear to do, and then they unbound me, only fastening one of my legs with a chain near my bed, and placed a centry at my door with his piece charged, who was commanded to shoot me dead, if I attempted my liberty. They sent me down victuals and drink, and took the government of the ship to themselves. Their design was to turn pyrates, and plunder the Spaniards, which they could not do till they got more men. But first they resolved to sell the goods in the ship, and then go to Madagascar for recruits, several among them having died since my confinement. They sailed many weeks,

weeks, and traded with the Indians, but I knew not what course they took, being kept a close prisoner in the cabin, and expecting nothing less than to be murdered, as they often threatened me.

Upon the 9th day of May 1711, one James Welch came down to my cabin, and said he had orders from the captain to set me ashore. I expostulated with him, but in vain; neither would he so much as tell me who their new captain was. They forced me into the long-boat, letting me put on my best suit of cloaths, which were as good as new, and a small bundle of linen; but no arms except my hanger; and they were so civil as not to search my pockets, into which I conveyed what money I had, with some other little necessities. They rowed about a league, and then set me down on a strand. I desired them to tell me what country it was. They all swore they knew no more than myself; but said that the captain (as they called him) was resolved, after they had sold the lading, to get rid of me in the first place where they could discover land. They pushed off immediately, advising me to make haste, for fear of being overtaken by the tide, and so bade me farewell.

In this desolate condition I advanced forward, and soon got upon firm ground, where I sat down on a bank to rest myself, and consider what I had best to do. When I was a little refreshed, I went up into the country, resolving to deliver myself to the first savages I should meet, and purchase my life from them by some bracelets, glass-rings, and other toys which sailors usually provide themselves with in those voyages, and whereof I had some about me: the land was divided by long rows of trees, not regularly planted, but naturally growing; there was great plenty of grass, and several fields of oats. I walked very circumspectly for fear of being surprized, or suddenly shot with an arrow from behind, or on either side. I fell into a beaten road, where I saw many tracks of human feet, and some of cows, but most of horses. At last I beheld several animals in a field, and one or two of the same kind sitting in trees. Their shape was very singular and deformed, which a little discomposed me, so that I laid down behind a thicket to observe them better. Some of them coming forward, near the place where I lay, gave

me an opportunity of distinctly marking their form. Their heads and breasts were covered with a thick hair, some frizzled and others lank; they had beards like goats, and a long ridge of hair down their backs, and the fore parts of their legs and feet; but the rest of their bodies were bare, so that I might see their skins, which were of a brown buff colour. They had no tails, nor any hair at all on their buttocks, except about the anus, which, I presume, nature had placed there to defend them as they sat on the ground; for this posture they used as well as lying down, and often stood on their hind-feet. They climbed high trees as nimbly as a squirrel, for they had strong extended claws before and behind, terminating in sharp points, hooked. They would often spring and bound, and leap with prodigious agility. The females were not so large as the males; they had long lank hair on their heads, but none on their faces, nor any thing more than a sort of down on the rest of their bodies, except about the anus and pudenda. Their dugs hung between their fore-feet, and often reached almost to the ground as they walked. The hair of both sexes was of several colours, brown, red, black, and yellow. Upon the whole, I never beheld in all my travels so disagreeable an animal, nor one against which I naturally conceived so strong an antipathy. So that thinking I had seen enough, full of contempt and aversion, I got up and pursued the beaten road, hoping it might direct me to the cabin of some Indian. I had not gone far, when I met one of these creatures full in my way, and coming up directly to me. The ugly monster, when he saw me, distorted several ways every feature of his visage, and stared as at an object he had never seen before; then approaching nearer, lifted up his fore paw, whether out of curiosity or mischief, I could not tell. But I drew my hanger, and gave him a good blow with the flat side of it, for I durst not strike him with the edge, fearing the inhabitants might be provoked against me, if they should come to know that I had killed or maimed any of their cattle. When the beast felt the smart, he drew back, and roared so loud, that a herd of at least forty came flocking about me from the next field, howling and making odious faces; but I ran to

the body of a tree, and leaning my back against it, kept them off by waving my hanger. Several of this cursed brood getting hold of the branches behind, leapt up into the tree, from whence they began to discharge their excrement on my head: however, I escaped pretty well, by sticking close to the stem of the tree; but was almost stifled with the filth which fell about me on every side.

In the midst of this distress, I observed them all to run away on a sudden as fast as they could, at which I ventured to leave the tree, and pursue the road, wondering what it was that could put them into this fright. But looking on my left-hand, I saw a horse walking softly in the field; which my persecutors having sooner discovered, was the cause of their flight. The horse started a little when he came near me, but soon recovering himself, looked full in my face with manifest tokens of wonder: he viewed my hands and feet, walking round me several times. I would have pursued my journey, but he placed himself directly in the way; yet looking with a very mild aspect, never offering the least violence. We stood gazing at each other for some time: at last I took the boldness to reach my hand towards his neck, with a design to stroke it, using the common style and whistle of jockies when they are going to handle a strange horse. But this animal seeming to receive my civility with disdain, shook his head, and bent his brows, softly raising up his right fore-foot to remove my hand. Then he neighed three or four times, but in so different a cadence, that I almost began to think he was speaking to himself in some language of his own.

While he and I were thus employed, another horse came up; who applying himself to the first in a very formal manner, they gently struck each other's right hoof before, neighing several times by turns, and varying the sound, which seemed to be almost articulate. They went some paces off, as if it were to confer together, walking side by side, backward and forward, like persons deliberating upon some affair of weight, but often turning their eyes towards me as it were to watch that I might not escape. I was amazed to see such actions and behaviour in brute beasts, and concluded with myself, that if the

inhabitants of this country were endued with a proportionable degree of reason, they must needs be the wisest people upon earth. This thought gave me so much comfort, that I resolved to go forward until I could discover some house or village, or meet with any of the natives, leaving the two horses to discourse together as they pleased. But the first, who was a dapple-grey, observing me to steal off, neighed after me in so expressive a tone, that I fancied myself to understand what he meant; whereupon I turned back, and came near him, to expect his farther commands: but concealing my fear as much as I could, for I began to be in some pain, how this adventure might terminate; and the reader will easily believe I did not much like my present situation.

The two horses came up close to me, looking with great earnestness upon my face and hands. The grey steed rubbed my hat all round with his right fore-hoof, and discomposed it so much, that I was forced to adjust it better by taking it off and settling it again; whereat both he and his companion (who was a brown bay) appeared to be much surprized; the latter felt the lap-pet of my coat, and finding it to hang loose about me, they both looked with new signs of wonder. He stroaked my right hand, seeming to admire the softness and colour; but he squeezed it so hard between his hoof and his pattern, that I was forced to roar; after which they both touched me with all possible tenderness. They were under great perplexity about my shoes and stockings, which they felt very often, neighing to each other, and using various gestures, not unlike those of a philosopher, when he would attempt to solve some new and difficult phenomenon.

Upon the whole, the behaviour of these animals was so orderly and rational, so acute and judicious, that I at last concluded, they must needs be magicians, who had thus metamorphosed themselves upon some design, and seeing a stranger in the way, were resolved to divert themselves with him; or perhaps were really amazed at the sight of a man so very different in habit, feature, and complexion, from those who might probably live in so remote a climate. Upon the strength of this reasoning, I ventured to address them in the following manner: 'Gentlemen, if you be
' con-

conjurors, as I have good cause to believe, you can understand any language; therefore I make bold to let your worships know, that I am a poor distressed Englishman, driven by misfortunes upon your coast, and I entreat one of you to let me ride upon his back, as if he were a real horse, to some house or village, where I can be relieved. In return of which favour, I will make you a present of this knife and bracelet, (taking them out of my pocket.) The two creatures stood silent while I spoke, seeming to listen with great attention; and when I had ended, they neighed frequently towards each other, as if they were engaged in serious conversation. I plainly observed, that their language expressed the passions very well, and their words might with little pains be resolved into an alphabet, more easily than the Chinese.

I could frequently distinguish the word, 'Yahoo,' which was repeated by each of them several times; and although it was impossible for me to conjecture what it meant; yet, while the two horses were busy in conversation, I endeavoured to practice this word upon my tongue; and as soon as they were silent, I boldly pronounced, 'Yahoo,' in a loud voice, imitating at the same time, as near as I could, the neighing of a horse; at which they were both visibly surprized, and the grey repeated the same word twice, as if he meant to teach me the right accent, wherein I spoke after him as well as I could, and found myself perceivably to improve every time, though very far from any degree of perfection. Then the bay tried me with a second word, much harder to be pronounced; but reducing it to the English orthography, may be spelt thus, Houyhnhnm. I did not succeed in this so well as in the former, but after two or three farther trials, I had better fortune, and they both appeared amazed at my capacity.

After some farther discourse, which I then conjectured might relate to me, the two friends took their leaves with the same compliment of striking each other's hoof; and the grey made me signs that I should walk before them, wherein I thought it prudent to comply, till I could find a better director. When I offered to slacken my pace, he would cry, 'Hhuun, hhuun!' I guessed

his meaning, and gave him to understand, as well as I could, that I was weary, and not able to walk faster; upon which he would stand a while to let me rest.

CHAP. II.

THE AUTHOR CONDUCTED BY A HOUYHNHNM TO HIS HOUSE—THE HOUSE DESCRIBED—THE AUTHOR'S RECEPTION. THE FOOD OF THE HOUYHNHNMS—THE AUTHOR IN DISTRESS FOR WANT OF MEAT, IS AT LAST RELIEVED—HIS MANNER OF FEEDING IN THIS COUNTRY.

HAVING travelled about three miles, we came to a long kind of building made of timber, stuck in the ground, and wattled across; the roof was low, and covered with straw. I now began to be a little comforted, and took out some toys, which travellers usually carry for presents to the savage Indians of America, and other parts, in hopes the people of the house would be thereby encouraged to receive me kindly. The horse made me a sign to go in first; it was a large room, with a smooth clay floor, and a rack and manger, extending the whole length on one side. There were three nags, and two mares, not eating, but some of them sitting down upon their hams, which I very much wondered at; but wondered more to see the rest employed in domestick business. These seemed but ordinary cattle; however, this confirmed my first opinion, that a people who could so far civilize brute animals, must needs excel in wisdom all the nations of the world. The grey came in just after, and thereby prevented any ill treatment which the others might have given me. He neighed to them several times in a style of authority, and received answers.

Beyond this room there were three others, reaching the length of the house, to which you passed through three doors opposite to each other, in the manner of a vista; we went through the second room towards the third, here the grey walked in first, beckoning me to attend. I waited in the second room, and got ready my presents for the master and mistress of the house: they were

two knives, three bracelets of false pearl, a small looking-glass, and a bead necklace. The horse neighed three or four times, and I waited to hear some answers in a human voice, but I observed no other returns, than in the same dialect, only one or two a little shriller than his. I began to think that this house must belong to some person of great note among them, because there appeared so much ceremony before I could gain admittance. But that a man of quality should be served all by horses, was beyond my comprehension. I feared my brain was disturbed by my sufferings and misfortunes: I roused myself, and looked about me in the room where I was left alone; this was furnished like the first, only after a more elegant manner. I rubbed my eyes often, but the same objects still occurred. I pinched my arms and sides, to awake myself, hoping I might be in a dream. I then absolutely concluded, that all these appearances could be nothing else but necromancy and magick. But I had no time to pursue these reflections; for the grey horse came to the door, and made me a sign to follow him into the third room; where I saw a very comely mare, together with a colt and foal, sitting upon their haunches, upon mats of straw not unartfully made, and perfectly neat and clean.

The mare, soon after my entrance, rose from her mat, and coming up close, after having nicely observed my hands and face, gave me a most contemptuous look; then turning to the horse, I heard the word, 'Yahoo,' often repeated betwixt them; the meaning of which word I could not then comprehend, although it were the first I had learned to pronounce; but I was soon better informed, to my everlasting mortification: for the horse beckoning to me with his head, and repeating the word 'Hhuun, hhuun,' as he did upon the road, which I understood was to attend him, led me out into a kind of court, where was another building at some distance from the house. Here we entered, and I saw three of these detestable creatures, whom I first met after my landing, feeding upon roots, and the flesh of some animals, which I afterwards found to be that of asses and dogs, and now and then a cow dead by accident or disease. They were all tied by the neck with strong wyths,

fastened to a beam; they held their food between the claws of their fore-feet, and tore it with their teeth.

The master horse ordered a sorrel nag, one of his servants, to untie the largest of these animals, and take him into the yard. The beast and I were brought close together, and our countenances diligently compared both by master and servant; who thereupon repeated several times the word, 'Yahoo.' My horror and astonishment are not to be described, when I observed, in this abominable animal, a perfect human figure, the face of it indeed was flat and broad, the nose depressed, the lips large, and the mouth wide. But these differences are common to all savage nations, where the lineaments of the countenance are distorted by the natives suffering their infants to lie groveling on the earth, or by carrying them on their backs, nuzzling with their face against the mother's shoulders. The fore-feet of the Yahoo differed from my hands in nothing else but the length of the nails, the coarseness and brownness of the palms, and the hairiness on the backs. There was the same resemblance between our feet, with the same differences, which I knew very well, though the horses did not, because of my shoes and stockings; the same in every part of our bodies, except as to hairiness and colour, which I have already described.

The great difficulty that seemed to stick with the two horses, was to see the rest of my body so very different from that of a Yahoo, for which I was obliged to my cloaths, whereof they had no conception: the sorrel nag offered me a root, which he held (after their manner, as we shall describe in it's proper place) between his hoof and pastern; I took it in my hand, and having smelt it, returned it to him again as civilly as I could. He brought out of the Yahoo's kennel a piece of ass's flesh, but it smelt so offensively that I turned from it with loathing; he then threw it to the Yahoo, by whom it was greedily devoured. He afterwards shewed me a whisp of hay, and a setlock full of oats; but I shook my head, to signify that neither of these were food for me. And, indeed, I now apprehended that I must absolutely starve, if I did not get to some of my own species: for as to those filthy Yahoos, although

although there were few greater lovers of mankind at that time than myself; yet I confess I never saw any sensitive being so detestable on all accounts; and the more I came near them, the more hateful they grew, while I staid in that country. This the master horse observed by my behaviour, and therefore sent the Yahoo back to his kennel. He then put his fore-hoof to his mouth, at which I was much surprized, although he did it with ease, and with a motion that appeared perfectly natural, and made other signs to know what I would eat; but I could not return him such an answer as he was able to apprehend; and, if he had understood me, I did not see how it was possible to contrive any way for finding myself nourishment. While we were thus engaged, I observed a cow passing by, whereupon I pointed to her, and expressed a desire to let me go and milk her. This had it's effect; for he led me back into the house, and ordered a mare-servant to open a room where a good store of milk lay in earthen and wooden vessels, after a very orderly and cleanly manner. She gave me a large bowl full, of which I drank very heartily, and found myself well refreshed.

About noon I saw coming towards the house a kind of vehicle drawn like a sledge, by four Yahoos. There was in it an old steed, who seemed to be of quality; he alighted with his hind-feet forward, having by accident got a hurt in his left fore-foot. He came to dine with our horse, who received him with great civility. They dined in the best room, and had oats boiled in milk for the second course, which the old horse eat warm, but the rest cold. Their mangers were placed circular in the middle of the room, and divided into several partitions, round which they sat on their haunches upon bosses of straw. In the middle was a large rack with angles answering to every partition of the manger. So that each horse and mare eat their own hay, and their own mash of oats and milk, with much decency and regularity. The behaviour of the young colt and foal appeared very modest, and that of the master and mistress extremely chearful and complaisant to their guest. The grey ordered me to stand by him, and much discourse passed between him and his

friend concerning me, as I found by the stranger's often looking on me, and the frequent repetition of the word Yahoo.

I happened to wear my gloves, which the master grey observing, seemed perplexed, discovering signs of wonder what I had done to my fore-feet; he put his hoof three or four times to them, as if he would signify that I should reduce them to their former shape, which I presently did, pulling off both my gloves, and putting them into my pocket. This occasioned farther talk, and I saw the company was pleased with my behaviour, whereof I soon found the good effects. I was ordered to speak the few words I understood, and while they were at dinner, the master taught me the names for oats, milk, fire, water, and some others; which I could readily pronounce after him, having from my youth a great facility in learning languages.

When dinner was done, the master horse took me aside, and by signs and words made me understand the concern that he was in, that I had nothing to eat. Oats in their tongue are called bluunh. This word I pronounced two or three times; for although I had refused them at first, yet, upon second thoughts I considered that I could contrive to make of them a kind of bread, which might be sufficient with milk to keep me alive, till I could make my escape to some other country, and to creatures of my own species. The horse immediately ordered a white mare-servant of his family to bring me a good quantity of oats in a sort of wooden tray. These I heated before the fire, as well as I could, and rubbed them till the husks came off, which I made a shift to winnow from the grain; I ground and beat them between two stones, then took water, and made them into a paste or cake, which I toasted at the fire and eat warm with milk. It was at first a very insipid diet, though common enough in many parts of Europe, but grew tolerable by time; and having been often reduced to hard fare in my life, this was not the first experiment I had made how easily nature is satisfied. And I cannot but observe, that I never had one hour's sickness, while I staid in this island. It is true, I sometimes made a shift to catch a rabbit, or bird, by springes

springes made of Yahoos hairs; and I often gathered wholesome herbs, which I boiled, or eat as fallads with my bread, and now and then, for a rarity, I made a little butter, and drank the whey. I was at first at a great loss for salt; but custom soon reconciled the want of it; and I am confident that the frequent use of salt among us is an effect of luxury, and was first introduced only as a provocative to drink; except where it is necessary for preserving of flesh in long voyages, or in places remote from great markets. For we observe no animal to be fond of it but man: and as to myself, when I left this country, it was a great while before I could endure the taste of it in any thing that I eat.

This is enough to say upon the subject of my diet, wherewith other travellers fill their books, as if the readers were personally concerned, whether we fared well or ill. However, it was necessary to mention this matter, lest the world should think it impossible that I could find sustenance for three years in such a country and among such inhabitants.

When it grew towards evening, the master horse ordered a place for me to lodge in; it was but six yards from the house, and separated from the stable of the Yahoos. Here I got some straw, and, covering myself with my own cloaths, slept very sound: but I was in a short time better accommodated, as the reader shall know hereafter, when I come to treat more particularly about my way of living.

CHAP. III.

THE AUTHOR STUDIOUS TO LEARN THE LANGUAGE—THE HOUYHNHM, HIS MASTER, ASSISTS IN TEACHING HIM—THE LANGUAGE DESCRIBED—SEVERAL HOUYHNHNS OF QUALITY COME OUT OF CURIOSITY TO SEE THE AUTHOR—HE GIVES HIS MASTER A SHORT ACCOUNT OF HIS VOYAGE.

MY principal endeavour was to learn the language, which my master (for so I shall henceforth call him) and his children, and every servant of his house, were desirous to teach

me. For they looked upon it as a prodigy, that a brute animal should discover such marks of a rational creature. I pointed to every thing, and enquired the name of it, which I wrote down in my Journal-book when I was alone; and corrected my bad accent, by desiring those of the family to pronounce it often. In this employment, a sorrel nag, one of the under-servants, was very ready to assist me.

In speaking, they pronounce through the nose and throat, and their language approaches nearest to the High Dutch, or German, of any I know in Europe; but is much more graceful and significant. The emperor Charles V. made almost the same observation, when he said, that if he were to speak to his horse, it should be in High Dutch.

The curiosity and impatience of my master was so great, that he spent many hours of his leisure to instruct me. He was convinced (as he afterwards told me) that I must be a Yahoo, but my teachableness, civility, and cleanliness, astonished him; which were qualities altogether so opposite to those animals. He was most perplexed about my cloaths, reasoning sometimes with himself, whether they were part of my body; for I never pulled them off till the family were asleep, and got them on before they waked in the morning. My master was eager to learn from whence I came, how I acquired those appearances of reason, which I discovered in all my actions; and to know my story from my own mouth, which he hoped he should soon do by the great proficiency I made in learning and pronouncing their words and sentences. To help my memory I formed all I learned into the English alphabet, and writ the words down with the translations. This last, after some time, I ventured to do in my master's presence. It cost me much trouble to explain to him what I was doing; for the inhabitants have not the least idea of books or literature.

In about ten weeks time, I was able to understand most of his questions; and in three months could give him some tolerable answers. He was extremely curious to know from what part of the country I came, and how I was taught to imitate a rational creature, because the Yahoos (whom he saw I exactly resembled in my head, hands, and face, that were only visible) with some appearance

pearance of cunning, and the strongest disposition to mischief, were observed to be the most unteachable of all brutes. I answered, that I came over the sea from a far place, with many others of my own kind, in a great hollow vessel made of the bodies of trees. That my companions forced me to land on this coast, and then left me to shift for myself. It was with some difficulty, and by the help of many signs, that I brought him to understand me. He replied, That I must needs be mistaken, or that *I said the thing which was not*. (For they have no word in their language to express lying or falsehood.) He knew it was impossible, that there could be a country beyond the sea, or that a parcel of brutes could move a wooden vessel whither they pleased upon water. He was sure no Houyhnhnm alive could make such a vessel, nor would trust Yahoos to manage it.

The word Houyhnhnm, in their tongue, signifies a *horse*, and in it's etymology, *the perfection of nature*. I told my master, that I was at a loss for expression, but would improve as fast as I could; and hoped in a short time I should be able to tell him wonders: he was pleased to direct his own mare, his colt and foal, and the servants of the family, to take all opportunities of instructing me; and every day, for two or three hours, he was at the same pains himself. Several horses and mares of quality in the neighbourhood came often to our house, upon the report spread of a wonderful Yahoo, that could speak like a Houyhnhnm, and seemed in his words and actions to discover some glimmerings of reason. These delighted to converse with me; they put many questions, and received such answers as I was able to return. By all these advantages I made so great a progress, that in five months from my arrival; I understood whatever was spoke, and could express myself tolerably well.

The Houyhnhnms who came to visit my master, out of a design of seeing and talking with me, could hardly believe me to be a right Yahoo, because my body had a different covering from others of my kind. They were astonished to observe me without the usual hair or skin, except on my head, face, and hands; but I discovered that secret to my master, upon an accident that happened about a fortnight before.

I have already told the reader, that every night when the family were gone to bed, it was my custom to strip, and cover myself with my cloaths: it happened one morning early, that my master sent for me, by the sorrel nag, who was his valet; when he came, I was fast asleep, my cloaths fallen off on one side, and my shirt above my waist. I awakened at the noise he made, and observed him to deliver his message in some disorder; after which he went to my master, and in a great fright gave him a very confused account of what he had seen: this I presently discovered; for going as soon as I was dressed, to pay my attendance upon his honour, he asked me the meaning of what his servant had reported; that I was not the same thing when I slept as I appeared to be at other times; that his valet assured him, some part of me was white, some yellow, at least not so white, and some brown.

I had hitherto concealed the secret of my dress, in order to distinguish myself as much as I could from the cursed race of Yahoos; but now I found it in vain to do so any longer. Besides, I considered, that my cloaths and shoes would soon wear out, which already were in a declining condition, and must be supplied by some contrivance from the hides of Yahoos or other brutes; whereby the whole secret would be known: I therefore told my master, that in the country from whence I came, those of my kind always covered their bodies with the hairs of certain animals prepared by art, as well for decency, as to avoid the inclemencies of air both hot and cold; of which, as to my own person I would give him immediate conviction, if he pleased to command me; only desiring his excuse, if I did not expose those parts that nature taught us to conceal. He said my discourse was all very strange, but especially the last part; for he could not understand why nature should teach us to conceal what nature had given. That neither himself nor family were ashamed of any parts of their bodies; but however I might do as I pleased. Whereupon, I first unbuttoned my coat, and pulled it off. I did the same with my waistcoat; and drew off my shoes, stockings, and breeches. I let my shirt down to my waist, and drew up the bottom, fastening it like a girdle about my middle to hide my nakedness.

My master observed the whole performance with great signs of curiosity and admiration. He took up all my cloaths in his pattern, one piece after another, and examined them diligently; he then stroked my body very gently, and looked round me several times, after which he said, it was plain I must be a perfect Yahoo; but that I differed very much from the rest of my species, in the softness, whiteness, and smoothness of my skin; my want of hair in several parts of my body; the shape and shortness of my claws behind and before; and my affectation of walking continually on my two hinder feet. He desired to see no more, and gave me leave to put on my cloaths again, for I was shuddering with cold.

I expressed my uneasiness at his giving me so often the appellation of Yahoo, an odious animal, for which I had so utter an hatred and contempt. I begged he would forbear applying that word to me, and take the same order in his family, and among his friends whom he suffered to see me. I requested, likewise, that the secret of my having a false covering to my body might be known to none but himself, at least as long as my present cloathing should last; for as to what the sorrel nag, his valet had observed, his honour might command him to conceal it.

All this my master very graciously consented to, and thus the secret was kept till my cloaths began to wear out, which I was forced to supply by several contrivances that shall hereafter be mentioned. In the mean time, he desired I would go on with my utmost diligence to learn their language, because he was more astonished at my capacity for speech and reason, than at the figure of my body, whether it were covered or no; adding, that he waited with some impatience to hear the wonders which I promised to tell him.

From thenceforward he doubled the pains he had been at to instruct me; he brought me into all company, and made them treat me with civility, because, as he told them privately, this would put me into good humour, and make me more diverting.

Every day when I waited on him, beside the trouble he was at in teaching, he would ask me several questions concerning myself, which I answered as

well as I could; and by these means he had already received some general ideas, though very imperfect. It would be tedious to relate the several steps by which I advanced to a more regular conversation: but the first account I gave of myself in any order and length was to this purpose.

That I came from a very far country, as I had already attempted to tell him, with about fifty more of my own species; that we travelled upon the seas, in a great hollow vessel made of wood, and larger than his honour's house. I described the ship to him in the best terms I could, and explained by the help of my handkerchief displayed, how it was driven forward by the wind. That upon a quarrel among us, I was set on shore on this coast, where I walked forward without knowing whither, till he delivered me from the persecution of those execrable Yahoos. He asked me, who made the ship, and how it was possible the Houyhnhnms of my country would leave it to the management of brutes? My answer was, that I durst proceed no farther in my relation, unless he would give me his word and honour that he would not be offended, and then I would tell him the wonders I had so often promised. He agreed; and I went on by assuring him that the ship was made by creatures like myself, who in all the countries I had travelled, as well as in my own, were the only governing rational animals; and that upon my arrival hither, I was as much astonished to see the Houyhnhnms act like rational beings, as he or his friends could be in finding some marks of reason in a creature he was pleased to call Yahoo; to which I owned my resemblance in every part, but could not account for their degenerate and brutal nature. I said farther, that if good fortune ever restored me to my native country, to relate my travels hither, as I resolved to do, every body would believe that I *said the thing which was not*; that I invented the story out of my own head; and with all possible respect to himself, his family and friends, and under his promise of not being offended, our countrymen would hardly think it probable, that a Houyhnhnm should be the presiding creature of a nation, and a Yahoo the brute.

CHAP. IV.

THE HOUYHNHNMS NOTION OF TRUTH AND FALSHOOD—THE AUTHOR'S DISCOURSE DISAPPROVED BY HIS MASTER—THE AUTHOR GIVES A MORE PARTICULAR ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF, AND THE ACCIDENTS OF HIS VOYAGE.

MY master heard me with great appearance of uneasiness in his countenance, because *doubting* or *not believing* are so little known in this country, that the inhabitants cannot tell how to behave themselves under such circumstances. And I remember in frequent discourses with my master concerning the nature of manhood in other parts of the world, having occasion to talk of *lying*, and *false representation*, it was with much difficulty that he comprehended what I meant, although he had otherwise a most acute judgment. For he argued thus: That the use of speech was to make us understand one another, and to receive information of facts; now if any one *said the thing which was not*, those ends were defeated; because I cannot properly be said to understand him, and I am so far from receiving information, that he leaves me worse than in ignorance, for I am led to believe a thing *black* when it is *white*, and *short* when it is *long*. And these were all the notions he had concerning that faculty of *lying*, so perfectly well understood and universally practised among human creatures.

To return from this digression; when I asserted that the Yahoos were the only governing animals in my country, which my master said was altogether past his conception, he desired to know whether we had Houyhnhnms among us, and what was their employment: I told him, we had great numbers; that in summer they grazed in the fields, and in winter were kept in houses, with hay and oats, where Yahoo servants were employed to rub their skins smooth, comb their manes, pick their feet, serve them with food, and make their beds. 'I understand you well,' said my master, 'it is now very plain, from all you have spoken, that whatever share of reason the Yahoos pretend to, the Houyhnhnms are your ma-

sters; I heartily wish our Yahoos 'would be so tractable.' I begged his honour would be pleased to excuse me from proceeding any farther, because I was very certain that the account he expected from me would be highly displeasing. But he insisted in commanding me to let him know the best and the worst: I told him he should be obeyed. I owned, that the Houyhnhnms among us, whom we called horses, were the most generous and comely animal we had; that they excelled in strength and swiftness; and when they belonged to persons of quality, were employed in travelling, racing, or drawing chariots, they were treated with much kindness and care, till they fell into diseases, or became foundered in the feet; but then they were sold, and used to all kinds of drudgery, till they died; after which their skins were stripped, and sold for what they were worth, and their bodies left to be devoured by dogs and birds of prey. But the common race of horses had not so good fortune, being kept by farmers and carriers, and other mean people, who put them to greater labour, and fed them worse. I described, as well as I could, our way of riding; the shape and use of a bridle, a saddle, a spur, and a whip; of harness and wheels. I added, that we fastened plates of a certain hard substance, called iron, at the bottom of their feet, to preserve their hoofs from being broken by the stony ways on which we often travelled.

My master, after some expressions of great indignation, wondered how we dared to venture upon a Houyhnhnm's back; for he was sure that the weakest servant in his house would be able to shake off the strongest Yahoo; or by lying down, and rolling on his back, squeeze the brute to death. I answered, that our horses were trained up from three or four years old, to the several uses we intended them for; that if any of them proved intolerably vicious, they were employed for carriages; that they were severely beaten while they were young, for any mischievous tricks: that the males designed for common use in riding or draught, were generally *castrated* about two years after their birth, to take down their spirits, and make them more tame and gentle; that they were indeed sen-

sible of rewards and punishments; but his honour would please to consider, that they had not the least tincture of reason, any more than the Yahoos in this country.

It put me to the pains of many circumlocutions to give my master a right idea of what I spoke; for their language doth not abound in variety of words, because their wants and passions are fewer than among us. But it is impossible to represent his noble resentment at our savage treatment of the Houyhnhnm race; particularly after I had explained the manner and use of *castrating* horses among us, to hinder them from propagating their kind, and to render them more servile. He said, if it were possible there could be any country where Yahoos alone were endued with reason, they certainly must be the governing animal; because reason will in time always prevail against brutal strength. But, considering the frame of our bodies, and especially of mine, he thought no creature of equal bulk was so ill contrived for employing that reason in the common offices of life; whereupon he desired to know, whether those among whom I lived, resembled me or the Yahoos of his country. I assured him, that I was as well shaped as most of my age; but the younger and the females were much more soft and tender, and the skins of the latter generally as white as milk. He said, I differed indeed from other Yahoos, being much more cleanly, and not altogether so deformed; but in point of real advantage, he thought I differed for the worse. That my nails were of no use either to my fore or hinder-feet: As to my fore-feet, he could not properly call them by that name, for he never observed me to walk upon them; that they were too soft to bear the ground; that I generally went with them uncovered, neither was the covering I sometimes wore on them of the same shape, or so strong as that on my feet behind. That I could not walk with any security, for if either of my hinder-feet slipped, I must inevitably fall. He then began to find fault with other parts of my body, the flatness of my face, the prominence of my nose, mine eyes placed directly in the front, so that I could not look on either side without turning my head; that I was not able to feed myself without lifting one of my fore-feet to

my mouth: and therefore nature had placed those joints to answer that necessity. He knew not what could be the use of those several clefts and divisions in my feet behind; that these were too soft to bear the hardness and sharpness of stones, without a covering made from the skin of some other brute; that my whole body wanted a fence against heat and cold, which I was forced to put on and off every day with tediousness and trouble. And, lastly, that he observed every animal in this country naturally to abhor the Yahoos, whom the weaker avoided, and the stronger drove from them. So that supposing us to have the gift of reason, he could not see how it were possible to cure that natural antipathy which every creature discovered against us; nor, consequently, how we could tame and render them serviceable. However, he would (as he said) debate the matter no farther, because he was more desirous to know my own story, the country where I was born, and the several actions and events of my life before I came hither.

I assured him, how extremely desirous I was, that he should be satisfied in every point; but I doubted much, whether it would be possible for me to explain myself on several subjects whereof his honour could have no conception, because I saw nothing in his country to which I could resemble them. That, however, I would do my best, and strive to express myself by similitudes, humbly desiring his assistance when I wanted proper words, which he was pleased to promise me.

I said, my birth was of honest parents, in an island called England, which was remote from this country as many days journey as the strongest of his honour's servants could travel in the annual course of the sun. That I was bred a surgeon, whose trade is to cure wounds and hurts in the body, got by accident or violence; that my country was governed by a female man, whom we called queen. That I left it to get riches, whereby I might maintain myself and family when I should return. That in my last voyage I was commander of the ship, and had about fifty Yahoos under me, many of which died at sea, and I was forced to supply them by others picked out from several nations. That our ship was twice in danger of being sunk; the first time
by

by a great storm, and the second, by striking against a rock. Here my master interposed, by asking me how I could persuade strangers out of different countries to venture with me, after the losses I had sustained, and the hazards I had run. I said, they were fellows of desperate fortunes, forced to fly from the places of their birth on account of their poverty or their crimes. Some were undone by law-suits; others spent all they had in drinking, whoring, and gaming; others fled for treason; many for murder, theft, poisoning, robbery, perjury, forgery coining false money, for committing rapes, or sodomy, for flying from their colours, or deserting to the enemy, and most of them had broken out of prison; none of these durst return to their native countries for fear of being hanged, or of starving in a gaol; and therefore were under a necessity of seeking a livelihood in other places.

During this discourse, my master was pleased to interrupt me several times; I had made use of many circumlocutions in describing to him the nature of several crimes for which most of our crew had been forced to fly their country. This labour took up several days conversation before he was able to comprehend me. He was wholly at a loss to know what could be the use or necessity of practising those vices. To clear up which, I endeavoured to give him some ideas of the desire of power and riches, and of the terrible effects of lust, intemperance, malice, and envy. All this I was forced to define and describe by putting of cases, and making of suppositions. After which, like one whose imagination was struck with something never seen or heard of before, he would lift up his eyes with amazement and indignation. Power, government, war, law, punishment, and a thousand other things, had no terms wherein that language could express them, which made the difficulty almost insuperable to give my master any conception of what I meant. But being of an excellent understanding, much improved by contemplation and converse, he at last arrived at a competent knowledge of what human nature in our parts of the world is capable to perform, and desired I would give him some particular account of that

land which we call Europe, but especially of my own country.

CHAP. V.

THE AUTHOR, AT HIS MASTER'S COMMAND, INFORMS HIM OF THE STATE OF ENGLAND—THE CAUSES OF WAR AMONG THE PRINCES OF EUROPE—THE AUTHOR BEGINS TO EXPLAIN THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION.

THE reader may please to observe, that the following extract of many conversations I had with my master, contains a summary of the most material points, of which we discoursed at several times for above two years; his honour often desiring fuller satisfaction as I farther improved in the Houyhnhnm tongue. I laid before him, as well as I could, the whole state of Europe; I discoursed of trade and manufactures, of arts and sciences; and the answers I gave to all the questions he made, as they arose upon several subjects, were a fund of conversation not to be exhausted. But I shall here only set down the substance of what passed between us concerning my own country, reducing it into order as well as I can, without any regard to time or other circumstances, while I strictly adhere to truth. My only concern is, that I shall hardly be able to do justice to my master's arguments and expressions, which must needs suffer by my want of capacity, as well as by a translation into our barbarous English.

In obedience therefore to his honour's commands, I related to him the revolution under the Prince of Orange, the long war with France entered into by the said prince, and renewed by his successor the present queen, wherein the greatest powers of Christendom were engaged, and which still continued: I computed, at his request, that about a million of Yahoos might have been killed in the whole progress of it, and perhaps a hundred or more cities taken, and five times as many ships burnt or sunk.

He asked me what were the usual causes or motives that made one country go to war with another. I answered they were innumerable, but I

should only mention a few of the chief.

‘ Sometimes the ambition of princes, who never think they have land or people enough to govern: sometimes the corruption of ministers, who engage their master in a war, in order to stifle or divert the clamour of the subjects against their evil administration. Difference in opinions hath cost many millions of lives: for instance, whether *flesh* be *bread*, or *bread* be *flesh*; whether the juice of a certain *berry* be *blood* or *wine*; whether *whistling* be a vice or a virtue; whether it be better to *kiss a post*, or throw it into the fire; what is the best colour for a *coat*, whether *black*, *white*, *red*, or *grey*; and whether it should be *long* or *short*, *narrow* or *wide*, *dirty* or *clean*, with many more. Neither are any wars so furious and bloody, or of so long continuance, as those occasioned by difference of opinion, especially if it be in things indifferent.

‘ Sometimes the quarrel between two princes is to decide which of them shall dispossess a third of his dominions, where neither of them pretend to any right. Sometimes one prince quarrelleth with another, for fear the other should quarrel with him. Sometimes a war is entered upon, because the enemy is too *strong*, and sometimes because he is too *weak*. Sometimes our neighbours *want the things* which we *have*, or *have the things* which we *want*; and we both fight till they take ours, or give us theirs. It is a very justifiable cause of war, to invade a country after the people have been wasted by famine, destroyed by pestilence, or embroiled by factions among themselves. It is justifiable to enter into war against our nearest ally, when one of his towns lies convenient for us, or a territory of land, that would render our dominions round and compleat. If a prince sends forces into a nation, where the people are poor and ignorant, he may lawfully put half of them to death, and make slaves of the rest, in order to civilize and reduce them from their barbarous way of living. It is a very kingly, honourable, and frequent practice; when one prince desires the assistance of another, to secure him against an invasion, that the assistant, when he hath driven out

the invader, should seize on the dominions himself, and kill, imprison, or banish the prince he came to relieve. Alliance by blood, or marriage, is a frequent cause of war between princes; and the nearer their kindred is, the greater is their disposition to quarrel: *poor* nations are *hungry*, and *rich* nations are *proud*; and pride and hunger will ever be at variance. For these reasons, the trade of a *soldier* is held the most honourable of all others; because a *soldier* is a Yahoo, hired to kill in cold blood as many of his own species, who have never offended him, as possibly he can.

‘ There is likewise a kind of beggarly princes in Europe, not able to make war by themselves, who hire out their troops to richer nations for so much a day to each man; of which they keep three fourths to themselves, and it is the best part of their maintenance; such are those in many *northern* parts of Europe.’

‘ What you have told me,’ said my master, ‘ upon the subject of war, does indeed discover most admirably the effects of that reason you pretend to: however, it is happy that the shame is greater than the danger; and that nature hath left you utterly incapable of doing much mischief: for your mouths lying flat with your faces, you can hardly bite each other to any purpose, unless by consent. Then as to the claws upon your feet before and behind, they are so short and tender, that one of our Yahoos would drive a dozen of yours before him; and therefore, in recounting the numbers of those who have been killed in battle, I cannot but think that you have *said the thing that is not*.’

I could not forbear shaking my head, and smiling a little at his ignorance. And being no stranger to the art of war, I gave him a description of cannons, culverins, musquets, carabines, pistols, bullets, powder, swords, bayonets, sieges, retreats, attacks, undermines, countermines, bombardments, sea-fights; ships sunk with a thousand men, twenty thousand killed on each side; dying groans, limbs flying in the air, smoke, noise, confusion, trampling to death under horses feet; flight, pursuit, victory; fields strewed with carcasses.

cases left for food to dogs and wolves, and birds of prey; plundering, stripping, ravishing, burning, and destroying. And to set forth the valour of my own dear countrymen, I assured him, that I had seen them blow up a hundred enemies at once in a siege, and as many in a ship, and beheld the dead bodies come down in pieces from the clouds, to the great diversion of the spectators.

I was going on to more particulars, when my master commanded me silence. He said, whoever understood the nature of Yahoos, might easily believe it possible for so vile an animal to be capable of every action I had named, if their strength and cunning equalled their malice. But as my discourse had increased his abhorrence of the whole species, so I found it gave him a disturbance in his mind, to which he was wholly a stranger before. He thought his ears, being used to such abominable words, might by degrees admit them with less detestation. That although he hated the Yahoos of this country, yet he no more blamed them for their odious qualities, than he did a *gmayb* (a bird of prey) for its cruelty, or a sharp stone for cutting his hoof. But when a creature pretending to reason could be capable of such enormities, he dreaded lest the corruption of that faculty might be worse than brutality itself. He seemed therefore confident, that instead of reason, we were only possessed of some quality fitted to increase our natural vices; as the reflection from a troubled stream returns the image of an ill-shapen body not only larger, but more distorted.

He added, that he had heard too much upon the subject of war, both in this and some former discourses. There was another point which a little perplexed him at present. I had informed him, that some of our crew left their country on account of being ruined by *law*, that I had already explained the meaning of the word; but he was at a loss how it should come to pass, that the *law*, which was intended for every man's preservation, should be any man's ruin. Therefore he desired to be farther satisfied what I meant by *law*, and what sort of dispensers thereof it could be by whose practices the property of any person could be lost, instead of being preserved. He added, he

saw not what great occasion there could be for this thing called *law*, since all the intentions and purposes of it may be fully answered by following the dictates of *nature* and *reason*, which are sufficient guides for a reasonable animal, as we pretended to be, in shewing us what we ought to do, and what to avoid.

I assured his honour, that *law* was a science wherein I had not much conversed, having little more knowledge of it than what I had obtained by employing advocates, in vain, upon some injustice that had been done me, and by conversing with some others, who by the same method had first lost their substance, and then left their own country under the mortification of such disappointments; however, I would give him all the satisfaction I was able.

I said, that those who made profession of this science were exceedingly multiplied, being almost equal to the caterpillars in number; that they were of divers degrees, distinctions, and denominations. The numerousness of those who dedicated themselves to this profession were such, that the fair and justifiable advantage and income of the profession was not sufficient for the decent and handsome maintenance of multitudes of those who followed it. Hence it came to pass that it was found needful to supply that by artifice and cunning, which could not be procured by just and honest methods. The better to bring which about, very many men among us were bred up from their youth in the art of proving, by words multiplied for that purpose, that *white* is *black*, and *black* is *white*, according as they are paid. The greatness of these men's assurance, and the boldness of their pretensions, gained upon the opinion of the vulgar, whom in a manner they made slaves of, and got into their hands much the larger share of the practice of their profession. These practitioners were by men of discernment called *pettifoggers*, (that is, *confounders*, or rather *destroyers of right*.) As it was my ill-hap, as well as the misfortune of my suffering acquaintance, to be engaged only with this species of the profession, I desired his honour to understand the description I had to give, and the ruin I had complained of, to relate to these sectaries only; and how and by what means

the misfortunes we met with, were brought upon us by the management of these men might be more easily conceived by explaining to him their method of proceeding, which could not be better done than by giving him an example.

'My neighbour,' said I, 'I will suppose, has a mind to my cow; he hires one of these advocates to prove that he ought to have my cow from me. I must then hire another of them to defend my right, it being against all rules of law that any man should be allowed to speak for himself. Now, in this case, I who am the right owner lie under two great disadvantages. First, my advocate being, as I said before, practised almost from his cradle in defending falsehood, is quite out of his element when he would argue for right; which, as an office unnatural, he attempts with great awkwardness, if not with an ill-will. The second disadvantage is, that my advocate must proceed with great caution; for, since the maintenance of so many depends on the keeping up of business, should he proceed too summarily, if he does not incur the displeasure of his superiors, he is sure to gain the ill-will and hatred of his brethren, as being by them esteemed one that would lessen the practice of the law. This being the case, I have but two methods to preserve my cow. The first is, to gain over my adversary's advocate with a double fee; from the manner and design of whose education beforementioned, it is easy to expect he will be induced to drop his client, and let the balance fall to my side. The second way is, for my advocate not to insist on the justice of my cause, by allowing the cow to belong to my adversary; and this, if it be dextrously and skilfully done, will go a great way towards obtaining a favourable verdict, it having been found, from a careful observation of issues and events, that the wrong side, under the management of such practitioners, has the fairer chance for success; and this more especially, if it happens, as it did in mine and my friend's case, and may have done since, that the person appointed to decide all controversies of property, as well as for the trial of criminals, who should be taken out

of the most knowing and wise of his profession, is by the recommendation of a great favourite, or court-mistress, chosen out of the sect beforementioned; and so having been under a strange bias all his life against equity and fair-dealing, lies as it were under a fatal necessity of favouring, shifting, double dealing, and oppression; and besides, through age, infirmity, and distempers, grown lazy, inactive, and inattentive, and thereby almost incapacitated from doing any thing becoming the nature of his employment, and the duty of his office. In such cases, the decisions and determinations of men so bred, and so qualified, may with reason be expected on the wrong side of the cause; since those who can take harangue and noise (if pursued with warmth, and drawn out into a length) for reasoning, are not much to be wondered at, if they infer the weight of the argument from the heaviness of the pleading.

'It is a maxim among these men, that whatever has been done before, may legally be done again; and therefore they take special care to record all the decisions formerly made, even those which have through ignorance or corruption contradicted the rules of common justice, and the general reason of mankind. These, under the name of *precedents*, they produce as authorities, and thereby endeavour to justify the most iniquitous opinions; and they are so lucky in this practice, that it rarely fails of decrees answerable to their intent and expectation.

'In pleading, they studiously avoid entering into the *merits* of the cause; but are loud, violent, and tedious in dwelling upon all circumstances which are not to the purpose. For instance, in the case already mentioned, they never desire to know what claim or title my adversary hath to my *cow*; but whether the said *cow* were red or black, her horns long or short; whether the field I graze her in be round or square; whether she was milked at home or abroad; what diseases she is subject to, and the like; after which they consult *precedents*, adjourn the cause from time to time, and in ten, twenty, or thirty years, come to an issue.

• It is likewise to be observed, that
 • this society hath a peculiar cant and
 • jargon of their own, that no other
 • mortal can understand, and wherein
 • all their laws are written, which they
 • take special care to multiply; whereby
 • they have gone near to confound the
 • very essence of truth and falsehood, or
 • right and wrong; so that it will take
 • thirty years to decide whether the
 • field, left me by my ancestors for six
 • generations, belongs to me or to a
 • stranger three hundred miles off.

• In the trial of persons accused for
 • crimes against the state, the method is
 • much more short and commendable:
 • for if those in power, who know well
 • how to chuse instruments fit for their
 • purpose, take care to recommend and
 • promote out of this clan a proper per-
 • son, his method of education and prac-
 • tice makes it easy to him, when his
 • patron's disposition is understood,
 • without difficulty or study either to
 • condemn or acquit the criminal, and
 • at the same time strictly preserve all
 • due forms of law.

Here my master interposing, said it was a pity, that creatures endowed with such prodigious abilities of mind as these advocates, by the description I gave of them, must certainly be, were not rather encouraged to be instructors of others in wisdom and knowledge. In answer to which, I assured his honour, that the business and study of their own calling and profession so took up all their thoughts, and engrossed all their time, that they minded nothing else; and that therefore, in all points out of their own trade, many of them were of so great ignorance and stupidity, that it was hard to pick out of any profession a generation of men more despicable in common conversation, or who were so much looked upon as avowed enemies to all knowledge and learning, being equally disposed to pervert the general reason of mankind in every other subject of discourse, as in that of their own calling.

CHAP. VI.

A CONTINUATION OF THE STATE
 OF ENGLAND—SO WELL GOVERN-
 ED BY A QUEEN AS TO NEED NO
 FIRST MINISTER—THE CHARAC-

TER OF SUCH AN ONE IN SOME
 EUROPEAN COURTS.

MY master was yet wholly at a loss to understand what motives could incite this race of lawyers to perplex, disquiet, and weary themselves, and engage in a confederacy of injustice, merely for the sake of injuring their fellow-animals; neither could he comprehend what I meant in saying they did it for hire. Whereupon I was at much pains to describe to him the use of *money*, the materials it was made of, and the value of the metals; that when a Yahoo had got a great store of this precious substance, he was able to purchase whatever he had a mind to, the finest cloathing, the noblest houses, great tracts of land, the most costly meats and drinks; and have his choice of the most beautiful females. Therefore, since *money* alone was able to perform all these feats, our Yahoos thought they could never have enough of it to spend or to save, as they found themselves inclined from their natural bent, either to profusion or avarice. That the rich man enjoyed the fruit of the poor man's labour, and the latter were a thousand to one in proportion to the former. That the bulk of our people were forced to live miserably, by labouring every day for small wages to make a few live plentifully. I enlarged myself much on these and many other particulars to the same purpose; but his honour was still to seek: for he went upon a supposition, that all animals had a title to their share in the productions of the earth, and especially those who presided over the rest. Therefore he desired I would let him know, what these costly meats were, and how any of us happened to want them. Whereupon I enumerated as many sorts as came into my head, with the various methods of dressing them, which could not be done without sending vessels by sea to every part of the world, as well for liquors to drink, as for sauces, and innumerable other conveniences. I assured him, that this whole globe of earth must be at least three times gone round, before one of our better female Yahoos could get her breakfast, or a cup to put it in. He said, That must needs be a miserable country, which cannot furnish food for it's own inhabitants. But what he chiefly

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wondered at, was, how such vast tracts of ground, as I described, should be wholly without *fresh water*, and the people put to the necessity of sending over the sea for drink. I replied, that England (the dear place of my nativity) was computed to produce three times the quantity of food more than it's inhabitants are able to consume, as well as liquors extracted from grain, or pressed out of the fruit of certain trees, which made excellent drink, and the same proportion in every other convenience of life. But in order to feed the luxury and intemperance of the males, and the vanity of the females, we sent away the greatest part of our necessary things to other countries, from whence in return we brought the materials of diseases, folly and vice, to spend among ourselves. Hence it follows of necessity, that vast numbers of our people are compelled to seek their livelihood by begging, robbing, stealing, cheating, pimping, forswearing, flattering, suborning, forging, gaming, lying, fawning, hectoring, voting, scribbling, star-gazing, poisoning, whoring, canting, libelling, free-thinking, and the like occupations. Every one of which terms I was at much pains to make him understand.

That wine was not imported among us from foreign countries, to supply the want of water or other drinks, but because it was a sort of liquid which made us merry, by putting us out of our senses; diverted all melancholy thoughts, begat wild extravagant imaginations in the brain, raised our hopes, and banished our fears, suspended every office of reason for a time, and deprived us of the use of our limbs, till we fell into a profound sleep; although it must be confessed, that we always awakened sick and dispirited, and that the use of this liquor filled us with diseases which made our lives uncomfortable and short.

But beside all this, the bulk of our people supported themselves by furnishing the necessities or conveniences of life to the rich, and to each other. For instance, when I am at home and dressed as I ought to be, I carry on my body the workmanship of an hundred tradesmen; the building and furniture of my house employ as many more, and five times the number to adorn my wife,

I was going on to tell him of another sort of people, who get their livelihood by attending the sick; having upon some occasions informed his honour, that many of my crew had died of diseases. But here it was with the utmost difficulty, that I brought him to apprehend what I meant. He could easily conceive, that a Houyhnhnm grew weak and heavy a few days before his death, or by some accident might hurt a limb: but that nature, who works all things to perfection, should suffer any pains to breed in our bodies, he thought it impossible, and desired to know the reason of so unaccountable an evil. I told him, we fed on a thousand things which operate the one contrary to each other; that we eat when we were not hungry, and drank without the provocation of thirst: that we sat whole nights drinking strong liquors without eating a bit which disposed us to sloth, inflamed our bodies, and precipitated or prevented digestion. That prostitute female Yahoos acquired a certain malady which bred rottenness in the bones of those who fell into their embraces: that this and many other diseases were propagated from father to son, so that great numbers came into the world with complicated maladies upon them; that it would be endless to give him a catalogue of all diseases incident to human bodies; for they could not be fewer than five or six hundred, spread over every limb and joint; in short, every part, external and intestine, having diseases appropriated to them. To remedy which, there was a sort of people bred up among us in the profession or pretence of curing the sick. And because I had some skill in the faculty, I would, in gratitude to his honour, let him know the whole mystery and method by which they proceeded.

‘ Their fundamental is, that all diseases arise from *repletion*, from whence they conclude, that a great *evacuation* of the body is necessary, either through the natural passage, or upwards at the mouth. Their next business is, from herbs, minerals, gums, oils, shells, salts, juices, sea-weed, excrements, barks of trees, serpents, toads, frogs, spiders, dead men's flesh and bones, birds, beasts, and fishes, to form a composition for smell and taste the
‘ most

most abominable, nauseous, and detestable, they possibly can contrive, which the stomach immediately rejects with loathing; and this they call a *vomit*; or else from the same store-house, with some other poisonous additions, they command us to take in at the orifice *above* or *below*, (just as the physician then happens to be disposed) a medicine equally annoying and disgusting to the bowels, which relaxing the belly, drives down all before it, and this they call a *purge* or a *clyster*. For nature (as the physicians alledge) having intended the superior or interior orifice only for the *intromission* of solids and liquids, and the inferior posterior for ejection, these artists ingeniously considering, that in all diseases nature is forced out of her seat; therefore, to replace her in it, the body must be treated in a manner directly contrary, by interchanging the use of each orifice, forcing solids and liquids in at the *anus*, and making evacuations at the mouth.

But, besides real diseases, we are subject to many that are only imaginary, for which the physicians have invented imaginary cures; these have their several names, and so have the drugs that are proper for them, and with these our female Yahoos are always infested.

One great excellency in this tribe is their skill in *prognosticks*, wherein they seldom fail; their predictions in real diseases, when they rise to any degree of malignity, generally portending *death*, which is always in their power when recovery is not: and therefore, upon any unexpected signs of amendment, after they have pronounced their sentence, rather than be accused as false prophets, they know how to approve their sagacity to the world by a seasonable dose.

They are likewise of special use to husbands and wives, who are grown weary of their mates, to eldest sons, to great ministers of state, and often to princes.

I had formerly, upon occasion, discoursed with my master upon the nature of *government* in general, and particularly of our own *excellent constitution*, deservedly the wonder and envy of the whole world. But having here accidentally mentioned a *minister of state*, he commanded me some time af-

ter to inform him what species of Yahoo I particularly meant by that appellation.

I told him that our she-governor, or queen, having no ambition to gratify, no inclination to satisfy of extending her power to the injury of her neighbours, or the prejudice of her own subjects, was therefore so far from needing a corrupt ministry to carry on or cover any sinister designs, that she not only directs her own actions to the good of her people, conducts them by the direction, and restrains them within the limitation of the laws of her own country, but submits the behaviour and acts of those she entrusts with the administration of her affairs, to the examination of her great council, and subjects them to the penalties of the law, and therefore never puts any such confidence in any of her subjects, as to entrust them with the whole and entire administration of her affairs: but I added, that in some former reigns here, and in many other courts of Europe now, where princes grew indolent and careless of their own affairs, through a constant love and pursuit of pleasure, they made use of such an administrator, as I had mentioned, under the title of *first* or *chief minister of state*, the description of which, as far as it may be collected not only from their actions, but from letters, memoirs, and writings published by themselves, the truth of which has not yet been disputed, may be allowed as follows: That he is a person wholly exempt from joy and grief, love and hatred, pity and anger; at least makes use of no other passions but a violent desire of wealth, power, and titles; that he applies his words to all uses, except to the indication of his mind; that he never tells a *truth*, but with an intent that you should take it for a *lie*; nor a *lie*, but with a design that you should take it for a *truth*: that those he speaks worst of behind their backs, are in the surest way to preferment; and whenever he begins to praise you to others, or to yourself, you are from that day forlorn. The worst mark you can receive is a *promise*, especially when it is confirmed with an oath; after which every wise man retires, and gives over all hopes.

There are three methods by which a man may rise to be chief minister:

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‘ The first is, by knowing how with prudence to dispose of a wife, a daughter, or a sister. The second, by betraying or undermining his predecessor: and the third is by a *furious zeal* in publick assemblies against the corruptions of the court. But a wise prince would rather chuse to employ those who practise the last of these methods; because such zealots prove always the most obsequious and subservient to the will and passions of their master. That these *ministers* having all employments at their disposal, preserve themselves in power, by bribing the majority of a senate or great council; and, at last, by an *act of indemnity* (whereof I described the nature to him) they secure themselves from after-reckonings, and retire from the publick, laden with the spoils of the nation.

‘ The palace of a *chief minister* is a seminary to breed up others in his own trade. The pages, lacqueys, and porters, by imitating their master, become *ministers of state* in their several districts, and learn to excel in the three principal *ingredients* of *insolence, lying, and bribery*. Accordingly, they have a *subaltern* court paid to them by persons of the best rank, and sometimes, by the force of dexterity and impudence, arrive, through several gradations, to be successors to their lord.

‘ He is usually governed by a decayed wench, or favourite footman, who are the tunnels through which all graces are conveyed, and may properly be called, in the last resort, the governors of the kingdom.’

One day in discourse, my master having heard me mention the *nobility* of my country, was pleased to make me a compliment which I could not pretend to deserve: that he was sure, I must have been born of some noble family, because I far exceeded in shape, colour, and cleanliness, all the Yahoos of his nation, although I seemed to fail in strength and agility, which must be imputed to my different way of living from those other brutes; and besides, I was not only endowed with the faculty of speech, but likewise with some rudiments of reason, to a degree, that with all his acquaintance I passed for a prodigy.

He made me observe, that among

the Houyhnhnms, the white, the sorrel, and the iron-grey, were not so exactly shaped as the bay, the dapple-grey, and the black; nor born with equal talents of the mind, or a capacity to improve them; and therefore continued always in the condition of servants, without ever aspiring to match out of their own race, which in that country would be reckoned monstrous and unnatural.

I made his honour my most humble acknowledgments for the good opinion he was pleased to conceive of me; but assured him at the same time, that my birth was of the lower sort, having been born of plain honest parents, who were just able to give me a tolerable education: that *nobility* among us was altogether a different thing from the idea he had of it; that our young *noblemen* are bred from their childhood in idleness and luxury; that as soon as their years will permit, they consume their vigour, and contract odious diseases among lewd females; and when their fortunes are almost ruined, they marry some woman of mean birth, disagreeable person, and unsound constitution, merely for the sake of money, whom they hate and despise. That the productions of such marriages are generally scrophulous, ricketty, or deformed children; by which means the family seldom continues above three generations, unless the wife takes care to provide a healthy father among her neighbours or domesticks, in order to improve and continue the breed. That a weak, diseased body, a meagre countenance, and a fallow complexion, are no uncommon marks of a *great man*; and a healthy robust appearance, is so far disgraceful in a man of quality, that the world is apt to conclude his real father to have been one of the inferiors of the family, especially when it is seen that the imperfections of his mind run parallel with those of his body, and are little else than a composition of spleen, dulness, ignorance, caprice, sensuality and pride.

CHAP. VII.

THE AUTHOR'S GREAT LOVE OF HIS NATIVE COUNTRY—HIS MASTER'S OBSERVATIONS UPON THE CONSTITUTION AND ADMINISTRATION OF ENGLAND, AS DESCRIBED

SCRIBED BY THE AUTHOR; WITH
PARALLEL CASES AND COMPA-
RISONS—HIS MASTER'S OBSER-
VATIONS UPON HUMAN NATURE.

THE reader may be disposed to wonder, how I could prevail on myself to give so free a representation of my own species, among a race of mortals who were already too apt to conceive the vilest opinion of human kind from that entire congruity betwixt me and their Yahoos. But I must freely confess, that the many virtues of those excellent quadrupeds, placed in opposite view to human corruptions had so far opened my eyes, and enlightened my understanding, that I began to view the actions and passions of man in a very different light, and to think the honour of my own kind not worth managing; which, besides, it was impossible for me to do before a person of so acute a judgment as my master, who daily convinced me of a thousand faults in myself, whereof I had not the least perception before, and which among us would never be numbered even among human infirmities; I had likewise learned from his example an utter detestation of all falshood or disguise, and *Truth* appeared so amiable to me, that I determined upon sacrificing every thing to it.

Let me deal so candidly with the reader, as to confess, that there was yet a much stronger motive for the freedom I took in my representation of things. I had not been a year in this country before I contracted such a love and veneration for the inhabitants, that I entered on a firm resolution never to return to human kind, but to pass the rest of my life among these admirable Houyhnhnms, in the contemplation and practice of every virtue; where I could have no example or incitement to vice. But it was decreed by fortune, my perpetual enemy, that so great a felicity should not fall to my share. However, it is now some comfort to reflect, that in what I said of my countrymen, I *extenuated* their faults, as much as I durst before so strict an examiner, and upon every article gave as *favourable* a turn as the matter would bear. For, indeed, who is there alive that would not be swayed by this bias and partiality to the place of his birth?

I have related the substance of several

conversations I had with my master, during the greatest part of the time I had the honour to be in his service, but have indeed for brevity sake omitted much more than is here set down.

When I had answered all his questions, and his curiosity seemed to be fully satisfied; he sent for me one morning early, and commanding me to sit down at some distance (an honour which he had never before conferred upon me; he said, he had been very seriously considering my whole story, as far as it related both to myself and my country; that he looked upon us as a sort of animals, to whose share, by what accident he could not conjecture, some small pittance of *reason* had fallen whereof we made no other use than by its assistance to aggravate our *natural* corruptions; and to acquire new ones, which nature had not given us: that we disarmed ourselves of the few abilities she had bestowed, had been very successful in multiplying our original wants, and seemed to spend our whole lives in vain endeavours to supply them by our own inventions. That as to myself, it was manifest I had neither the strength or agility of a common Yahoo, that I walked infirmly on my hinder feet, had found out a contrivance to make my claws of no use or defence, and to remove the hair from my chin, which was intended as a shelter from the sun and the weather. Lastly, That I could neither run with speed, nor climb trees like my *brethren* (as he called them) the Yahoos in this country.

That our institutions of *government* and *law* were plainly owing to our gross defects in *reason*, and, by consequence, in *virtue*; because *reason* alone is sufficient to govern a *rational* creature; which was therefore a character we had no pretence to challenge, even from the account I had given of my own people; although he manifestly perceived, that in order to favour them, I had concealed many particulars, and often *said the thing which was not*.

He was the more confirmed in this opinion, because he observed, that as I agreed in every feature of my body with other Yahoos, except where it was to my real disadvantage in point of strength, speed, and activity, the shortness of my claws, and some other particulars where nature had no part; so from the representation I had given him of our lives,

our manners, and our actions, he found as near a resemblance in the disposition of our minds. He said the Yahoos were known to hate one another more than they did any different species of animals; and the reason usually assigned, was, the odiousness of their own shapes, which all could see in the rest, but not in themselves. He had therefore began to think it not unwise in us to *cover* our bodies, and by that invention conceal many of our deformities from each other, which would else be hardly supportable. But he now found he had been mistaken, and that the dissensions of those brutes in his country were owing to the same cause with ours, as I had described them. For if (said he) you throw among five Yahoos as much food as would be sufficient for fifty, they will, instead of eating peaceably fall together by the ears, each single one impatient to *have all to itself*; and therefore a servant was usually employed to stand by while they were feeding abroad, and those kept at home were tied at a distance from each other; that if a cow died of age or accident, before a Houyhnhnm could secure it for his own Yahoos, those in the neighbourhood would come in herds to seize it, and then would ensue such a battle as I had described, with terrible wounds made by their claws on both sides, although they seldom were able to kill one another. for want of such convenient instruments of death, as we had invented. At other times the like battles have been fought between the Yahoos of several neighbourhoods without any visible cause; those of one district watching all opportunities to surprize the next before they are prepared. But if they find their project hath miscarried, they return home; and, for want of enemies, engage in what I call a civil war among themselves.

That in some fields of his country there are certain *shining stones* of several colours, whereof the Yahoos are violently fond; and when part of these *stones* is fixed in the earth, as it sometimes happeneth, they will dig with their claws for whole days to get them out, then carry them away, and hide them by heaps in their kennels; but still looking round with great caution, for fear their comrades should find out their treasure. My master said, he could

never discover the reason of this unnatural appetite, or how these stones could be of any use to a Yahoo; but now he believed it might proceed from the same principle of *avarice*, which I had ascribed to mankind; that he had once, by way of experiment, privately removed a heap of these *stones* from the place where one of his Yahoos had buried it: whereupon, the sordid animal missing his treasure, by his loud lamenting brought the whole herd to the place, there miserably howled, then fell to biting and tearing the rest, began to pine away, would neither eat nor sleep, nor work, till he ordered a servant privately to convey the *stones* into the same hole, and hide them as before; which when his Yahoo had found, he presently recovered his spirits and good humour, but took care to remove them to a better hiding-place, and hath ever since been a very serviceable brute.

My master farther assured me, which I also observed myself, that in the fields where the *shining stones* abound, the fiercest and most frequent battles are fought, occasioned by perpetual inroads of the neighbouring Yahoos.

He said, it was common when two Yahoos discovered such a *stone* in a field, and were contending which of them should be the proprietor, a third would take the advantage and carry it away from them both; which my master would needs contend to have some kind of resemblance with our *suits at law*; wherein I thought it for our credit not to undeceive him; since the decision he mentioned was much more equitable than many decrees among us; because the plaintiff and defendant there lost nothing besides the *stone* they contended for, whereas our *courts of equity* would seldom have dismissed the cause while either of them had any thing left.

My master continuing his discourse, said, there was nothing that rendered the Yahoos more odious than their undistinguishing appetite to devour every thing which came in their way, whether herbs, roots, berries, the corrupted flesh of animals, or all mingled together: and it was peculiar in their temper, that they were fonder of what they could get by rapine or stealth at a greater distance, than much better food provided for them at home. If their prey held out, they would eat till they

were ready to burst; after which, nature had pointed out to them a certain *root* that gave them a general evacuation.

There was also another kind of *root* very *juicy*, but somewhat rare and difficult to be found, which the Yahoos sought for with much eagerness, and would suck it with great delight; it produced in them the same effects that wine hath upon us. It would make them sometimes hug, and sometimes tear one another; they would howl, and grin, and chatter, and reel, and tumble, and then fall asleep in the dirt.

I did indeed observe, that the Yahoos were the only animals in this country subject to any diseases; which, however, were much fewer than horses have among us, and contracted not by any ill treatment they meet with, but by the nastiness and greediness of that sordid brute. Neither has their language any more than a general appellation for those maladies, which is borrowed from the name of the beast, and called *bneayahoo*, or the *Yahoo's evil*; and the cure prescribed is a mixture of their own dung and urine, forcibly put down the Yahoo's throat. This I have since often known to have been taken with success, and do freely recommend it to my countrymen for the publick good, as an admirable specifick against all diseases produced by repletion.

As to learning, government, arts, manufactures, and the like, my master confessed he could find little or no resemblance between the Yahoos of that country and those of ours. For he only meant to observe what parity there was in our natures. He had heard, indeed, some curious Houyhnhnms observe, that in most herds there was a sort of ruling Yahoo, (as among us there is generally some leading or principal stag in a park) who was always more deformed in body, and mischievous in disposition, than any of the rest. That this leader had usually a favourite as like himself as he could get, whose employment was to lick his master's feet and posteriors, and drive the female Yahoos to his kennel; for which he was now and then rewarded with a piece of asses flesh. This favourite is hated by the whole herd; and therefore, to protect himself, keeps always near the person of his leader. He usually con-

tinues in office till a worse can be found; but the very moment he is discarded, his successor, at the head of all the Yahoos in that district, young and old, male and female, come in a body, and discharge their excrements upon him from head to foot. But how far this might be applicable to our courts and favourites, and ministers of state, my master said I could best determine.

I durst make no return to his malicious insinuation, which debased human understanding below the sagacity of a common *hound*, who has judgment enough to distinguish and follow the cry of the *ablest dog in the pack*, without being ever mistaken.

My master told me there were some qualities remarkable in the Yahoos, which he had not observed me to mention, or at least very slightly, in the accounts I had given him of human kind; he said, those animals, like other brutes, had their females in common; but in this they differed, that the she Yahoo would admit the male while she was pregnant, and that the he's would quarrel and fight with the females as fiercely as with each other. Both which practices were such degrees of infamous brutality, that no other sensitive creature ever arrived at.

Another thing he wondered at in the Yahoos was, their strange disposition to nastiness and dirt, whereas there appears to be a natural love of cleanliness in all other animals. As to the two former accusations, I was glad to let them pass without any reply, because I had not a word to offer upon them in defence of my species, which otherwise I certainly had done from my own inclinations. But I could easily have vindicated human kind from the imputation of singularity upon the last article, if there had been any swine in that country, (as unluckily for me there were not) which, although it may be a sweeter quadrupede than a Yahoo, cannot, I humbly conceive, in justice pretend to more cleanliness; and so his honour himself must have owned, if he had seen their filthy way of feeding, and their custom of wallowing and sleeping in the mud.

My master likewise mentioned another quality which his servants had discovered in several Yahoos, and to him was wholly unaccountable. He said, a fancy,

fancy would sometimes take a Yahoo to retire into a corner, to lie down and howl, and groan, and spurn away all that came near him, although he were young and fat, wanted neither food nor water; nor could the servant imagine what could possibly ail him. And the only remedy they found, was to set him to hard work, after which he would infallibly come to himself. To this I was silent, out of partiality to my own kind; yet here I could discover the true seeds of spleen, which only seizeth on the lazy, the luxurious, and the rich; who, if they were forced to undergo the same regimen, I would undertake for the cure.

His honour had farther observed, that a female Yahoo would often stand behind a bank or bush, to gaze on the young males passing by, and then appear, and hide, using many antick gestures and grimaces, at which time it was observed that she had a most *offensive smell*; and when any of the males advanced, would slowly retire, looking often back, and with a counterfeit shew of fear run off into some convenient place, where she knew the male would follow her.

At other times, if a female stranger came among them, three or four of her own sex would get about her, and stare, and chatter, and grin, and smell her all over, and then turn off with gestures that seemed to express contempt and disdain.

Perhaps my master might refine a little in these speculations, which he had drawn from what he had observed himself, or had been told him by others: however, I could not reflect without some amazement, and much sorrow, that the rudiments of lewdness, coquetry, censure, and scandal, should have place by instinct in womankind.

I expected every moment that my master would accuse the Yahoos of those unnatural appetites in both sexes, so common among us. But nature, it seems, hath not been so expert a school-mistress; and these politer pleasures are entirely the productions of art and reason, on our side of the globe.

C H A P. VIII.

THE AUTHOR RELATES SEVERAL PARTICULARS OF THE YAHOO'S

—THE GREAT VIRTUES OF THE HOUYHNHNMS—THE EDUCATION AND EXERCISES OF THEIR YOUTH—THEIR GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

AS I ought to have understood human nature much better than I supposed it possible for my master to do, so it was easy to apply the character he gave of the Yahoos to myself and my countrymen; and I believe I could yet make farther discoveries from my own observation. I therefore often begged his favour to let me go among the herds of Yahoos in the neighbourhood, to which he always very graciously consented, being perfectly convinced, that the hatred I bore those brutes would never suffer me to be corrupted by them; and his honour ordered one of his servants, a strong sorrel nag, very honest and good-natured, to be my guard, without whose protection I durst not undertake such adventures. For I have already told the reader how much I was pestered with those odious animals upon my first arrival: and I afterwards failed very narrowly, three or four times, of falling into their clutches, when I happened to stray at any distance without my hanger. And I have reason to believe they had some imagination that I was of their own species, which I often assisted myself, by stripping up my sleeves, and shewing my naked arms and breast in their sight, when my protector was with me. At which times they would approach as near as they durst, and imitate my actions after the manner of monkies, but ever with great signs of hatred, as a tame jack-daw with cap and stockings is always persecuted by the wild ones, when he happens to be got among them.

They are prodigiously nimble from their infancy; however, I once caught a young male of three years old, and endeavoured by all marks of tenderness to make it quiet; but the little imp fell a squalling, and scratching, and biting with such violence, that I was forced to let it go; and it was high time, for a whole troop of old ones came about us at the noise, but finding the cub was safe, (for it ran away) and my sorrel nag being by, they durst not venture near us. I observed the young animal's flesh to smell very rank, and the

the stink was somewhat between a weasel and a fox, but much more disagreeable. I forgot another circumstance (and perhaps I might have the reader's pardon if it were wholly omitted) that while I held the odious vermin in my hands, it voided it's filthy excrements of a yellow liquid substance, all over my cloaths; but, by good fortune, there was a small brook hard by, where I washed myself as clean as I could, although I durst not come into my master's presence, until I was sufficiently aired.

By what I could discover, the Yahoos appear to be the most unteachable of all animals, their capacities never reaching higher than to draw or carry burdens. Yet I am of opinion, this defect ariseth chiefly from a perverse, restless disposition. For they are cunning, malicious, treacherous, and revengeful. They are strong and hardy, but of a cowardly spirit, and by consequence insolent, abject, and cruel. It is observed that the *red-haired* of both sexes are more libidinous and mischievous than the rest, whom yet they much exceed in strength, and activity.

The Houyhnhnms keep the Yahoos for present use, in huts not far from the house; but the rest are sent abroad to certain fields, where they dig up roots, eat several kinds of herbs, and search about for carrion, or sometimes catch weasels and luhimuhs (a sort of wild rat) which they greedily devour. Nature hath taught them to dig deep holes with their nails on the side of a rising ground, where they lie by themselves, only the kennels of the females are larger, sufficient to hold two or three cubs.

They swim from their infancy like frogs, and are able to continue long under water, where they often take fish, which the females carry home to their young. And, upon this occasion, I hope the reader will pardon my relating an odd adventure.

Being one day abroad with my protector, the sorrel nag, and the weather exceeding hot, I intreated him to let me bathe in a river that was near. He consented, and I immediately stripped myself stark-naked, and went down softly into the stream. It happened that a young female Yahoo standing behind a bank, saw the whole proceeding, and inflamed by desire, as the nag

and I conjectured, came running with all speed, and leaped into the water, within five yards of the place where I bathed. I was never in my life so terribly frightened; the nag was grazing at some distance, not suspecting any harm. She embraced me after a most fulsome manner; I roared as loud as I could, and the nag came galloping towards me, whereupon she quitted her grasp with the utmost reluctancy, and leaped upon the opposite bank, where she stood gazing and howling all the time I was putting on my cloaths.

This was matter of diversion to my master and his family, as well as mortification to myself. For now I could no longer deny that I was a real Yahoo, in every limb and feature, since the females had a natural propensity to me as one of their own species: neither was the hair of this brute of a red colour, (which might have been some excuse for an appetite a little irregular) but black as a sloe, and her countenance did not make an appearance altogether so hideous as the rest of the kind; for, I think, she could not be above eleven years old.

Having lived three years in this country, the reader, I suppose, will expect, that I should, like other travellers, give him some account of the manners and customs of it's inhabitants, which it was indeed my principal study to learn.

As these noble Houyhnhnms are endowed by nature with a general disposition to all virtues, and have no conceptions or ideas of what is evil in a rational creature, so their grand maxim is, to cultivate *reason*, and to be wholly governed by it. Neither is *reason* among them a point problematical as with us, where men can argue with plausibility on both sides of a question; but strikes you with immediate conviction; as it must needs do where it is not mingled, obscured, or discoloured by passion and interest. I remember it was with extreme difficulty that I could bring my master to understand the meaning of the word *opinion*, or how a point could be disputable; because *reason* taught us to affirm or deny only where we are certain; and beyond our knowledge we cannot do either. So that controversies, wranglings, disputes, and positiveness in false or dubious propositions are evils unknown among the Houyhnh-

Houyhnhnms. In the like manner when I used to explain to him our several systems of *natural philosophy*, he would laugh that a creature pretending to *reason* should value itself upon the knowledge of other people's conjectures, and in things, where that knowledge, if it were certain, could be of no use. Wherein he agreed intirely with the sentiments of Socrates, as Plato delivers them; which I mention as the highest honour I can do to that prince of philosophers. I have often since reflected what destruction such a doctrine would make in the libraries of Europe, and how many paths to fame would be then shut up in the learned world.

Friendship and *benevolence* are the two principal virtues among the Houyhnhnms; and these not confined to particular objects, but universal to the whole race. For a stranger from the remotest part is equally treated with the nearest neighbour, and wherever he goes, looks upon himself as at home. They preserve *decency* and *civility* in the highest degrees, but are altogether ignorant of *ceremony*. They have no fondness for their colts or foals: but the care they take in educating them proceeds entirely from the dictates of *reason*. And I observed my master to shew the same affection to his neighbour's issue that he had for his own. They will have it, that *nature* teaches them to love the whole species; and it is *reason* only that maketh a distinction of persons, where there is a superior degree of virtue.

When the matron Houyhnhnms have produced one of each sex, they no longer accompany with their consorts, except they lose one of their issue by some casualty, which very seldom happens: but in such a case they meet again; or when the like accident befalls a person whose wife is past bearing, some other couple bestow on him one of their own colts, and then go together again till the mother is pregnant. This caution is necessary to prevent the country from being over-burdened with numbers. But the race of inferior Houyhnhnms, bred up to be servants, is not so strictly limited upon this article; these are allowed to produce three of each sex, to be domesticks in the noble families.

In their marriages they are exactly careful to chuse such colours as will not make any disagreeable mixture in the breed. *Strength* is chiefly valued in

the male, and *comeliness* in the female, not upon the account of *love*, but to preserve the race from degenerating; for where a female happens to excel in *strength*, a consort is chosen with regard to *comeliness*. Courtship, love, presents, jointures, settlements, have no place in their thoughts; or terms whereby to express them in their language. The young couple meet and are joined, merely because it is the determination of their parents and friends: it is what they see done every day, and they look upon it as one of the necessary actions of a rational being. But the violation of marriages, or any other unchastity, was never heard of; and the married pair pass their lives with the same friendship and mutual benevolence that they bear to all others of the same species, who come in their way, without jealousy, fondness, quarrelling or discontent.

In educating the youth of both sexes, their method is admirable, and highly deserves our imitation. These are not suffered to taste a grain of *oats*, except upon certain days, till eighteen years old; nor *milk*, but very rarely; and in summer they graze two hours in the morning, and as long in the evening, which their parents likewise observe, but the servants are not allowed above half that time, and a great part of their grafs is brought home, which they eat at the most convenient hours, when they can best be spared from work.

Temperance, *industry*, *exercise*, and *cleanliness*, are the lessons equally enjoined to the young ones of both sexes: and my master thought it monstrous in us to give the females a different kind of education from the males, except in some articles of domestick management; whereby, as he truly observed, one half of our natives were good for nothing but bringing children into the world; and to trust the care of our children to such useless animals, he said, was yet a greater instance of brutality.

But the Houyhnhnms train up their youth to strength, speed, and hardiness, by exercising them in running races up and down steep hills, and over hard and stony grounds; and when they are all in a sweat, they are ordered to leap over head and ears into a pond or a river. Four times a year the youth of a certain district meet to shew their proficiency in running and leaping, and
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other feats of strength and agility, where the victor is rewarded with a song made in his or her praise. On this festival the servants drive a herd of Yahoos into the field, laden with hay, and oats, and milk, for a repast to the Houyhnhnms; after which, these brutes are immediately driven back again, for fear of being noisome to the assembly.

Every fourth year, at the *vernal equinox*, there is a representative council of the whole nation, which meets in a plain about twenty miles from our house, and continues about five or six days. Here they enquire into the state and condition of the several districts, whether they abound or be deficient in hay or oats, or cows, or Yahoos. And wherever there is any want (which is but seldom) it is immediately supplied by unanimous consent and contribution. Here likewise the regulation of children is settled: as, for instance, if a Houyhnhnm hath two males, he changeth one of them with another that hath two females: and when a child hath been lost by any casualty, where the mother is past breeding, it is determined what family shall breed another to supply the loss.

CHAP. IX.

A GRAND DEBATE AT THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE HOUYHNHNMS, AND HOW IT WAS DETERMINED—THE LEARNING OF THE HOUYHNHNMS—THEIR BUILDINGS—THEIR MANNER OF BURIALS—THE DEFECTIVENESS OF THEIR LANGUAGE.

ONE of these grand assemblies was held in my time, about three months before my departure, whither my master went as the representative of our district. In this council was resumed their old debate, and indeed the only debate that ever happened in that country; whereof my master, after his return, gave me a very particular account.

The question to be debated was, whether the Yahoos should be exterminated from the face of the earth. One of the *members* for the affirmative offered several arguments of great strength and weight, alledging, that as the Yahoos were the most filthy, noisome, and

deformed animal which nature ever produced, so they were the most restless and indocible, mischievous and malicious: they would privately suck the teats of the Houyhnhnms cows, kill and devour their cats, trample down their oats and grass, if they were not continually watched, and commit a thousand other extravagancies. He took notice of a general tradition, that Yahoos had not been always in that country; but that, many ages ago, two of these brutes appeared together upon a mountain, whether produced by the heat of the sun upon corrupted mud and slime, or from the ooze and froth of the sea, was never known. That these Yahoos ingendered, and their brood in a short time grew so numerous as to overrun and infest the whole nation. That the Houyhnhnms, to get rid of this evil, made a general hunting, and at last inclosed the whole herd, and destroying the old ones, every Houyhnhnm kept two young ones in a kennel, and brought them to such a degree of tameness, as an animal so savage by nature can be capable of acquiring; using them for draught and carriage. That there seemed to be much truth in this tradition, and that those creatures could not be Ylnhniamsky (or Aborigines of the land) because of the violent hatred the Houyhnhnms, as well as all other animals, bore them; which, although their evil dispositions sufficiently deserved, could never have arrived at so high a degree, if they had been Aborigines, or else they would have long since been rooted out. That the inhabitants, taking a fancy to use the service of the Yahoos, had very imprudently neglected to cultivate the breed of asses, which are a comely animal, easily kept, more tame and orderly, without any offensive smell, strong enough for labour, although they yield to the other in agility of body; and if their braying be no agreeable sound, it is far preferable to the horrible howlings of the Yahoos.

Several others declared their sentiments to the same purpose; when my master proposed an expedient to the assembly, whereof he had indeed borrowed the hint from me. He approved of the tradition mentioned by the *honourable member*, who spoke before, and affirmed, that the two Yahoos said to be first seen among them had been driven

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thither over the sea; that coming to land, and being forsaken by their companions, they retired to the mountains, and degenerating by degrees, became, in process of time, much more savage than those of their own species in the country from whence these two originals came. The reason of his assertion was, that he had now in his possession a certain wonderful Yahoo (meaning myself) which most of them had heard of, and many of them had seen. He then related to them, how he first found me; that my body was all covered with an artificial compofure of the skins and hairs of other animals; that I spoke in a language of my own, and had thoroughly learned theirs; that I had related to him the accidents which brought me thither; that when he saw me without my covering, I was an exact Yahoo in every part, only of a whiter colour, less hairy, and with shorter claws. He added, how I had endeavoured to persuade him, that in my own and other countries the Yahoos acted as the governing rational animal, and held the Houyhnhnms in servitude; that he observed in me all the qualities of a Yahoo, only a little more civilized by some tincture of reason, which however was in a degree as far inferior to the Houyhnhnm race, as the Yahoos of their country were to me; that among other things, I mentioned a custom we had of *castrating* Hcuyhnhnms when they were young, in order to render them tame; that the operation was easy and safe; that it was no shame to learn wisdom from brutes, as industry is taught by the ant, and building by the swallow: (for so I translate the word *lybannh*, although it be a much larger fowl.) That this invention might be practised upon the younger Yahoos here; which, besides rendering them tractable and fitter for use, would in an age put an end to the whole species without destroying life. That, in the mean time, the Houyhnhnms should be *exhorted* to cultivate the breed of asses; which, as they are in all respects more valuable brutes, so they have this advantage, to be fit for service at five years old, which the others are not till twelve.

This was all my master thought fit to tell me at that time, of what passed in the grand council. But he was pleased to conceal one particular, which related personally to myself, whereof I soon

felt the unhappy effect, as the reader will know in it's proper place, and from whence I date all the succeeding misfortunes of my life.

The Houyhnhnms have no letters, and consequently their knowledge is all traditional. But there happening few events of any moment among a people so well united, naturally disposed to every virtue, wholly governed by reason, and cut off from all commerce with other nations, the historical part is easily preserved without burdening their memory. I have already observed, that they are subject to no diseases, and therefore can have no need of physicians. However, they have excellent medicines composed of herbs, to cure accidental bruises and cuts in the pastern or frog of the foot by sharp stones, as well as other maims and hurts in the several parts of the body.

They calculate the year by the revolution of the sun and the moon, but use no subdivisions into weeks. They are well enough acquainted with the motions of those two luminaries, and understand the nature of eclipses; and this is the utmost progress of their *astronomy*.

In *poetry* they must be allowed to excel all other mortals; wherein the justness of their similes, and the minuteness as well as exactness of their descriptions, are indeed inimitable. Their verses abound very much in both of these, and usually contain either some exalted notions of friendship and benevolence, or the praises of those who were victors in races, and other bodily exercises. Their buildings, although very rude and simple, are not inconvenient, but well contrived to defend them from all injuries of cold and heat. They have a kind of tree, which at forty years old loosens in the root, and falls with the first storm; it grows very straight; and being pointed like stakes with a sharp stone, (for the Houyhnhnms know not the use of iron) they stick them erect in the ground about ten inches asunder, and then weave in oat-straw, or sometimes wattles betwixt them. The roof is made after the same manner, and so are the doors.

The Houyhnhnms use the hollow part between the pastern and the hoof of their fore-feet, as we do our hands; and this with greater dexterity than I could first imagine. I have seen a white mare of our family thread a needle (which

(which I lent her on purpose) with that joint. They milk their cows, reap their oats, and do all the work which requires hands, in the same manner. They have a kind of hard flints, which, by grinding against other stones, they form into instruments, that serve instead of wedges, axes, and hammers. With tools made of these flints, they likewise cut their hay, and reap their oats, which there grow naturally in several fields; the Yahoos draw home the sheaves in carriages, and the servants tread them in certain covered huts, to get out the grain, which is kept in stores. They make a rude kind of earthen and wooden vessels, and bake the former in the sun.

If they can avoid casualties, they die only of old age, and are buried in the obscurest places that can be found, their friends and relations expressing neither joy nor grief at their departure, nor does the dying person discover the least regret that he is leaving the world, any more than if he were returning home from a visit to one of his neighbours. I remember my master having once made an appointment with a friend and his family to come to his house upon some affair of importance, on the day fixed, the mistress and her two children came very late; she made two excuses, first for her husband, who, as she said, happened that very morning to *lhnuzwnb*. The word is strongly expressive in their language, but not easily rendered into English, it signifies *to retire to his first mother*. Her excuse for not coming sooner, was, that her husband dying late in the morning, she was a good while consulting her servants about a convenient place where his body should be laid; and I observed she behaved herself at our house as cheerfully as the rest: she died about three months after.

They live generally to seventy or seventy-five years, very seldom to fourscore: some weeks before their death they feel a gradual decay, but without pain. During this time they are much visited by their friends, because they cannot go abroad with their usual ease and satisfaction. However, about ten days before death, which they seldom fail in computing, they return the visits that have been made them by those who are nearest in the neighbourhood, being carried in a convenient sledge

drawn by Yahoos, which vehicle they use, not only upon this occasion, but when they grow old upon long journeys, or when they are lamed by an accident. And therefore when the dying Houyhnhnms return those visits, they take a solemn leave of their friends, as if they were going to some remote part of the country, where they designed to pass the rest of their lives.

I know not whether it may be worth observing, that the Houyhnhnms have no word in their language to express any thing that is *evil*, except what they borrow from the deformities or ill qualities of the Yahoos. Thus they denote the folly of a servant, an omission of a child, a stone that cuts their feet, a continuance of foul or unseasonable weather, and the like, by adding to each the epithet of Yahoo: for instance, *bhum yahoo*, *wbnaholm yahoo*, *ynlbmn-dwihlma yahoo*, and an ill contrived house, *ynholmbnmroblnw Yahoo*.

I could with great pleasure enlarge farther upon the manners and virtues of this excellent people; but intending in a short time to publish a volume by itself expressly upon that subject, I refer the reader thither; and, in the mean time, proceed to relate my own sad catastrophe.

C H A P. X.

THE AUTHOR'S OECONOMY AND HAPPY LIFE AMONG THE HOÜYHNHNMS—HIS GREAT IMPROVEMENT IN VIRTUE, BY CONVERSING WITH THEM, THEIR CONVERSATIONS—THE AUTHOR HAS NOTICE GIVEN HIM BY HIS MASTER, THAT HE MUST DEPART FROM THE COUNTRY—HE FALLS INTO A SWOON FOR GRIEF, BUT SUBMITS—HE CONTRIVES AND FINISHES A CANOE, BY THE HELP OF A FELLOW-SERVANT, AND PUTS TO SEA AT A VENTURE.

I Had settled my little œconomy, to my own heart's content. My master had ordered a room for me after their manner, about six yards from the house, the sides and floors of which I plaistered with clay, and covered with rush matts of my own contriving; I had beaten hemp, which there grows wild,

and made of it a sort of ticking. This I filled with the feathers of several birds I had taken with springes made of Yahoos hairs, and were excellent food. I had worked two chairs with my knife, the sorrel nag helping me in the grosser and more laborious part. When my cloaths were worn to rags, I made myself others with the skins of rabbits, and of a certain beautiful animal about the same size called *unubnob*, the skin of which is covered with a fine down. Of these I also made very tolerable stockings. I soled my shoes with wood, which I cut from a tree, and fitted to the upper leather; and when this was worn out, I supplied it with the skins of Yahoos dried in the sun. I often got honey out of hollow trees which I mingled with water, or eat with my bread. No man could more verify the truth of these two maxims, *that nature is very easily satisfied*; and *that necessity is the mother of invention*. I enjoyed perfect health of body and tranquillity of mind; I did not feel the treachery or inconsistency of a friend, nor the injuries of a secret or open enemy; I had no occasion of bribing, flattering, or pimping, to procure the favour of any great man, or of his minion; I wanted no fence against fraud or oppression; here was neither physician to destroy my body, nor lawyer to ruin my fortune; no informer to watch my words and actions, or forge accusations against me for hire; here were no gibbers, censurers, backbiters, pick-pockets, highwaymen, house-breakers, attorneys, bawds, buffoons, gamesters, politicians, wits, splenetics, tedious talkers, controvertists, ravishers, murderers, robbers, virtuoso's; no leaders or followers of party and faction; no encouragers to vice, by seducement or examples; no dungeon, axes, gibbets, whipping-posts, or pillories; no cheating shop-keepers or mechanicks; no pride, vanity, or affectation; no fops, bullies, drunkards, strolling whores, or poxes; no ranting, lewd, expensive wives; no stupid, proud pedants; no importunate, over-bearing, quarrelsome, noisy, roaring, empty, conceited, swearing companions; no scoundrels, raised from the dust for the sake of their vices, or nobility thrown into it on account of their virtues; no lords, fiddlers, judges, or dancing-masters.

I had the favour of being admitted

to several Houyhnhnms, who came to visit or dine with my master, where his honour graciously suffered me to wait in the room and listen to their discourse. Both he and his company would often descend to ask me questions, and receive my answers. I had also sometimes the honour of attending my master in his visits to others. I never presumed to speak, except in answer to a question, and then I did it with inward regret, because it was a loss of so much time for improving myself: but I was infinitely delighted with the station of an humble auditor in such conversations, where nothing passed but what was useful, expressed in the fewest and most significant words; where the greatest decency was observed, without the least degree of ceremony; where no person spoke without being pleased himself, and pleasing his companions; where there was no interruption, tediousness, heat, or difference of sentiments. They have a notion, that when people are met together, a short silence doth much improve conversation. This I found to be true; for, during those little intermissions of talk, new ideas would arise in their minds, which very much enlivened their discourse. Their subjects are generally on friendship and benevolence, on order and œconomy; sometimes upon the visible operations of nature, or ancient traditions; upon the bounds and limits of virtue, upon the unerring rules of reason, or upon some determinations to be taken at the next great assembly; and often upon the various excellences of poetry. I may add, without vanity, that my presence often gave them sufficient matter for discourse, because it afforded my master an occasion of letting his friends into the history of me and my country, upon which they were all pleased to descant in a manner not very advantageous to human kind; and for that reason I shall not repeat what they said: only I may be allowed to observe, that his honour, to my great admiration, appeared to understand the nature of Yahoos in all countries, much better than myself. He went through all our vices and follies, and discovered many which I had never mentioned to him, by only supposing what qualities a Yahoo of their country, with a small proportion of reason, might be capable of exerting; and concluded, with too much

much probability, how vile as well as miserable such a creature must be.

I freely confess, that all the little knowledge I have of any value, was acquired by the lectures I received from my master, and from hearing the discourses of him and his friends; to which I should be prouder to listen, than to dictate to the greatest and wisest assembly in Europe. I admired the strength, comeliness, and speed of the inhabitants, and such a constellation of virtues in such amiable persons produced in me the highest veneration. At first, indeed, I did not feel that natural awe, which the Yahoos and all other animals bear towards them, but it grew upon me by degrees, much sooner than I imagined, and was mingled with a respectful love and gratitude, that they would condescend to distinguish me from the rest of my species.

When I thought of my family, my friends, my countrymen, or human race in general, I considered them as they really were, Yahoos in shape and disposition, only a little civilized, and qualified with the gift of speech; but making no other use of reason, than to improve and multiply those vices whereof their brethren in this country had only the share that nature allotted them. When I happened to behold the reflection of my own form in a lake or a fountain, I turned away my face in horror and detestation of myself, and could better endure the sight of a common Yahoo, than of my own person. By conversing with the Houyhnhnms; and looking upon them with delight, I fell to imitate their gait and gesture, which is now grown into an habit, and my friends often tell me, in a blunt way, that *I trot like a horse*; which, however, I take for a great compliment: neither shall I disown, that in speaking I am apt to fall into the voice and manner of the Houyhnhnms, and hear myself ridiculed on that account without the least mortification.

In the midst of all this happiness, and when I looked upon myself to be fully settled for life, my master sent for me one morning a little earlier than his usual hour. I observed by his countenance that he was in some perplexity, and at a loss how to begin what he had to speak. After a short silence, he told me, he did not know how I would

take what he was going to say; that in the last general assembly, when the affair of the Yahoos was entered upon, the representatives had taken offence at his keeping a Yahoo (meaning myself) in his family, more like a Houyhnhnm, than a brute animal. That he was known frequently to converse with me, as if he could receive some advantage or pleasure in my company: that such a practice was not agreeable to reason or nature, nor a thing ever heard of before among them. The assembly did therefore *exhort* him either to employ me like the rest of my species, or command me to swim back to the place from whence I came. That the first of these expedients was utterly rejected by all the Houyhnhnms, who had ever seen me at his house or their own: for they had alledged, that because I had some rudiments of reason added to the natural pravity of those animals, it was to be feared, I might be able to seduce them into the woody and mountainous parts of the country, and bring them in troops by night to destroy the Houyhnhnms cattle, as being naturally of the ravenous kind, and averse from labour.

My master added, that he was daily pressed by the Houyhnhnms of the neighbourhood to have the assembly's *exhortation* executed, which he could not put off much longer. He doubted it would be impossible for me to swim to another country, and therefore wished I would contrive some sort of vehicle resembling those I had described to him, that might carry me on the sea, in which work I should have the assistance of his own servants, as well as those of his neighbours. He concluded, that for his own part, he could have been content to keep me in his service as long as I lived, because he found I had cured myself of some bad habits and dispositions, by endeavouring, as far as my inferior nature was capable, to imitate the Houyhnhnms.

I should here observe to the reader, that a decree of the general assembly in this country is expressed by the word, *hnbldayn* which signifies an *exhortation*, as near as I can render it: for they have no conception how a rational creature can be *compelled*, but only *advised*, or *exhorted*; because no person can disobey reason, without giving up his claim to be a rational creature.

I was struck with the utmost grief and despair at my master's discourse, and being unable to support the agonies I was under, I fell into a swoon at his feet: when I came to myself, he told me, that he concluded I had been dead; (for these people are subject to no such imbecillities of nature.) I answered, in a faint voice, that death would have been too great an happiness; that although I could not blame the assembly's *exhortation*, or the urgency of his friends; yet, in my weak and corrupt judgment, I thought it might consist with reason to have been less rigorous. That I could not swim a league, and probably the nearest land to theirs might be distant above an hundred: that many materials, necessary for making a small vessel to carry me off, were wholly wanting in this country; which, however, I would attempt in obedience and gratitude to his honour, although I concluded the thing to be impossible, and therefore looked on myself as already devoted to destruction. That the certain prospect of unnatural death was the least of my evils; for supposing I should escape with life by some strange adventure, how could I think with temper of passing my days among Yahoos, and relapsing into my old corruptions, for want of examples to lead and keep me within the paths of virtue? That I knew too well upon what solid reasons all the determinations of the wise Houyhnhnms were founded, not to be shaken by arguments of mine, a miserable Yahoo; and therefore, after presenting him with my humble thanks for the offer of his servants assistance in making a vessel, and desiring a reasonable time for so difficult a work, I told him I would endeavour to preserve a wretched being; and if ever I returned to England, was not without hopes of being useful to my own species, by celebrating the praises of the renowned Houyhnhnms, and proposing their virtues to the imitation of mankind.

My master in a few words made me a very gracious reply, allowed me the space of two months to finish my boat, and ordered the sorrel nag, my fellow-servant (for so at this distance I may presume to call him) to follow my instructions, because I told my master that his help would be sufficient, and I knew he had a tenderness for me.

In his company, my first business was

to go to that part of the coast, where my rebellious crew had ordered me to be set on shore. I got upon a height, and looking on every side into the sea, I fancied I saw a small island towards the north-east: I took out my pocket-glass, and could then clearly distinguish it about five leagues off, as I computed; but it appeared to the sorrel nag to be only a blue cloud; for, as he had no conception of any country besides his own, so he could not be as expert in distinguishing remote objects at sea, as we who so much converse in that element.

After I had discovered this island, I considered no farther; but resolved it should, if possible, be the first place of my banishment, leaving the consequence to fortune.

I returned home, and, consulting with the sorrel nag, we went into a copse at some distance, where I with my knife, and he with a sharp flint fastened very artificially, after their manner, to a wooden handle, cut down several oak wattles about the thickness of a walking-staff, and some larger pieces. But I shall not trouble the reader with a particular description of my own mechanicks; let it suffice to say, that in six weeks time, with the help of the sorrel nag, who performed the parts that required most labour, I finished a sort of Indian canoe, but much larger, covering it with the skins of Yahoos well stitched together, with hempen threads of my own making. My sail was likewise composed of the skins of the same animal; but I made use of the youngest I could get, the older being too tough and thick; and I likewise provided myself with four paddles. I laid in a stock of boiled flesh of rabbits and fowls, and took with me two vessels; one filled with milk, and the other with water.

I tried my canoe in a large pond near my master's house, and then corrected in it what was amiss; stopping all the chinks with Yahoos tallow, till I found it staunch, and able to bear me and my freight. And when it was as compleat as I could possibly make it, I had it drawn on a carriage very gently by Yahoos to the sea-side, under the conduct of the sorrel nag, and another servant.

When all was ready, and the day come for my departure, I took leave of my master and lady, and the whole family; mine eyes flowing with tears, and mine

mine heart quite sunk with grief. But his honour, out of curiosity, and perhaps (if I may speak it without vanity) partly out of kindness, was determined to see me in my canoe, and got several of his neighbouring friends to accompany him. I was forced to wait above an hour for the tide, and then observing the wind very fortunately bearing towards the island, to which I intended to steer my course, I took a second leave of my master: but as I was going to prostrate myself to kiss his hoof, he did me the honour to raise it gently to my mouth. I am not ignorant how much I have been censured for mentioning this last particular: for my detractors are pleased to think it improbable, that so illustrious a person should descend to give so great a mark of distinction to a creature so inferior as I. Neither have I forgot, how apt some travellers are to boast of extraordinary favours they have received. But, if these censurers were better acquainted with the noble and courteous disposition of the Houyhnhnms, they would soon change their opinion.

I paid my respects to the rest of the Houyhnhnms in his honour's company; then getting into my canoe, I pushed off from the shore.

CHAP. XI.

THE AUTHOR'S DANGEROUS VOYAGE—HE ARRIVES AT NEW-HOLLAND, HOPING TO SETTLE THERE—IS WOUNDED WITH AN ARROW BY ONE OF THE NATIVES—IS SEIZED AND CARRIED BY FORCE INTO A PORTUGUESE SHIP—THE GREAT CIVILITIES OF THE CAPTAIN—THE AUTHOR ARRIVES AT ENGLAND.

I Began this desperate voyage on February 15, 1714—15, at nine o'clock in the morning. The wind was very favourable; however, I made use at first only of my paddles, but considering I should soon be weary, and that the wind might chop about, I ventured to set up my little sail; and thus, with the help of the tide, I went at the rate of a league and a half an hour, as near as I could guess. My master and his friends continued on the shore, till I was almost out of sight; and I often heard the sorrel nag (who always

loved me) crying out, '*Hny illa nyba 'majab Yahoo!*'—'Take care of thyself, gentle Yahoo!'

My design was, if possible, to discover some small island uninhabited, yet sufficient by my labour to furnish me with the necessaries of life, which I would have thought a greater happiness than to be first minister in the politest court of Europe; so horrible was the idea I conceived of returning to live in the society and under the government of Yahoos. For, in such a solitude as I desired, I could at least enjoy my own thoughts, and reflect with delight on the virtues of those inimitable Houyhnhnms, without any opportunity of degenerating into the vices and corruptions of my own species.

The reader may remember what I related when my crew conspired against me and confined me to my cabin. How I continued there several weeks, without knowing what course we took, and when I was put ashore in the long-boat, how the sailors told me with oaths, whether true or false, that they knew not in what part of the world we were. However, I did then believe us to be about ten degrees southward of the Cape of Good Hope, or about forty-five degrees southern latitude, as I gathered from some general words I overheard among them, being, I supposed, to the south-east in their intended voyage to Madagascar. And although this were but little better than conjecture, yet I resolved to steer my course eastward, hoping to reach the south-west coast of New Holland, and perhaps some such islands as I desired, lying westward of it. The wind was full west, and by six in the evening I computed I had gone eastward at least eighteen leagues, when I spied a very small island about half a league off, which I soon reached. It was nothing but a rock with one creek, naturally arched by the force of tempests; here I put in my canoe, and climbing up a part of the rock, I could plainly discover land to the east, extending from south to north. I lay all night in my canoe, and repeating my voyage early in the morning, I arrived in seven hours to the south-east point of New Holland. This confirmed me in the opinion I have long entertained, that the *maps* and *charts* place this country at least three degrees more to the east than it really is; which thought

thought I communicated many years ago to my worthy friend Mr. Herman Moll, and gave him my reasons for it, although he hath rather chosen to follow other authors.

I saw no inhabitants in the place where I landed; and, being unarmed, I was afraid of venturing far into the country. I found some shell-fish on the shore, and eat them raw, not daring to kindle a fire, for fear of being discovered by the natives. I continued three days feeding on oysters and limpets, to save my own provisions; and I fortunately found a brook of excellent water, which gave me great relief.

On the fourth day, venturing out early a little too far, I saw twenty or thirty natives upon a height, not above five hundred yards from me. They were stark-naked, men, women, and children, round a fire, as I could discover by the smoke. One of them spied me, and gave notice to the rest; five of them advanced towards me, leaving the women and children at the fire. I made what haste I could to the shore, and getting into my canoe, shoved off: the savages observed me retreat, ran after me; and, before I could get far enough into the sea, discharged an arrow, which wounded me deeply on the inside of my left knee. (I shall carry the mark to my grave.) I apprehended the arrow might be poisoned, and paddling out of the reach of their darts (being a calm day) I made a shift to suck the wound, and dress it as well as I could.

I was at a loss what to do, for I durst not return to the same landing-place, but stood to the north, and was forced to paddle; for the wind, though very gentle, was against me, blowing north-west. As I was looking about for a secure landing-place, I saw a sail to the north-north-east, which appearing every minute more visible, I was in some doubt, whether I should wait for them or no; but at last my detestation of the Yahoo race prevailed, and turning my canoe, I sailed and paddled together to the south, and got into the same creek from whence I set out in the morning, chusing rather to trust myself among these *barbarians*, than live with European Yahoos. I drew up my canoe as close as I could to the shore, and hid myself behind a stone by the little brook, which, as I have already said, was excellent water.

The ship came within half a league of this creek, and sent out her long-boat with vessels to take in fresh water, (for the place, it seems, was very well known) but I did not observe it till the boat was almost on shore, and it was too late to seek another hiding-place. The seamen at their landing observed my canoe, and rummaging it all over, easily conjectured, that the owner could not be far off. Four of them well armed searched every cranny and lurking hole, till at last they found me flat on my face behind the stone. They gazed awhile in admiration at my strange uncouth dress, my coat made of skins, my wooden-soled shoes, and my furred stockings; from whence, however, they concluded I was not a native of the place, who all go naked. One of the seamen, in Portuguese, bid me rise, and asked who I was. I understood that language very well, and getting upon my feet, said I was a poor Yahoo, banished from the Houyhnhnms, and desired they would please to let me depart. They admired to hear me answer them in their own tongue, and saw, by my complexion I must be an European; but were at a loss to know what I meant by Yahoos and Houyhnhnms, and at the same time fell a laughing at my strange tone of speaking, which resembled the neighing of a horse. I trembled all the while betwixt fear and hatred: I again desired leave to depart, and was gently moving to my canoe; but they laid hold on me, desiring to know what country I was of? whence I came? with many other questions. I told them I was born in England, from whence I came about five years ago, and then their country and ours were at peace. I therefore hoped they would not treat me as an enemy, since I meant them no harm, but was a poor Yahoo, seeking some desolate place where to pass the remainder of his unfortunate life.

When they began to talk, I thought I never heard or saw any thing so unnatural; for it appeared to me as monstrous as if a dog or a cow should speak in England, or a Yahoo in Houyhnhnmland. The honest Portuguese were equally amazed at my strange dress, and the odd manner of delivering my words; which, however, they understood very well. They spoke to me with great humanity, and said they were sure their
captain

captain would carry me gratis to Lisbon, from whence I might return to my own country; that two of the seamen would go back to the ship, inform the captain of what they had seen, and receive his orders; in the mean time, unless I would give my solemn oath not to fly, they would secure me by force. I thought it best to comply with their proposal. They were very curious to know my story, but I gave them very little satisfaction; and they all conjectured, that my misfortunes had impaired my reason. In two hours, the boat, which went loaden with vessels of water, returned with the captain's command to fetch me on board. I fell on my knees to preserve my liberty, but all was in vain; and the men having tied me with cords, heaved me into the boat, from whence I was taken into the ship, and from thence into the captain's cabin.

His name was Pedro De Mendez, he was a very courteous and generous person; he entreated me to give some account of myself, and desired to know what I would eat or drink; said I should be used as well as himself, and spoke so many obliging things, that I wondered to find such civilities from a Yahoo. However, I remained silent and sullen; I was ready to faint at the very smell of him and his men. At last I desired something to eat out of my own canoe; but he ordered me a chicken and some excellent wine, and then directed that I should be put to bed in a very clean cabin. I would not undress myself, but lay on the bed-cloaths, and in half an hour stole out, when I thought the crew was at dinner, and getting to the side of the ship, was going to leap into the sea, and swim for my life, rather than continue among Yahoos. But one of the seamen prevented me, and having informed the captain, I was chained to my cabin.

After dinner, Don Pedro came to me, and desired to know my reason for so desperate an attempt; assured me he only meant to do me all the service he was able, and spoke so very movingly, that at last I descended to treat him like an animal that had some little portion of reason. I gave him a very short relation of my voyage, of the conspiracy against me by my own men, of the country where they set me on shore, and of my three years residence there. All which he looked upon as if it were a

dream or vision, whereat I took great offence; for I had quite forgot the faculty of lying, so peculiar to Yahoos in all countries where they preside, and consequently the disposition of suspecting truth in others of their own species. I asked him, whether it were the custom in his country to *say the thing that was not*? I assured him I had almost forgot what he meant by falsehood, and if I had lived a thousand years in Houyhnhnmland, I should never have heard a lye from the meanest servant; that I was altogether indifferent whether he believed me or no; but however, in return for his favours, I would give so much allowance to the corruption of his nature, as to answer any objection he would please to make, and then he might easily discover the truth.

The captain, a wise man, after many endeavours to catch me tripping in some part of my story, at last began to have a better opinion of my veracity; and the rather, because he confessed he met with a Dutch skipper, who pretended to have landed, with five others of his crew, upon a certain island or continent south of New Holland, where they went for fresh water, and observed a horse driving before him several animals exactly resembling those I described under the name of Yahoos, with some other particulars, which the captain said he had forgot; because he then concluded them all to be lies. But he added, that since I professed so inviolable an attachment to truth, I must give him my word and honour to bear him company in this voyage, without attempting any thing against my life, or else he would continue me a prisoner till we arrived at Lisbon. I gave him the promise he required, but at the same time protested, that I would suffer the greatest hardships rather than return to live among Yahoos.

Our voyage passed without any considerable accident. In gratitude to the captain, I sometimes sat with him at his earnest request, and strove to conceal my antipathy against human kind, although it often broke out, which he suffered to pass without observation. But the greatest part of the day I confined myself to my cabin, to avoid seeing any of the crew. The captain had often intreated me to strip myself of my savage dress, and offered to lend me the best suit of cloaths he had. This I

would not be prevailed on to accept, abhorring to cover myself with any thing that had been on the back of a Yahoo. I only desired he would lend me two clean shirts, which having been washed since he wore them, I believed would not so much defile me. These I changed every second day, and washed them myself.

We arrived at Lisbon, Nov. 5, 1715. At our landing the captain forced me to cover myself with his cloak, to prevent the rabble from crowding about me. I was conveyed to his own house; and, at my earnest request, he led me up to the highest room backwards. I conjured him to conceal from all persons what I had told him of the Houyhnhnms, because the least hint of such a story would not only draw numbers of people to see me, but probably put me in danger of being imprisoned or burnt by the inquisition. The captain persuaded me to accept a suit of cloaths newly made, but I would not suffer the taylor to take my measure; however, Don Pedro being almost of my size, they fitted me well enough. He accoutred me with other necessaries, all new, which I aired for twenty-four hours before I would use them.

The captain had no wife, nor above three servants, none of which were suffered to attend at meals, and his whole deportment was so obliging, added to very good *human* understanding, that I really began to tolerate his company. He gained so far upon me, that I ventured to look out of the back window. By degrees I was brought into another room, from whence I peeped into the street, but drew my head back in a fright. In a week's time he seduced me down to the door. I found my terror gradually lessened, but my hatred and contempt seemed to increase. I was at last bold enough to walk the street in his company, but kept my nose well stopped with rue, or sometimes with tobacco.

In ten days, Don Pedro, to whom I had given some account of my domestic affairs, put it upon me as a matter of honour and conscience, that I ought to return to my native country, and live at home with my wife and children. He told me there was an English ship in the port just ready to sail, and he would furnish me with all things necessary. It would be tedious to repeat his

arguments, and my contradictions. He said it was altogether impossible to find such a solitary island as I had desired to live in; but I might command in my own house, and pass my time in a manner as recluse as I pleased.

I complied at last, finding I could not do better. I left Lisbon the 24th day of November, in an English merchantman, but who was the master I never enquired. Don Pedro accompanied me to the ship, and lent me twenty pounds. He took kind leave of me, and embraced me at parting, which I bore as well as I could. During this last voyage I had no commerce with the master or any of his men, but pretending I was sick, kept close in my cabin. On the 5th of December 1715, we cast anchor in the Downs about nine in the morning, and at three in the afternoon I got safe to my house at Rotherhithe.

My wife and family received me with great surprize and joy, because they concluded me certainly dead; but I must freely confess the sight of them filled me only with hatred, disgust, and contempt, and the more by reflecting on the near alliance I had to them. For, although since my unfortunate exile from the Houyhnhnm country, I had compelled myself to tolerate the sight of Yahoos, and to converse with Don Pedro De Mendez; yet my memory and imagination were perpetually filled with the virtues and ideas of those exalted Houyhnhnms. And when I began to consider, that by copulating with one of the Yahoo species I had become a parent of more, it struck me with the utmost shame, confusion, and horror.

As soon as I entered the house, my wife took me in her arms, and kissed me, at which having not been used to the touch of that odious animal for so many years, I fell into a swoon for almost an hour. At the time I am writing it is five years since my last return to England: during the first year I could not endure my wife and children in my presence, the very smell of them was intolerable, much less could I suffer them to eat in the same room. To this hour they dare not presume to touch my bread, or drink out of the same cup, neither was I ever able to let one of them take me by the hand. The first money I laid out was to buy two young stone-horses, which I kept in a good stable, and next to them the groom is

my greatest favourite; for I feel my spirits revived by the smell he contracts in the stable. My horses understand me tolerably well; I converse with them at least four hours every day. They are strangers to bridle or saddle; they live in great amity with me, and friendship to each other.

CHAP. XII.

THE AUTHOR'S VERACITY—HIS DESIGN IN PUBLISHING THIS WORK—HIS CENSURE OF THOSE TRAVELLERS WHO SWERVE FROM THE TRUTH—THE AUTHOR CLEARS HIMSELF FROM ANY SINISTER ENDS IN WRITING—AN OBJECTION ANSWERED—THE METHOD OF PLANTING COLONIES—HIS NATIVE COUNTRY COMMENDED—THE RIGHT OF THE CROWN TO THOSE COUNTRIES DESCRIBED BY THE AUTHOR IS JUSTIFIED—THE DIFFICULTY OF CONQUERING THEM—THE AUTHOR TAKES HIS LAST LEAVE OF THE READER; PROPOSETH HIS MANNER OF LIVING FOR THE FUTURE, GIVES GOOD ADVICE, AND CONCLUDETH.

THUS, gentle reader, I have given thee a faithful history of my travels for sixteen years, and above seven months, wherein I have not been so studious of ornament as truth. I could, perhaps, like others, have astonished thee with strange improbable tales; but I rather chose to relate plain matter of fact in the simplest manner and style, because my principal design was to inform, and not to amuse thee.

It is easy for us to travel into remote countries, which are seldom visited by Englishmen or other Europeans, to form descriptions of wonderful animals both at sea and land. Whereas a traveller's chief aim should be to make men wiser and better, and to improve their minds by the bad as well as good example of what they deliver concerning foreign places.

I could heartily wish a law was enacted, that every traveller, before he were permitted to publish his voyages, should be obliged to make oath before the lord high chancellor, that all he intended to print was absolutely true, to

the best of his knowledge; for then the world would no longer be deceived, as it usually is, while some writers, to make their works pass the better upon the publick, impose the grossest falsties on the unwary reader. I have perused several books of travels with great delight in my younger days; but having since gone over most parts of the globe, and been able to contradict many fabulous accounts from my own observation, it hath given me a great disgust against this part of reading, and some indignation to see the credulity of mankind so impudently abused. Therefore, since my acquaintance were pleased to think my poor endeavours might not be unacceptable to my country, I imposed on myself as a maxim, never to be swerved from, that I would *strictly adhere to truth*; neither, indeed, can I be ever under the least temptation to vary from it, while I retain in my mind the lectures and example of my noble master, and the other illustrious Houyhnhnms, of whom I had so long the honour to be an humble hearer.

—*Nec, si miserum fortuna sinonem
Finxit, vanum etiam, mendacemque improba
finget.*

I know very well how little reputation is to be got by writings which require neither genius nor learning, nor indeed any other talent, except a good memory, or an exact *journal*. I know likewise, the writers of travels, like *dictionary-makers*, are sunk into oblivion by the weight and bulk of those who come last, and therefore lie uppermost. And it is highly probable, that such travellers who shall hereafter visit the countries described in this work of mine, may, by detecting my errors (if there be any) and adding many new discoveries of their own, jostle me out of vogue, and stand in my place, making the world forget that ever I was an author. This, indeed, would be too great a mortification, if I wrote for fame: but as my sole intention was the **PUBLICK GOOD**, I cannot be altogether disappointed. For who can read of the virtues I have mentioned in the glorious Houyhnhnms, without being ashamed of his own vices, when he considers himself as the reasoning, governing animal of his country? I shall say nothing of those remote nations where Yahoos

preside, amongst which, the least corrupted are the Brobdingnagians, whose wise maxims in morality and government it would be our happiness to observe. But I forbear descanting farther, and rather leave the judicious reader to his own remarks and applications.

I am not a little pleased that this work of mine can possibly meet with no censures; for what objections can be made against a writer who relates only plain facts that happened in such distant countries, where we have not the least interest with respect either to trade or negotiations? I have carefully avoided every fault with which common writers of travels are often too justly charged. Besides, I meddle not with any *party*, but write without passion, prejudice, or ill-will, against any man or number of men whatsoever. I write for the noblest end, to inform and instruct mankind; over whom I may, without breach of modesty, pretend to some superiority, from the advantages I received by conversing so long among the most accomplished Houyhnhnms. I write without any view towards profit or praise. I never suffer a word to pass that may look like reflection, or possibly give the least offence even to those who are most ready to take it. So that I hope I may with justice pronounce myself an author perfectly blameless, against whom the tribes of answerers, considerers, observers, reflecters, detecters, and remarkers, will never be able to find matter for exercising their talents.

I confess, it was whispered to me, that I was bound in duty, as a subject of England, to have given in a memorial to a secretary of state at my first coming over; because, whatever lands are discovered by a subject, belong to the crown. But I doubt whether our conquests in the countries I treat of, would be as easy as those of Ferdinando Cortez over the naked Americans. The Lilliputians, I think, are hardly worth the charge of a fleet and army to reduce them, and I question whether it might be prudent or safe to attempt the Brobdingnagians. Or whether an English army would be much at their ease with the Flying Island over their heads. The Houyhnhnms, indeed, appear not to be so well prepared for war, a science to which they are perfect strangers, and especially against missile weapons. However, supposing myself to be a mi-

nister of state, I could never give my advice for invading them. Their prudence, unanimity, unacquaintedness with fear, and their love of their country, would amply supply all defects in the military art. Imagine twenty thousand of them breaking into the midst of an European army, confounding the ranks, overturning the carriages, battering the warriors faces into mummy, by terrible yerks from their hinder hoofs. For they would well deserve the character given to Augustus: *Recalcitrat undique tutus*. But instead of proposals for conquering that magnanimous nation, I rather wish they were in a capacity or disposition to send a sufficient number of their inhabitants for civilizing Europe, by teaching us the first principles of honour, justice, truth, temperance, publick spirit, fortitude, chastity, friendship, benevolence, and fidelity. The *names* of all which virtues are still retained among us in most languages, and are to be met with in some modern as well as ancient authors; which I am able to assert from my own small reading.

But I had another reason which made me less forward to enlarge his majesty's dominions by my discoveries. To say the truth, I had conceived a few scruples with relation to the distributive justice of princes upon those occasions. For instance, a crew of pirates are driven by a storm they know not whither; at length a boy discovers land from the top-mast; they go on shore to rob and plunder; they see an harmless people, are entertained with kindness, they give the country a new name, they take formal possession of it for their king, they set up a rotten plank or stone for a memorial, they murder two or three dozen of the natives, bring away a couple more by force for a sample, return home, and get their pardon. Here commences a new dominion acquired with a title by *divine right*. Ships are sent with the first opportunity, the natives driven out or destroyed, their princes tortured to discover their gold; a free licence given to all acts of inhumanity and lust, the earth reeking with the blood of it's inhabitants; and this execrable crew of butchers employed in so pious an expedition, is a *modern colony* sent to convert and civilize an idolatrous and barbarous people.

But this description, I confess, doth
by

by no means affect the British nation, who may be an example to the whole world for their wisdom, care, and justice, in planting colonies; their liberal endowments for the advancement of religion and learning; their choice of devout and able pastors to propagate *Christianity*, their caution in stocking their provinces with people of sober lives and conversations from this the mother kingdom; their strict regard to the distribution of justice, in supplying the civil administration through all their colonies, with officers of the greatest abilities, utter strangers to corruption; and to crown all, by sending the most vigilant and virtuous governors, who have no other views than the happiness of the people over whom they preside, and the honour of the king their master.

But as those countries which I have described do not appear to have a desire of being conquered and enslaved, murdered or driven out by colonies, nor abound either in gold, silver, sugar, or tobacco; I did humbly conceive they were by no means proper objects of our zeal, our valour, or our interest. However, if those whom it more concerns think fit to be of another opinion, I am ready to depose, when I shall be lawfully called, that no European did ever visit these countries before me. I mean, if the inhabitants ought to be believed; unless a dispute may arise about the two Yahoos said to have been seen many ages ago on a mountain in Houyhnhnm-land, from whence the opinion is, that the race of those brutes hath descended; and these, for any thing I know, may have been English, which indeed I was apt to suspect from the lineaments of their posterities countenances, although very much defaced. But how far that will go to make out a title I leave to the learned in colony-law.

But as to the formality of taking possession in my sovereign's name, it never came once into my thoughts; and if it had, yet, as my affairs then stood, I should, perhaps, in point of prudence and self-preservation, have put it off to a better opportunity.

Having thus answered the only objection that can ever be raised against me as a traveller, I here take a final leave of all my courteous readers, and return to enjoy my own speculations in

my little garden at Redriff, to apply those excellent lessons of virtue which I learned among the Houyhnhnms, to instruct the Yahoos of my own family as far as I shall find them docible animals, to behold my figure often in a glass; and thus, if possible, habituate myself by time to tolerate the sight of a human creature: to lament the brutality of the Houyhnhnms in my own country, but always treat their persons with respect, for the sake of my noble master, his family, his friends, and the whole Houyhnhnm race, whom these of ours have the honour to resemble in all their lineaments, however their intellectuals came to degenerate.

I began last week to permit my wife to sit at dinner with me, at the farthest end of a long table, and to answer (but with the utmost brevity) the few questions I asked her. Yet the smell of a Yahoo continuing very offensive, I always keep my nose well stopped with rue, lavender, or tobacco-leaves. And although it be hard for a man late in life to remove old habits, I am not altogether out of hopes in some time to suffer a neighbour Yahoo in my company, without the apprehensions I am yet under of his teeth or his claws.

My reconciliation to the Yahoo kind in general might not be so difficult, if they would be content with those vices and follies only which nature hath intitled them to. I am not in the least provoked at the sight of a lawyer, a pick-pocket, a colonel, a fool, a lord, a gamester, a politician, a whore-master, a physician, an evidence, a suborner, an attorney, a traitor, or the like: this is all according to the due course of things. But when I behold a lump of deformity and diseases, both in body and mind, smitten with *pride*, it immediately breaks all the measures of my patience; neither shall I be ever able to comprehend how such an animal and such a vice could tally together. The wise and virtuous Houyhnhnms, who abound in all excellencies that can adorn a rational creature, have no name for this vice in their language, which hath no terms to express any thing that is evil, except those whereby they describe the detestable qualities of their Yahoos, among which they were not able to distinguish this of pride, for want of thoroughly understanding human nature, as it sheweth itself in other countries

countries where that animal presides. But I, who had more experience, could plainly observe some rudiments of it among the wild Yahoos.

But the Houyhnhnms, who live under the government of reason, are no more proud of the good qualities they possess, than I should be for not wanting a leg or an arm, which no man in his wits

would boast of, although he must be miserable without them. I dwell the longer upon this subject, from the desire I have to make the society of an English Yahoo by any means not insupportable, and therefore I here intreat those who have any tincture of this absurd vice, that they will not presume to come in my sight.

FINIS.

THE
A D V E N T U R E S
OF
D A V I D S I M P L E:
CONTAINING
AN ACCOUNT OF HIS TRAVELS
THROUGH
THE CITIES OF LONDON AND WESTMINSTER,
IN THE
SEARCH OF A REAL FRIEND,
BY MISS FIELDING.
IN TWO VOLUMES.



L O N D O N:
Printed for HARRISON and Co. No. 18, Paternoster-Row.
M D C C L X X X I I.

THE

ADVENTURE

OF

DAVID SIMPSON

CONTAINING

AN ACCOUNT OF HIS TRAVELS

THROUGH

THE CLIFFS OF LONDON AND WILMINGTON

IN THE

STORY OF A REAL VOYAGE

IN THE NORTH.

IN TWO VOLUMES.



LONDON:

JOHN H. LITTLE, 10, NASSAU ST., N.Y.

1854.



P R E F A C E.

AS so many worthy persons have, I am told, ascribed the honour of this performance to me, they will not be surprized at seeing my name to this preface; nor am I very insincere, when I call it an honour; for if the authors of the age are amongst the number of those who conferred it on me, I know very few of them to whom I shall return the compliment of such a suspicion.

I could indeed have been very well content with the reputation, well knowing that some writings may be justly laid to my charge, of a merit greatly inferior to that of the following work; had not the imputation directly accused me of falshood, in breaking a promise, which I have solemnly made in print, of never publishing, even a pamphlet, without setting my name to it: a promise I have always hitherto faithfully kept; and, for the sake of men's characters, I wish all other writers were by law obliged to use the same method; but, till they are, I shall no longer impose any such restraint on myself.

A second reason which induces me to refute this untruth, is, that it may have a tendency to injure me in a profession, to which I have applied with so arduous and intent a diligence, that I have had no leisure, if I had inclination, to compose any thing of this kind. Indeed, I am very far from entertaining such an inclination; I know the value of the reward which fame confers on authors, too well, to endeavour any longer to obtain it; nor was the world ever more unwilling to bestow the glorious, envied prize, of the laurel or bays, than I should now be to receive any such garland or fool's cap. There is not, I believe, (and it is bold to affirm) a single free Briton in this kingdom, who hates his wife more heartily than I detest the muses. They have, indeed, behaved to me like the most infamous harlots; and have laid many a spurious, as well as deformed production at my door: in all which, my good friends the criticks, have, in their profound discernment, discovered some resemblance of the parent; and thus I have been reputed and reported the author of half the scurrility, bawdy, treason, and blasphemy, which these few last years have produced.

I am far from thinking every person who hath thus aspersed me, had a determinate design of doing me an injury; I impute it only to an idle, childish levity, which possesses too many minds, and makes them report their conjectures as matters of fact, without weighing the proof, or considering the consequence. But as to the former of these, my readers will do well to examine their own talents very strictly, before they are too thoroughly convinced of their abilities to distinguish an author's stile so accurately, as from that only to pronounce an anonymous work to be his: and, as to the latter, a little reflection will convince them of the cruelty they are guilty of by such reports. For my own part, I can aver, that there are few crimes of which I should have been more ashamed, than of some writings laid to my charge. I am as well assured of the injuries I have suffered from such

unjust imputations, not only in general character; but as they have, I conceive, frequently raised me inveterate enemies, in persons to whose disadvantage I have never entertained a single thought; nay, in men whose characters, and even names, have been unknown to me.

Among all the scurrilities with which I have been accused, (though equally and totally innocent of every one) none ever raised my indignation so much as the *Causidicate*: this accused me not only of being a bad writer, and a bad man; but with downright idiotism, in flying in the face of the greatest men of my profession. I take, therefore, this opportunity to protest, that I never saw that infamous, paultry libel, till long after it had been in print; nor can any man hold it in greater contempt and abhorrence than myself.

The reader will pardon my dwelling so long on this subject, as I have suffered so cruelly by these aspersions in my own ease, in my reputation, and in my interest. I shall, however, henceforth treat such censure with the contempt it deserves; and do here revoke the promise I formerly made; so that I shall now look upon myself at full liberty to publish an anonymous work, without any breach of faith. For though probably I shall never make any use of this liberty, there is no reason why I should be under a restraint for which I have not enjoyed the purposed recompence.

A third, and indeed the strongest reason which hath drawn me into print, is to do justice to the real and sole author of this little book; who, notwithstanding the many excellent observations dispersed through it, and the deep knowledge of human nature it discovers, is a young woman; one so nearly and dearly allied to me, in the highest friendship as well as relation, that if she had wanted any assistance of mine, I would have been as ready to have given it her, as I would have been just to my word in owning it: but, in reality, two or three hints which arose on the reading of it, and some little direction as to the conduct of the second volume, much the greater part of which I never saw till in print, were all the aid she received from me. Indeed, I believe there are few books in the world so absolutely the author's own as this.

There were some grammatical and other errors in style in the first impression, which my absence from town prevented my correcting, as I have endeavoured, though in great haste, in this edition: by comparing the one with the other, the reader may see, if he thinks it worth his while, the share I have in this book, as it now stands, and which amounts to little more than the correction of some small errors, which want of habit in writing chiefly occasioned, and which no man of learning would think worth his censure in a romance; nor any gentleman, in the writings of a young woman.

And as the faults of this work want very little excuse, so it's beauties want as little recommendation: though I will not say but they may sometimes stand in need of being pointed out to the generality of readers. For as the merit of this work consists in a vast penetration into human nature, a deep and profound discernment of all the mazes, windings and labyrinths, which perplex the heart of man to such a degree, that he is himself often incapable of seeing through them; and as this is the greatest, noblest, and rarest, of all the talents which constitute a genius; so a much larger share of this talent is necessary, even to recognize these discoveries, when they are laid before us, than falls to the share of a common reader. Such beauties, therefore, in an author,

author, must be contented to pass often unobserved and untasted; whereas, on the contrary, the imperfections of this little book, which arise, not from want of genius, but of learning, lie open to the eyes of every fool who has had a little Latin inoculated into his tail; but had the same great quantity of birch been better employed, in scourging away his ill-nature, he would not have exposed it in endeavouring to cavil at the first performance of one, whose sex and age entitle her to the gentlest criticism, while her merit, of an infinitely higher kind, may defy the severest. But I believe the warmth of my friendship hath led me to engage a critic of my own imagination only, for I should be sorry to conceive such a one had any real existence. If, however, any such composition of folly, meanness, and malevolence, should actually exist, he must be as incapable of conviction, as unworthy of an answer. I shall, therefore, proceed to the more pleasing task of pointing out some of the beauties of this little work.

I have attempted, in my preface to *Joseph Andrews*, to prove, that every work of this kind is in it's nature a comick epick poem, of which Homer left us a precedent, though it be unhappily lost.

The two great originals of a serious air, which we have derived from that mighty genius, differ principally in the action, which in the *Iliad* is entire and uniform; in the *Odyssey*, is rather a series of actions, all tending to produce one great end. Virgil and Milton are, I think, the only pure imitators of the former: most of the other Latin, as well as Italian, French, and English epick poets, chusing rather the history of some war, as Lucan, and Silius Italicus; or a series of adventures, as Ariosto, &c. for the subject of their poems.

In the same manner, the comick writer may either fix on one action, as the authors of *Le Lutrín*, the *Dunciad*, &c. or on a series, as Butler in verse, and Cervantes in prose, have done.

Of this latter kind is the book now before us; where the fable consists of a series of separate adventures, detached from and independent on each other, yet all tending to one great end: so that those who should object want of unity of action here, may, if they please, or if they dare, fly back with their objection, in the face of even the *Odyssey* itself.

This fable hath in it these three difficult ingredients, which will be found on consideration to be always necessary to works of this kind, viz. that the main end or scope be at once amiable, ridiculous, and natural.

If it be said, that some of the comick performances I have above-mentioned differ in the first of these, and set before us the odious, instead of the amiable; I answer, that is far from being one of their perfections; and of this the authors themselves seem so sensible, that they endeavour to deceive their reader by false glosses and colours; and, by the help of irony at least, to represent the aim and design of their heroes in a favourable and agreeable light.

I might farther observe, that, as the incidents arising from this fable, though often surprizing, are every where natural, (credibility not being once shocked through the whole) so there is one beauty very apparent, which hath been attributed by the greatest of critics to the greatest of poets; that every episode bears a manifest impression of the principal design, and chiefly turns on the perfection or imperfection of friendship; of which noble passion, from it's highest purity to it's

lowest falshoods and disguises, this little book is, in my opinion, the most exact model.

As to the characters here described, I shall repeat the saying of one of the greatest men of this age, 'That they are as wonderfully drawn by the writer, as they were by nature herself.' There are many strokes in Orgueil, Spatter, Varnish, Le Vif, the Balancer, and some others, which would have shined in the pages of Theophrastus, Horace, or La Bruyere. Nay, there are some touches, which I will venture to say, might have done honour to the pencil of the immortal Shakespeare himself.

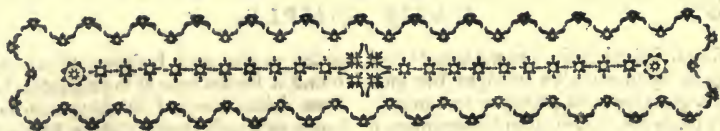
The sentiments are in general extremely delicate; those particularly which regard friendship, are, I think, as noble and elevated as I have any where met with: nor can I help remarking, that the author hath been so careful in justly adapting them to her characters, that a very indifferent reader, after he is in the least acquainted with the character of the speaker, can seldom fail of applying every sentiment to the person who utters it. Of this we have the strongest instance in Cynthia and Camilla, where the lively spirit of the former, and the gentle softness of the latter, breathe through every sentence which drops from either of them.

The diction I shall say no more of, than as it is the last and lowest perfection in a writer, and one which many of great genius seem to have little regarded, so I must allow my author to have the least merit on this head: many errors in style existing in the first edition, and some, I am convinced, remaining still uncured in this; but experience and habit will most certainly remove this objection; for a good stile, as well as a good hand in writing, is chiefly learned by practice.

I shall here finish these short remarks on this little book, which have been drawn from me by those people, who have very falsely and impertinently called me it's author; I declare I have spoken no more than my real sentiments of it, nor can I see why any relation or attachment to merit should restrain me from it's commendation.

The true reason why some have been backward in giving this book it's just praise, and why others have sought after some more known and experienced author for it, is, I apprehend, no other, than an astonishment how one so young, and in appearance so unacquainted with the world, should know so much both of the better and worse part, as is here exemplified: but, in reality, a very little knowledge of the world will afford an observer, moderately accurate, sufficient instances of evil; and a short communication with her own heart will leave the author of this book very little to seek abroad of all the good which is to be found in human nature.

HENRY FIELDING.



THE
A D V E N T U R E S
O F
D A V I D S I M P L E

VOLUME THE FIRST.

BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

THE BIRTH, PARENTAGE, AND EDUCATION OF MR. DAVID SIMPLE.



R. David Simple was the eldest son of Mr. Daniel Simple, a mercer on Ludgate Hill. His mother was a downright country woman, who originally got her living by plain-work; but being handsome, was liked by Mr. Simple. When, or where this couple met, or what happened to them during their courtship, is foreign to my present purpose, nor do I really know. But they were married, and lived many years together, a very honest and industrious life; to which it was owing, that they were able to provide very well for their children. They had only two sons, David and Daniel; who, as soon as capable of learning, were sent to a publick school, and kept there in a manner which put them on a level with boys of a superior degree, and they were respected equally with those born in the highest station. This indeed their behaviour demanded; for there never appeared any thing mean in their actions, and nature had given them parts enough to converse with the most ingenious of their school-fellows. The strict friendship they kept up was remarked by the whole school; who ever affronted the one, made an enemy

of the other; and while there was any money in either of their pockets, the other was sure never to want it: the notion of whose property it was, being the last thing that ever entered into their heads. The eldest, who was of a sober, prudent disposition, had always enough to supply his brother, who was much more profuse in his expences; and I have often heard him say (for this history is all taken from his own mouth) that one of the greatest pleasures he ever had in his life, was in the reflections he used to make at that time, that he was able to supply and assist his dear brother; and whenever he saw him but look as if he wanted any thing, he would immediately bring out all the money he had, and desire him to take whatever he had occasion for. On the other hand, Daniel was in some respects useful to him; for although he had not half the real understanding or parts, yet he was what the world calls a much sharper boy; that is, he had more cunning, and consequently being more suspicious, would often keep his brother from being imposed on; who, as he was too young to have gained much experience, and never had any ill designs on others, never thought of their having any upon him. He paid a perfect deference to his brother's wisdom; from finding, that whenever he marked out a boy as one that would behave ill, it always proved so in the end. He was sometimes,

times, indeed, quite amazed how Daniel came by so much knowledge; but then his great love and partiality to him easily made him impute it to his uncommon sagacity; and he often pleased himself with the thoughts of having such a brother.

Thus these two brothers lived together at school in the most perfect unity and friendship, till the eldest was seventeen; at which time they were sent for from school, on their father's being seized with a violent fever. He recovered of that distemper, but it weakened him so much, that he fell into a consumption, in which he lingered a twelvemonth, and then died. The loss of so good a father was sensibly felt by the tender-hearted David; he was in the utmost affliction, till by philosophical considerations, assisted by a natural calmness he had in his own temper; he was enabled to overcome his grief, and began again to enjoy his former serenity of mind. His brother, who was of a much gayer disposition, soon recovered his spirits; and the two brothers seemed to be getting into their former state of happiness, when it was interrupted by the discovery of something in Daniel's mind, which to his fond brother had never appeared there before; and which, whoever thinks proper to read the next chapter, may know.

CHAP. II.

IN WHICH ARE SEEN THE TERRIBLE
CONSEQUENCES WHICH ATTEND
ENVY AND SELFISHNESS.

IT will perhaps surprize the reader as much as it did poor David, to find that Daniel, notwithstanding the appearance of friendship he had all along kept up with his brother, was in reality one of those wretches, whose only happiness centers in themselves; and that his conversation with his companions had never any other view, but in some shape or other to promote his own interest. To this was owing his endeavour to keep David from being imposed on, lest his generosity should lead him to let others share his money as well as himself: from this alone arose his character of wisdom; for he could easily find out an ill-disposed mind in another, by comparing it with what

passed in his own bosom. While he found it for his benefit to pretend to the same delicate way of thinking and sincere love which David had for him, he did not want art enough to affect it; but as soon as he thought it his interest to break with his brother, he threw off the mask, and took no pains to conceal the baseness of his heart.

From the time they came from school, during the old gentleman's illness, Daniel's only study was, how he should throw his brother out of his share of his father's patrimony, and engross it wholly to himself. The anxious thoughts he appeared continually in, on this account, were imputed by his good-natured friend to a tender concern for a parent's suffering; a consideration which much increased his love for him. His mother had a maid, whom Mr. Daniel had a great fancy for; but she being a virtuous woman (and besides having a sweetheart in her fellow-servant, whom she liked much better) resisted all his solicitations, and would have nothing to say to him. But yet he found she could not refuse any little presents he made her; which convinced him she was very mercenary, and made him think of a scheme to make her serve his designs of another kind, since she would not be subservient to his pleasures. He knew his father had given a sealed paper to his brother, which he told him was his will, with strict orders not to open it till after his death; and as he was not ignorant where David had put it, he formed a scheme to steal away the real will, and to put a forged one in its place. But then he was greatly puzzled what he should do for witnesses; which, as he had slyly pumped out of an ingenious young gentleman his acquaintance, who was clerk to an attorney, were necessary to the signing a will. He therefore thought, if he could bribe this girl and her sweetheart for this purpose, he should accomplish all he desired; for, as the same learned lawyer had told him, two witnesses were sufficient, where the estate was only personal, as that of his father's was. This young woman was one of those sort of people who had been bred up to get her living by hard work; she had been taught never to keep company with any man, but him she intended to marry; nor to get drunk, or steal; for if she gave way to those things, (besides that they

they were great sins) she would certainly come to be hanged; which, as she had an utter aversion to, she went on in an honest way, and never intended to depart from it.

Our spark, when first he thought of making use of her, was very much afraid, lest she should refuse, and betray him. But when he reflected how impossible it would be for him to refuse any thing he thought valuable, though he was to be guilty of ever so much treachery to obtain it, he resolved boldly to venture on the trial. When he first spoke to her about it, he offered her fifty pounds; but she was so frightened at the thoughts of being accessory to a forgery, that she declared,—She would not do it for the whole world; for that she had more value for her precious soul, than for any thing he could give her; that as to him, he was a schollard, and might think of some way of saving himself; but as she could neither write nor read, she must surely be d——'d. This way of talking so thoroughly convinced Daniel of her folly, that he made no doubt of soon gaining her to his purpose. He therefore made use of all the most persuasive arguments he could think of; and, amongst the rest, he told her, that by this means he might marry the man she liked, and live with him in a very comfortable manner. He immediately perceived this staggered all her resolutions; and as soon as he saw she could be moved, did not fear succeeding. He pulled out of his pocket a purse with a hundred guineas, and told them out before her (for the sight of money is much more prevalent than the idea of it) and assured her, that he would be better than he had promised her; for if she would comply with his request, the whole sum she had seen should be her's, and that she and her lover by this means would be enabled to live in a manner much above all the maids she used to converse with. The thoughts of being set above her acquaintance quite overcame her; and, as she had never been mistress of above forty shillings at a time, a hundred guineas appeared such an immense sum, that she easily conceived she could live very well, without being obliged to work any more. This prospect so charmed her, that she promised to do whatever he would have her. She did

not doubt but she could make her sweetheart comply, for he had never refused her any thing since their acquaintance began. This made Daniel quite happy, for every thing else was plain before him. He had no scruple on the fellow's account; for, once get the consent of a woman, and that of a man (who is vulgarly called in love with her) consequently follows: for though a man's disposition is not naturally bad, yet it is not quite certain he will have resolution enough to resist a woman's continual importunities.

Daniel took the first opportunity (which quickly offered, every thing being common between him and his brother) of stealing the will. As it was in his father's hand, he could easily forge it, for he wrote very like him; when he had done this, he had it witnessed in form, placed it in the room of the other, and then went away quite satisfied in the success of his scheme.

The real affliction of David, on the old gentleman's death, prevented his immediate thinking of his will. And Daniel was forced to counterfeit what he did not feel; not daring to be eager for the opening it, lest when the contents were known the truth should be suspected. But as soon as the first grief was a little abated, and the family began to be calmed, David desired his mother and brother to walk up stairs; then went to his bureau, and took out the will; and read it before them. The contents were as follows: Daniel was left sole executor; that out of 11,000*l.* which was the sum left, he should pay his mother 60*l.* per annum, and that David should have 500*l.* for his fortune. They all stood speechless for some time, staring at each other. At last David broke silence, and embracing Daniel, said, 'I hope, my dear brother will not impute my amazement to any concern I have, that he has so much the largest share of my father's fortune. No, I do assure you, the only cause of my uneasiness is fearing I have done any thing to disoblige my father, who always behaved with so much good-nature to me, and made us both so equal in his care and love, that I think he must have had some reason for this last action of leaving me so small a matter, especially as I am the eldest.'

Here Daniel interrupted him, and began

began to swear and bluster. He said that his father must have been told some wicked lyes of his brother, and he was resolved to find out the vile incendiary. But David begged him to be pacified, and assured him he thought of it without concern; for he knew him too well to suspect any alteration in his behaviour, and did not doubt but every thing would be in common amongst them as usual: nay, so tenderly and affectionately did he love Daniel, that he reflected with pleasure how extremely happy his life must be in continually sharing with his best friend the fortune his father had left him. Thus would he have acted, and his honest heart never doubted but that his brother's mind was like his own. Daniel answered him with asseverations of his always commanding every thing equally with himself. The good old woman blessed herself for having two such sons, and they all went down stairs in very good humour.

Daniel had two reasons for allotting his mother something; one was, that nothing but a jointure could have barred her coming in for thirds; the other was, that if no notice had been taken of her in the will, it might have been a strong motive for suspicion; not that he had any great reason for caution, as nothing less than seeing him do it could have made David, (such confidence had he in him) even suspect he could be guilty of such an action.

The man and maid were soon married; and as they had long lived in the family, David gave them something to set up with. This was thought very lucky by the brother, as it might prevent any suspicions how they came by money. Thus every thing succeeded to Daniel's mind, and he had compassed all his designs without any fear of a discovery.

The two brothers agreed on leaving off their father's business, as they had enough to keep them; and as their acquaintance lay chiefly in that neighbourhood, they took a little house there. The old gentlewoman, whose ill health would not suffer her to live in London, retired into the country, and lived with her sister.

David was very happy in the proofs he thought he had of his brother's love; and as it was his nature to be easily contented, he gave very little trouble or expence to the family. Daniel hugged

himself in his ingenuity, and in the thoughts how impossible it would have been for him to have been so imposed on. His pride (of which he had no small share) was greatly gratified in thinking his brother was a dependant on him; but then he was resolved it should not be long before he felt that dependence, for otherwise the greatest part of his pleasure must be lost. One thing quite stung him to the quick, viz. that David's amiable behaviour, joined to a very good understanding, with a great knowledge which he had attained by books, made all their acquaintance give him the preference: and as envy was very predominant in Daniel's mind, this made him take an utter aversion to his brother, which all the other's goodness could not get the better of: for as his actions were such as he could not but approve, they were still greater food for his hatred; and the reflection that others approved them also, was what he could not bear. The first thing in which David discovered an alteration in his brother, was in the behaviour of the servants; for as they are always very inquisitive, they soon found out by some means or other, that Daniel was in possession of all the money, and was not obliged to let his brother share it with him. They watched their master's motions, and as soon as they found that slackening in their respect to David would not be displeasing to the other, it may easily be believed they were not long in doubt whether they should follow their own interest: so that at last, when David called them, they were always going to do something for their master—truly, while he wanted them, they could not wait on any body else! Daniel took notice of their behaviour, and was inwardly pleased at it. David knew not what to make of it: he would not mention it to his brother, till it grew to such a height he could bear it no longer; and when he spoke of it to Daniel, it was only by way of consulting with him how to turn them away. But how great was his surprize, when Daniel, instead of talking in his usual stile, said, that for his part he saw no fault in any of his servants! that they did their duty very well, and that he should not part with his own conveniences for any body's whims! If he accused any of them of a fault, he would call them up, and try if they could

could not justify themselves. David was at first struck dumb with amazement; he thought he was not awake, that it was impossible it could be his brother's voice which uttered these words; but at last he recollected himself enough to say, 'What, is it come to this? Am I brought to a trial with your servants, (as you are pleased to call them?) I thought we had lived on different terms. Oh! recall those words, and don't provoke me to say what perhaps I shall afterwards repent!' Daniel knew, that although his brother was far from being passionate for trifles, yet that his whole frame would be so shaken from any ill usage from him, he would not be able to command himself: he resolved, therefore, to take this opportunity of aggravating his passion, till it was raised to an height, which, to the unthinking world, would make him appear in the wrong; he therefore very calmly answered, 'You may do as you please, brother; but what you utter appears to me to be quite mad-ness: I don't perceive but you are used in my house as well as I am myself, and cannot guess what you complain of. If you are not contented, you best know how to find a remedy; many a brother, in your case, I believe, would think himself very happy to meet with the usage you have, without wanting to make mischief in families.' This had the desired effect, and threw David into that inconsistent behaviour, which must always be produced in a mind torn at once by tenderness and rage. That sincere love and friendship he had always felt for his brother made his resentment the higher, and he alternately fired into reproaches, and melted into softness; till at last, he swore he would go out of the house, and never more visit the place which was in the possession of so unnatural a wretch.

Daniel had now all he wanted; from the moment the other's passion grew loud, he had set open the door, that the servants might hear how he used him, and be witnesses he was not in fault. He behaved with the utmost calmness; which was very easy for him to do, as he felt nothing. He said, his brother should be always welcome to live in his house, provided he could be quiet, and contented with what was reasonable; and not be so mad as to

think, while he insisted only on the management of his own family, he departed from that romantick love he so often talked of. Indeed, it must be confessed, that if David would have been satisfied to have lived in his brother's house in a state of dependency; to have walked about in a rusty coat, and an old tye-wig, like a decayed gentleman, thinking it a favour to have bread, while every visitor at the house should be extolling the goodness of his brother for keeping him; I say, could he have been contented with this sort of behaviour, he might have stayed there as long as he pleased. But Daniel was resolved he should not be on a level with him, who had taken so much pains to get a superior fortune: he therefore behaved in this manner, with design either to get rid of him, or make him submit to his terms. This latter it was impossible ever to accomplish: for David's pride would not have prevented his taking that usage from a stranger, but his love could by no means suffer him to bear it from his brother. Therefore, as soon as the variety of passions he struggled with would give him leave, he told him, that since he was so very different from what he had always thought him, and capable of what he esteemed the greatest villainy, he would sooner starve than have any thing more to say to him. On which he left him, and went up to his own chamber, with a fixed resolution to leave the house that very day, and never return to it any more.

It would be impossible to describe what he felt when he was alone: all the scenes of pleasure he had ever enjoyed in his brother's company rushed at once into his memory; and when he reflected on what had just happened, he could not account for such a difference in one man's conduct. He was sometimes ready to blame himself, and thought he must have been guilty of something in his passion (for he hardly remembered what he had said) to provoke his brother to such a behaviour: he was then going to seek him to be reconciled to him. But when he considered the beginning of the quarrel, and what Daniel had said to him concerning the servants, he concluded he must be tired of his company, and from some motive or other had altered his affection. Then several little slights came into his
C head,

head, which he had overlooked at the time of their happening; and from all these reflections, he concluded he could have no farther hopes from his brother. However, he resolved to stay in his room till the evening, to see if there yet remained tenderness enough in Daniel to induce him to endeavour the removing his present torment. What he felt during that interval, is not to be expressed or understood, but by the few who are capable of real tenderness; every moment seemed an age. Sometimes, in the confusion of his thoughts, the joy of being again well with his brother appeared so strong to his imagination, he could hardly refrain going to him; but when he found it grew late, and no notice was taken of him, not even so much as a summons to dinner, he was then certain any condescension on his side would only expose him to be again insulted; he therefore resolved to stay there no longer.

When he went down stairs, he asked where his brother was, and was told, he went out to dinner with Mr. ———, and had not been at home since. He was so struck with the thought that Daniel could have so little concern for him, as to go into company and leave him in such misery, he had hardly strength enough left to go any farther; however, he got out of the house as fast as he was able, without considering whither he was going, or what he should do; for his mind was so taken up, and tortured with his brother's brutality, that all other thoughts quite forsook him. He wandered up and down till he was quite weary and faint, not knowing whither to direct his steps. When he first set out, he had but half a crown in his pocket, a shilling of which he gave away in his walk to a beggar, who told him a story of having been turned out of doors by an unnatural brother: so that now he had but one shilling and six-pence left, with which he went into a publick house, and got something to recruit his worn-out spirits. In his situation, any thing that would barely support nature, was equal to the greatest dainties; for his mind was in so much anxiety it was impossible for him to spend one thought on any thing but the cause of his grief. So true is that observation of Shakespeare's, 'When the mind is free, the body is delicate;' that those people know very little of

real misery, (however the sorrow for their own sufferings may make them imagine no one ever endured the like) who can be very solicitous of what becomes of them. But this was far from being our hero's case, for when he found himself too weak to travel farther, he was obliged to go into a publick house; for being far from home, and an utter stranger, no private house would have admitted him. As soon as he got into a room, he threw himself into a chair, and could scarce speak. The landlord asked him, what he would please to drink; but he not knowing what he said, made answer, he did not chuse any thing. Upon which he was answered in a surly manner, if he did not care for drinking, he could have no great business there, and would be very welcome to walk out again. This treatment just roused him enough to make him recollect where he was, and that he must call for something; therefore he ordered a pint of beer to be brought, which he immediately drank off, for he was very dry, though his griefs were so fixed in his mind, he could not feel even hunger or thirst. But nature must be refreshed by proper nourishment, and he found himself now not so faint, and seemed inclined to sleep: he therefore enquired for a bed; which his kind landlord (on his producing money enough to pay for it) immediately procured for him; and being perfectly overcome with fatigue and trouble, he insensibly sunk to rest.

In the morning, when he waked, all the transactions of the preceding day came fresh into his mind; he knew not which way to turn himself, but lay in the greatest perplexity for some time: at last, it came into his head he had an uncle, who, when he was a boy, used to be very kind to him; he therefore had some hopes he would receive and take care of him. He got up, and walked as well as he was able to his uncle's house. The good old man was quite frightened at the sight of him; for the one day's extreme misery he had suffered, had altered him as much as if he had been ill a twelvemonth. His uncle begged to know what was the matter with him; but he would give him no other answer, but that his brother and he had had a few words, (for he would not complain;) and he desired he would be so kind to let him stay with him

him a little while, till matters could be brought about again. His uncle told him, he should be very welcome. And there for some time I will leave him to his own private sufferings—lest it should be thought I am so ignorant of the world, as not to know the proper time of forsaking people.

CHAP. III.

IN WHICH IS SEEN THE POSSIBILITY OF A MARRIED COUPLE'S LEADING AN UNEASY LIFE.

MUTUAL fondness, and the desire of marrying with each other, had prevailed with the two servants, who were the cause of poor David's misfortunes, and the engines of Daniel's treachery, to consent to an action which they themselves feared they should be d—n'd for; but this fond couple had not long been joined together in the state of matrimony, before John found out, that Peggy had not all those perfections he once imagined her possessed of; and her merit decreased every day more and more in his eyes. However, while the money lasted, (which was not very long, for they were not at all scrupulous of using it, thinking such great riches were in no danger of being brought to an end) between upbraidings, quarrels, reconciliations, kissing, and falling out, they made a shift to jumble on together, without coming to an open rupture. But the money was no sooner gone, than they grew out of all patience. When John began to feel poverty coming upon him, and found all he had got by his villainy was a wife, whom he now was heartily weary of, his conscience flew in his face, and would not let him rest. All the comfort he had left, was in abusing Peggy: he said she had betrayed him, and he should have been always honest, had it not been for her wheedling. She, on the other hand, justified herself, by alledging, nothing but her love for him could have drawn her into it: and if he thought it so great a crime, as he was a man, and knew better than her, he should not have consented, or suffered her to do it. For though I dare say this girl had never read Milton, yet she could act the part of throwing the blame on her husband, as well as if she had

learned it by heart. In short, from morning till night, they did nothing but quarrel; and there passed many curious dialogues between them, which I shall not here repeat; for, as I hope to be read by the polite world, I would avoid every thing of which they can have no idea. I shall therefore only say in general, that between the stings of their consciences, the distresses from poverty, John's coldness and neglect; nay, his liking other women better than his wife, which no virtuous woman can possibly bear; and Peggy's uneasiness and jealousy; this couple led a life very little to be envied. But this could not last long; for when they found it was impossible for them to subsist any longer without working, they resolved to go into separate services: for they were now as eager to part, as they had formerly been to come together.

They were forming this resolution, when they heard Mr. David was gone from his brother's house on a violent quarrel. This separation had made a general discourse, and people said—it was no wonder, for it was impossible any body could live in the house with him; for he was of such a temper, that he fell out with his brother, for no other reason than because he would not turn away all his servants to gratify his humours! For although Mr. Daniel had all the money, yet he was so good to keep him; and sure, when people are kept upon charity, they need not be so proud, but be glad to be contented, without setting a gentleman against his servants! The old gentleman, his father, knew what he was, or he would have left him more!

When John heard all this, he was struck with amazement, and the wickedness he had been guilty of appeared in so horrible a light, that he was almost mad. At first he thought he would find Mr. David out, and confess the whole truth: they had lived in the same house a great while, and John knew him to be so mild and gentle, that he flattered himself he might possibly obtain his forgiveness; but then the fear of shame worked so violently, that he despaired of mustering sufficient spirits to go through the story. The struggle in his mind was so great, he could not fix on what to determine; but the same person who had drawn him into this piece of villainy, occa-

sioned at last the discovery; for his wife intreated him, with all the arguments she could think of, not to be hanged voluntarily, when there was no necessity for it; for although the action they had done was not right, yet, thank God, they had not been guilty of murder. Indeed, if that had been the case, there would have been a reason for confessing it; because it could not have been concealed, for murder will out; the very birds of the air will tell of that: but as they were in no danger of being found out, it would be madness to run their necks into a halter.

John, who was ruined by his compliance with this woman while he liked her, since he was weary of, and hated her, took hold of every opportunity to contradict her. Therefore, her eagerness to keep their crime a secret, joined to his own remorse, determined him to let Mr. David know it. However, he disguised with her for the present, lest she should take any steps to obstruct his designs.

He immediately began to enquire where Mr. David was gone; and when he was informed he was at his uncle's, he went thither, and asked for him: but a servant told him Mr. David was indeed there, but so ill he could not be spoke with. However, if the business was of great consequence, he would call his master; but disclosing it to himself would do as well. John answered, what he had to say could be communicated to nobody but to Mr. David himself. He was so very importunate to see him, that at last, by the uncle's consent, he was admitted into his chamber. When the fellow came near poor David, and observed that wan and meagre countenance, which the great agitation of his mind (together with a fever, which he had been in ever since he came to his uncle's) had caused, he was so shocked for some time, that he could not speak. At last he fell on his knees, and imploring pardon, told him the whole story of his forging the will, not omitting any one circumstance. The great weakness of David's body, with this fresh astonishment and strong conviction of his brother's villainy, quite overcame him, and he fainted away; but as soon as his spirits were a little revived, he sent for his uncle, and told him what John had just related. He asked him what was to be done, and in what manner

they could proceed; for that he would on no account bring publick infamy on his brother. His uncle told him, he could do nothing in his present condition; but desired him to compose himself, and have a regard to his health, and that he would take care of the whole affair; adding a promise to manage every thing in the quietest manner possible.

Then the good-natured man took John into another room, examined him closely, and assured him, if he would act as he would have him, he would make interest that he should be forgiven; but that he must prevail with his wife to join her evidence with his. John said, if he pleased to go with him, he thought the best method to deal with her, was to frighten her to it. On which the old gentleman sent for an attorney, and carried one of his own servants for a constable, in order to make her comply with as little noise as such an affair could admit of. They then set out for John's house, when David's uncle told the woman, if she would confess the truth, she should be forgiven; but if she resolved to persist, he had brought a constable to take her up, and she would surely be hanged on her husband's evidence. The wench was so terrified, she fell a crying, and told all she knew of the matter. The attorney then took both their depositions in form; after which, John and his wife went home with Mr. David's uncle, and were to stay there till the affair was finished.

The poor young man, with this fresh disturbance of his mind, was grown worse, and thought to be in danger of losing his life; but by the great care of the old gentleman he soon recovered. The uncle's next design was to go to Daniel, and endeavour by all means to bring him to reasonable terms, and to prevail on him to submit himself to his brother's discretion. Daniel at first blundered, and swore it was a calumny, and that he would prosecute the fellow and wench for perjury: and then left the room, with a haughtiness that generally attends that high-mindedness which is capable of being detected in guilt. He tried all methods possible to get John and his wife out of his uncle's house, in order to bribe them a second time; but that scheme could not succeed. He then used every endeavour to

to procure false evidence; but when the time of trial approached, his uncle went once more to him, and talked seriously to him on the consequences of being convicted in a court of justice of forgery, especially of that heinous sort: assuring him, he had the strongest evidence, joined to the greatest probability of the falseness of his father's will. After he had discoursed with him some time, and Daniel began to find the impossibility of defending himself, he fell from one extreme to another (for a mind capable of treachery is most times very pusillanimous) and his pride now thought fit to condescend to the most abject submissions; he begged he might see his brother, and ask his pardon; and said, he would live with him as a servant for the future, if he would but forgive him. His uncle told him, he could by no means admit of his seeing David as yet, for he was still too weak to be disturbed; but if he would resign all that was left of his father's fortune, and leave himself at his brother's mercy, he would venture to promise that he should not be prosecuted. Daniel was very unwilling to part with his money; but finding there was no remedy, he at last consented.

His uncle would not leave him till he had got every thing out of his hands, lest he should embezzle any of it: there was not above eight thousand pounds out of the eleven left by his father, for he had rioted away the rest with women and sots.

When every thing was secured, the old gentleman told David what he had done, who highly approved every step he had taken, and was full of gratitude for his goodness to him. And now in appearance all David's troubles were over, and indeed he had nothing to make himself uneasy, but the reflecting on his brother's actions; these were continually before his eyes, and tormented him in such a manner, it was some time before he could recover his strength. However, he resolved to settle on Daniel an annuity for life to keep him from want; and if he should ever by his extravagance fall into distress, to relieve him, though he should not know from whom it came; but he thought it better not to see him again, for he dared not venture that trial.

David desired his uncle would let him live with him, that he might take

care of him in his old age; and make as much return as possible for his generous, good-natured treatment of him in his distress. This request was easily granted; his company being the greatest pleasure the old man could enjoy.

David now resolved to live an easy life, without entering into any more engagements of either friendship or love; but to spend his time in reading and calm amusements, not flattering himself with any great pleasures, and consequently not being liable to any great disappointments. This manner of life was soon interrupted again by his uncle's being taken violently ill of a fever, which carried him off in ten days time. This was a fresh disturbance to the ease he had proposed; for David had so much tenderness, he could not possibly part with so good a friend, without being moved: though he soothed his concern as much as possible, with the consideration that he was arrived to an age, wherein to breathe was all that could be expected, and that diseases and pains must have filled up the rest of his life. At last he began to reflect, even with pleasure, that the man whom he had so much reason to esteem and value, had escaped the most miserable part of human life: for hitherto the old man had enjoyed good health; and he was one of those sort of men who had good principles, designed well, and did all the good in his power; but at the same time was void of those delicacies and strong sensations of the mind, which constitute both the happiness and misery of those who are possessed of them. He left no children; for though he was married young, his wife died within half a year of the small-pox. She brought him a very good fortune; and by his frugality and care he died worth upwards of ten thousand pounds, which he gave to his nephew David, some few legacies to old servants excepted.

When David saw himself in the possession of a very easy, comfortable fortune, instead of being overjoyed, as is usual on such occasions, he was at first the more unhappy; the consideration of the pleasure he should have had to share this fortune with his brother continually brought to his remembrance his cruel usage, which made him feel all his old troubles over again. He had no ambition, nor any delight in grandeur.

deur. The only use he had for money was to serve his friends; but when he reflected how difficult it was to meet with a person who deserved that name, and how hard it would be for him ever to believe any one sincere, having been so much deceived, he thought nothing in life could be any great good to him again. He spent whole days in thinking on this subject, wishing he could meet with a human creature capable of friendship: by which word he meant so perfect a union of minds, that each should consider himself but as a part of one entire being; a little community, as it were, of two, to the happiness of which all the actions of both should tend, with an absolute disregard of any selfish or separate interest.

This was the phantom, the idol of his soul's admiration. In the worship of which he at length grew such an enthusiast, that he was in this point only as mad as Quixote himself could be with knight-errantry; and after much amusing himself with the deepest ruminations on this subject, in which a fertile imagination raised a thousand pleasing images to itself, he at length took the oddest, most unaccountable resolution, that ever was heard of, viz. to travel through the whole world, rather than not meet with a real friend.

From the time he lived with his brother, he had led so reclusive a life, that he in a manner had shut himself up from the world; but yet when he reflected that the customs and manners of nations relate chiefly to ceremonies, and have nothing to do with the hearts of men; he concluded, he could sooner enter into the characters of men in the great metropolis where he lived, than if he went into foreign countries; where, not understanding the languages so readily, it would be more difficult to find out the sentiments of others, which was all he wanted to know. He resolved, therefore, to take a journey through London; not as some travellers do, to see the buildings, the streets, to know the distances from one place to another, with many more sights of equal use and improvement; but his design was to seek out one capable of being a real friend, and to assist all those who had been thrown into misfortunes by the ill usage of others.

He had good sense enough to know,

that mankind in their natures are much the same every where; and that if he could go through one great town, and not meet with a generous mind, it would be in vain to seek farther. In this project he intended not to spend a farthing more than was necessary; designing to keep all his money to share with his friend, if he should be so fortunate to find any man worthy to be called by that name.

CHAP. IV.

THE FIRST SETTING OUT OF MR. DAVID SIMPLE ON HIS JOURNEY; WITH SOME VERY REMARKABLE AND UNCOMMON ACCIDENTS.

THE first thought which naturally occurs to a man who is going in search of any thing, is, which is the most likely method of finding it. Our hero, therefore, began to consider seriously amongst all the classes and degrees of men, where he might most probably meet with a real friend. But when he examined mankind, from the highest to the lowest, he was convinced, that to experience alone he must owe his knowledge; for that no circumstance of time, place, or station, made a man absolutely either good or bad, but the disposition of his own mind; and that good-nature and generosity were always the same, though the power to exert those qualities are more or less, according to the variation of outward circumstances. He resolved, therefore, to go into all publick assemblies, and to be intimate in as many private families as possible, and to observe their manner of living with each other; by which means he thought he should judge of their principles and inclinations.

As there required but small preparation for his journey, a staff, and a little money in his pocket, being all that was necessary, he set out without any farther consideration. The first place he went into was the Royal Exchange. He had been there before to see the building, and hear the jargon at the time of high change; but now his curiosity was quite of a different kind. He could not have gone any where to have seen a more melancholy prospect, or with more likelihood of being disappointed

appointed of his design, than where men of all ages and all nations were assembled, with no other view than to barter for interest. The countenances of most of the people shewed they were filled with anxiety: some, indeed, appeared pleased; but yet it was with a mixture of fear. While he was musing and making observations to himself, he was accosted by a well-looking man, who asked him, if he would buy into a particular fund. He said, No, he did not intend to deal. 'Nay,' says the other, 'I advise you as a friend, for now is your time, if you have any money to lay out; as you seem a stranger, I am willing to inform you in what manner to proceed, lest you should be imposed on by any of the brokers.' He gave him a great many thanks for his kindness; but could not be prevailed on to buy any stock, as he understood so little of the matter. About half an hour afterwards there was a piece of news published, which sunk this stock, a great deal below par. David then told the gentleman, it was very lucky he had not bought: 'Aye, and so it is,' replied he; 'but, when I spoke, I thought it would be otherwise. I am sure I have lost a great deal by this cursed news.' Immediately David was pulled by the sleeve by one who had stood by, and over-heard what they had been saying; who whispered him in the ear, to take care what he did, otherwise the man with whom he had been talking would draw him into some snare. Upon which he told his new friend what had passed with the other, and how he had advised him to buy stock. 'Did he?' said this gentleman. 'I will assure you, I saw that very man sell off as much of that stock as he could, just before you spoke to him; but he having a great deal, wanted to draw you in to buy, in order to avoid losing; for he was acquainted with the news before it was made publick.'

David was amazed at such treachery, and began to suspect every thing about him of some ill design. But he could not imagine what interest this man could have in warning him of trusting the other; till, by conversing with a third person, he found out, that he was his most inveterate enemy from envy; because they had both set out in the world

together with the same views of sacrificing every thing to the raising of a fortune; and that, either by cunning or accident, the other was got rich before him. 'This was the motive,' said he, 'of his forewarning you of the other's designs: for that gentleman who spoke to you first, is one of the sharpest men I know; he is one of the long-heads, and much too wise to let any one impose on him; and, to let you into the secret, he is what we call a *good man*.'

David seemed surprized at that epithet; and asked how it was possible a fellow, whom he had just caught in such a piece of villainy, could be called a good man? At which words, the other, with a sneer at his folly, told him he meant that he was worth a plumb. Perhaps he might not understand that neither, (for he began to take him for a fool;) but he meant, by a plumb, 100,000l.

David was now quite in a rage: and resolved to stay no longer in a place where riches were esteemed goodness; and deceit, low cunning, and giving up all things to the love of gain, were thought wisdom.

As he was going out of the Change, he was met by a jeweller, who knew him by sight, having seen him at his uncle's, where he used often to visit. He asked him several questions; and after a short conversation, desired he would favour him with his company at dinner, for his house was just by.

David readily accepted his offer, being willing to be acquainted with as great a variety of people as he possibly could. The jeweller's name was Johnson; he had two daughters, who were of their company at dinner. They were both young and pretty, especially the younger; who had something so soft and engaging in her countenance, that David was quite charmed with her. Mr. Johnson, who had been an extravagant rake in his youth, though he was now become a miser, and a rigid censurer of other's pleasures, immediately perceived the young man was greatly taken with his daughter; which he resolved to improve, knowing that his uncle had made him his heir, and that it was worth while to endeavour to increase his liking for her. He well remembered, that in his days of gallantry, he had often, from a transient view

of women, liked them; but for want of opportunities of frequently conversing with them, his passion had grown cool again. He therefore thought the wisest way would be to engage David to stay some time with him, as the surest method to fix his affection. It was no hard matter to persuade the young man to what his inclination so strongly prompted him to comply with; though this inclination was so newly born, he hardly knew himself from what motive his desire of staying there arose. But this ignorance did not continue long; for a short time's conversing with his mistress convinced him how much he liked her: he resolved to watch her very narrowly, to see if her mind was equal to her person, which was indeed very agreeable; but love so magnified her charms in the eyes of David, that from the moment he took a fancy to her, he imagined her beauty exceeded that of all other women in the world. For which reason, he was strongly possessed she was in all respects what he wished her to be.

The girl was commanded by her father, if Mr. David made any addresses to her, to receive them in such a manner as to fix him her's. He said, he had conversed with women enough, in his time, to know they did not want arts to manage the men they had formed any designs on; and therefore desired she would comply with him in a case which would be so greatly to her advantage. She did not want many arguments to persuade her to endeavour the promotion of her own interest, which she had as much at heart as he could have. Her only answer was, she should obey him; on which he left her highly pleased at her dutifulness, which he imputed to his own wisdom in educating her in a strict manner.

David passed his time very happily; for the master of the family omitted nothing in his power to oblige him, and he was always received by his mistress with cheerful smiles and good humour. He lived in this agreeable manner for three months, without ever wishing to go in search of new adventures, thinking he had now found the greatest happiness to be attained in this world, in a woman he could both love and esteem. Her behaviour was in all respects engaging; her duty to her father, complaisance and affection to her sister, and humanity to the servants, made him

conclude his travelling was at an end, for that in her he had met with every thing he wanted. He was not long before he asked her father's consent, which was easily obtained; and now he had not a wish beyond what he imagined satisfied.

Hitherto he had observed nothing in her, but what increased his good opinion. He was one day a little startled, by her telling him, he should not seem too anxious whether he had her or no; for she was certain her father designed, if he found he loved her enough to take her on any terms, to save some of her fortune to add to her sister's; but when she told him she had too much generosity and love for him to let him be imposed on by his affection to her, this discourse increased his good opinion of her; and the thought that she loved him gave him the greatest pleasure. He then told her he did not care whether her father would or could give her any thing; her affection was all he coveted in this world. He spent his time in raptures, in the reflection what a charming life he should lead with such a woman; but this lasted not long, before all his fancied scenes of joy fell to the ground, by an accident so very uncommon, I must pause a while before I can relate it.

CHAP. V.

IN WHICH IS CONTAINED A MOST
CURIOUS DIALOGUE BETWEEN
A YOUNG WOMAN AND HER CON-
FIDANTE.

JUST as Mr. David and his mistress were on the point of being married, there came one day a rich Jew to Mr. Johnson's house, in order to deal with him for some jewels. As he had been a long time an acquaintance of his, he invited him to dinner. It happened the Jew was as much taken with the elder daughter, as Mr. David was with the younger; which occasioned his making frequent visits. The father soon perceived the reason of it, and was greatly rejoiced at it; on which account he delayed the other's match for a little while, hoping to see them both well disposed of at the same time. But the Jew did not presently declare himself, on the consideration that she was a Christian. He considered whether it

might

might not be possible to obtain her on any other terms than matrimony. He knew her father was very covetous, which gave him hopes, that for a sum of money he himself would sell her. He resolved therefore to try that method first; but if that did not succeed, as he found he liked her so much, that he was uneasy without the possession of her, he could but marry her afterwards. He was charmed with her person, and thought women's souls were of no great consequence, nor did it signify much what they profess. He took the first opportunity of making his proposal to the father, and offered him such a sum of money as his heart leaped at the mention of; but he endeavoured to conceal the effect it had on him as much as possible, and only said, he would consider of it till the next morning, and then he should have an answer.

As soon as Mr. Johnson was alone, he sat down to think seriously on what he should determine. He was sure by the sum the Jew had offered for his daughter, that if he did not comply with his scheme, he would marry her, rather than go without her. But then he was dubious which he should get most by. He was a good while deliberating which way his interest would be best promoted. At last he concluded, if he could get rid of his daughter, without giving her any fortune, and make an alliance with so rich a man, it would in the end prove more conducive to his interest than taking the money.

When the Jew therefore came at the appointed time to know his determination, he began by telling him, he was very sorry after so long an acquaintance, in all which time he had dealt fairly with him, (as indeed he had never attempted to impose on the Jew, knowing it to be impossible) that he should form a scheme to dishonour his family, and have so ill an opinion of him, to think he would be an instrument in it; but as it might be owing to the great passion he had for his daughter, he was very unwilling to fall out with him: if his love was great enough to marry her, he would give her to him with all his heart. Perhaps he might object to her being a Christian; but he had always used her implicitly to obey him; and therefore he need not fear her conforming to whatever he pleased. This stum-

bling-block once got over, every thing else was soon agreed between them; for the Jew consented to take her on her father's own terms: and there remained nothing now to do but to acquaint Miss Johnson with it.

She was at first startled at the thoughts of changing her religion; but as she had no more understanding than was just necessary to set off her own charms by knowing which dress and which posture became her best; and had never been taught any thing more than to go to church of a Sunday, when she was not wanted to stay at home to overlook the dinner, without knowing any other reason for it than custom; the rich presents the Jew made her, and his promises of keeping her great, soon overcame all her scruples, and she consented to have him.

He now took the privilege of a son-in-law, being so soon to be married, and had always one dish dressed in his own way. He one day brought Mr. Nokes, an acquaintance of his, to dinner with him; and though he was immensely rich, he was not afraid he would steal away his mistress, he being too old and ugly to admit a suspicion of any woman's liking him. But unluckily this old fellow cast his eye upon David's mistress, and took so great a fancy to her, that he was resolved to have her: he was not afraid of being refused, for he had money enough to have bought a lady of much higher rank; nor did he give himself any trouble about gaining a woman's affections, not thinking them worth having; but took it for granted, that every virtuous woman, when she was married, must love her husband well enough to make a good wife, and comply with his humour. He went therefore directly to the father, and offered to make any settlement he should think proper, if he would give him his daughter; who was overjoyed at the proposal and made no scruple of promising her to him, without ever reflecting on the base trick he was playing David.

As soon as Mr. Nokes was gone, Johnson sent for his daughter, and told her what had passed: he said, as she had hitherto been a very obedient girl, he hoped she would still continue so. He owned he had ordered her to encourage Mr. Simple's addresses, because at that time he appeared to be a

very advantageous match for her; but now, when a better offered, she would, he said, be certainly in the right to take the man she could get most by; otherwise she must walk on foot, while her sister rode in her coach. He allowed her a week's time to consider of it; well knowing women are most apt to pursue their interests, when they have had time enough to paint to their own imaginations, how much riches will conduce to the satisfaction of their vanity. She made him no answer, but went immediately to her chamber, where she had left a young woman, her chief confidante, and from whom she concealed nothing. As soon as she entered the room, she threw herself on the bed, and fell into a violent passion of crying. Her companion was amazed, and thinking some dreadful accident had happened to her, begged to know what was the matter. Miss Johnson then told her what her father had been saying, with all the agonies of a person in the highest distress. Upon which ensued the following dialogue; which I shall set down word for word; every body's own words giving the most lively representations of their meaning.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN MISS NANNY JOHNSON AND MISS BETTY TRUSTY.

MISS BETTY.

WELL! and I see nothing in all this, to make you so miserable. You are very sure your lover will take you without a farthing, and will think himself happy to have such a proof of your affection; and, for my part, if it was my case, I should think it no manner of sin to disobey a father, who imposed such unreasonable commands on me.

MISS NANNY. Oh! my dear, you quite mistake my case; I am not troubling my head, either about the sin or my father; but the height of my distress lies in not knowing my own mind: if I could once find that out, I should be easy enough. I am so divided by the desire of riches on the one hand;

and by my honour, and the man I like on the other, that there is such a struggle in my mind, I am almost distracted.

MISS BETTY *. O fel! child, I thought you had been more constant in your nature; and that when you had given your affection to a man, it had not been in the power of money to have altered you. I am sure, if it was my case, I should make no question of preferring a young man I liked, to an old decrepid ugly monster, though he was ever so rich. I cannot help laughing at the idea of his figure whenever it comes in my head: in him nature seems perfectly reversed; the calves of his legs are placed before, and his feet turned inward as it were, in spight of nature: one side of his back is high enough to carry the load of riches he possesses; and the other is shrunk in such a manner, that one would imagine his two sides were made only to form a ridiculous contrast. Undoubtedly you will be much envied the possession of so lovely a creature!

MISS NANNY. At what a rate you run on: it is easy to talk; but if you was in my place, you can't tell what you would feel. Oh, that this good offer had but come before I knew the other, or at my first acquaintance with him! for then I only received him because my father bid me, and I thought to gain by such a match: but now when I have conversed long enough with him, to find it is in his power to give me pleasure; I must either forsake him, or abandon all thoughts of being a great woman. It is true, my lover can indeed keep me very well, I shall not want for any thing he can procure me; for I am sure he loves me sincerely, and will do all in his power to oblige me; and I like him very well, and shall have no reason to envy another woman the possession of any man whatever: but then, he can't afford to buy me fine jewels, to keep me an equipage; and I must see my sister ride in her coach and six, while I take up with a hack, or at best with a coach and pair. Oh! I can never bear that thought, that is certain! my heart is ready to burst. Sure never woman's misfortune equalled mine!

* Whether these sentiments of Miss Betty's, arose from her really having more constancy than her friend, or were more easy for her to express, as the temptation was not her own, is a secret: but I have heard some hints given of a third reason; which was, a desire of having the old rich man herself:

[Here she fell into such a violent passion of crying, it was some time before she could speak; but when she was a little recovered, she went on in the following words.]

Pray, my dear friend, advise me; do not be silent while I am thus perplexed, but tell me which will give me the greatest pleasure, the satisfaction of my love or of my vanity?

MISS BETTY. Was ever woman so unreasonable? How is it possible for me to tell which will give you most pleasure? You certainly must know that best yourself. I have already told you, if it was my case, I should not hesitate a moment, but take the young fellow, and let the old wretch purchase what nurse he pleased; he may meet with women now who have no engagements, and there is no fear that any such would refuse him.

MISS NANNY. You say true; I wish that had been my situation; but if I should neglect this opportunity of making my fortune, every woman whom I see supported in grandeur, will make me mad to think I had it once in my power to have been as great as her. Well, I find it is impossible I should ever come to any determination; I shall never find out what I have most mind to do, so I must even leave it to chance. I will go tell Mr. David what has happened, and if he presses me very much to run away with him, I shall never be able to resist him; but perhaps he may be afraid to make me unhappy, and then I may marry the other without any objection: but then no doubt he will marry somebody else, and I cannot bear that neither! I find it is in vain for me to think; I am in a labyrinth, and the farther I go the more I am puzzled: if I could but contrive some way to have my lover, and yet not give up the money, I should be happy; but as that is impossible, I must be miserable, for I shall always regret the loss of either. I will do the best I can, I will have the riches, that is positive; if I can possibly command myself enough to resist my lover's importunities, in case he should persist in my going away with him.

Thus ended this dialogue; in which vanity seemed to have had a fair chance of gaining the victory over love; or, in other words, where a young lady seemed to promise herself more pleasure from

the purse than the person of her lover. And I hope to be excused by those gentlemen who are quite sure they have found one woman, who is a perfect angel, and that all the rest are perfect devils, for drawing the character of a woman who was neither; for Miss Nanny Johnson, was very good-humoured, had a great deal of softness, and had no alloy to these good qualities, but a great share of vanity, with some small spices of envy, which must always accompany it. And I make no manner of doubt, but if she had not met with this temptation, she would have made a very affectionate wife to the man who loved her: he would have thought himself extremely happy, with a perfect assurance that nothing could have tempted her to abandon him. And when she had had the experience, what it was to be constantly beloved by a man of Mr. Simple's goodness of heart, she would have exulted in her own happiness, and been the first to have blamed any other woman for giving up the pleasure of having the man she loved for any advantage of fortune; and would have thought it utterly impossible for her ever to have been tempted to such an action; which then might possibly have appeared in the most dishonourable light: for to talk of a temptation at a distance, and to feel it present, are two such very different things, that every body can resist the one, and very few people the other. But it is now time to think of poor David, who has been all this time in a great deal of misery; the reason of which the next chapter will disclose.

CH A P. VI.

WHICH TREATS OF VARIETY OF THINGS, JUST AS THEY FELL OUT TO THE HERO OF OUR HISTORY.

DAVID was going up to his mistress's chamber, to desire her company to walk; when he came near the door, he fancied he heard the voice of a woman in affliction, which made him run in haste to know what was the matter; but as he was entering the room, being no longer in doubt whose voice it was, he stopped short, to consider whether he should break in so abruptly or no. In this interim, he

heard the beginning of the foregoing dialogue; this raised such a curiosity in him, that he was resolved to attend the event. But what was his amazement, when he found that the woman he so tenderly loved, and who he thought had so well returned his affection, was in the highest perplexity to determine whether she should take him with a competency, or the monster before described with great riches. He could hardly persuade himself that he was not in a dream. He was going to burst open the door, and tell her he had been witness to the delicacy of her sentiments; but his tenderness for her, even in the midst of his passion, restrained him, and he could not bring himself to do any thing to put her into confusion.

He went back to his own room, where love, rage, despair, and contempt, alternately took possession of his mind: he walked about, and raved like a madman; repeated all the satires he could remember on women, all suitable to his present thoughts, (which is no great wonder, as most probably they were writ by men in circumstances not very different from his.) In short, the first sallies of his passion, his behaviour and thoughts, were so much like what is common on such occasions, that to dwell long upon them, would be only a repetition of what has been said a thousand times. The only difference between him and the generality of men in the same case, was, that instead of resolving to be her enemy, he could not help wishing her well: for as tenderness was always predominant in his mind, no anger, nor even a just cause of hatred, could ever make him inveterate or revengeful: it cost him very little to be a Christian in that point; for it would have been more difficult for him to have kept up a resentment, than it was to forgive the highest injury, provided that injury was only to himself, and that his friends were no sufferers by it. As soon therefore as his rage was somewhat abated, and his passion a little subsided, he concluded to leave his mistress to the enjoyment of her beloved grandeur with the wretch already described, without saying or doing any thing that might expose or any way hurt her.

When he had taken this resolution, he went down stairs into a little parlour, where he accidentally met Miss Nanny alone. She, with her eyes

swelled out of her head with crying, with fear and trembling told him her father's proposals. Her manner of speaking, and her looks, would have been to him the strongest proofs of her love, and given him the greatest joy, if he had not before known the secrets of her heart from her own mouth. The only revenge he took, or ever thought of taking, was by endeavouring to pique that vanity which was so greatly his enemy. He therefore put on a cold indifference, and said, he was very glad to hear she was likely to make so great a fortune; for his part, he was very easy about it, he thought indeed to have been happy with her as a wife; but since her father had otherwise disposed of her, he should advise her to be dutiful, and obey him.

He was very bad at acting an insincere part; but the present confusion of her mind was so great, she could not distinguish very clearly; and not knowing he was acquainted with what had passed between her and her confidante, his behaviour threw her into a great consternation, and had the desired effect of piquing her vanity. I verily believe, had his design been to have gained her, and could he have taken the pains to have turned about, and made a sudden transition in her mind, from the uneasiness his coldness gave her pride, to a triumph in a certain conquest of him, joined to the love which she really had for him, notwithstanding it was not her predominant passion, he might have carried her wherever he pleased. But as that was not his design, he durst not stay long with her; for he was several times tempted by her behaviour to think he was not in his senses, when he fancied he overheard her say any thing that could be construed to her disadvantage. And certainly, if the longest experienced friend had told him what he heard himself, he would have suspected him of falsehood; and if, on being taxed with it, she had denied it, he would have believed her against the whole world. But as he was witness himself to what she had said, and was convinced that she could think of such a fellow as his rival, for the sake of money, he had just resolution enough to leave her, though he had a great struggle in his mind before he could compass it; and he has often said since, that if he had staid five minutes longer, his love would have

have vanquished his reason, and he should have become the fond lover again. Before he went, he took leave of her father and sister, with great civility, for he was resolved to avoid any bustle. He sent for a coach, put his cloaths into it, and drove from the door.

Mr. Johnson asked no questions, for he was heartily glad to get rid of him, and thought it was owing to his daughter's discharging him; he therefore again exulted in his own wisdom, in making her always obey him. He then went to look for her, in order to applaud her obedience; but how great was his surprise, when he found her, instead of being rejoiced at having done her duty, and being rid of a troublesome lover, walking about the room like a mad woman, crying and tearing her hair; calling out she was undone for ever; she had no refuge now; her misery must last as long as her life.

Her father had been in the room some time before she perceived him, and now she took no notice of him; but continued walking about in the same manner. As soon as he could recollect himself, he began to talk to her, and asked her what could be the cause of all this uneasiness; said her lover was just gone from the door in a coach, and he was come to praise her dutiful behaviour. When she heard David was quite gone, it increased her agony, and she could hardly forbear reproaching her father, for being the cause of her losing such a man. For no sooner did she think him irretrievable, than she fancied in him she had lost every thing truly valuable; and though that very day all her concern had been how to get rid of him; yet, now he was gone, she would have sacrificed (for the present) even her darling vanity, if she could have brought him back again. And when Mr. Johnson would have comforted her, by telling her of the rich husband she was to have, she flew into the greatest rage imaginable, and swore, if she could not see Mr. Simple again, she would lock herself up, and never converse with any living creature more; for, without him, she was undone and ruined.

Her father, who had no idea of a woman's being ruined any way but one, began to be startled at her repeating that word so often, and to fear, that the girl had been drawn in by her passion to

sacrifice her honour; he was terrified, lest he should prove the dupe instead of Mr. Simple. He stood, considering some time, and at last was going to burst into a rage with his daughter, resolving, if she was not virtuous, he would turn her out of doors: but, before he said any thing in anger to her, a sudden thought came into his mind, which turned him into a milder temper. He considered, that as the thing was not publick, and Mr. Nokes was ignorant of it, it might be all hushed up. He wisely thought, that as she was not in that desperate condition in which some women who have been guilty of indiscretions of that kind are, he might justify himself in forgiving her. If, indeed, her reputation had been lost, and she had conversed long enough with a man to have worn out her youth and beauty, and had been left in poverty, and all kinds of distress, without any hopes of relief, her folly would then have been so glaring, he could by no means have owned her for his child. But as he did not at all doubt, when the first sallies of her grief were over, she would consent to follow her interest, and marry the old man; and that then he should still have the pleasure of seeing her a fine lady, with her own equipage attending her; he condescended to speak to her in as kind a manner as if he had been sure Lucretia herself (whose chastity nothing but the fear of losing her reputation could possibly have conquered) had not excelled her in virtue. He desired her to be comforted; for if she had been led astray by the arts of a man she liked, if she would be a good girl, and follow his advice in concealing it from and marrying the man who liked her, he would not only forgive it, but never upbraid, or mention it to her more.

She was quite amazed at this speech; and the consideration, that even her own father could suspect her virtue, which was dearer to her than her life, did but aggravate her sorrows. At first she could not help frowning, and reproaching her father for such a suspicion, with some hints of her great wonder how it was possible there could be such creatures in the world; but, in a little time, her thoughts were all taken up again with Mr. Simple's leaving her. She told her father, nothing but his returning could make her happy, and she

she could not think how she had lost him; for she never told him she would prefer the other to him: though, indeed, she was very wavering in her own mind, yet she had not expressed it to him, and his indifference was what she could not bear. If he had but sighed, and been miserable for the loss of her, she could have married her old man without any great reluctance: but the thought that he had left her first was insupportable! At this rate did she run on for some time.

Mr. Johnson, who in his youth had been very well acquainted with women's ways, and knew the ebbs and flows of their passions, was very well satisfied, that as there was a great mixture of vanity in the sorrow she expressed for the loss of her lover, the greater vanity would in the end conquer the less, and he should bring her to act for her own and his interest: he therefore left her, to go and follow his own affairs, and made no doubt of every thing succeeding according to his wish. She spent some time in the deepest melancholy, and felt all the misery which attends a woman who has many things to wish, but knows not positively which she wishes most. Sometimes her imagination would represent Mr. Simple with all the softness of a lover, and then the love she had had for him would melt her into tenderness; then in a moment his indifference and neglect came into her head, her pride was piqued, and she was all rage and indignation; then succeeded in her thoughts the old man and his money: so that love, rage, and vanity, were in the greatest contention which should possess the largest share of her inclinations. It cannot be determined how long this agitation of mind would have lasted, had not her sister's marriage with the rich Jew put an end to it; which being celebrated with great pomp and splendor, made Miss Nanny resolve she would not be outdone in grandeur: she therefore consented to give her hand to Mr. Nokes, and as he was ready to take her, it was soon concluded; and she now no longer made any difficulty of preferring gaiety and show to every thing in the world. She thought herself ill-used by Mr. Simple, (not knowing the true cause of his leaving her in that abrupt manner;) so that

her pride helped her to overcome any remains of passion, and she fancied herself in the possession of every thing which could give happiness, namely, splendid equipages and glittering pomp. But she soon found herself greatly mistaken; her fine house, by constantly living in it, became as insipid as if it had been a cottage: a short time took away all the giddy pleasure which attends the first satisfaction of vanity.

Her husband, who was old, soon became full of diseases and infirmities, which turned his temper (naturally not very good) into moroseness and ill-nature: and as he had married a woman whom he thought very much obliged to him, on account of his superiority of fortune, he was convinced it was but reasonable she should comply with his peevish humours; so that she had not lived long with him, before the only comfort she had was in the hopes of out-living him.

She certainly would soon have broke her heart, had she known that all this misery, and the loss of the greatest happiness, in being tenderly used by a man of sense, who loved her, was her own fault; but, as she thought it his inconsistency, to his generosity in not telling her the truth she owed the avoiding that painful reflection. The uneasy state of her mind made her peevish and cross to all around her; and she never had the pleasure of enjoying that fortune, which she had been so desirous of obtaining: her husband, notwithstanding his old age, died of a spotted fever; she caught the infection of him, and survived him but three days. But I think it now full time to look after my hero.

CHAP. VII.

CONTAINING A REMARKABLE CON-
TENTION BETWEEN THREE SIS-
TERS.

Poor David's heart was ready to burst. He ordered his coach to drive into Fleet Street, where he presently took a lodging; and now being at some distance from the cause of his torment, and at liberty to reflect on what had passed, he found it was much harder to conquer passion than to raise it; for notwithstanding the great con-
tempt

tempt he had for his mistress's conduct, and his aversion to the very thought of a mercenary woman, yet would his fancy set before him all those scenes of pleasure he once imagined he should enjoy with the object of his love. With those thoughts returned all his fondness: then came his reason spitefully to awake him from the pleasing dream, and represented to him, he ought to forget it was ever in the power of a person, who so highly deserved to be despised, to have contributed to his pleasure. But all the pains he could take to overcome his inclination for her could not make him perfectly easy; sometimes he would weep, to think that vanity should prevent such a creature from being perfect; then would he reflect on the opinion he once had of her, and from thence conclude, if she could have such faults, no woman was ever truly good; and that nature had certainly thrown in some vices to women's minds, lest good men should have more happiness than they are able to bear. On this consideration, he thought it would be in vain to search the world round, for he was sure he could meet with nothing better than what he had already seen; and he fancied he might certainly justify himself in going back to her, who had no faults, but what nature, for some wise purpose, had given to all creatures of the same kind: he began to flatter himself, that time and conversation with him would get the better of those small frailties (for such he soon began to think them) which, perhaps, might be only owing to youth, and the want of a good education. With these reflections he was ready to go back to throw himself at her feet, and ask ten thousand pardons for believing his own senses; to confess himself highly to blame, and unworthy her favour, for having left her. However, he had just sense enough left to send a spy first to enquire into her conduct concerning the old man, who came just as she was married. This news assisted him to get the better of his love; and he never enquired for her more, though he was often thoughtful on her account.

Now was David in the same condition as when he discovered his brother's treachery. The world was to begin again with him; for he could find no pleasure in it, unless he could meet with

a companion who deserved his esteem: he had been used ill by both the man and the woman he had loved. This gave him but a melancholy prospect, and sometimes he was in perfect despair; but then his own mind was a proof to him, that generosity, good-nature, and a capacity for real friendship, were to be found in the world. Besides, he saw the shadow of those virtues in so many minds, that he did not in the least doubt but that the substances must exist in some place or other. He resolved, therefore, to go on in his search; for he was sure, if ever he could find a valuable friend, in either man or woman, he should be doubly paid for all the pains and difficulties he could possibly go through.

He took a new lodging every week, and always the first thing he did was to enquire of his landlady the reputation of all the neighbourhood: but he never could hear one good character from any of them; only every one separately gave very broad hints of their own goodness, and what pity it was they should be obliged to live amongst such a set of people. As he was not quite so credulous to take their words, he generally, in two or three days, had some reason to believe they were not totally exempt from partiality to themselves. He went from house to house for some time, without meeting with any adventure worth relating. He found all the women tearing one another to pieces from envy, and the men sacrificing each other for every trifling interest. Every shop he went into, he heard men swear they could not afford their goods under such a price one minute, and take a great deal less the next; which even his charity could not impute to the desire of serving the buyer. In short, the generality of scenes he saw he could never mention without a sigh, or think of without a tear.

In one of the houses where he lodged, the master of the family died while he was there. This man had three daughters, every one of whom attended him with the utmost duty and care during his illness, and at the approach of his last moments shewed such agonies of grief and tender sorrow, as gave our hero great pleasure. He reflected how much happier the world would be, if all parents would sustain the help-

less infancy of their children with that tenderness and care, which would be thought natural by every good mind, unexperienced in the world, for all creatures to have towards every thing immediately placed under their protection; and as they grew older, form their minds, and instruct them with that gentleness and affection, which would plainly prove every thing they said or did was for their good, instead of commanding them with an arbitrary power. He thought that children thus educated, with grateful minds would return that care and love to their parents, when old age and infirmities rendered them objects of compassion, and made it necessary for them to be attended with more assiduity than is generally met with in those people who only serve them for their money.

The three daughters above-mentioned never ceased crying and lamenting, till their father was buried, in all which time Mr. Simple did all he could to comfort them; but as soon as the funeral was over, they dried up their tears, and seemed quite recovered. The next morning, as David was musing by himself, he was startled by a sudden noise he knew not what to make of. At first he fancied it was the chattering of magpies; then he recollected, that some young female neighbours of his, fearing lest there should be too much silence in their house, kept two or three parrots to entertain themselves with. At last, he thought he heard something like the sound of human voices, but so confused and intermixed, three or four together, that nothing could be distinguished. He got up, and went towards the room the noise seemed to come from: but how great was his amazement, when he threw open the door, and saw the three dutiful daughters (whom he had so much applauded in his own mind) looking one pale as death, the other red as scarlet, according as their different constitutions or complexions were worked on by violent passions; each of them holding a corner of a most beautiful carpet in her hand! The moment they saw David, they ran to him, got hold of him, and began to tell their story all at a time. They were agitated by their rage to such a degree, that not one of them could speak plain enough to be understood; so that he stood as if he had been surrounded

by the three furies for a considerable time, before he could have any comprehension what they would be at. At last, with great intreaties that one of them would speak at a time, he so far prevailed, that the eldest told him the story, though it was not without several interruptions and many disputes.

Their father had left all he had to be equally divided amongst them; and when they came to examine his effects (which they did very early in the morning after the funeral) they found this carpet, which was a present to him from a merchant, and was one of the finest that ever was seen. The moment they set eyes on it, they every one resolved to have it for themselves, on which arose a most violent quarrel; and, as none of them would give it up, the most resolute of them took a pair of scissars, and cut it into three parts. They were all vexed to have it spoiled, yet each was better pleased than if either of the sisters had had it whole. But still the difference was not decided, for in one of the pieces was a more remarkable fine flower than the rest, and this they had every one fixed on as their own. When David had heard all this, he could not express his astonishment, but stood staring at them, like one who has seen, or fancies he has seen, a ghost. He desired them to let go their hold, for he could not possibly be a judge in a dispute of so nice a nature. On which they all cried out, they would have the flower divided; for they had rather see it cut in a thousand pieces, than that any body should have it but themselves.

As soon as David could free himself from them, he ran down stairs, got as far out of their hearing as he could, and left the house that very night.

The behaviour of these sisters to each other, and that lately shewn to their father, may appear perhaps very inconsistent, and difficult to be reconciled. But it must be considered, that as the old man had always preserved all the power in his own hands, they had been used implicitly to obey his commands, and wait on him; and as to their grief at his death, there is to most people a terror and melancholy in death itself, which strikes them with horror at the sight of it: and it being usual for families to cry and mourn for their relations till they are buried, there is such a prevalency in custom, that it is not
uncom-





uncommon to see a whole house in tears for the death of those very people they have hated and abused while living, though their grief ceases with their funerals. But these three sisters had an inveterate hatred to each other; for the eldest being much older than the others, had, during their childhood, usurped so unreasonable an authority over them, as they could never forgive; and as they were handsomer when they grew up than she was, they were more liked by the rest of the world, and consequently more disliked and hated by her. The other two, as they were nearer of an age, in all appearance might have agreed better; but they had met with one of those fine gentlemen who make love to every woman they chance to be in company with. Each of these two sisters fancied he was in love with her; they therefore grew jealous rivals, and never after could endure one another: yet notwithstanding all this, I make no doubt, but on the death of either, the others could have performed the ceremony of crying with as good a grace as if they had loved one another ever so well. Nay, and what is yet more surprizing, this grief might not have been altogether affectation; for when any person is in so low a state of body, mind, or fortune, as makes it impossible for them to be the objects of envy, if there is the least grain of compassion or good-nature in the human mind, it has full power to exert itself, and the thought of being about for ever to lose any body we are used to converse with, like a charm, suddenly banishes from our thoughts all the bad which former piques and quarrels ever suggested to us they had in them, and immediately brings to our remembrance all the good qualities they possessed.

Poor Mr. Simple began now utterly to despair that he should ever meet with any persons who would give him leave to have a good opinion of them a week together; for he found such a mixture of bad in all those he had yet met with, that as soon as he began to think well of any one, they were sure to do something to shock him, and overthrow his esteem: he was in doubt in his own mind, whether he should not go to some remote corner of the earth, lead the life of a hermit, and never see a human face again; but as he was naturally of a social temper, he could not bear the

thoughts of such a life. He therefore concluded he would proceed in his scheme, till he had gone through all degrees of people; and, if he continued still unsuccessful, he could but retire at last.

CHAP. VIII.

WHEREIN IS TO BE SEEN THE INFALLIBILITY OF MEN'S JUDGMENTS CONCERNING THE VIRTUES OR VICES OF THEIR OWN WIVES; A SCENE TAKEN FROM VERY LOW LIFE, IN WHICH ONLY SUCH EXAMPLES ARE TO BE FOUND.

AS David was one day walking along the Strand, full of these reflections, he met a man with so contented a countenance, he could not forbear having a curiosity to know who he was: he therefore watched him home; and, on enquiry, found he was a carpenter, who worked very hard, brought home all the money he could get to his wife, and that they led a very quiet peaceable life together. He was resolved to take the first opportunity of sending for him, on pretence of employing him in his trade, in order to know, from his own mouth, what it was caused those great signs of happiness, which so visibly appeared in his countenance. The man told him, he was indeed the happiest of all mortals; for he certainly had the best wife in the world; to which was owing that cheerfulness he was pleased to take notice of. This still raised his curiosity the more, and made him resolve to go to the man's house to observe his manner of living. He told him he had a desire to see this good woman, whose character pleased him so well, and that he would go home to dinner with him. The carpenter, who thought he never had witnesses enough of his wife's goodness, said he should be very proud of his company. And home they went together.

Mr. Simple expected to have found every thing prepared in a neat, though plain way, by this extraordinary woman, for the reception and comfort of her husband after his morning's work: but how greatly was he surprized, when he heard by a prentice boy, (who was left at home to wait on her,) instead

of assisting his master in his business) that she was in bed, and desired her husband would go and buy the dinner, which the boy dressed for them, but very ill; and when it was ready the lady condescended to sit down at table with them, with the boy waiting behind her chair: and what was still the more amazing, was, that this woman was ugly to such a degree, that it was a wonder any man could think of her at all. The whole dinner passed in the man's praises of her good humour and virtue, and in exultings in the happiness of possessing such a creature.

This scene perplexed David more than any thing he had yet seen, and he endeavoured all he could to account for it. He therefore desired to board with them a week, in order to find out (if possible) what could be the cause of a man's fondness for such a woman. In all the time he was there, he observed she indulged herself in drinking tea, and in such expences as a man in his way could not possibly supply, notwithstanding all his industry; but he thought nothing too much for her. After all the reflections that could be made on this subject, there could be no other reason assigned for this poor man's being such a willing slave, but her great pride, and high spirit, which imposed on him, and made him afraid to disoblige her, together with a certain self-sufficiency in all she said or did; which, joined to her superiority to him in birth (she having been a lady's waiting-gentlewoman) made him imagine her much more capable than she really was in all respects.

I think it very likely, if she had known her own deserts, and been humble in her behaviour, he would have paid her no other compliment than that of confessing her in the right in the mean thoughts she had of herself. He then would have been master in his own house, and have made a drudge of her; an instance of which David saw while he was there, by a man who came one day to visit his neighbour, and was what is called by those sort of people a jolly companion: the first thing he did was to abuse his wife. He said, he had left her at home out of humour, and would always deal with her after that manner when he found her inclined to be ill-tempered. The carpenter cast a look on his wife, which expressed his satisfac-

tion in having so much the advantage of his acquaintance. The other went on, in saying, for his part, he could never have any thing he liked at home, therefore he would stay but little there.

David hearing all this, had a great desire to see if this woman was as much better than her husband thought her, as the other was worse; and told the man, if he would let him come and board with him a week, he would give him his own price. The other answered, he should be very welcome, but his wife did things in such an awkward way, he was afraid he would not stay there a day. But he, who was very indifferent as to what he eat and drank, was not frightened at this, and went home with the man. He found the woman hard at work, with two small children, the eldest not four years old, playing round her; they were dressed in coarse things, full of patch-work, but yet whole and clean; every thing in the house was neat, and plainly proved the mistress of that family, having no servant, could not be idle. As soon as they came in, she rose from her work, made an humble curtsy to the stranger, and received her husband with a mixture of love and fear. He, in a surly tone, said, 'Well, Moll, I hope you are in a better humour than when I left you; here is a gentleman wants to board with us for a week, you had best not be in your airs; none of your crying and whining, for I won't stay an hour in the house, if you don't behave yourself as you ought.' The poor woman, who could hardly refrain from tears, said, indeed, she was in very good humour, and would do all she could, in her homely way, to give the gentleman content. She had been very pretty, but her eyes now had a deadness in them, and her countenance was grown pale, which seemed to be occasioned by the sorrow and hard labour she had endured, which produced the effects of old age, even in youth itself.

The husband never spoke for any thing but it was done, as if by enchantment; for she flew to obey him the moment he but intimated his inclinations: she watched his very looks to observe what he would have; and if ever he expressed himself mildly, it seemed to give her vast pleasure. Every thing was ordered

dered in the house in the most frugal and best manner possible; yet she could seldom get a good word from the man she endeavoured to please. Her modest behaviour, love to her husband, and tenderness for her children, in short, every thing she did or said, raised a great compassion in David, and a strong desire to know her story, which he took the first opportunity of desiring her to relate. She for a great while excused herself, saying, she could not tell her story without reflecting on the man she was unwilling to blame. But on David's assuring her every thing should be a secret, and that he would exert the utmost of his power to serve her, she was at last prevailed on to give the following account of her life.

'As you seem, Sir, so desirous of knowing my misfortunes, I cannot refuse complying with your request; though the remembrance of most of the past scenes of my life brings nothing but melancholy thoughts to my mind, which I endeavour as much as possible to avoid. Indeed, I have so few comforts, that it's well my being continually obliged to employ myself in feeding and covering these my little ones, prevents my having time to think so much as otherwise I should.

'My father was a great distiller in the city, and I was bred up with the utmost tenderness and care, till I was ten years old, when he died and left me to the care of an elder brother, to depend on his pleasure for my support. He was a sort of man it is impossible to draw any character of, for I never knew him to do one action in my life, that was not too much in the common road to be remarked. He kept me in his house without either abusing or shewing the least affection towards me; by which sort of behaviour he neither gained my love nor my hatred, but I lived a dull life with very few things to amuse me: for as all the companions I used to play with in my father's time had plenty of money, and I now was kept without any, they soon shunned me, and I was as willing to avoid them, having too much pride to be beholden to them for paying my share of the expence. I had now nothing to do but to fly to books for refuge: all the pleasure I had was in reading romances, so that by the time I was fifteen, my head was full of no-

thing but love. While I was in this disposition, one Sunday, as I came out of church, an old woman followed me, and whispered in my ear, if I had a mind to save a pretty young fellow's life, I should give a kind answer to a note he had sent by her; which she put into my hand, and presently mixed amongst the crowd. I made haste home with the utmost impatience to read my letter, it contained the strongest expressions of love, and was writ so much in the strain of some of my favourite books, that I was overjoyed at the thoughts of such an adventure. However, I would not answer it, thinking some years service due to me, before such a favour should be granted; for I began now to look on myself as the heroine of a romance. The young man was clerk to an attorney in the neighbourhood, and was none of those lukewarm lovers, who require their mistresses to meet them half way, but he followed me with the utmost assiduity. This exactly suited my taste, and I soon found a great inclination for him, yet was resolved to make a long courtship of it; but a very few meetings with him got the better of all my resolutions, and he made me engage myself to him.

'If my brother had treated me with good nature, I certainly should have acquainted him with this affair: but he took so little notice of me, and whenever I spoke to him shewed such a contempt for talking with girls, that he being twice my age, I contracted such an awe of him, I really was afraid to tell him of it. I take shame to myself for giving so easily into an affair of this nature: but I was young, and had nobody to advise or instruct me, for my mother died when I was an infant, which I hope may be some excuse for me; but I won't tire you with my foolish remarks.

'My brother happened one day to bring home a young man to dinner with him, who took such a fancy to me, he would have married me. My person then, as I was told, was very agreeable, though now, Sir, I am so altered, nobody would know me to be the same woman. This young man was in very good circumstances, which you may be sure made my brother readily agree to it. He therefore

‘told me of it, but was greatly surprised to find me utterly averse to the match; he teased me so much about it, that at last I told him the truth, that I was already engaged, both in honour and inclination, to another. On hearing this, he fell into the most violent rage imaginable, at my daring to engage myself to any one without his consent. He told me, the man I had pleased to take a fancy to was a pitiful fellow. That his master often said he would never come to any good, for he thought of nothing but his pleasures, and never minded his business. In short, he said, if I would not give him up, he would abandon me, and never see me more. This roughness and brutality made me still fonder of my lover, who was all complaisance and eagerness to please me. I took the first opportunity of informing him of what had happened. He was not at all concerned, as he saw me so resolute, only he pressed me to marry him immediately, which my foolish fondness soon made me consent to. My brother was as good as his word, for he would never see me more. And, indeed, it was not long before I found what he had told me was too true, that my husband would not follow his business; for as soon as he was out of his time, he swore he would have no more to do with it. His father was a very good man, but, unfortunately for me died soon after we were married; for he would have been kind to me if he had lived. He had more children, and was not very rich, so that he could not leave us a great deal: however, he left me 30*l.* per annum in an annuity; and to his son 500*l.* which he soon spent, and made me sell my annuity: I have never refused him any thing since we have been married. You see, Sir, by the manner we live, money is not very plenty with us, though I do my household affairs myself, take care of my poor children, and am glad to do plain work besides, when I can get it; that, by all means possible, I may help to support the man, whom yet I love with the greatest fondness, notwithstanding you see he doth not treat me with an equal tenderness.

‘He has a brother, who allows him a small matter, so that we make shift to rub on with bread, and I could be

‘content with my lot, if he behaved to me as when we were first married; what has occasioned this alteration I cannot imagine, for I don’t find he converses with any other women, and I have always been a very humble wife; I have humoured him in every thing he has desired: I have never upbraided him with the misery I have suffered for his sake, nor refused him any of the little money I get. I remember once, when I had but just enough to buy a dinner for the day, and had been hard at work, he had a mind to go out, where he thought he should be merry: I let him have this little, and concealed from him that I had no more; thinking it impossible for him to take it, if he had known the truth. I eat nothing but bread that day. When he came home at night, I received him with great good humour; but had a faintness upon me, which prevented my being cheerful, which he immediately imputed to the badness of my temper. He swore there was no living with women, for they had such vile humours no mortal could bear them. Thus even my tenderness for him is turned against me, and I can do nothing that he does not dislike; yet my fondness still continues for him, and there are no pains I would not take, if he would return it; but he imputes it to a warmth in my inclination, which accident might as well have given to another man.’

David, who sat silent all this while, and attended to her discourse, was amazed at her story; he assured her he would do all in his power to serve her, and would leave her some money, which she might produce at times as she thought proper; and try if finding her always able and willing to supply her husband with what he wanted would not make him kinder to her. He said he had great compassion for her, gave her five guineas, being all he had about him, and promised to send her more, which he punctually performed.

When David came to reflect, he was perfectly amazed, how it was possible for one man to be continually rejoicing in his own happiness, and declaring he had the best of wives, although she spent all his substance, and threw the burden of every thing upon him; while another was continually complaining of his wife, when her whole time and labour

bour was spent to promote his interest, and support him and his children. However common it may be in the world, the goodness of David's heart could not conceive how it was possible for good usage to make a man despise his wife, instead of returning gratitude and good humour for her fondness. He never once reflected on what is perhaps really the case, that to prevent a husband's surfeit or satiety in the matrimonial feast, a little acid is now and then very prudently thrown into the dish by the wife.

CHAP. IX.

CONTAINING SOME PROOFS, THAT
ALL MEN ARE NOT EXACTLY
WHAT THEY WISH TO PASS FOR
IN THE WORLD.

THE next lodging our hero took, was near Covent Garden; where he met with a gentleman who accidentally lodged in the same house, whose conversation Mr. Simple was mightily charmed with: he had something in his manner, which seemed to declare that inward serenity of mind, which arises from a consciousness of doing well, and every trifle appeared to give him pleasure, because he had no tumults within to disturb his happiness. His sentiments were all so refined, and his thoughts so delicate, that David imagined such a companion if he was not again deceived in his opinion, would be the greatest blessing this world could afford.

This gentleman, whose name was Orgueil, being of French extraction, was equally pleased with Mr. Simple, and they spent their whole time together: he had a great deal of good acquaintance; that is, he conversed with all the people of sense he could meet with, without any considerations what their fortunes were; for he did not rate men at all by the riches they possessed, but by their own behaviour. In this man therefore did David think he had met with the completion of all his wishes; for, on the closest observation, he could not find he was guilty of any one vice, nor that he neglected any opportunity in his power of doing good; the only fault he could ever discern in him, was, a too severe condemnation of other's actions; for he would never make any

allowance for the frailties of human nature, but expected every one to act up to the strictest rules of reason and goodness. But this was overlooked by a friend, and imputed to his knowing, by himself, the possibility of avoiding those frailties, if due care was taken. Wherever he went, he carried David with him, and introduced him into a perfect new scene of life: for hitherto his conversation had been chiefly amongst a lower degree of men. The company in which Mr. Orgueil delighted, was of people who were bred to genteel professions, and who were neither to be reckoned in very high, nor in low life. They went one night to a tavern, with four other gentlemen, who had every one a great deal of that kind of wit which consists in the assemblage of those ideas which, though not commonly joined, have such a resemblance to each other, that there is nothing preposterous or monstrous in the joining them; whereas I have known some people, for the sake of saying a witty thing, as it were by force, haul together such inconsistent ideas, as nothing but vanity, and a strong resolution of being witty in spite of nature, could have made them think of. But this conversation was quite of a different kind; all the wit was free and easy; every thing that was said seemed to be spoke with a desire of entertaining the company, without any reflection on the applause that was to arise from it to themselves. In short, nothing but envy and anger, at not having been author of every thing that was said, could have prevented any person's being pleased with every expression that was made use of. And as David's mind was entirely free from those low, mean qualities, his entertainment was pure and unmixed.

The next morning passed in observations on the conversation of the foregoing night, and David thanked his friend for the pleasure his acquaintance had given him. 'Aye,' says the other, 'I do not in the least doubt but one of your taste must be highly satisfied with every one of those gentlemen you supped with last night; but your goodness will make you sigh at what I am going to relate. Each of those men you were so delighted with, has such glaring faults, as make them all unfit to be thought of in any other light, than that of contributing to our diversion.'

version. They are not to be trusted, nor depended on in any point in life; and although they have such parts and sense, that I cannot help liking their company, I am forced, when I reflect, to think of them just as I do of a buffoon, who diverts me, without engaging either my love or esteem. Perhaps you may blame me, when I have told you their real characters, for having any thing to say to them; but as I consider I have not the power of creation, I must take men as they are; and a man must be miserable who cannot bring himself to enjoy all the pleasures he can innocently attain, without examining too nicely into the delicacy of them. That man who sat next you, and to whom I was not at all surprized to see you hearken with so much attention, notwithstanding all those beautiful thoughts of his, on covetousness, and the eloquence in which he displayed it's contemptibleness, is so great a miser, that he would let the greatest friend suffer the height of misery rather than part with any thing to relieve him: and was it possible to raise, by any means, compassion enough in him to extort the least trifle, the person who once had a farthing of his money would be ever afterwards hateful to him. For men of his turn of mind take as great an aversion to those people whom they think themselves, or, to speak more properly, their chests a penny the poorer for, as children do to the surgeons who have drawn away any of their blood.

That other gentleman, who seemed to pitch on extravagance as the properest subject to harangue against, is himself the most extravagant of all mortals; he values not how he gets money, so that he can but spend it; and notwithstanding his lavishness, he is full as much a miser, to every body but himself, as the other. Indeed he is reputed by the mistaken world to be generous; and, as he perfectly understands the art of flattering himself, he believes he is so; but nothing can be farther from it. For though he would not scruple to throw away the last twenty guineas he had in the world to satisfy any fancy of his own, he would at the same time grudge a shilling to do any thing that is right, or to serve another. These

two men, who appear so widely different, you may suppose have a strong contempt for each other; but if they could think of themselves with that impartiality, and judge of their own actions with that good sense with which they judge of every thing else, they would find that they are much more alike than they at present imagine. The motive of both their actions is selfishness, which makes every thing centre wholly in themselves. It was accident brought them together last night; for a covetous man as naturally shuns the company of a prodigal, unless he has a great estate, and he can make a prey of him, as an envious ugly woman does that of a handsome one, unless she can contrive to do her some mischief by conversing with her.

That gentleman who sat next me, and inveighed against treachery and ingratitude, with such a strength of imagination, and delightful variety of expressions, that a Pythagorean would have thought the soul of Seneca had been transmigrated into him, I know a story of, that will at once raise your wonder and detestation.

His father was one of those sort of men, who, though he never designed any ill, yet from an indolent, careless disposition, and trusting his affairs entirely to others, ran out a very good estate, and left his son at the age of fifteen, upon the wide world, to shift for himself. An old gentleman in the neighbourhood took a great fancy to this boy, from the genius he saw in him. He received him into his house, kept him, as if he had been his own son, and at length made use of all his interest to procure him a commission in the army, which he accomplished; and being in time of peace, he easily obtained leave for him to come often, and spend much of his time at his house. The good old man had a daughter, who was just fifteen when our spark was twenty. She was handsome to a miracle, the object of her father's most tender love and affection, and the admiration of every body who knew her. She repaid her father's tenderness with the utmost duty and care to please him, and her whole happiness was placed in his kindness and good opinion of her. She was naturally warm

in her passions, and inclined to love every body who endeavoured to oblige her. This young gentleman soon fell in love with her: that is, he found it was in her power to give him pleasure, and he gave himself no trouble what price she paid for gratifying his inclination. In short, he made use of all the arts he is master of (and you see how agreeable he can make himself) to get her affections; which as soon as he found he had obtained, he made no scruple of making use of that very love in her breast (which ought to have made him wish to protect and guard her from every misfortune) to betray her into the greatest scene of misery imaginable; and all the return he made to the man, who had been a father to him from choice and good-nature, was to destroy all the comfort he proposed in his old age, of seeing his beloved only child happy.

He was soon weary of her, and then left her in a condition the most unable to bear afflictions, to suffer more than can be expressed. The being forsaken by the man she loved, and the horror of being discovered by her father, made her almost distracted; it was not that she was afraid of her father, but she loved him so well, that her greatest terror was the thoughts of making him uneasy. It was impossible to conceal her folly long, and she could by no means bring herself to disclose it. The alteration of her behaviour, which from the most lively cheerfulness, grew into a settled melancholy, with her pale and dejected countenance, made the poor old man fear she was going into a consumption. He was always enquiring what was the matter with her; he perceived whenever he spoke to her on that subject, the tears rising in her eyes, and that she was hardly able to give him an answer. At last, by continual importunities, he got from her the whole truth. What words can describe his distress when he heard it! His thoughts were so confused, and his amazement so great, it was some time before he could utter his words. She stood pale and trembling before him, without power to speak, till at last she fainted away. He then caught her up in his arms, cried out for help, and the moment she began to recover,

welcomed her to returning life, not in passion and reproaches, but in all the most endearing expressions the most tender love could suggest. He assured her, he never would upbraid her; that all his resentment should fall on the proper object, the villain who had imposed on her soft artless temper, to both their ruins. He wondered what could induce the wretch to so much baseness, since if he had asked her in marriage, as she was fond of him, there was nothing he would not have done to have made her easy. "Nay," said he, with tears bursting from his aged eyes, "I should have had an additional pleasure in contributing to the happiness of that man who hath now so barbarously destroyed all the comfort I proposed in my decline of life, and hath undone me, and my poor only girl."

This excess of goodness was more fatal to the wretched young creature, than if he had behaved as most fathers do in the like case; who, when they find their vanity disappointed, and despair of seeing their daughters married to advantage, fall into a violent rage, and turn them out of doors: for this uncommon behaviour of his quite overcame her; she fell from one fainting fit to another, and lived but three days. During all which time, she would never let her father stir from her; and all she said, was to beg him to be comforted, to forget and drive her out of his memory. On this occasion she exerted an uncommon height of generosity; for by exaggerating her own fault, she endeavoured to draw his mind from contemplating her former behaviour, and all those little scenes, in which, by the utmost duty and tenderness, she had so often drawn tears of joy from her then happy father: but the thoughts of his goodness to her overwhelmed her soul; the apprehension that ever she had been the cause of so much grief to him, was worse than ten thousand deaths to her; all the rest she could have borne with patience, but the consideration of what she had brought on him (the best of fathers) was more than nature could support.

The poor man stifled his groans while she could hear them, for fear of hurting her; but the moment she was gone, he tore his hair, beat his breast, and

‘and fell into such agonies, as is impossible to describe. So I shall follow the example of the painter, who drew a veil before Agamemnon’s face, when his daughter was sacrificed, despairing from the utmost stretch of his art, to paint any countenance that could express all that nature must feel on such a dreadful occasion: I shall leave to your own imagination to represent what he suffered; and only tell you, it was so much, that his life and misery soon ended together.’

Here Mr. Orgueil stopped, seeing poor David could hear no more, not being able to stifle his sighs and tears, at the idea of such a scene; for he did not think it beneath a man to cry from tenderness, though he would have thought it much too effeminate to be moved to tears by any accident that concerned himself only.

As soon as he could recover enough to speak, he cried out, ‘Good God! is this a world for me to look for happiness in, when those very men, who seem to be the favourites of nature; in forming whom, she has taken such particular care to give them every thing agreeable, can be guilty of such crimes as make them a disgrace to the species they are born of! What could incite a man to such monstrous ingratitude! there was no circumstance to alleviate his villainy; for if his passion was violent he might have married her.’—‘Yes,’ answered Mr. Orgueil, ‘but that was not his scheme, he was ambitious, and thought marrying so young would have spoiled his fortune; he could not expect with this poor creature above fifteen hundred pounds at first: he did not know how long the father might live, and he did not doubt, but when he had been some time in the world, he might meet with women equally agreeable, and much more to his advantage.’—‘Well,’ replied David, ‘and is this man respected in the world? Will men converse with him? Should he not be drove from society, and a mark set upon him, that he might be shunned and despised? He certainly is one of the agreeablest creatures I ever saw; but I had rather spend my time with the greatest fool in nature, provided he was an honest man, than with such a wretch.’—‘Oh, Sir!’ says the other, ‘by that time you have conversed in the

world as long as I have, you will find, while a man can support himself like a gentleman, and has parts sufficient to contribute to the entertainment of mankind, his company will be courted, where poverty and merit will not be admitted. Every one knows who can entertain them best, but few people are judges of merit. He has succeeded in his designs; for he has married a woman immensely rich.’ At this, David was more astonished than ever; and asked, if his wife knew the story he had just told him. ‘Yes,’ says he; ‘I knew a gentleman, her friend, who told her of it before she was married: and all the answer she made was—Truly, if women would be such fools to put themselves in men’s power, it was their own fault, and good enough for them; she was sure he would not use a virtuous woman ill, and she did not doubt but her conduct would make him behave well. In short, she was fond of him, and would have him. He keeps an equipage, and is liked by all his acquaintance. This story is not known to every body, and amongst those who have heard it, they are so inclined to love him, that while they are with him, they can believe nothing against him: no wonder he could impose on a young unexperienced creature, when I have known him impose on men of the best sense.’

David could not bear the thought, that any body’s wit and parts should have power enough to make the world forget they were villains; and lamented to his friend, that whoever was capable of giving pleasure, should not also have goodness. ‘Why, really Sir,’ says Mr. Orgueil, ‘in my observations on the world, I have remarked that good heads and good hearts generally go together; but they are not inseparable companions, of which I have already given you three instances, and have one more in the other gentleman who was with us last night, though it is impossible to equal the last story.

‘Perhaps, Sir, you would think it very unnatural that a person, with his understanding, should have all his good qualities swallowed up and overrun with the most egregious vanity; you see he is very handsome, and to his beauty are owing all his faults. I often think he manages the gifts in which

' which nature has been so liberal to
 ' him, with just the same wisdom as a
 ' farmer would do, who should bestow
 ' all his time and labour on a little
 ' flower-garden, placing his whole de-
 ' light in the various colours and fra-
 ' grant smells he there enjoyed, and
 ' leave all the rich fields, which with
 ' a small care would produce real bene-
 ' fits, uncultivated and neglected. So
 ' this gentleman's mind, if he thought
 ' it worth his notice, is capable of ren-
 ' dering him a useful member of so-
 ' ciety; but his whole pleasure is in
 ' adorning his person, and making con-
 ' quests. You could observe nothing of
 ' this, because there were no women
 ' amongst us; but if there had, you
 ' would have seen him fall into such
 ' ridiculous tosses of his person, and
 ' foolish coquetries, as would be barely
 ' excusable in a handsome girl of fifteen.
 ' He was thrown very young upon the
 ' town, where he met with such a re-
 ' ception wherever he went, and was so
 ' much admired for his beauty, even by
 ' ladies in the highest station, that his
 ' head was quite turned with it. You
 ' will think, perhaps, these are such
 ' trifling frailties, after what I have al-
 ' ready told you of the others, they
 ' hardly deserve to be mentioned; but
 ' if you will consider a moment, you
 ' will find that this man's vanity pro-
 ' duces as many real evils as ill-nature,
 ' or the most cruel dispositions could do.
 ' For there are very few families,
 ' where he has ever been acquainted,
 ' in which there is not at least one per-
 ' son, and sometimes more, unhappy on
 ' his account. As the welfare and hap-
 ' piness of most families depend in a
 ' great measure on women, to go about
 ' endeavouring to destroy their peace
 ' of mind, and raise such passions in
 ' them as render them incapable of be-
 ' ing either of use or comfort to their
 ' friends, is really taking a pleasure in
 ' general destruction. And I myself
 ' know at this present time several
 ' young ladies, formerly the comfort
 ' and joy of their parents, and the de-
 ' light of all their companions, who are
 ' become, from a short acquaintance
 ' with this spark, negligent of every
 ' thing; their tempers are changed
 ' from good-humour and liveliness, to
 ' peevishness and insipidity, each of
 ' them languishing away her days in
 ' fruitless hopes, and chimerical fan-

' cies, that her superior merit will at
 ' last fix him her own.

' In one house there are three sisters
 ' so much in love with him, that from
 ' being very good friends, and leading
 ' the most amicable life together, they
 ' are become such inveterate enemies,
 ' that they cannot refrain, even in com-
 ' pany, from throwing out sly invectives
 ' and spiteful reproaches at one ano-
 ' ther. I know one lady of fashion,
 ' who has no fault but an unconquer-
 ' able passion for this gentleman, and
 ' having too much honour to give her
 ' person to one man while another has
 ' her affections, has refused several
 ' good matches, pines herself away,
 ' and falls a perfect sacrifice to his va-
 ' nity. And yet this man, in all his
 ' dealings with men, acts with honour
 ' and good-nature. It appears very
 ' strange to me, that any one who
 ' would scruple a murder, can without
 ' regret take pains to rack people's
 ' minds. His character is very well
 ' known, yet he is not the less, nay, I
 ' think, he is the more liked; for whe-
 ' ther it arises from the hopes of gain-
 ' ing a prize that is sighed for by all
 ' the rest, or from thinking they stand
 ' excused, for not resisting the arts of
 ' the man who is generally allowed to
 ' be irresistible, or what is the reason I
 ' cannot tell, but I have observed the
 ' man who is reported to have done
 ' most mischief, is received with most
 ' kindness by the women. I suppose,
 ' I need not bid you remember in what
 ' brightly and polite expressions he
 ' ridiculed that very sort of vanity,
 ' which, from what I have just now re-
 ' lated, it is plain he has a great share of
 ' himself.

David said, that was the very remark
 which had just occurred to himself;
 and he found, by his stories, every one
 of the company expressed the greatest
 aversion for the vices they were more
 particularly guilty of. 'Yes,' says
 Mr. Orgueil, 'ever since I have known
 any thing of the world, I have al-
 ways observed that to be the case;
 insomuch that whenever I hear a man
 express an uncommon detestation of
 any one criminal action, I always
 suspect he is guilty of it himself. It
 is what I have often reflected on; and
 I believe men think, by exclaiming
 against any particular vice, to blind
 the world, and make them imagine

'it impossible they shou'd have a fault, against which all their satire seems to be pointed: or, perhaps, as most men take a great deal of pains to flatter themselves, they continually endeavour, by giving things false names, to impose on their own understandings; till at last they prevail so far with their own good-nature, as to think they are entirely exempt from those very failings they are most addicted to. But still there remains some suspicion, that other people, who are not capable of distinguishing things so nicely, will think they have those faults of which their actions give such strong indications. Therefore they resolve to try, if a few words, which do not cost them much, will clear them in the opinion of the world. To say the truth, people with a lively imagination, and a strong resolution, may almost persuade themselves of any thing.

'I remember a man very fond of a woman, whose person had no fault to be found with it, but a coarse red hand: he at first chose to compliment her on that part which was most defective, from a knowledge of nature, that nothing pleases so much, as to find blemishes turned into beauties. He persisted in this so long, that at last he really thought she had the finest white hand that ever was seen; but still there remained a suspicion in his mind, from a faint remembrance of what he had once thought himself, that others might not think so. Therefore he was continually averring to all people, he never saw so beautiful a hand in his life. The woman, whose understanding would have been found light in the scale, if weighed against a feather, was foolish enough to be pleased with it; and instead of trying to hide from sight, as she used to do, what really seemed too ugly to belong to the rest of her person, forgot all her beauties; and had no pleasure but in displaying, as much as possible, before every company, what she was now convinced was so deservedly the object of admiration. They carried this to such a ridiculous height, that they became a perfect proverb: and she was called, by way of derision, the *white-handed queen*.'

Mr. Orgueil was now quite exhausted with giving so many various cha-

raeters; and I think it full time to conclude this long chapter.

CHAP. X.

WHICH TEACHETH MANKIND A TRUE AND EASY METHOD OF SERVING THEIR FRIENDS.

AFTER dinner, Mr. Orgueil proposed going to the new play, which he heard had made a great noise in the town. David said, he would accompany him wherever he went, but it was what he had hitherto avoided; from hearing that those who either approved or disapproved the performance, generally made such a noise, that it was impossible not to lose great part of the play. 'That is very true,' replied Mr. Orgueil, 'but I go on purpose to make observations on the humours of mankind; for, as all the criticks commonly go from taverns, nature breaks out, and shews herself, without the disguise which people put on in their cooler hours.'

On these considerations they agreed to go, and at half an hour past four they were placed in the pit; the uproar was began, and they were surrounded every way with such a variety of noises, that it seemed as if the whole audience was met by way of emulation, to try who could make the greatest. David asked his friend, what could be the meaning of all this; for he supposed they could be neither condemning, nor applauding the play, before it was began. Mr. Orgueil told him, the author's friends and enemies were now shewing what parties they had gathered together, in order to intimidate each other.

David could not forbear enquiring what could induce so many people to shew such an eagerness against a man or his performance, before they knew what it was: and, on being told by Orgueil it was chiefly owing to envy and anger at another's superiority of parts; for that every man who is talked of in the world for any perfection, must have numberless enemies, whom he does not suspect; he could refrain no longer, but burst into the most pathetic lamentation on the miseries of mankind, that people could rise to that height of malignity, as to bring spite and envy with

with them into their very diversions. He thought when men were met together, to relax their minds, and unbend their cares, all was calm within, and every one endeavoured to raise his pleasures as high as possible, by a benevolent consideration, that all present were enjoying the same delights with himself. He told his friend, he now should have one enjoyment less than ever he had; for he used to love publick assemblies, because there people generally put on their most chearful countenances, and seemed as if they were free from every malicious and uneasy thought; but if what he had told him was true, he could consider them as nothing but painted outsidcs, while within they were full of rancorous poison.

Mr. Orgueil said, there were yet another sort of people who contributed to the damning of plays, which were a set of idle young fellows, who came there on purpose to make a noise, without any dislike to the author, for few of them knew him; and as to the play, they never hearkened to it, but only out of wantonness they happened to have said it should not be acted a second night, and as fools are generally stubborn, they are resolved not to be overcome. Just as he had spoke these words, the curtain drew up, and the play began.

The first act went on very quietly; at which David expressed his satisfaction, hoping to hear it out without any disturbance. But his friend knew to the contrary, and informed him, the more silent the damners were now, the more noise they would soon make; for that was only their cunning, that they might not appear to have come there on purpose to condemn the play. The second act passed also with only a few contentions between claps and hisses; but in the third the tumult grew much louder, and the noise increased; whistles, cat-calls, groans, hallooing, beating with sticks, and clapping with hands, made such a hideous din, and confusion of sounds, as no one can have any idea of, who has not had the happiness to hear it. In short, the third act was with great difficulty got through; but in the fourth the noise began again, and continued with heroick resolution for some time on both sides: but, as enemies generally stick longer by people than

friends, the latter were first worn out, and forced to yield to their antagonists. The words, 'Horrid stuff! Was ever such nonsense! Bad plot, &c.' were re-echoed throughout the house, for a considerable time: and thus the play was condemned to eternal oblivion, without having ever been heard; and the author was forced to go without his benefit, which, it is more than probable, would have been of great use to him, as well as many others, who had not failed in their attendance on him once a week for a long time.

As soon as the hurry was a little over, a gentleman who had sat near them the whole time, began to talk to them about the play. He said, he was sorry, that it was impossible for any body of common sense to appear in the imposing such horrid nonsense on the town; for he was the author's friend, and should have been glad if he could have got any thing by it; as, at this time he knew it would have been very acceptable to him. David could not forbear saying, 'Indeed, Sir, I took you rather for a great enemy of his; for I observed you making use of all the methods possible that it might not be heard.'—'Yes, Sir,' answered the other, 'that was, because, as I am his friend, and found it was very bad, I was unwilling he should be exposed; besides, I hoped, by the mortification this would give him, to prevent his ever attempting to appear again in this manner; for he is a very good-natured fellow, a good companion, and a friend of mine; but, between you and I, he cannot write at all.'

As soon as this friendly creature left them, Mr. Orgueil observed to David, how strong a proof this was of the truth of what he had told him before; for he himself had been a witness once, though he found he had forgot him; of this gentleman's attempting to rally the author before a room full of company; but his getting the better of him, and having always the laugh on his side, had made him envious of him ever since. On this subject Mr. Orgueil and David discoursed all the way home; where, when they arrived, being worn out with hurry and noise, they retired immediately to bed; where I will leave them to take their repose.

CHAP. XI.

WHICH CONTAINS SOME STRONG
'INTIMATIONS, THAT THE HU-
MAN MIND IS NOT ALWAYS TO-
TALLY EXEMPT FROM PRIDE.

THE next day passed without any occurrence worth mentioning, when in the evening Mr. Orgueil perceiving his friend to be very melancholy, did all he could to make him throw off the thoughts which disturbed him; telling him, it was in vain to sigh for what it was impossible for him to remedy. That it was much better to be the laughing than weeping philosopher. That for his part, the follies and vices of mankind were his amusements, and gave him such ridiculous ideas, as were a continual fund of entertainment to him. David replied, he could never think it a matter of jest, to find himself surrounded by beasts of prey; and that it differed little into which of their voracious jaws he fell, as they were all equally desirous of pulling him to pieces. He went on remarking, that if beauty, wit, goodness, or any thing which is justly the object of admiration and love, can subject the possessors of them to the envy, and consequently hatred of mankind, then nothing but knavery, folly, and deformity, can be beloved; or, at least, whoever is remarkable for either of the last mentioned qualities, must be the only people who can pass through the world without any body's wishing to hurt them, and that only because they are thought low enough already. 'What you told me yesterday, together with the scenes I was witness to, has made such a deep impression on me, I shall not easily recover it. I was very much surprised to hear you tell that story of the old man and his daughter with dry eyes, and quite unmoved.' Mr. Orgueil smiled, and said, 'I look upon compassion, Sir, to be a very great weakness; I have no superstition to fright me into my duty, but I do what I think just by all the world; for the real love of rectitude is the motive of all my actions. If I could be moved by compassion in my temper to relieve another, the merit of it would be entirely lost, because it would

'be done chiefly to please myself; but when I do for any one, what they have a right to demand from me, by the laws of society and right reason, then it becomes real virtue, and sound wisdom.' David was amazed at this doctrine, he knew not what to answer; but it being late, took his leave, and went to bed, with a resolution to consider and examine more narrowly into it; for though it appeared to him very absurd, yet, as it was a subject he had never thought of, he would not condemn what he could not hastily refute.

His head was so crowded with ideas, he could sleep but little; he began to be frightened, lest he should have no more reason to esteem Mr. Orgueil than the rest of his acquaintance, when he thoroughly knew him. However, he got up the next morning, with a design of entering into a conversation, that might give him more light into his friend's mind and disposition. He found him at breakfast with another gentleman: the moment Mr. Orgueil saw him, he said, he was very sorry an affair had happened, which must oblige them to be apart that day; but he told him, that gentleman, whom he before had some small acquaintance with, had promised not to leave him, and he was sure his company would make amends for the loss of any other. As soon as breakfast was over, Mr. Orgueil dressed and went out.

David's mind was so full of what had passed the night before, that he could not forbear communicating his thoughts to his present companion, and desiring him to tell him the meaning of what Mr. Orgueil had said to him last night concerning rectitude and compassion. On which the other replied, he had conversed for many years with Mr. Orgueil, and had the greatest veneration for him at first, but by continually observing him, he had at last got into his real character, which if he pleased to hear, he would inform him of. And on David's assuring him he could not oblige him more, he began in the follow manner.

'You are to know, Sir, there are a set of men in the world, who pass through life with very good reputations, whose actions are in the general justly to be applauded, and yet upon a near examination their principles are all bad, and their hearts har-

'dened

dened to all tender sensations. Mr. Orgueil is exactly one of those sort of men; the greatest sufferings which can happen to his fellow-creatures, have no sort of effect on him, and yet he very often relieves them; that is, he goes just as far in serving others, as will give him new opportunities of flattering himself; for his whole soul is filled with pride, he has made a god of himself, and the attributes he thinks necessary to the dignity of such a being, he endeavours to have. He calls all religion superstition, because he will own no other deity; he thinks even obedience to the Divine Will, would be but a mean motive to his actions; he must do good, because it is suitable to the dignity of his nature; and shun evil, because he would not be debased as low as the wretches he every day sees. When he knows any man do a dishonourable action, then he enjoys the height of pleasure in the comparison he makes between his own mind, and that of such a mean creature. He mentally worships himself with joy and rapture; and I verily believe, if he lived in a world, where to be vicious was esteemed praiseworthy, the same pride which now makes him take a delight in doing what is right, (because for that reason he thinks himself above most of the people he converses with) would then lead him to abandon himself to all manner of vice: for if by taking pains to bridle his passions, he could gain no superiority over his companions, all his love of rectitude, as he calls it, would fall to the ground. So that his goodness, like cold fruits, is produced by the dung and nastiness which surround it. He has fixed in his mind, what he ought to do in all cases in life, and is not to be moved to go beyond it. Nothing is more miserable than to have a dependance on him; for he makes no allowance for the smallest frailties, and the moment a person exceeds, in the least degree, the bounds his wisdom has set, he abandons them, as he thinks they have no reasonable claim to anything farther from him. If he was walking with a friend on the side of a precipice, and that friend was to go a step nearer than he advised him, and by accident should fall down, al-

though he broke his bones, and lay in the utmost misery, he would coolly leave him, without the least thought of any thing for his relief; saying, if men would be so mad they must take the consequence of their own folly. Nay, I question, whether he would not have a secret satisfaction in thinking, that from his wisdom, he could walk safely through the most dangerous places, while others fell into them. As polite as you see he can be when he desires to be so, yet when he converses with any whom he thinks greatly beneath him, or who is forced by circumstances to be any ways obliged to him, he thinks they cannot expect good breeding; and therefore can be as rude, though in different terms, as the most vulgar wretch in the world. In short, every action of his is centered in pride; and the only reason he is not perfectly ridiculous, is, because he has sense enough to affect to be quite contrary to what he is. And as you know he has great parts, and his manner is very engaging whenever he pleases, very few people really know him.'

'What, then,' says David, 'have I been hugging myself all this time in the thoughts, that I had met with a man who really deserved my esteem, and is it all owing to my ignorance of his real character?'—'Yes, Sir,' answered the gentleman 'I assure you, what I have told you is all true, and if you give yourself the trouble to observe him narrowly, you will soon be convinced of it.' David, with a sigh, replied, he wanted no stronger proof of the certainty of it; for what he himself said last night, joined to what he had just now heard, was full conviction enough. 'I never was so startled,' continued he, 'in my life, as at his saying, he looked upon compassion as a weakness. Is it possible that the most amiable quality human nature can be possessed of, should be treated with contempt by a man of his understanding! or is it all delusion, and am I as much deceived in his sense as in his goodness? For surely nothing but the greatest folly could make a creature, who must every day, nay, every hour in the day, be conscious of a thousand failings, and feel a thousand infirmities, fancy himself a deity,

‘deity, and contemplate his own perfections!’—‘As to that,’ says the gentleman, ‘when you have seen more of the world, you will find that what is generally called sense, has very little to do with what a man thinks; where self is at all concerned, inclination steps in, and will not give the judgment fair play, but forces it to wrest and torture the meaning of every thing to it’s own purposes. You must know, there are two sorts of men who are the direct opposites to each other; the one sort, like Mr. Orgueil, live in a continual war with their passions, subdue their appetites, and act up to whatever they think right; they make it their business in all companies to exalt the dignity of human nature as high as they can; that is, to prove men are capable, if it was not their own fault, of arriving to a great degree of perfection, which they heartily consent every one should believe they themselves have done. The others give way to every temptation, make it their whole business to indulge themselves, without any consideration who are sufferers by it, or what consequences attend it: and as they are resolved to pull others down as low as themselves, they fall to abusing the whole species without any distinction, assert in all their conversations, that human nature is a sink of iniquity; every good action they hear of another, they impute to some bad motive; and the only difference they allow to be in men is, that some have art and hypocrisy enough to hide from undiscerning eyes the blackness that is within. In short, they know they cannot be esteemed, and therefore cannot bear another should enjoy what they either can’t or won’t take the pains to attain.

‘Thus there is no end of their arguments, which may be all summed up in a very few words: for the one sort only contend, that they themselves may be allowed to be perfect, and therefore that it is possible; and the other, as they know themselves to be good for nothing, modestly desire, that, for their sakes, you will be so kind as to suffer all mankind to appear in the same light; whence you are to conclude, that their faults are owing to nature; they cannot help it,

‘They have, indeed, some little pleasure in reflecting that they have this superiority over others, that while they endeavour to deceive people, and impose on their understandings, they claim this merit, that they own themselves as bad as they are; that is, utterly void of every virtue, and possessed of every vice.’

David stood amazed at this discourse, and cried out, ‘I am come to the utmost despair. If these are the ways of mankind, not to endeavour to be what really deserves esteem, but only by fallacy and arts to impose on others, and flatter themselves, where shall I hope to find what I am in search of?’—‘And pray, Sir,’ said the other, ‘if it is not impertinent to ask, what is it that you are seeking?’ David answered, it was a person who could be trusted; one who was capable of being a real friend; whose every action proceeded either from obedience to the Divine will, or from the delight he took in doing good; who could not see another’s sufferings without pain, nor his pleasures without sharing them. In short, one whose agreeableness swayed his inclination to love him, and whose mind was so good, he could never blame himself for so doing. The gentleman smiled, and said, ‘I don’t doubt, Sir, but if you live any time, you will find out the philosopher’s stone; for that certainly will be your next search, when you have found what you are now seeking.’ David thought he was mad, to make a jest of what to him appeared so serious; and told him, notwithstanding his laughing, if ever he did attain to what he was in pursuit of, he should be the happiest creature in the world. Indeed, he must confess he had hitherto met with no great encouragement. However, he was resolved to proceed; and if he was disappointed at last, he could but retire from the world, and live by himself: as he was mistaken in Mr. Orgueil, he would not stay to converse any longer with him, but remove that very day to another lodging.

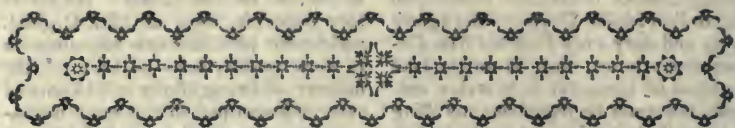
Mr. Spatter (for that was this gentleman’s name) seeing him so obstinate in his purpose, thought it would be no ill scheme to accompany him for a little while by way of diversion. He therefore said, if it would be agreeable to him,

he might lodge in the same house with him in Pall Mall. David readily agreed to it, and they only staid till Mr. Orgueil came home, that he might take his leave of him; for it was his method, whenever he found out any thing he thought despicable in a person he had esteemed, quietly to avoid him as much

as possible for the future. He therefore took his leave of Mr. Orgueil, and set out with his new acquaintance to view another scene of life; for the manner of living of the inhabitants of every different part of this great metropolis, varies as much as that of different nations.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE



THE
A D V E N T U R E S
O F
D A V I D S I M P L E.

BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

WHICH IS WRIT ONLY WITH A
VIEW TO INSTRUCT READERS,
THAT WHIST IS A GAME VERY
MUCH IN FASHION.

DAVID's next scheme was to converse amongst people in high life, and try if their minds were as refined as the education and opportunities they had of improving themselves, gave him hopes of. But then, as he had never lived at that end of the town before, kept no equipage, and was besides a very modest man, he was under some difficulty how to get introduction to persons of fashion. Mr. Spatter told him, he need be in no pain on that account, for that he frequented all the assemblies, and kept the best company in town, and he would carry him wherever he went. He told him he had nothing to do but to get a fine coat, a well-powdered wig, and a whist-book, and he would soon be invited to more routs than he would be able to go to. 'And pray, Sir,' said David, 'what do you mean by a whist-book?' 'It is a game I have often played to pass away a winter-evening, but I don't find any necessity of a book to

'learn it.'—'Why, really, Sir,' replied Spatter, 'I cannot tell what use it is of, but I know it is a fashion to have it, and no one is qualified for the conversation in vogue without it. Though I can't but say I have known several people, especially among the ladies, who used to play tolerably well; but since they have set themselves to learn by book, are so puzzled they cannot tell how to play a card. Not but this book is, they say, excellently well writ, and contains every rule necessary to the understanding the game; but as a traveller, who is ignorant of the country he passes through, is the most perplexed where he finds the greatest variety of roads; so a weak head is the most distracted, and the least able to pursue any point in view, where it endeavours to get many rules, and comprehend various things at once.

'But as to the routs, I can give you no other account of them, than that it is the genteel name for the assemblies that meet at private houses to win or lose money at whist. The method pursued to gather these companies together, is, that the lady of the house where the rout is to be held, a fortnight or three weeks before the intended day, dispatches a messenger to every person designed to be there,

'with

‘with a few magick words properly placed on a card, which infallibly brings every one at the appointed time: but if by chance, notwithstanding the care of sending so long beforehand, two of these cards should happen to interfere, and the same person be under a necessity of being at two places at once, the best expedient to be found out, is, to play a rubber at one place, and then drive their horses to death to get to the other time enough not to disappoint their friends. For you must know, every one looks on herself as in the highest distress, who has not as many tables at her house as any of her acquaintance.’—‘But,’ says David, ‘I don’t see how this will at all promote my scheme; for, by going amongst people who place their whole happiness in gaming, and where there is no sort of conversation, how is it possible I should come at their sentiments, or enter into their characters?’—‘Indeed, Sir,’ replied the other, ‘you was never more mistaken in your life, for people’s minds, and the bent of their inclination, is no where so much discovered as at a gaming-table: for in conversation, the real thoughts are often disguised; but when the passions are actuated, the mask is thrown off, and nature appears as she is. I could carry you into several companies, where you should see very pretty young women, whose features are of such exact proportion, and in whose countenances is displayed such a delightful harmony, as you would think to be the strongest indication that every thought within was peace and gentleness, and that their breasts were all softness and good-nature. Yet but follow them to one of these assemblies, and in half an hour’s time you shall see all their beauty vanish; those features with which you were so charmed before, all distorted and in confusion; and that harmony of countenance, which could never be enough admired, converted into an eagerness and fierceness, which plainly prove the whole soul to be discomposed, and filled with tumult and anxiety; and all this, perhaps, only from a desire of getting jewels something finer than they could otherwise procure, and in order to surpass some lady who had just bought a new set.

‘Besides, I can give you the character of most of the people where we shall go, and that will be an entertainment to us every night at our return home.’

David thanked him for his offer; and they agreed to set out every day to different houses, in order to make observations. The first assembly they went to there were ten tables at whist, and at each of them the competitors seemed to lay as great a stress on either their victory or defeat, as if the whole happiness of their lives depended on it.

David walked from one to the other to make what observations he could; but he found they were all alike. Joy sparkled in the eyes of all the conquerors, and black despair seemed to surround all the vanquished. Those very people, who, before they sat down to play, conversed with each other in a strain so polite and well-bred, that an unexperienced man would have thought the greatest pleasure they could have had would have been in serving each other, were in a moment turned into enemies, and the winning of a guinea, or perhaps five, (according to the sum played for) was the only idea that possessed the minds of a whole company of people, none of whom were in any manner of want of it.

This was a melancholy prospect for poor David; for nothing could be a stronger proof of the selfish and mercenary tempers of mankind, than to see those people whom fortune had placed in affluence, as desirous of gaining from each other, as if they really could not have had necessaries without it.

The two gentlemen staid till they were heartily weary, and then retired to spend the rest of the evening together at a tavern, where the whole conversation turned on what they had seen at the assembly. David asked his companion, if this was the manner in which people who have it in their power to spend their time as they pleased, chose to employ it. ‘Yes, Sir,’ answered Mr. Spatter, ‘I assure you I have very few acquaintance at this end of the town, who seem to be born for any other purpose but to play at whist, or who have any use for more understanding than what serves to that end.’ He then run through the characters of the

whole company, and at the finishing of every one uttered a sentence with some vehemence (which was a manner peculiar to himself) calling them either fools or knaves; but as he had a great deal of wit, he did this in so entertaining a way that David could not help laughing sometimes, though he checked himself for it; thinking the faults or follies of mankind were not the proper objects of mirth.

The next morning Mr. Spatter carried him to the toilette of one of the ladies who was of the whist-party the night before, where great part of the company were met. There was not one single syllable spoke of any thing but cards; the whole scene of the foregoing night was played over again—who lost, or won—who played well, or ill—in short, there was nothing talked of that can be either remembered or repeated.

David led this life for about a week, in the morning at toilettes, the evening at cards, and at night with Mr. Spatter, who constantly pulled to pieces, ridiculed and abused all the people they had been with the day before. He told him stories of ladies who were married to men infinitely their superiors, who raised their fortunes, indulged them in every thing they could wish, were wholly taken up in contemplating their charms, and yet were neglected and slighted by them, who would abandon every thing that can be thought most valuable rather than lose one evening playing at their darling whist.

David was soon tired of this manner of life, in which he saw no hopes of finding what he was in search of, and in which there was no variety, for the desire of winning seemed to be the only thing thought on by every body; he observed to his companion here and there a person who played quite carelessly, and did not appear to trouble themselves whether they won or lost. These, Mr. Spatter told him, were a sort of people who had no pleasure in life, but in being with people of quality, and in telling their acquaintance they were such a night at the duchess's of——, another time at the countess's of——; and although they do not love play themselves, yet as they find it the easiest passport into that company where their whole happiness is centered, they think it a small price to pay for what they

esteem so valuable. 'But,' added he, 'the worst of it is, some of them cannot afford to play, but sacrifice that fortune to nothing but the vanity of appearing with the great, which would procure them every thing essentially necessary in their own sphere of life.'

Thus was David again disappointed; for he had entertained some hopes, that those few people in whom he had seen a calmness at play, were disinterested, and had that contempt for money, which he esteemed necessary to make a good character; but when he found it arose from so mean a vanity, he could not help thinking them the most despicable of all mortals. 'I do assure you,' says Spatter, 'I have known people spend their whole time in the most servile compliances, for no other reason, but to have the words lordship, and ladyship, often in their mouths, and who measure their happiness and misery every night, by the number of people of quality they had spoke to that day. But as your curiosity seems to be fully satisfied with what you have seen of the whist-players, I will carry you to-morrow into a set of company, who have an utter contempt for cards, and whose whole pleasure is in conversation.'

David thanked him, approving of what he said, and they separated that night with a resolution of changing the scene next day. And I believe my reader, as well as myself, is heartily glad to quit a subject so extremely barren of matter, as that of gaming; and into which I would not have entered at all, but that it would have been excluding my hero from one of the chief scenes to be viewed at present in this great town.

CHAP. II.

WHICH CONTAINS A CONVERSATION, IN WHICH IS PROVED, HOW HIGH TASTE MAY BE CARRIED BY PEOPLE WHO HAVE FIXED RESOLUTIONS OF BEING CRITICKS.

WHEN David was alone, he began to reflect with himself, what could be the meaning that Mr. Spatter seemed to take such delight in abusing people; and yet, as he observed, no one was more willing to oblige any person

person who stood in need of his assistance: he concluded that he must be good at the bottom; and that perhaps it was only his love of mankind, which made him have such a hatred and detestation of their vices, as caused him to be eager in reproaching them; he therefore resolved to go on with him till he knew more of his disposition.

The next day they went to visit a lady, who was reputed to have a great deal of wit, and was so generous as to let all her acquaintance partake of it, by omitting no opportunity of displaying it. There they found assembled a large company of ladies, and two or three gentlemen; they were all busy in discourse, but they rose up, paid the usual compliments, and then proceeded as follows.

FIRST LADY. Indeed, Madam, I think you are quite in the right, as to your opinion of Othello; for nothing provokes me so much, as to see fools pity a fellow who could murder his wife. For my part, I cannot help having some compassion for her, though she does not deserve it, because she was such a fool as to marry a filthy black. Pray, did you ever hear any thing like what my Lady True-wit said the other night, that the part of the play which chiefly affected her, was that which inspired an apprehension of what that odious wretch must feel, when he found out that Desdemona was innocent; as if he could suffer too much, after being guilty of so barbarous an action.

SECOND LADY. Indeed, I am not at all surprized at any thing that Lady True-wit says; for I have heard her assert the most preposterous things in the world: nay, she affirms, a man may be very fond of a woman, notwithstanding he is jealous of her, and dares suspect her virtue.

THIRD LADY. That lady once said, that one of the most beautiful incidents in all King Lear, was, that the impertinence of his daughter's servant, was the first thing that made him uneasy; and after that, I think one can wonder at nothing: for certainly it was a great oversight in the poet, when he was writing the character of a king, to take notice of the behaviour of such vulgar wretches; as if what they did was any thing to the purpose. But some people are very fond of turning the greatest faults into beauties, that

they may be thought to have found out something extraordinary; and then they must admire every thing in Shakespeare, as they think, to prove their own judgment; but, for my part, I am not afraid to give my opinion freely of the greatest men that ever wrote.

FOURTH LADY. There is nothing so surprizing to me as the absurdity of almost every body I meet with; they can't even laugh or cry in the right place. Perhaps it will be hardly believed, but I really saw people in the boxes last night, at the tragedy of Cato, sit with dry eyes, and shew no kind of emotion, when that great man fell on his sword; nor was it at all owing to any firmness of mind, that made them incapable of crying neither, for that I should have admired: but I have known those very people shed tears at George Barnwell.

A GOOD MANY LADIES SPEAK AT ONE TIME. Oh, intolerable! cry for an odious apprentice-boy, who murdered his uncle, at the instigation too of a common woman, and yet be unmoved, when even Cato bled for his country.

OLD LADY. That is no wonder, I assure you, ladies, for I once heard my Lady Know-all, positively affirm George Barnwell to be one of the best things that ever was wrote: for that nature is nature in whatever station it is placed; and that she could be as much affected with the distress of a man in low life, as if he was a lord or a duke. And what is yet more amazing, is, that the time she chuses to weep most, is just as he has killed the man who prays for him in the agonies of death; and then only, because he whines over him, and seems sensible of what he has done, she must shed tears for a wretch whom every body of either sense or goodness, would wish to crush, and make ten times more miserable than he is.

A LADY WHO HAD BEEN SILENT, AND WAS A PARTICULAR FRIEND OF LADY KNOW-ALL'S, SPEAKS. Indeed that lady is the most affected creature that ever I knew, she and Lady True-wit think no one can equal them; they have taken a fancy to set up the author of George Barnwell for a writer, though certainly he writes the worst language in the world: there is a little thing of his, called, The Fatal Curiosity, which, for my part, I know

not what to make of; and they run about crying it up, as if Shakespeare himself might have wrote it. Certainly that fellow must be something very low, for his distresses always arise from poverty; and then he brings his wicked wretches, who are to be tempted for money to some monstrous action, which he would have his audience pity them for.

She would have talked on more in this strain, but was interrupted by another lady, who assured the company she had the most ridiculous thing to tell them of the two ladies they were talking of, in the world: 'For,' continued she, 'I was once at Don Sebastian with them, which is a favourite play of theirs; and they make a great noise about the scene between Dorax and Sebastian, in the fourth act. I observed them more than the play, to see in what manner they behaved: and what do you think they did? Why, truly, all the time the two friends were quarrelling, they sat indeed with great attention, although they were quite calm; but the moment they were reconciled, and embraced each other, they both burst into a flood of tears, which they seemed unable to restrain. They certainly must have something very odd in their heads, and the author is very much obliged to them for grieving most when his hero, Don Sebastian, had most reason to be pleased, in finding a true friend in the man he thought his enemy.'

Here the whole company fell into a violent fit of laughter, and the word ridiculous was the only sound heard for some time; and then they fell back again to their discourse on authors, in which they were all so desirous to prove their own judgment, that they would not give one another leave to speak.

And now, reader, if ever you have lived in the country, and heard the cackling of geese, or the gobbling of turkies, you may have an idea something adequate to this scene; but if the town has been mostly your place of abode, and you are a stranger to every rural scene, what will give you the best idea of this conversation, is the 'Change at noon, where every one has a particular business of his own, but a spectator would find it a very difficult matter to comprehend any thing distinctly.

Addison, Prior, Otway, Congreve, Dryden, Pope, Shakespeare, Tom Durfey, &c. &c. were names all heard between whiles, though no one could tell who spoke them, or whether they were mentioned with approbation or dislike. The words genius, and no genius; invention, poetry, fine things, bad language, no style, charming writing, imagery, and diction, with many more expressions which swim on the surface of criticism, seemed to have been caught by those fishers for the reputation of wit, though they were entirely ignorant what use to make of them, or how to apply them properly: but as soon as the noise grew loud, and the whole company were engaged in admiring their own sentiments so much that they observed nothing else, David made a sign to his companion, and they left the room, and went home; but were, for some time, in the condition of men just escaped from a shipwreck, which though they rejoice in their safety, yet there is such an impression left on them by the bellowing of the waves, cursing and swearing of some of the sailors, the crying and praying of others, with the roaring of the winds, that it is some time before they can come to their senses. But as soon as David could recover himself enough to speak coherently, he told the gentleman, he had now shewn him what had surprized him more than any thing he ever saw before; for he could comprehend what it was people pursued who spent their time in gaming, but he could not find out what were the schemes of this last set of company, nor what could possibly make so many people eager about nothing; for what was it to them who writ best or worst, or how could they make any dispute about it, since the only way of writing well was to draw all the characters from nature, and to affect the passions in such a manner, as that the distresses of the good should move compassion, and the amiableness of their actions incite men to imitate them; while the vices of the bad stirred up indignation and rage, and made men fly their footsteps: that this was the only kind of writing useful to mankind, though there might be embellishments, and flights of imagination, to amuse and divert the reader. His companion was quite peevish with him, (which was no hard matter for him to be) to find him always going on with

with his goodness, usefulness, and morality. However, at last he fell laughing, and told him, he was much mistaken, if he thought any of them troubled their heads at all about the authors, or ever took the least pleasure in reading them; nay, half of them had not read the books they talked of. 'But they are,' said he, 'a set of people, who place their whole happiness in the reputation of wit and sense, and consequently all their conversation turns on what they think will establish that character; and they are the most inveterate enemies to any person they imagine has more reputation that way than themselves.'

David had no longer patience, but cried out, 'What hopes can I ever have of meeting with a man who deserves my esteem, if mankind can be so furious against each other for things which are of no manner of consequence, and which are only to be valued according to the use that is made of them, while they despise what is in every one's power of attaining; namely, the consciousness of acting with honour and integrity. But I observed one young lady who shewed by her silence, the contempt for the company they deserved. Pray, Sir, do you know her? I should be glad to be acquainted with her.'—'I know no more of her,' replied Spatter, 'than that she is daughter to one of the ladies who was there; but her silence is no proof of any thing but that she is unmarried; for you must know, that it is reckoned a very ill-bred thing for women to say any more than just to answer the questions asked them, while they are single. I cannot tell the meaning of it, unless it is a plot laid by parents to make their daughters willing to accept any match they provide for them, that they may have the privilege of speaking. But if you are not tired with criticism, I will carry you to-morrow where you shall hear some of a quite different kind; for there are three sorts of critics, the one I have already shewn you, who arrogantly set up their own opinions, though they know nothing, and would be ashamed of taking any thing from another; and, as they

cannot engage attention by the solidity of their sentiments, endeavour to procure it by the loudness of their voice, and to stun those they cannot confute. The second sort are a degree above them; have fixed in their minds that it is necessary for them to know every thing; but, as they have something more sense than the former, they find out that they have no opinions of their own, and therefore make it their whole study to get into company with people of real understanding, and to pick up every thing they hear among them. Of this treasure they are so generous, that they vent it in every company they go into, without distinction, by which means they impose on the undiscerning, and make them wonder at their knowledge and judgment; but there is an awkwardness and want of propriety in their way of speaking, which soon discover them to the discerning eye: for borrowed wit becomes the mouth as ill as borrowed cloaths the body; and whoever has no delicate sentiments, nor refined thoughts of his own, makes as ill a figure in speaking them, as the most awkward country girl could do, dressed up in all the finery of a court lady. I remember a man of that sort, whom I once heard run through most of the famous authors, without committing any error, at least in my opinion; and yet there was something so preposterous in his delivery, something so like a school-boy saying his lesson, it struck me with laughter and contempt, rather than with that admiration which he proposed to gain by it; but he has stuck himself on to a man of sense, whom he takes so much pains to oblige, that as he is not ill-natured, he does not know how to throw him off; by which means, he has laboriously gathered together all he says. I'll say no more of him; he will be to-morrow evening where I propose to carry you; and, I dare say, you will be very well entertained with him; only mention books, and he will immediately display his learning.' David said, he should be glad to accompany him. On which they separated for that evening.

CHAP. III.

WHICH PROVES MEMORY TO BE THE ONLY QUALIFICATION NECESSARY TO MAKE A MODERN CRITICK.

THE next night they went to a tavern, where there were three gentlemen whom Spatter had promised to meet; and as the ceremony is not so difficult to introduce men to each other as women, they soon fell into a freedom of conversation. David remembered his cue, and began to talk of authors; on which the gentleman, whom Spatter had mentioned, presently began as follows. 'Homer undoubtedly had the greatest genius of any man who ever writ: there is such a luxuriance of fancy, such a knowledge of nature, such a penetration into the inmost recesses of all the passions of human kind displayed in his works, as none can equal, and few dare imitate. Virgil certainly is the most correct writer that ever was; but then his invention is not so fruitful, his poem is more of the narrative kind, and his characters are not so much alive as those of his great master. Milton, who imitates the other two, I think, excels the latter, though he does not come up to the former: he certainly can never be enough admired; for nothing can at once be more the object of wonder and delight than his *Paradise Lost*. Shakespeare, whose name is immortal, had an imagination which had the power of creation, a genius which could form new beings, and make a language proper for them. Ben Johnson, who writ at the same time, had a vast deal of true humour in his comedies, and very fine writing in his tragedies; but then he is a laborious writer, a great many of those beautiful speeches in *Sejanus* and *Catiline* are translations from the classics, and he can by no means be admitted into any competition with Shakespeare. But I think any comparison between them ridiculous; for what Mr. Addison says of Homer and Virgil, that reading the *Iliad* is like travelling through a country uninhabited, where the fancy is entertained with a thousand savage prospects of vast deserts, wide

uncultivated marshes, huge forests, mis-shapen rocks and precipices; on the contrary, the *Æneid* is like a well-ordered garden, where it is impossible to find out any part unadorned, or to cast our eyes upon a single spot that does not produce some beautiful plant or flower; is equally applicable to Shakespeare and Ben Johnson, so that to say that one or the other writes best, is like saying of a wilderness, that it is not a regular garden; or, of a regular garden, that it does not run out into that wildness which raises the imagination, and is to be found in places where only the hand of nature is to be seen. In my opinion, the same thing will hold as to Corneille and Racine: Corneille is the French Shakespeare, and Racine their Ben Johnson. The genius of Corneille, like a fiery courser, is hard to be restrained; while Racine goes on in a majestic pace, and never turns out of the way, either to the right or the left. The smoothness of Waller's verse resembles a gentle cooling stream, which gives pleasure, and yet keeps the mind in calmness and serenity; while Dryden's genius is like a rapid river, ready to overleap its bounds; which we view with admiration, and find, while we are reading him, our fancy heightened to rove through all the various labyrinths of the human mind. It is a thousand pities he should ever have been forced to write for money; for who that has read his *Guiscarda* and *Sigismunda*, could ever have thought he could have penned some other things that go in his name? Prior's excellence lay in telling of stories: and Cowley had a great deal of wit; but his verse is something hobbling. His pindarick odes have some very fine thoughts in them, although I think, in the main, not much to be admired; for it is my opinion, that manner of writing is peculiar to Pindar himself; and the pretence to imitate him is, as if a dwarf should undertake to step over wide rivers, and stride at once over mountains, because he has seen a giant do it.'

Here our gentleman's breath began to fail him, for he had uttered all this as fast as he could speak, as if he was afraid he should lose his thread, and forget all that was to come. When he had

had ceased, his eyes rolled with more than usual quickness, to view the applause he expected, and thought he so well deserved, and he looked bewildered in his own eloquence.

The two gentlemen who were with him seemed struck with amazement; and yet there was a mixture of uneasiness in their countenances, which plainly proved they were sorry they had not spoke every word he had said. David stared to hear so much good sense thrown away, only by being conveyed through a channel not made by nature for that purpose; whilst his companion diverted himself with the thoughts how ridiculous a figure the man made, at the same time that he fancied he was the object of admiration. They staid at the tavern but a short time, and concluded the evening at home, as usual, with Spatter's animadversions on the company they had just left. David said, he thought there was no great harm in this sort of vanity; for if a man could make himself happy by imagining himself six foot tall, though he was but three, it certainly would be ill-natured in any one to take that happiness from him. Spatter smiled, and said, he believed he at present spoke without consideration; for nothing hurts a man or his acquaintance more than his possessing himself with the thoughts he is any thing he is not. If, indeed, a short man would think himself tall, without being actuated by that fancy, there would be no great matter in it; but if that whim carries him to be continually endeavouring at things out of his reach, it probably will make him pull them down on his own head, and those of all his companions; and if he looking as if you did not believe he is quite so tall, as he is resolved you shall think him, will turn him from being your friend into your most inveterate enemy, then it becomes hurtful: 'And,' continued he, 'I never yet knew a man who did not hate the person who seemed not to have the same opinion of him as he had of himself; and, as that very seldom happens, I believe it is one of the chief causes of the malignity mankind have against one another. If a man who is mad, and has taken it into his head he is a king, will content himself with mock diadems, and the tawdry robes of honour he can come

'at, in some it will excite laughter, and in others pity, according to the different sorts of men; but if he is afraid that others don't pay him the respect due to the station his own wild brain has placed him in, and for that reason carries daggers and poison under his fancied royal robes, to murder every body he meets, he will become the pest of society; and, in their own defence, men are obliged to confine him. The three fellows we were with to night, have an aversion to every body who do not seem to think them as wise as they think themselves; and, as they have some reason to believe that does not often happen, there are but very few people to whom they would not willingly do any injury in their power: whereas, if they would be contented with being as nonsensical dull blockheads as nature made them, they might pass through the world without doing any mischief; and perhaps, as they have money, they might sometimes do a good action.'

David said, he had convinced him he was mistaken, and he was always more ashamed to persist in the wrong, than to own his having been so. His companion asked him if he would spend the next day in relaxing his mind, by being continually in what is called company, and conversing with a set of nobodies. But I shall defer the adventures of the next day to another chapter.

C H A P. IV.

IN WHICH IS SEEN THE NEGATIVE DESCRIPTION MOST PROPER TO SET FORTH THE NO QUALITIES OF A GREAT NUMBER OF CREATURES WHO STRUT ABOUT ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH.

THE next morning David asked Spatter what it was he meant by his nobodies. He told him he meant a number of figures of men, whom he knew not how to give any other denomination to; but if he would saunter with him from coffee-house to coffee-house, and into St. James's Park, which are places they much haunt, he would shew him great numbers of them; he need not be afraid of them, for although there

there was no good in them, yet were they perfectly inoffensive; they would talk for ever, and say nothing; were always in motion, and yet could not properly be said ever to act. 'They have neither wit nor sense of any kind; and yet, as they have no passions, they are seldom guilty of so many indiscretions as other men: the only thing they can be said to have, is pride; and the only way to find that out, is, by a strut in their gait, something resembling that of the peacock's, which shews they are conscious (if they can be said to have any consciousness) of their own dignity; and, like the peacock, their vanity is all owing to their fine feathers: for they are generally adorned with all the art imaginable.

'But come, if you will go with me, you may see them; for now is the time for them to peep abroad, which they generally do about noon.'

David and Spatter spent all that day in rambling about with these nobodies; for as Spatter knew their walks, they soon met whole clusters of them. David found them just what his companion had described them: and when they came home at night, he said, it had been the most agreeable day he had spent a great while; for he was only hurt by conversing with mischievous animals; but these creatures appeared quite harmless, and they certainly were created for some wise purpose. They might, perhaps, like cyphers in an account, be of great use in the whole, though it was not to be found out by the narrow sight of ignorant mortals. Spatter made no other answer, but by uttering the word fools with some earnestness; a monosyllable he always chose to pronounce before he went to bed, inasmuch that it was thought by some who knew him, he could not sleep without it. After this, they both retired to rest.

The next day they accidentally met at a coffee-house an acquaintance of Spatter's, who behaved with that extreme civility and good-humour to every thing around him, that David took a great fancy to him, and resolved to spend the day with him. They went all to a tavern to dinner, and there passed a scene which would have been no ill entertainment to the true lovers of ridicule: the conversation turned mostly

on the characters of the men best known about town. Mr. Varnish, for that was this gentleman's name, found something praise-worthy in every body who was mentioned; he dropped all their faults, talked of nothing but their good qualities, and sought out good motives for every action that had any appearance of bad. He turned extravagance into generosity, avarice into prudence, and so on, through the whole catalogue of virtues and vices; and when he was pushed so home on any person's faults, that he could not entirely justify them, he would only say, indeed, they were not what he could wish them; however, he was sure they had some good in them. On the contrary, Spatter fell to cutting up every fresh person who was brought on the carpet, without any mercy. He loaded them with blemishes, was silent on all their perfections, imputed good actions to bad motives; looked through the magnifying glass on all their defects, and through the other end of the perspective on every thing commendable in them: and, quite opposite to Mr. Varnish, he always spoke in the affirmative when he was condemning; and in the negative when he was forced, in spite of himself, to allow the unfortunate wretch, whom he was so horribly mauling, any good qualities.

If the reader has a mind to have a lively idea of this scene, let him imagine to himself a contention between a painter, who is finishing his favourite piece, and a man who places his delight in throwing dirt; as fast as the one employs his art to make it beautiful, and hide it's blemishes, the other comes with shoals of dirt, and bespatters it all over. And poor David was in the situation of a man who was to view the piece, which had thus alternately been touched by the pencil, and daubed with mud, till it was impossible to guess what it originally was. Or if this will not give him an adequate idea of it, let him fancy a vain man giving his own character, and a revengeful one giving that of his most inveterate enemy. This contrast, in these two men, and the eagerness with which they both espoused their favourite topicks, one of praising, and the other of blaming, would have been the highest diversion to all those men who make it their business to get together

together such companies, as, by opposing each other, afford them matter of laughter.

But poor Mr. Simple looked on things in another light; he was seriously considering the motives from which they both acted: he could not help applauding Mr. Varnish; but then he was afraid lest he should be too credulous in his good opinion, as he had often been already; and in the end discover, that all this appearance of good-nature was not founded on any real merit, as most of the people they had talked of were strangers to him; and he was not of the opinion, that the more ignorant a man is of any subject, the more necessary it is to talk of it. He said very little: but when he came home in the evening, he asked Spatter, what could be the reason he so earnestly insisted on putting the worst construction on every man's actions: who replied, that he hated detraction as much as any man living, and was as willing to allow men the merit they really had; but he could not bear to see a fellow imposing himself as a good-natured man on the world, only because nature had given him none of that melancholy which physicians call by the name of the black blood, which makes him, to please himself, look on every thing on the best side. 'I cannot say,' continued he, 'that gentleman is ill-humoured; but I am confident he has none of those sensations which arise from good-nature: for if the best friend he had was in ever so deplorable a situation, I don't say he would do nothing to relieve him, but he would go on in his good-humoured way, and feel no uneasiness from any thing he suffered. This I say, only to shew you, how desirous I am of placing things in the most favourable light: for it is rather my opinion, he is so despicable a fellow, as to lead a life of continual hypocrisy, and affects all that complaisance only to deceive mankind. And as he is no fool, he may think deeply enough to know, that the praising of people for what they don't deserve, is the surest way of making them contemptible, and leading others into the thinking of their faults. For with all his love of his species, I can't find it goes farther than words: I never heard of any thing remarkable he did to prove that love.' David said, let what would

be the cause of his good-humour, and apparent good nature, yet if his actions were not conformable to his discourse, he could not esteem him; although he could not help being pleased with his conversation.

Thus they talked on from one subject to another, till they happened on revenge. David said, of all things in the world, he should hate a man who was of a vindictive temper; for his part, he could never keep up anger against any one, even though he should endeavour to do it. All he would do, when he found a man capable of hurting him (unprovoked) was to avoid him. 'Indeed, Sir,' says Spatter, 'I am not of your mind; for I think there is nothing so pleasant as revenge: I would pursue a man who had injured me, to the very brink of life. I know it would be impossible for me ever to forgive him; and I would have him live; only that I might have the pleasure of seeing him miserable.' David was amazed at this, and said, 'Pray, Sir, consider, as you are a Christian, you cannot act in that manner.' Spatter replied, he was sorry it was against the rules of Christianity, but he could not help his temper: he thought forgiving any body a very great meanness, and he was sure it was what he could never bring himself to. But as they were both tired, they separated without any farther discourse on that subject for that night.

CHAP. V.

IN WHICH PEOPLE OF NO FORTUNE MAY LEARN WHAT MONSTROUS INGRATITUDE THEY ARE GUILTY OF, WHEN THEY ARE INSENSIBLE OF THE GREAT OBLIGATION OF BEING ILL-USED; WITH MANY OTHER THINGS WHICH I SHALL NOT ACQUAINT THE READER WITH BEFORE-HAND.

DAVID could not sleep that night for reflecting on this conversation. He had never yet found any fault with Spatter, but his railing against others; and as he loved to excuse every body till he found something very bad in them, he imputed it to his love of virtue and hatred of vice: but what he had just been saying, made him think

him a perfect dæmon, and he had the utmost horror for his principles; he resolved therefore to stay no longer with him. He accordingly got up the next morning, and went out, without taking leave or any notice of him, in order to seek a new lodging.

In his walk he met with Mr. Varnish, who accosted him in the most agreeable manner, and asked him if he would not take a turn in the Park with him. 'The discourse naturally fell on Spatter, as he was the person who introduced them to each other; and Varnish asked David, how he could be so intimate with a man who did nothing but laugh at and ridicule him behind his back? This question a little confounded David, which the other perceiving, continued to assure him, that Spatter had represented him in several publick places as a mad-man, who had pursued a scheme which was never capable of entering the brain of one in his senses; namely, of hunting after a real friend. 'This, Sir,' says Varnish, 'he ridiculed with more pleasure than I can remember; and, in the end, said you was as silly as a little child, who cries for the moon.' However difficult it was to raise David's resentment, yet he found an indignation within him at having his favourite scheme made a jest of: for his man of goodness and virtue was, to him, what Dulcinea was to Don Quixote; and to hear it was thought impossible for any such thing to be found, had an equal effect on him as what Sancho had on the knight, when he told him, his great prince was winnowing of wheat, and sifting corn. He cried out, 'Is there a man on earth who finds so much badness in his own bosom, as to convince him (for from thence he must be convinced) that there is no such thing in the world as goodness? But I should wonder at nothing in a man who professes himself a lover of revenge, and of an inexorable temper.' Varnish smiled, and said, if he would please to hear him, he would tell him Spatter's character, which, by what he had said, he found he was wholly mistaken in; for it was so odd a one, that nobody could find it out, unless they had conversed with him a great while; that, for his part, he should never have known it, had he not been told it by a man who

had been a long time intimate with him, and who knew the history of his whole life. David said he would be all attention. Then Mr. Varnish went on as follows.

'You are to know, Sir, Mr. Spatter's ill-nature dwells no where but in his tongue; and the very people whom he so industriously endeavours to abuse, he would do any thing in his power to serve. I have known instances of his doing the best-natured actions in the world, and at the same time abusing the very person he was serving. He deals out the words fool and knave with such liberality behind people's backs, and finds such a variety of epithets and metaphors to convey those ideas to persons before their faces, that he makes himself many inveterate enemies. He, indeed, soon forgets what he has said, finds no ill-will in himself, and thinks no more of it; but those who hear what he hath said openly against them in their absence, or comprehend his dark abuse in their presence, never forgive him. I myself was once a witness of his doing the most generous thing in the world by a man whom, the moment he was gone out of the room, he fell to pulling to pieces, in a manner as if he had been his greatest enemy. What can be the cause of it, I cannot imagine; whether, as you see, he has a great deal of wit, and it lies chiefly in satire, he does it in order to display his parts; or whether it is owing to a natural spleen in his temper, I cannot determine. But as to his being of a revengeful temper, I can assure you he is quite the contrary; for I have seen him do friendly things to people, who, I am certain, had done him great injuries; but that is his way. And so great is his love of abuse, that when no one else is talked of, to give him an opportunity of displaying his favourite talent, he falls to abusing himself, and makes his own character much worse than it is; for I have known him say such things of his own principles, as would make any one think him the worst creature in the world, and the next minute act quite the contrary; nay, I verily believe, this humour so strongly possesses him, could he be put into a world by himself, he would walk about abusing himself

‘ himself even to inanimate things; for
 ‘ I think he would die of the spleen,
 ‘ if it was not for that vent. He is
 ‘ like a madman, who, when he finds
 ‘ nothing else to cut and slash, turns
 ‘ his sword on himself.’

David’s anger at Spatter’s turning him into ridicule was now quite vanished, for rage never lasted above two minutes with him; and he was glad to hear an account, which did not make Spatter so black as, by his last conversation, he began to suspect him. On the other hand, he was pleased to think all the characters of men he had had from him were not so bad as he had represented them. However, he resolved to leave him; for nothing was more unpleasant to him than continual investives; nor could he resist an offer Mr. Varnish made him of lodging in the same house with him, for in his company he always found himself pleased.

The next day Varnish told him he would carry him to visit my Lady —, who was just come from abroad, where he believed he would be very well entertained, as her house was frequented by a great deal of good company. David, who was never out of his way, very willingly accompanied him. There happened that afternoon to be only three ladies (who all appeared, by their manner, to be very intimate in the family) besides the lady of the house, and a young woman who lived with her. Our hero, on whose tenderness the least appearance of grief in others made an immediate impression, could not help observing, in the countenance of this young creature, a fixed melancholy, which made him uneasy.

They had not been long seated before my Lady — sent her out of the room for some trifle, saying, with a sneer, she hoped the expectation of being a lady had not turned her head in such a manner that she had forgot to walk across the room. Cynthia (for that was the young woman’s name) gave her a look, which at once expressed indignation and shame at being thus treated; with such a mixture of softness, as plainly proved she was sorry she had so much reason to despise the person she wished to love. As soon as she was gone out of the room, my lady, without any reserve, began to declare, what an ungrateful creature she was; said,

she had taken her into her house from mere compassion, used her as well as if she had been her nearest relation; and the reward she had for all this, was the wretch’s endeavouring to draw in her nephew (a boy about seventeen) to marry her. David, who utterly detested all ingratitude, began in his mind to be of my lady’s side; but then he could not help reflecting, that insult was not the proper manner of shewing resentment for such usage; if Cynthia was really guilty of such a piece of treachery, he thought it would be better to part with such a wretch, than to keep her only to abuse her.

The other ladies gave several instances of the ingratitude of those low mean animals, who were forced to be dependants, declaring, that, from the experience they had had of the badness of the world, they were almost tempted to swear they would never do any thing to serve any body; at the same time giving very broad hints, what a vast restraint this would be upon their inclinations, which naturally led them to good.

One of the ladies, amongst several others, gave the following instance how ungrateful the world was: that she had bred up a young woman from her childhood, who was, indeed, the daughter of a man of fashion, a very good friend of her’s, for which reason she took to her, purely from good-nature; but when she came to be old enough to be capable of being of service, she only desired the wench to keep her house, to take care of her children, to overlook all her servants, to be ready to sit with her when she called her, with many more trifling things; and Madam grew out of humour at it, although she never put the creature at all on the footing of a servant, nor paid her any wages as such, but looked on her as her companion. ‘ Indeed,’ continued she, ‘ I soon grew ‘ weary of it; for the girl pined and ‘ cried in such a manner, I could not ‘ bear the sight of her. I did not dare ‘ to speak to the mynx, which I never ‘ did but in the gentlest terms, only to ‘ tell her what a situation she was in, ‘ and how unbecoming it was in her to ‘ think herself on a footing with people of fortune; for that she was left ‘ by her father on the world, without ‘ any provision, and was beholden to ‘ me for every thing she had. And I ‘ do assure you, I never talked to her in

‘ this manner but she had tears in her eyes for a week afterwards.’

All the company, except David, joined with this lady in condemning the poor girl’s monstrous ingratitude; but he could not forbear telling her, he thought it was a little unkind in her to upbraid so unfortunate a person as the young woman she had been talking of, with any favours she conferred on her. On this ensued a discourse between the four ladies concerning obligation and ingratitude, of which I really cannot remember one word.

When the two gentlemen got home, David said to his companion, he had a great curiosity to hear Cynthia’s story; for there was something so good-natured in her countenance, that he was very much inclined to believe my Lady — had not represented the case fairly; adding, that he should be obliged to him, if he would carry him the next day to see Cynthia alone; for he had observed by my lady’s conversation, that she was to go out of town in the morning, and should leave Cynthia at home. Varnish, who was all complaisance, readily complied with his request, for he had a long time been intimate in the family, and had admittance as often as he pleased; only he told him, he must leave him there some time, being obliged to meet a gentleman at a coffee house. This gave David an opportunity of being alone with Cynthia, which he eagerly embraced, to tell her, that he saw by her look and manner she was very unhappy, and begged, if it was any way in his power to serve her, she would let him know it; for nothing in this world was capable of giving him so much pleasure, as relieving the distressed. Cynthia at first replied, that she dared not ever receive any more obligations; for she had already suffered so much by accepting them, that she heartily wished she had gone through all the miseries poverty could have brought upon her, rather than have endured half what she had done for living in plenty at another’s expence.

But, at last, by the innocence of David’s looks, and the sincerity which was visible in his manner of expressing himself, she was prevailed on to relate the history of her life; which will be the subject of another chapter.

CHAP. VI.

IN WHICH IS DISPLAYED THE MISERY YOUNG PERSONS WHO HAVE ANY TASTE SUFFER, UNLESS THEY ARE BRED UP WITH REASONABLE PEOPLE.

‘ I Cannot say I ever had any happiness in my life; for while I was young I was bred up with my father and mother, who, without designing me any harm, were continually teasing me. I loved reading, and had a great desire of attaining knowledge; but, whenever I asked questions of any kind whatsoever, I was always told, such things were not proper for girls of my age to know. If I was pleased with any book above the most silly story or romance, it was taken from me—for Miss must not enquire too far into things, it would turn her brain; she had better mind her needle work, and such things as were useful for women! reading and poring on books would never get me a husband. Thus was I condemned to spend my youth, the time when our imagination is at the highest, and we are capable of most pleasure, without being indulged in any one thing. I liked, and obliged to employ myself in what was fancied by my mistaken parents to be for my improvement, although in reality it was nothing more than what any person, a degree above a natural fool, might learn as well in a very small time, as in a thousand ages. And what yet aggravated my misfortunes was, my having a brother who hated reading to such a degree, that he had a perfect aversion to the very sight of a book; and he must be cajoled or whipped into learning, while it was denied me, who had the utmost eagerness for it. Young and unexperienced as I was in the world, I could not help observing the error of this conduct, and the impossibility of ever making him get any learning that could be of use to him, or of preventing my loving it.

‘ I had two sisters, whose behaviour was more shocking to me than that of my father and mother; because, as we were more of an age, we were
‘ more

more constantly together. I should have loved them with the sincerest affection, if they had behaved to me in a manner I could have borne with patience: they neither of them were to be reckoned amongst the silliest of women, and had both some small glimmering rays of parts and wit. To this was owing all their faults; for they were so partial to themselves, they mistook this faint dawn of day for the sun in it's meridian; and from grasping at what they could not attain, obscured and rendered useless all the understanding they really had. From hence they took an inveterate hatred to me, because most of our acquaintance allowed me to have more wit than they had; and when I spoke, I was generally listened to with most attention. I don't speak this from vanity; for I have been so teased and tormented about wit, I really wish there was no such thing in the world. I am very certain the woman who is possessed of it, unless she can be so peculiarly happy as to live with people void of envy, had better be without it. The fate of those persons who have wit, is no where so well described, as in those excellent lines in the Essay on Criticism, which are so exactly suited to my present purpose, I cannot forbear repeating them to you.

"Unhappy wit, like most mistaken things,
 "Atones not for that envy which it brings;
 "In youth alone it's empty praise we boast,
 "But soon the short-liv'd vanity is lost:
 "Like some fair flower the early spring
 "Supplies,

"That gaily blooms, but e'en in blooming
 "Dies.

"What is this wit which most our cares
 "Employ?

"The owner's wife that other men enjoy:

"The most our trouble still, when most
 "Admird;

"The more we give, the more is still re-
 "quir'd.

"The same with pains we gain, but lose
 "With ease;

"Sure some to vex, but never all to please:

"'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous
 "Shun;

"By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves un-
 "done."

I never spoke, but I was a wit; if I was silent, it was contempt. I certainly would not deign to converse

with such people as they were. Thus whatever I did disoblige them; and it was impossible to be otherwise, as the cause of their displeasure was what I could not remove. I should have been very well pleased with their conversation, if they had been contented to have been what nature designed them; for good-humour, and a desire to please, is all I wish for in a companion; for, in my opinion, being inoffensive goes a great way in rendering any person agreeable; but so little did they shew to me, that every word I spoke was misunderstood, and turned to my disadvantage. I remember once, on my saying I would follow my inclinations while they were innocent, and no ill consequences attended them; my eldest sister made me so absurd an answer, I cannot help relating it to you: for she said, she did not at all doubt but I would follow my inclinations; she was really afraid what I should come to, as she saw I fancied it a sign of wit to be a libertine; a word which she chose to thunder often in my ears, as she had heard me frequently express a particular aversion to those of our sex who deserve it. Indeed, she always exulted in saying any thing she thought could hurt me: if I dropt an unguarded word or expression they could possibly lay hold on, to turn into what they thought ridicule, the joy it gave them was incredible; if I took up a book they could not comprehend, they suddenly grew very modest, and did not pretend to know what was only fit for the learned. It is really entertaining to see the shifts people make to conceal from themselves their own want of capacities; for whoever really has sense, will understand whatever is writ in their own language, although they are entirely ignorant of all others, with an exception only of the technical terms of sciences. But I was once acquainted with an old man, who, from a small suspicion that he was not thought by the world to be extremely wise, was always considering which way he should flatter himself that the fault was not in him, but owing to some accident; till at last he hit on the thought that his folly was caused by his father's neglect of him; for he did not at all seem to doubt but he should have had

as

‘ as much sense as another, if he had but understood Greek and Latin. As if languages had a charm in them which could banish all stupidity and nonsense from those who understood them. But to proceed in my story.

‘ If youth and liveliness sometimes led me into any action, which they, in their riper judgments, (for the youngest of them was five years older than myself) termed indiscretions, they immediately thanked God, though they had no wit, they had common sense, and knew how to conduct themselves in life, which they thought much more valuable; but these wits had never any judgment. This is a mistake which prevails generally in the world; and, I believe, arises from the strong desire most men have to be thought witty; but when they find it is impossible, they would willingly be thought to have a contempt for it; and perhaps they sometimes have the art of flattering themselves to such a degree, as really to believe they do despise it: for men often impose so much on their own understandings, as to triumph in those very things they would be ashamed of, if their self-love would but permit them for a moment, to see things clearly as they are; they go beyond the jack-daw in the fable, who never went farther than to strut about in the peacock’s feathers, with a design of imposing on others. For they endeavour so long to blind other men’s eyes, that at last they quite darken their own; and although in their nature they are certainly daws, yet they find a method of persuading themselves that they are peacocks. But notwithstanding all the industry people may make use of to blind themselves, if wit consists, as Mr. Locke says, in the assemblage of ideas, and judgment in the separating them; I really believe the person who can join them with the most propriety, will separate them with the greatest nicety. A metaphor from mechanism, I think, will very plainly illustrate my thoughts on this subject: for let a machine, of any kind, be joined together by an ingenious artist, and I dare say, he will be best able to take it apart again: a bungler, or an ignorant person, perhaps, may pull it asunder, or break it to pieces; but to separate it nicely, and know how to divide it in the right

‘ places, will certainly be the best performed by the man who had skill enough to set it together. But with strong passions, and lively imaginations, people may sometimes be led into errors, although their judgments are ever so good; and when persons, who are esteemed by the world to have wit, are guilty of any failing, all the envious (and I am afraid they are too great a part of the human species) set up a general outcry against them.’

David, into whose head not one envious thought ever entered, could easily comprehend the reasonableness of what Cynthia said, though he was at a loss for examples of such behaviour, but was too well pleased with her manner of talking, to interrupt her: and she thus continued her story.

‘ We had a young cousin lived with us, who was the daughter of my father’s brother, she was the oddest character I ever knew; for she certainly could not be said to have any understanding, and yet she had one of the strongest signs of sense that could be: for she was so conscious of her defect that way, that it made her so bashful she never spoke but with fear and trembling, lest she should make herself ridiculous. This poor creature would have been made a perfect mope had it not been for me; for she was the only person I ever submitted to flatter. I always approved whatever she said, and never failed asking her opinion, whenever I could contrive to do it without appearing to make a jest of her. This was the highest joy to my sisters, who thought that in this instance, at least, they could prove my want of sense, and their own superiority; for their delight was in making a butt of this poor girl, by rallying, as they were pleased to term it, and putting her out of countenance.’

‘ Pray, Madam,’ said David, ‘ what is the meaning of making a butt of any one?’ Cynthia replied, ‘ It is setting up a person as a mark to be scorned and pointed at for some defect of body or mind, and this without any offence committed, to provoke such treatment: nay, on the contrary, it generally falls on the bashful and innocent; and when a poor creature is thus undeservedly put to the torment of feeling the uneasy sensation of

‘ shame,

shame, the railers exult in the thoughts of their own wit. To be witty without either blasphemy, obscenity, or ill-nature, requires a great deal more than every person, who heartily desires the reputation of being so, can come up to; but I have made it my observation, in all the families I have ever seen, that if any one person in it is more remarkably silly than the rest, those who approach in the next degree to them, always despise them the most; they are as glad to find any one below them, whom they may triumph over and laugh at, as they are envious and angry to see any one above them; as cowards kick and abuse the person who is known to be a degree more timorous than themselves, as much as they tremble at the frown of any one who has more courage. Thus my sisters always treated my cousin as a fool, while they upbraided me with being a wit; little knowing, that if that term has any meaning at all, when it is used by way of contempt, they were the very people who deserved to be called so. For if I understand it, it is then used to signify a person with but a very moderate share of understanding, who from affectation, and an insatiable desire of being thought witty, grows impertinent, and says all the ill-natured things he can think of. For my part, I conceive all manner of raillery to be the most disagreeable conversation in the world, unless it be amongst those people who have politeness and delicacy enough to rally in the manner La Bruyere speaks of; that is, to fall only on such frailties as people of sense voluntarily give up to censure: these are the best subjects to display humour, as it turns into a compliment to the person rallied, being a sort of insinuation that they have no greater faults to be fallen upon.

When I was about sixteen, I became acquainted with a young lady, in whose conversation I had the utmost pleasure; but I had not often an opportunity of seeing her: for as she was too fond of reading, my mother was frightened out of her wits, to think what would become of us, if we were much together. I verily believe, she thought we should draw circles, and turn conjurers. Every new acquaintance we had increased

my sister's aversion to me; for as I was generally liked best, they were in a continual rage at seeing I was taken so much notice of. But the only proof of their sense they ever gave me, was the being irritated more than usual, at the fondness which was shewn me by this young woman: for since they could be so low as to be envious, there was more understanding in being so at my attaining what was really valuable, than at what was of no consequence, and gave me no other pleasure but finding it was in my power to give it; which was the case with most of the people I conversed with.

When I was seventeen, my mother died, and after that I got with more freedom to my companion; for my father did not trouble himself much about me, he had given way to my mother's method of educating me, as indeed he always complied with her in every thing; not that he had any extraordinary affection for her, but she was one of those sort of women, who, if they once take any thing in their heads, will never be quiet till they have attained it; and as he was of a disposition which naturally loved quietness, he would sooner consent to any thing than hear a noise.

One day at dinner, my father told me, if I would be a good girl, I should be married very soon. I laughed, and said, I hoped I should see the man who was to be my husband, at least an hour before-hand. "Yes," yes," replied he, "you shall see him time enough; but it suffices I have an offer for you, which I think to your advantage, and I expect your obedience; you know, your mother always obeyed me, and I will be master of my own family." I really could hardly forbear laughing in his face; but as I thought that would be very unbecoming in me to my father, I turned the discourse as fast as possible. My sisters both fell out a laughing; one cried, "Oh! now we shall have fine diversion, Cynthia will be a charming mistress of a family. I wonder which of her books will teach her to be a housewife."—"Yes," says the other, "undoubtedly her husband will be mightily pleased, when he wants his dinner, to find she has been all the morning divert-

“ing herself with reading, and forgot
“to order any; which I dare say will
“be the case.” I had now been so
“long used to them, that what they
“said, gave me no manner of concern,
“and I was seldom at the trouble of an-
“swering them.

“The next day my father brought a
“country gentleman home to dinner
“with him, who was a perfect stran-
“ger to me: I did not take much no-
“tice of him, for he had nothing re-
“markable in him; he was neither
“handsome nor ugly, tall nor short,
“old nor young; he had something,
“indeed, of a rusticity in his person;
“what he said, had nothing entertain-
“ing in it, either in a serious or merry
“way, and yet it was neither silly nor
“ridiculous. In short, I might be in
“company with a thousand such sort
“of men, and quite forget I had ever
“seen them: but I was greatly sur-
“prized after dinner, at my father’s
“calling me out of the room, and tell-
“ing me, that was the gentleman he
“designed for my husband; that he
“expected me to receive him as such,
“and he would take the first op-
“portunity to leave us together, that
“my lover might explain himself.
“Which, as soon as he could contrive
“it, he did, by sending my sisters and
“cousin, one after another, out of the
“room, and then withdrawing himself.
“I had so ridiculous an idea of being
“thus shut up with a stranger, in order
“to be made love to, that I could not
“resist the temptation of making a lit-
“tle diversion with a person who ap-
“peared to me in so despicable a light.
“The gentleman took three or four
“strides across the room, looked out of
“the window once or twice, and then
“turned to me, with an awkward bow,
“and an irresistible air, (as I fancy he
“thought it) and made me the polite
“compliment, of telling me, that he
“supposed my father had informed me
“that they two were agreed on a bar-
“gain.” I replied, “I did not know
“my father was of any trade, or had
“any goods to dispose of; but if he
“had, and they could agree on their
“terms, he should have my consent,
“for I never interfered with any busi-
“ness of my father’s:” and went on
“rattling a good while, till he was
“quite out in his catechism, and knew
“not what to say. But he soon re-

“collected himself, for he had all the
“assurance of a man, who from know-
“ing he has a good fortune, thinks he
“does every woman an honour he con-
“descends to speak to; and assured me,
“I must interfere in this business, as it
“more particularly concerned me.” “In
“short, Madam,” continued he, “I
“have seen you two or three times,
“although you did not know it; I
“like your person, hear you have had
“a sober education, think it time to
“have an heir to my estate, and am
“willing, if you consent to it, to make
“you my wife; notwithstanding your
“father tells me, he can’t lay you down
“above two thousand pounds. I am
“none of those nonsensical fools that
“can whine and make romantick love,
“I leave that to younger brothers, let
“my estate speak for me; I shall ex-
“pect nothing from you but that you
“will retire into the country with me,
“and take care of my family. I must
“inform you, I shall desire to have
“every thing in order; for I love good
“eating and drinking, and have been
“used to have my own humour from
“my youth, which, if you will ob-
“serve and comply with, I shall be
“very kind to you, and take care
“of the main chance for you and
“your children.” I made him a low
“curtsy, and thanked him for the ho-
“nour he intended me; but told him,
“I had no kind of ambition to be his
“upper servant; though, indeed, I
“could not help wondering how it was
“possible for me to escape being charm-
“ed with his genteel manner of ad-
“dressing me. I then asked him how
“many offices he had allotted for me
“to perform, for those great advantages
“he had offered me, of suffering me to
“humour him in all his whims, and to
“receive meat, drink, and lodging at
“his hands; but hoped he would allow
“me some small wages, that I might
“now and then recreate myself with
“my fellow servants. In short, my
“youth led me into indulging myself
“in a foolish ridicule, for which I now
“condemn myself. He grew angry
“at my laughing at him, and left me,
“saying, he should let my father know
“in what manner I had used him; that
“I might very likely repent the refus-
“ing him, for such estates as his were
“not to be met with every day.

“I could not help reflecting on the
“folly

‘ folly of those women who prostitute themselves, (for I shall always call it prostitution, for a woman who has sense, and has been tolerably educated, to marry a clown and a fool) and give up that enjoyment, which every one who has taste enough to know how to employ their time, can procure for themselves, though they should be obliged to live ever so retired, only to know they have married a man who has an estate; for they very often have no more command of it, than if they were perfect strangers. Some men, indeed, delight in seeing their wives finer than their neighbours; which, to those women whose whole thoughts are fixed on fine cloaths, may be a pleasure; but for my part, I should in that case think myself just in the situation of the horse who wears gaudy trappings only to gratify his master’s vanity, whilst he himself is not at all considered in them. I was certain I could live much more to my satisfaction on the interest of my own little fortune, than I could do with subjecting myself to the humours of a man I must have always disliked and despised.

‘ I don’t know how it was brought about, but this man married my second sister, and she took the other away with her, so that I was happily rid of them both. My father was very angry with me for the present; but I thought that would be soon over, and did not at all doubt his being reconciled to me again. I now began to flatter myself, that I should lead a life perfectly suitable to my taste; my cousin was very fond of me, for I was the only woman she had ever met with, who had not shewn a contempt for her. I carried her with me wherever I went, and had the pleasure of seeing I was the cause of her being happy. I conversed as much as I pleased with my beloved companion, and books and friendship shared my peaceful hours. But this lasted but a very short time; for my father, in the heat of his anger against me, made a will, in which he left me nothing; and before his rage abated enough for him to alter it, he died of an apoplexy. As soon as my sisters heard of his death, they hurried to town, when the will was opened, and they found I was excluded from hav-

‘ ing any share in my father’s fortune: they triumphed over me with all the insolence imaginable, and vented all their usual reproaches; saying, it was impossible but that a person of my great wit and genius must be able to provide for myself, they did not doubt but I could shift very well without money. Thus this unpardonable crime of being thought to have more sense than they had, was never to be forgiven; they staid no longer in town, than while they were settling their affairs, and left me with but five guineas, which I happened to have saved out of my pocket-money, while my father was alive. The young woman I have so often mentioned to you, was so generous as to let me have all the little money she was mistress of. I wish nothing so much as to see her again; but while I was abroad, she and her brother went from their father’s house, on his bringing home a mother-in-law, and I cannot hear what is become of them. Whilst I was in this situation, my Lady ———, with whom I had had a small acquaintance for some time, took such a fancy to me, she invited me to come and live with her; she seemed as if she loved me, and I was ignorant enough of the world to think she did so. She was going abroad; and as I had a great desire to see more countries than my own, I proposed to myself a great deal of pleasure in going with her; the only regret I had was in leaving my dear companion, but I was not in circumstances to refuse my Lady ———’s offer.

‘ And now I am come to the conclusion of my history, whilst I went under the denomination of a wit, and am really quite tired of talking; but if you have a curiosity to know the rest of my history, and will favour me with your company to-morrow, I will resume it.’

David assured her, nothing could oblige him more, and in a little while took his leave of her for that night.

CHAP. VII.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY OF CYNTHIA, WITH AN ACCOUNT IN WHAT MANNER SHE WAS SUDDENLY TRANS-

FORMED FROM A WIT INTO A TOAD-EATER, WITHOUT ANY VISIBLE CHANGE IN EITHER HER PERSON OR BEHAVIOUR.

DAVID went exactly at the time appointed the next day; and, after some little discourse, Cynthia went on with her story, as follows.

‘I think I left off at my going abroad with my lady. My cousin went home to live with her mother; as they had but a very small income to keep them, I should have been heartily glad if it had been in my power to have increased it. I forgot to tell you, that my brother died at school, when he was fifteen; for he had but a weakly constitution, and the continual tormenting and whipping him, to make him learn his book, (which was utterly impossible) had such an effect on the poor boy, it threw him into a consumption, of which he died. I shall not undertake to give you a description of the countries through which we passed; for as we were only to make the tour of France and Italy, I suppose you have read a hundred descriptions of them already. The lady I went with had something very amiable in her manner, and at first behaved to me with so much good-nature, that I loved her with the utmost sincerity. I dwelt with pleasure on the thoughts of the obligations I owed her, as I fancied she was generous enough to delight in conferring them; and I had none of that sort of pride, by fools mistaken for greatness of mind, which makes people disdain the receiving obligations; for I think the only meanness consists in accepting, and not gratefully acknowledging them. I had learned French; that is, I had read some French books with the help of a dictionary, to satisfy my own curiosity, for nobody had ever taught me any thing: on the contrary, I was to be kept back as much as possible, for fear I should know too much. But the little I had learned by myself helped me, when I came into the country, to talk it tolerably well. My lady ——— could not speak it at all; and as she did not care to take much pains while we were at Paris, which was a whole winter, we herded mostly amongst the English.

‘I was now in the place of the world I had often most wished to go to, where I had every thing in great plenty, and yet I was more miserable than ever. Perhaps you will wonder what caused my unhappiness; but I was to appear in a character I could not bear, namely, that of a toad-eater: and what hurt me most, was, that my lady herself soon began to take pains to throw me into it as much as possible.’

David begged an explanation of what she meant by a toad-eater; for he said it was a term he had never heard before. On which Cynthia replied, ‘I don’t wonder, Sir, you never heard of it; I wish I had spent my life without knowing the meaning of it: it is a metaphor taken from a mountebank’s boy who eats toads, in order to shew his master’s skill in expelling poison: it is built on a supposition, (which I am afraid is too generally true) that people who are so unhappy as to be in a state of dependance, are forced to do the most nauseous things that can be thought on, to please and humour their patrons. And the metaphor may be carried on yet farther; for most people have so much the art of tormenting, that every time they have made the poor creatures they have in their power swallow a toad, they give them something to expel it again, that they may be ready to swallow the next they think proper to prepare for them: that is, when they have abused and fooled them, as Hamlet says, to the top of their bent, they grow soft and good to them again, on purpose to have it in their power to plague them the more. The satire of the expression, in reality, falls on the person who is mean enough to act in so cruel a manner to their dependant; but as it is no uncommon thing for people to make use of terms they don’t understand, it is generally used, by way of derision, to the unfortunate wretch who is thrown into such a miserable situation.

‘I remember once I went with my lady ——— to visit some English ladies, where there happened to be a great deal of company: as we went out of the room, I heard somebody mention the word toad-eater; I thought it was me they were speaking of, and dropt my fan for an excuse to make a stop at the door, when I heard one lady

‘ lady say to another, “What a creature it is! I believe she is dumb; for she has not spoke one word since she has been here; but yet I do not dislike to see her, for I love ridicule above all things, and there is certainly nothing so ridiculous as a toad-eater.” I could not stay to hear any more; but I despised both these women too much to let it be in their power to give me any pain, for I knew by their manner of talking they were fine ladies; and that is the character in life I have the greatest contempt for.’

David begged of her to let him know what she meant by fine ladies. On which she replied, ‘ Indeed, Sir, you have imposed on me the hardest task in the world: I know them when I meet with them; but they have so little of what we call character, that I do not know how to go about the describing them. They are made up of caprice and whim; they love and hate, are angry and pleased, without being able to assign a reason for any of these passions. If they have a characteristick, it is vanity, to which every thing else seems to be subservient; they always affect a great deal of good-nature, are frightened out of their wits at the sight of any object in bodily pain, and yet value not how much they rack people’s minds. But I must justify them so far as to say, I believe this is owing to their ignorance; for as they have no minds of their own, they have no idea of others’ sensations. They cannot, I think, well be liable to the curse attending Eve’s transgression, as they do not enjoy the benefit proposed by it, of knowing good from evil. They are so very wise, as to think a person’s being ignorant of what is utterly impossible they should know, is a perfect sign of folly. Congreve seems to me to have known them the best of any one: my Lady With-for’t at her toilette is a perfect picture of them, where she insults over, and thinks herself witty on a poor ignorant wench, because she does not know what she has never been taught or used to. That fine ridicule of the brass thimble and the nutmeg jingling in her pocket, with the hands dangling like bobbins, is exactly their sort of wit; and then they never call any one by their right

names; creatures, animals, things, all the words of contempt they can think of, are what they delight in. Shakespeare has made Hamlet give the best description imaginable of them in that one line which he addresses to Ophelia; “Ye lisp, and ye amble, and ye nick-name God’s creatures.” An expression I never understood, till I knew the world enough to have met with some of these sort of women. They are not confined to any station; for I have known, while the lady has been insulting her waiting-woman in the dressing-room, the chamber-maid has been playing just the same part below stairs, with the person she thought her inferior, only with a small variation of terms. But I will dwell no longer on them; for I am tired of them, as I have often been in life.

‘ But this would have had no effect on me, had my lady behaved well herself. To her usage was owing all my misery; for by that time I had remained with her two or three months, she began to treat me as a creature born to be her slave: whenever I spoke, I was sure to offend her; if I was silent, I was out of humour; if I said any thing in the softest terms, to complain of the alteration of her affection, I was whimsical and ungrateful. I think it impossible to be in a worse situation. She had raised my love by the obligations she had conferred on me, and yet continually provoked my rage by her ill-nature: I could not, for a great while, any way account for this conduct. I thought, if she did not love me, she had no reason to have given herself any trouble about me; and yet I could not think she could have used one for whom she had had the least regard in so cruel a manner. At last, I reflected, it must be owing to a love of tyranny; and as we are born in a country where there is no such thing as publick legal slavery, people lay plots to draw in others to be their slaves, with the pretence of having an affection for them: and what is yet more unfortunate, they always chuse the persons who are least able to bear it. It is the fierce mettled courser (who must be brought to their lure by fawning and stroaking) that they love to wring, and gird the saddle on; whilst the mule, which seems born to

' bear their burdens, passes by them
 ' unheeded and neglected. I was
 ' caught, like the poor fish, by the bait
 ' which was treacherously extended for
 ' me, and did not observe the hook
 ' which was to pierce my heart, and
 ' be my destruction. You cannot ima-
 ' gine what I felt; for to be used un-
 ' gratefully by any one I had con-
 ' ferred favours on, would have been
 ' nothing to me, in comparison of be-
 ' ing ill-used by the person I thought
 ' myself obliged to. I was to have no
 ' passions, no inclinations of my own;
 ' but was to be turned into a piece of
 ' clock-work, which her ladyship was
 ' to wind up or let down as she pleased.
 ' I had resolution enough to have borne
 ' any consequence that might have at-
 ' tended my leaving her; but I could
 ' not bear the thoughts of even the im-
 ' putation of ingratitude; for there are
 ' very few people who have any notion
 ' of obligations which are not pecu-
 ' niary. But, in my opinion, those
 ' persons who give up their time, and
 ' sacrifice all their own inclinations, to
 ' the humours of others, cannot be
 ' over-paid by any thing they can do
 ' for them. Men never think a slave
 ' obliged to them for giving him bread,
 ' when he has performed his task. And
 ' certainly it is a double slavery to be
 ' made servile under the pretence of
 ' friendship; for no labour of the body
 ' could have been so painful to me, as
 ' the having my mind thus teased and
 ' tortured. My wit, which I had
 ' heard so much of, was now all fled;
 ' for I was looked on in so contempti-
 ' ble a light, that nobody would hearken
 ' to me: the only comfort I had, was
 ' in the conversation of a led captain
 ' who came abroad with a gentleman
 ' of my lady's acquaintance. There
 ' are two sorts of led captains; the one
 ' is taken a fancy to by somebody
 ' much above him, seated at his supe-
 ' rior's table, and can cringe and flat-
 ' ter, fetch and carry nonsense for
 ' his lord; thinking himself happy in be-
 ' ing thus admitted into company
 ' whom his sphere of life gives him no
 ' pretensions to keep. The other is a
 ' sort of male toad-eater, who by some
 ' misfortune in life is thrown down be-
 ' low his proper station, meets with a
 ' patron who pretends to be his friend,
 ' and who by that means draws him in
 ' to be sincerely his. This gentle-

' man's case and mine were so much
 ' alike, that our greatest pleasure was
 ' in comparing them; but I was much
 ' more astonished at his patron's beha-
 ' viour than at my Lady ——'s; for
 ' although she had a tolerable under-
 ' standing, yet it was not of that sort
 ' which would make one wonder at her
 ' frailties. But he was remarkable for
 ' his sense and wit, and yet could not
 ' forbear making this poor gentleman
 ' feel all the weight of dependance. He
 ' was so inconsistent with himself, he
 ' could not bear he should see his
 ' tyranny, because he was very fond
 ' of gaining every body's esteem; not
 ' considering his aim would have been
 ' lost, if the other had not been sensible
 ' of his behaviour: but because he saw
 ' him uneasy under it, he took a per-
 ' fect aversion to him. I have heard
 ' of a gentleman, who would never go
 ' to another's house, if he had ever so
 ' many coaches and six to carry him
 ' in, without horses of his own; say-
 ' ing, the only way to be treated well,
 ' was to shew people he had it in his
 ' power to leave them whenever he
 ' pleased. And I think he was per-
 ' fectly in the right; for melancholy
 ' experience has taught me how mi-
 ' serable it is to abandon one's self to
 ' another's power. But now to shew
 ' you the unaccountable caprice of hu-
 ' man nature, I must tell you, that this
 ' very gentleman, who had thus groan-
 ' ed under the affliction of another's
 ' using him ill, coming to an estate
 ' which was entailed on him by a cou-
 ' sin's dying without children, became
 ' the greatest tyrant in the world; and
 ' kept a led captain, whom he used
 ' much worse than his former patron
 ' had ever done him: and instead of
 ' avoiding the treating another in a
 ' manner he himself had found so dif-
 ' ficult to bear, he seemed as if he re-
 ' solved to revenge his former suffer-
 ' ings on a person who was perfectly
 ' innocent of them.

' I know not to what malignity it is
 ' owing, but I have observed, in all the
 ' families I have ever been acquainted
 ' with, that one part of them spend
 ' their whole time in oppressing and
 ' teasing the other; and all this they do
 ' like Drawcanfir, only because they
 ' dare, and to shew their power; while
 ' the other part languish away their
 ' days in bemoaning their own hard
 ' fate,

‘ fate, which has thus subjected them
‘ to the whims and tyranny of wretches,
‘ who are so totally void of taste, as not
‘ to desire the affection of the very peo-
‘ ple they appear willing to oblige. It is
‘ late to-night; but if you have a cu-
‘ riosity to hear the remainder of my
‘ story, to-morrow I will proceed.’

David, who never desired any one to do what was the least irksome, took his leave for that evening, and returned the next day, according to Cynthia's own appointment.

CHAP. VIII.

A CONTINUATION OF CYNTHIA'S STORY.

THE next evening, after the usual civilities had passed between David and Cynthia, she, at his request, went on with her story.

‘ I spent the whole time I was abroad
‘ in misery; because my Lady —
‘ chose to see me unhappy, and sighing
‘ at her tyranny, instead of viewing me
‘ always (which she might have done)
‘ with cheerful looks, and a counte-
‘ nance expressive of the most grateful
‘ acknowledgments, for owing a life
‘ of ease and plenty to her benevo-
‘ lence.’

David, whose only pleasure was in giving it to others, was more amazed at this account of my Lady —'s behaviour, than he would have been at the most surprising phenomenon in nature: but he had so much curiosity to know the end of Cynthia's story, that he would not interrupt her; and she went on as follows:

‘ Since our arrival in England, an
‘ accident has happened to me, which
‘ was as little thought on as wished for.
‘ My Lady — has a nephew of about
‘ seventeen years of age, who, after the
‘ death of his father, will be Earl of
‘ —, with a great estate. This young
‘ man took such a fancy to me, that
‘ the very first opportunity he had of
‘ speaking to me alone, he made me a
‘ proposal of marriage. This is, in my
‘ opinion, a very odd way of proceed-
‘ ing; but it is not very uncommon
‘ amongst men who think themselves so
‘ much above us, that there is no dan-
‘ ger of a refusal; and consequently
‘ that they may be excused the usual

‘ forms on such occasions. I was at
‘ first so surprized, I knew not what to
‘ answer; but as soon as I could re-
‘ collect my thoughts, and revolve in
‘ my mind the situation I was in, I told
‘ him that I was infinitely obliged to
‘ him for his good opinion of me;
‘ but that as I lived in my Lady —'s
‘ house, I should think myself guilty
‘ of the utmost treachery, to marry so
‘ near a relation of her's without her
‘ consent; and as in my circumstances
‘ I was not likely to obtain that, I
‘ begged him to give up all thoughts
‘ of it. The more I refused him, the
‘ more earnest he was with me to com-
‘ ply: but while we were talking, my
‘ Lady — entered the room. I could
‘ not help blushing and looking con-
‘ fused, and my Lord — was almost
‘ as much so as myself. She has very
‘ penetrating eyes, and immediately saw
‘ something extraordinary had happen-
‘ ed. However, she said nothing till
‘ my Lord — was gone, when she
‘ insisted on knowing the whole truth;
‘ and was so very pressing, that at last
‘ I told it her. As I had nothing I had
‘ any reason to be ashamed of, but acted
‘ (as I thought) with great honour
‘ towards my Lady —, I had no
‘ suspicion, that letting her know
‘ her nephew liked me, could pos-
‘ sibly turn out to my disadvantage.
‘ But the moment I had complied with
‘ her desire, in openly declaring the
‘ cause of that confusion she had ob-
‘ served in us both at her entrance,
‘ she flew into as great a rage as if I
‘ had been guilty of the worst of crimes;
‘ talked in her usual stile of my ingra-
‘ titude; said, it was a fine return for
‘ all her kindness, to endeavour to draw
‘ in her nephew to marry me. All I
‘ could say or do, could not pacify her.
‘ She immediately sent to my lord's fa-
‘ ther, who carried his son out of
‘ town, and intends to send him abroad,
‘ in order to prevent his seeing me any
‘ more.

‘ And now I am to be used ten times
‘ worse than ever I was: but I shall
‘ not bear it much longer; for let the
‘ consequence be what it will, I am
‘ sure I cannot lead a more unhappy
‘ life than I do at present. I verily be-
‘ lieve, if my Lord — was to marry
‘ any other woman without a fortune,
‘ it would not give her half the uneasi-
‘ ness; but to think that a person,
‘ whom

‘ whom she has so long looked on as
 ‘ her subject, should have an opportunity of becoming her equal, is more
 ‘ than she can bear. Thus, Sir, I am
 ‘ come to the end of my story: I wish
 ‘ there was any thing more entertaining
 ‘ in it; but your desiring to know it
 ‘ appeared to me to arise from so much
 ‘ good-nature and compassion for the
 ‘ afflicted, I could not refuse to gratify
 ‘ your curiosity.’

David assured her, if it was any way in his power to serve her, he should have the utmost pleasure in doing it and that if she thought it proper to leave my Lady —, and go into a lodging by herself, he would supply her with whatever she wanted: that she had no reason to be afraid that he should upbraid her with being obliged to him; for that, on the contrary, he should be thankful to her for giving her an opportunity of being any ways useful to a person of her merit; for that he had observed the world in general was so very mercenary, he could not help being at once pleased and surprized, to find a person of her age, and in her circumstances, who had resolution enough to think of refusing any offer that was for her advantage, from a notion of honour.

Whilst they were in this discourse, my Lady —, who had altered her mind, and did not stay out of town as long as she at first intended, returned home. David thinking he might be troublesome at her first coming off her journey, soon retired; and the moment he was gone, my Lady — vented all the most ill-natured reproaches on poor Cynthia she could think on; saying, she supposed now her house was to be made the receptacle for all the young fellows in town—that she was sure there must be something very forward in her behaviour, for it could not be her beauty that drew men after her.— In short, she treated her as if she had been the most infamous creature alive; nor did she scruple this before all the servants in her house. I suppose, besides her natural love of tyranny, she was one of those sort of women, who, like Venus in Telemachus, lose the pleasure of their numberless votaries, if one mortal escapes their snares. Besides, she thought it insupportable, that a wretch, whom she looked upon to be so

much below her as Cynthia, should have any charms at all.

The next day, David went to see her again; and as my Lady was gone to make a visit, he met with Cynthia alone: he found her dissolved in tears, and in such an agony, that she was hardly able to speak to him; at last, however, she informed him in what manner my Lady — had used her, because he happened to be there when she came home. David begged her not to bear this treatment any longer, but to accept his offer; and assured her, he would both protect and support her, if she would give him leave. Cynthia was charmed with his generous manner of offering to assist her; but said, her case was the most to be lamented in the world; for that if she accepted what he with so much good-nature offered her, it would be in my Lady —’s power (and she was certain it would be in her will) to make her infamous. But on an assurance from David, that he would submit to what rules she pleased, supply her with whatever she wanted, and at the same time deny himself even the pleasure of seeing her, if she thought it proper, she at last consented, and they consulted together the method they should take. They agreed that Cynthia should leave a place she so much detested, as the house where she then was, the next day. But she said she would acquaint my Lady — with her resolution, that it might not look like running away from her; she was very sensible she must bear great invectives and reproaches; but, however, she thought she should be able to go through them, as she hoped it would be the last time.

David was to take her a lodging, and send her word by some woman where it was, that she might go to it without his appearing in the affair. When they had settled every thing to their satisfaction, he took his leave, that he might not be there when my Lady — came home. Now the anxiety was over, for the perplexity which is caused by not knowing how to act, is the greatest torment imaginable; but as Cynthia had fixed her resolution, her mind was calmer, and her countenance more chearful than it had been for some time. My Lady — designed that evening to use her very well, which she generally did once a week or fortnight, as if she laid a plot sometimes just to give her a taste of pleasure,

sure, only to make her feel the want of it the more. But when she saw her look pleased, and, on enquiry, found that David had been there, her designs were altered, and she could not forbear abusing her. But the moment she began, Cynthia, instead of keeping her usual silence, intreated her to give her one quarter of an hour's attention; which, after two or three speeches, which my Lady — thought witticisms (such as, that what she said must be worth hearkening to; that may be her new gallant had put some fresh nonsense in her head) was at last obtained. When Cynthia began as follows.

‘ I confess, Madam, you took me from poverty and distress, and gave me plenty; I own the obligation, nor have I ever, even in my thoughts, tried to lessen it. The moment pride makes any of us wish or endeavour, by the power of imagination and fallacy, to lose the sense of favours conferred on us, all gratitude must necessarily be at an end. Had you behaved to me, as I first flattered myself you intended, your ladyship in me might have had a willing slave: I should have thought my life would have been but a small sacrifice, could any interest of yours have required it. Nay, I have already done more; I have given up my youth, the time which is the most valuable in life, to please all your whims, and comply with all your humours. You have chose, that instead of looking on you as my generous benefactress, I should find you an arbitrary tyrant: the laws of England will not suffer you to make slaves of your servants, nor will I bear it any longer. I am certain, the meanest person in your house has not gone through half what I have done for bread; and, in short, Madam, here your power is at an end, to-morrow I shall take my leave of you; I cannot help wishing you happy, but must own, I heartily hope you will never have any body so much in your power again.’

My lady, who had been used to be treated by every thing in her house (her husband not excepted) with the greatest deference, swelled and reddened at this discourse of Cynthia's; till at last, for want of words to vent her rage, she burst into tears. Cynthia, whose good-nature nothing could exceed, thinking this arose from my lady's consciousness of

her own wrong behaviour, was softened, and threw herself at her feet; asked ten thousand pardons; said, (if she could have guessed the effect what she said would have had on her, she would sooner have been for ever dumb, than have uttered a word to offend her. But, alas! how was she mistaken! For as soon as my Lady —'s tears had made way for her words, she fell upon her with all the most bitter invectives she could think of, and even descended so far as to forget her quality (which was seldom out of her thoughts) and use the most vulgar terms, in order to abuse her. Cynthia, who had a great aversion to all broils and quarrels, seeing her passion was so high, said no more, but let her rail on till it was time to go to bed.

When Cynthia waked the next morning, she thought she had now performed her duty in informing my Lady — of her design to leave her, and therefore chose not to bear any farther abuses from her; so that as soon as David's messenger came, which was very early, she went with her, without any more ceremony, to the lodging he had taken for her.—And here, I doubt not, but the graver sort of my female readers will be as ready to condemn Cynthia for taking such a step, and thus putting herself in the power of a man; with whom she had had so short an acquaintance, as my Lady — herself was. I do not pretend to justify her; but, without doubt, there are circumstances in life, where the distress is so high, and the mind in such an anxiety, that persons may be pardoned the being thrown so much off their guard, as to be drawn into actions, which, in the common occurrences of life, would admit of no alleviation.

Cynthia herself, as soon as she had time to reflect, suffered as much by the consideration of what she had done, as she did while she lived with my Lady —. She knew too much of the world, to be easily persuaded that any man could act, as David did by her, from pure friendship: nor was she, indeed, long left in doubt in this matter; for although he paid her all imaginable respect, yet she plainly saw that he liked her. This perplexed her more than ever, for it gave her very little relief to find his designs were honourable, as in her situation she could not comply with them.

them. For, to confess the truth, although I hope she would have acted the same part with relation to her refusal of my Lord —, had she no other motive than honour to induce her to it; yet she had the additional reason for it, of having from her youth secretly liked and esteemed a young gentleman with whom she was then acquainted. At last, after many reflections, and often revolving in her mind which way she should act, she fixed on a resolution of going into the country to see her cousin, a person whom she has often mentioned in the foregoing part of this history.

David, although it was with great regret he parted with her, did not attempt to say any thing to dissuade her from what he saw she had so great an inclination to; only insisted on her accepting money enough to bear her expences. This she would not have done on any other consideration, but that of seeing he would be very uneasy if she refused him. And here, for the present, we must take our leave of Cynthia.

David's stay with Varnish was but of small duration; for although he was agreeably entertained, by continually hearing the praises of all the company they met with; yet he could not help observing, that notwithstanding the appearance of good-nature which shewed itself in Varnish, yet, in reality, he was not at all affected with others sufferings. His mother lived with him; and he shewed her so much respect, and treated her with so much complaisance, that David at first thought he loved her with the greatest tenderness; but as this poor woman was afflicted with the stone and gout to such a degree, as often threw her into violent agonies, it gave David an opportunity of observing, that in the midst of her groans, which often pierced him to the soul, Varnish preserved his usual serenity of countenance, nor did the gaiety of his temper fail him in the least. This reminded him of the character which Spatter had given of him, viz. that he kept up an eternal cheerfulness, only because he had none of those sensations which arise from good-nature; and made David resolve not to live with a man he could not esteem, which was the point he was always aiming at: and although he had met with so many disappointments, he was not yet drove to despair, but went on in his pursuit.

CHAP. IX.

IN WHICH MR. SIMPLE GAVE A FRESH PROOF, THAT HE WAS NOT INSENSIBLE OF HIS FELLOW-CREATURES SUFFERINGS.

MY hero now had left Varnish, and Cynthia was gone out of town; so that he was to begin the world again. And the next fancy he took into his head, was to dress himself in a mean habit, take an ordinary lodging, and go amongst the lower sort of people, and see what he could make of them. He went from house to house for a whole month; for as he was now got amongst a class of people who had not had the advantages from education which teach men the way of artfully disguising their dispositions, whilst he lived with them, he never imagined he had met with any thing he could esteem. For mercenary views there were so immediately perceptible in every thing they all said or did, that he met with fewer disappointments in this way than in any other. This gave him but a melancholy prospect; for he thought, if a disposition was naturally good, it would appear as well in the lowest as in the highest station.

As he was sitting one evening revolving these things in his mind, he suddenly heard a great scolding, in a female voice, over his head; which was so shrill, and continued so long in one tone, that it gave him a curiosity to know the meaning of it. He went up stairs into a garret, where he saw a most moving scene. There lay on a bed (or rather on a parcel of rags patched together, to which the mistress of the house chose to give the name of a bed) a young man, looking as pale as death, with his eyes sunk in his head, and hardly able to breathe, covered with half a dirty rug, which would scarce come round him. On one side of him sat, holding him by the hand, a young woman in an old silk gown, which looked as if it had been a good one, but so tattered, that it would barely cover her with decency. Her countenance wan with affliction, and tears stood in her eyes, which she seemed unwilling to let fall, lest she should add to the sorrow of the man she sat by, and which, however, she was not able to restrain. The walls



walls were bare, and broke in many places in such a manner, that they were scarce sufficient to keep out the weather. The landlady stood over them, looking like a fury, and swearing she would have her money; that she did not understand what people meant by coming to lodge in other folks houses without paying them for it: she had been put off several times, and she could not stay any longer.

David was struck dumb at this scene; he stared at the man on the bed, viewed the young woman; then turned his eyes on the landlady, whom he was ready to throw down stairs for her cruelty. He was for some time disabled from speaking, by the astonishment he was under. The young woman, in a low voice, interrupted with sobs and tears, begged the landlady to have patience; and promised, if she should ever be worth so much, she would pay her double the sum she owed her; begged her no more to disturb her brother in his present condition; but if he must die, that she would suffer him to die in peace. During the time she was speaking, David's tears flowed as fast as her's; his words could find no utterance, and he stood motionless as a statue. The landlady replied immediately in a surly tone, 'Brother!—Yes, it is very likely indeed, that any one would be so concerned for only a brother!' and she believed, if she was to tell her butcher and baker she would pay them, if ever she should be worth the money, she must go without bread or meat; she could not think how folks imagined she could live, unless she was paid her own.

David now could hold no longer, but cried out, 'Can any thing in a human shape persecute creatures in the misery this young man and woman are? What do they owe you? I will pay you immediately, if you will let them be quiet.' As soon as the woman heard she was to have her money, she turned her furious look and tone into the mildest she was capable of; made a low curtsy, and said, she was sure no one could think her unreasonable in desiring what was her due, she asked no more; and if the gentleman would promise to pay for it, she would fetch them any thing they wanted. For her part, she was as willing to be obliging as another. In saying this she left the room.

The young woman stared for the space of a minute on David, with a wildness which quite frightened him: at last she got up, threw herself at his feet, and said, she was sure he was some angel, who had put on a human form, to deliver her from the only distress capable of affecting her in that manner; which was her brother's illness, and her being totally void of a capacity to help him.

David, who was very much surprized at her air and manner, had no time then for reflections, but only asked her what he should get to refresh them, and begged her to think of nothing at present, but how to recruit her's and her brother's spirits. She returned this goodness with a look that expressed more thankfulness than all the pompous words of laboured eloquence could have done; she would not waste a moment before her brother was taken care of; and therefore desired her benefactor would get a glass of wine, and a biscuit for him; 'For I am sure,' says she, 'it is a great many hours since the poor creature has had any thing.'

David, with his heart ready to burst, and his eyes overflowing, ran down stairs, and made the landlady (who was now as solicitous to oblige, as she was before to be rude) send immediately for what they desired; and when he had got it, ran up stairs with the utmost joy. The young woman took no thought for herself, but used all her endeavours to make her brother get something down to revive him: it was with great difficulty he could swallow; for his weakness was so great, he could hardly move. He had not yet spoke; but at last, by the help of the refreshment he had taken, he got strength enough to say, 'I hope, Sir, I shall live to acknowledge your goodness, though I am now utterly unable to do it.' He then turned to his sister, and begged her, for God's sake, to drink something herself; for he was certain she must want it. He had not strength enough to go on, but looked sometimes at her, and expressed his amazement at the unexpected relief they had found. Sometimes he looked on David with an air of softness and gratitude, in which our hero's sensibility read as much as any thing he could have said. The poor young woman, who had a long time stifled her own sorrows, lest she should add to her brother's,

found now such a struggle of variety of passions labouring in her mind at once; the tenderness she had for her brother, the joy that suddenly rushed on her to see him a little relieved, and the gratitude she felt for her generous benefactor, that it quite overcame her; she was unable to speak, or to refrain any longer from bursting into a flood of tears, which was the only means she had left to express her thoughts.

David, who had more of what Shakespeare calls the Milk of human kind, than any other among all the children of men, perceived by her manner of behaviour all that must pass in her mind, and was much less able to comfort her, than what is called a good-humoured man would have been; for his sensations were too strong to leave him the free use of his reason, and he stood some time without knowing what to do. At last, he recollected himself enough to beg her to dry her eyes; saying, it would be the utmost injury to her brother to continue in those agonies, which seeing her in that condition must unavoidably cause. That thought immediately roused her, and suddenly stopt her gushing tears. As soon as she grew a little calm, David's senses began to return to him; and he asked her, if she thought her brother would be able to bear a chair to carry him to some place where he might get what was decent, and be taken care of. He had indeed a chamber below stairs, where every thing was clean, though in a very plain way, which he should be very welcome to have; but he supposed they would be willing to move from a place in which they had met with such treatment; besides, there was not room enough for them all; and he would not leave them, till he saw them recovered from the condition they were now in. On which she replied, that, indeed, that last consideration weighed greatly with her; but as to the treatment they had met with, she had learned from sad experience in the world, that good or bad usage was to be had, just according to the situation any person appeared in, and that most people weighed the respect they paid others very exactly in a scale against the money they thought them worth, taking great care not to let the one exceed the other. The brother, who found himself revived, said he was sure he could bear being carried wherever he pleased; and that nothing could make

him suffer so much, as the being separated from him. On which David presently went out, got a good lodging for them and himself, returned, and paid the landlady his and their bills; (the whole of what she had been so clamorous about, amounting only to two guineas.) He could not help reflecting with pleasure, that this woman had been a loser by her cruelty and ill-nature; for he paid her whatever price she asked, and might have staid with her some time, had it not been for this accident.

David ordered a couple of chairs, put the two poor young creatures into them, and followed them to the place he had provided for them; where, when they arrived, they were so faint and worn out, that he ordered them immediately to be carried to their beds, and they had something warm prepared for them to take. But the mean appearance they made, caused all the people in the house to stare with great astonishment, wondering what they could be; neither would they shew them to their beds, or get them any thing; till David, whose dress, though it was but indifferent, was whole and clean, pulled out money enough to convince them he could pay for any thing they had: for nothing but the sight of the money could have got the better of that suspicion the first sight of them had occasioned. The next thing David thought on was to send for a physician, to endeavour to restore these miserable wretches to health. When the doctor came, and had seen his patients, he told David, in a great many words, too learned for me either to understand or remember, that from the perturbation of mind the young woman had suffered, she was in great danger of a fever; and that the man was so excessively weak, it would be some time before he could be restored: but he would immediately order something for them to sleep, and was in hopes of setting them up again.

David took care of every thing for them; and as soon as they had taken the doctor's prescription, left them with proper people to attend them, and retired into his chamber. His head was filled with the thoughts of what he had seen that day; nor could he imagine what these two young people could be: he was certain, by their manner and behaviour, they could not have been
bred

bred in very low life; and if they had, he thought it still a stronger proof of their sense, that they could so much get the better of the want of education, as to be able, notwithstanding that disadvantage, and the disguise of their dress, to shew, in every word and gesture, a delicacy which could not be surpassed by the best-bred persons in the world.

David got up very early the next morning to enquire for them; he heard they were both fast asleep, and had been so all night. This news gave him the greatest pleasure imaginable; he sent out and bought them decent cloaths to put on when they got up; and as soon as he heard the young man was awake, he went into his room, and was surprized to find such an amendment. The moment the sick man saw him, he said, 'Sir, your goodness has worked a miracle on me; for it is so long since I have lain in a place fit for a human creature, that I have seemed in heaven to-night. I have had no distemper on me for some time, but a weakness occasioned by a fever, and the want of necessaries, had brought me to the condition you found me in: I am still faint and low, but don't in the least doubt soon to get the better of it. I hear my poor sister is not yet awake; no wonder, the good creature has sat up with me a great many nights, and has had no sustenance but a bit of dry bread: nature must be worn out in her, but I hope, with the blessing of God, this sleep will refresh her.'

David then told him, if he was able to rise that day, he had prepared some cloaths fit for him to put on, and likewise for his sister; which he had already sent by the maid, to be in readiness for her against she waked. What this poor creature, whose heart was naturally tender and grateful, felt at seeing himself loaded with benefits from a stranger, I leave to the imagination of every reader, who can have any sense of obligations; and those who have none, I am sure must think enough of trifles, to imagine he must be pleased, after being some time in rags, to have whole cloaths to put on.

As soon as the young woman opened her eyes, she got up, and dressed herself in the things David had sent her, and then came to see her brother. She

looked very pale and weak, but very beautiful; her whole person was exactly formed, and genteel to admiration; her rags could not totally disguise her, but now she was clean, she made a most charming figure. The meeting between the brother and sister was with the greatest joy, to see each other so much better than they had been; and David's pleasure was perfectly equal with either of theirs, in the thoughts that he was the cause of it. He took such care of them, that a little time perfectly recovered them, and they lived together in the most agreeable manner: sometimes they would say, as they had not a farthing in the world, they were so much ashamed to be such a burden to him, they could not bear it. David desired them to be easy, for he could not spend his money more agreeably to himself, than in supplying people who had the appearance of so much merit. — Indeed it was true; for there was such an open simplicity in their manner, and such a goodness of heart appeared in their love to each other, as would have made any one, less credulous than Mr. Simple, have a good opinion of them; and they had both such a strength of understanding, as made them the most delightful companions in the world.

David longed to know their story, and yet was afraid to ask it, lest by that means he should discover something in their conduct which would lessen his esteem for them; besides, he was afraid they might not care to tell it, and it would look like thinking he had a right to know what he pleased, because they were obliged to him; a thought which he would have utterly detested himself for, could it once have entered into his head. He began to feel for Camilla (for so we shall call the young woman for the future) something more soft than friendship, and more persuasive than common compassion: for although Cynthia appeared to be a person perfectly deserving of his esteem, which was what he had a long time sought for, and he really very much admired her; yet there was something which more nearly touched his heart in this young woman, and immediately caused him to lose all regret on the account of the other's refusing him; and as he was not at all suspicious in his nature, he never entertained any notion of what the

landlady hinted at, as if her companion was not her brother. For as he was capable of the strongest affection, without the mixture of any appetite with it, he did not doubt but others might be so too, though it is a thing some few people in the world seem to have no notion of. He lived in a continual fear lest she might not turn out as he wished her: he as yet saw nothing but what he approved; but as he had been so often deceived, he was afraid of providing for himself those sorrows he had already felt by too forward a credulity.

However, one evening, as David and Camilla were sitting together, Valentine (for that was the brother's name) being walked out for the air, he resolved to ask her to let him into her history; which he did with the greatest caution and respect, lest she should be offended at his request. She told him, she should already have related it to him, but that there was nothing entertaining in it; on the contrary, she feared, from the experience she had had of his good-nature, it might raise very uneasy sensations in him; but as he desired it, she should think it unpardonable in her not to comply: only, whenever her brother came in, she must leave off, not being willing to remind him of some scenes, which she used her utmost art to make him forget. David told her, he would not for the world have her do any thing to give either herself or brother a moment's pain. She then proceeded to relate what will be seen in the following chapter.

CHAP. X.

THE HISTORY OF CAMILLA.

THE task I have undertaken, Sir, cannot be performed without interruptions from the remembrance of past sorrows; but I make no question you will be so good as to pardon my weaknesses. Nay, from what I have observed of your disposition, I believe you will sympathize with me in my griefs. I am the daughter of Mr. —, a man very well known in the world from many extraordinary actions he has performed; his repu-

tation for sense, and courage, are equal.

I spent my infancy from the time I can remember, very different from what most children do; it being the usual method of most of the wise parents I have ever seen, to use their little ones in such a manner, as if they were laying plots to procure their hearty aversion to the end of their lives; but my father used to say, that as he lived in a country where Christianity was professed, there was no danger his posterity would ever be slaves. He therefore would never use them to the thoughts of whips and rods, nor on any account have them terrified into an action by servile fears. Indeed, he often added, that we did not scruple buying and selling slaves in our colonies; but then we took care not to convert them to our faith, for it was not lawful to make slaves of Christians. My mother was a very good-natured woman, and shewed her judgment in always submitting to my father; so that my brother and I passed our childhood in all the happiness that state is capable of enjoying; and the only punishment we ever had for any fault, was that of being sent from our parents sight, which made us more afraid to offend than any thing else could possibly have done: for we soon became so fond of our kind indulgers, that our chief pleasure was to prattle round them, and see them delighted with our little childish remarks. When we asked any questions, we were never bid to be silent, nor called impertinent, but informed and instructed in every thing we were desirous to know. This encouragement heightened our curiosity, and we were in a manner led into a knowledge beyond our years. We loved each other with a perfect fondness; there was no partiality shewn to either of us; nor were we ever told, if we did not do right, the other should be loved best, in order to teach us to envy, and consequently to hate each other.

When Valentine was nine, and I was eight years old, he was sent to a publick school. It was with great difficulty these fond parents were induced to part with him; but they thought

* thought it was for his good, and had
 * no notion of indulging themselves at
 * his expence. Their grief at this se-
 * paration was somewhat recompensed
 * by the sorrow we both expressed at
 * parting, as they thought it a proof
 * that love for one another which they
 * had made it their study to cultivate,
 * and which they hoped would be use-
 * ful to us throughout our lives. I was
 * too young to consider any other good
 * than the present pleasure, and was for
 * some time inconsolable; but my fa-
 * ther and mother's goodness, who en-
 * deavoured all they could to comfort
 * me, and told me they had only sent
 * Valentine away for his own profit,
 * that he might be the happier man, at
 * last entirely pacified me: we heard
 * from him once a week, and I then
 * lived in a situation, I think, the most
 * desirable in the world; I am sure I
 * have often esteemed it so since, and
 * wished to live it over again. This
 * life continued till I was twelve years
 * old, when all my tranquillity was in-
 * terrupted by a fatal accident, which
 * has never been out of my thoughts
 * twenty-four hours since it happened,
 * and which I can never mention with-
 * out the most piercing grief.

* One morning, as my mother and I
 * were walking in the fields (as was
 * our custom an hour before breakfast)
 * a thorn ran into her foot, which put
 * her into the most violent pain; inso-
 * much, that she was unable to stir. As
 * we were alone, I knew not what to do
 * to help her; I saw her turn as pale
 * as death, and look ready to faint
 * away; this threw me into intolerable
 * agonies, and I fell a screaming so loud,
 * that I was heard by some labouring
 * men, who were at plough in a ground
 * not far from the place where we were.
 * They immediately came to our as-
 * sistance; I desired them to take one of
 * their horses, and contrive, if they
 * could, to carry my mother home; we
 * were not above a quarter of a mile
 * distant, so that one of the men made a
 * shift, as she was a little woman, to
 * carry her before him. It would be in-
 * vain to attempt to describe what my
 * father, (who loved her very affection-
 * ately) felt at this sight.

* We rubbed her foot with some spi-
 * rits, and in a little time she seemed to
 * be easy, and went about the house-
 * only a little limping, without any

* great complaint, for four days; at the
 * end of which she began to be very un-
 * easy. We presently looked at her
 * foot, the point of the thorn was just
 * visible; all around it was very much
 * swelled, and in the middle was a great
 * black spot; we neither of us had skill
 * enough to pull out the thorn, and our
 * hands trembled at the very approach-
 * ing her.

* We therefore dispatched a messen-
 * ger with the utmost speed to fetch a
 * surgeon: when he arrived, and had
 * pulled out the thorn; I, who observed
 * his looks, saw he shook his head, and
 * seemed to fear some terrible conse-
 * quence. My mother, who had a re-
 * solution not to be staggered by any
 * event, begged of him to let her know
 * the worst of his thoughts, for she saw
 * he apprehended something very bad.
 * The surgeon said, indeed he had great
 * reason to fear, that nothing but the
 * immediate loss of her foot could save
 * her life. At first she said, she had
 * much rather die; but on my father's
 * persuasions, (in whose power it was to
 * bring her to any thing) she consent-
 * ed: but the operation threw her into
 * agonies, which caused so high a fever,
 * as could not be got the better of by
 * all the means that were used. She kept
 * her senses to the last: my father and
 * I never left her, but sat by her bed side
 * as long as she had any signs of life.
 * As she knew our sufferings, and that
 * losing her was as much as we were
 * able to bear, she avoided saying any
 * thing tender, lest she should add to
 * our sorrows; but in her looks we read
 * what any one, who had less considera-
 * tion, and yet had a mind capable of
 * feeling, would have said. We saw
 * her struggling with herself to keep
 * down, and prevent the utterance of
 * what was always uppermost in her
 * thoughts, her tenderness for her hus-
 * band and children. Only one day,
 * when I was left alone with her, she
 * went so far as to say, "Camilla,
 * make it the business of your life to
 * obey and please your father; if you
 * should live to see him an old man, re-
 * turn him that care by which he has
 * supported your infancy; cherish your
 * brother's love. Do not remember me
 * to afflict yourself; but only follow
 * my example in your behaviour to the
 * man who has been so good to us
 * both." She saw me ready to burst,
 * and

and said no more; but soon after expired, without ever shewing the least emotion of fear: she looked forward with pleasure instead of terror, and died with the same resolution of mind which had conducted her through all the various scenes of this life.

Thus I lost the best of mothers, and from her loss I date all the miseries of my life. My father at first was like one distracted; but as soon as the first sallies of his grief were abated, his good sense came in to his assistance; and, by the help of the many arguments his understanding suggested to him, he calmed his mind, and in a great measure overcame his affliction; though, like Macduff, "he could not but remember such things were, and were most dear to him:" yet he bore the common fate of mortals, of losing what they are fond of, with true greatness of mind, of which no man had a larger share. I was too young to be so philosophical; the only motive I had to command myself, was the fear of hurting my father; and that indeed was sufficient to make me do or suffer any thing; for I loved him with inexpressible fondness, and did not want the addition of my mother's last command to make me obey him, for it was all the pleasure I had in life. He had no occasion to tell me what to do, for I watched his very looks, by them found out his will, and in the performing it employed all my time. I resolved never to marry, for it was impossible for me to change my situation for a happier; for, in my opinion, to live with any one we love, and find that every action we do is pleasing to them, is the height of human felicity.

My brother continued to write to us, and I had the satisfaction of hearing he was in health; and found, by all his letters, his affections were as strong to me as when we were in our first infancy. He would sometimes send for money a little faster than my father thought convenient; upon which he would say to me, "This brother of yours is so extravagant, I don't know how I shall do to support him." But I have since thought this was only done to try me, and to hear me plead for him, which I always did with all the little rhetorick I was mistress of; so that by this means he

contrived to give me the utmost pleasure, in letting me believe I procured my brother what he wanted. So indulgent was this parent, that he used every art he was master of, to give me all the pleasing sensations that arise from generosity and delicacy.

As I constantly lived with him, and was solicitous in my attendance on him, though he was very impartial, yet I believe I was something his favourite; but I always made use of that favour rather for my brother's advantage than my own. I have heard of women living at home with their fathers, and using all kind of art to make them hate their brothers, in hopes by that means to better their own fortunes; but to me it is surprising, for I could never have forgiven myself, if I could once have reflected that I had ever done my dear Valentine any injury, or omitted any opportunity of serving him. I lived on in this state, in which I had nothing to wish but my mother alive again, nor any thing to regret but her loss.

I had a companion in a young woman in the neighbourhood, who had more wit and vivacity than any woman I ever knew; and we spent our time, when my father was in his study, or gone abroad, in little innocent amusements, suitable to girls of our age. In this manner did I live till I was eighteen; happy had it been for me, if my life had ended there; I should then have escaped all those scenes of misery I have since suffered. I lost my companion: for her father dying, and leaving her in bad circumstances, she went to live with a lady of fashion, who took a great fancy to her. This was some uneasiness to me; however, I could not be miserable, while my father was happy and fond of me.

But on a sudden I observed he turned quite thoughtful and melancholy; I grew very uneasy at it, and took the liberty one day to ask him the cause of it; and begged, if I did any thing he disliked, he would let me know it, that I might take care to avoid it for the future. He looked at me with an air of the greatest tenderness, and said, "My dear child, how can you suspect you ever offend me? No! I am more and more pleased every day with your conduct, which is much above what

"I ever

"I ever saw in a person of your years; nay, indeed, a man of the greatest understanding would not be ashamed of your conversation." I cannot deny but this acknowledgment from one of his judgment, had some effect on my vanity; but I can sincerely say, that the greatest joy I had in it, was owing to the thoughts of my father's partiality and fondness for me. "No, on the contrary," continued he, "my love of you is the cause of my uneasiness; for I have let a passion unawares steal on me, which I am afraid will be to your disadvantage; for although with oeconomy I am able to support you and your brother in a tolerable manner, yet my fortune is not large; and if I should marry, and have an increase of family, it might injure you.

"The object of this passion is Livia, the daughter of —: her fortune must be small; for almost all the estate in the family, is gone to the eldest son; who, as he is married, and has children of his own, cannot be expected to do much for her." I was overcome with this goodness, and desired him not to have any consideration for me; and as for my brother, I was certain that his sentiments would concur with mine, in giving up every thing to his father's happiness, and I would by all means have him gratify his passion; for I should hate myself, if I thought I was a burden, rather than a pleasure to him. That if we lived on less, we might be contented; which it was impossible for us to be, whilst he was uneasy. During the time I was speaking, I saw the most lively joy in his eyes: he was happy that I approved his passion; and I, to find what I said was agreeable to him.

"The next day he sent for me into his chamber, and told me he had been thinking on what I had said concerning the reasonableness of his indulging himself with respect to Livia; he really believed I was in the right; that he had turned it in his mind every way, and found, that as he could not be easy without her, it would be more for all our advantages that he should have her. In short, he presently proved, that the most prudent and wisest thing he could do was to marry her. It was no hard matter for him to make

me believe whatever he pleased; for I had so implicit a faith in what he said, that his bare assertion was to me the strongest proof. But I have often since reflected, that it is a great misfortune that a good understanding, when it is accompanied with a very strong imagination, only makes people judge right, where their own inclinations are not concerned; but when once any violent passion interposes, it serves only to hide and gloss over all bad consequences that attend the gratification of that passion, and removes difficulties out of the way to a man's own destruction; which a person of less sense, and a cooler fancy, would never be able to accomplish: for strength of either mind or body is useful only as it is employed. —But I ask pardon, Sir, for troubling you with my remarks, and will proceed in my story, if you are not tired with it."

David begged her not to be afraid of that; for, by what he had heard already, he was but the more curious to know what remained; and as to her remarks, he desired her always to tell him what she felt and thought on every incident which befel her; for nothing could give him greater pleasure, as he was sure, by what she had hitherto expressed, her sentiments were just on all occasions. Camilla thanked him for the favourable construction he put on her thoughts, and resumed her story.

"My father then told me he would send for my brother home, for he had now finished his studies, and he knew nothing would be so agreeable to us both as to be together: his melancholy was dispersed, the struggle was over; he had fixed it in his mind, it was right for him to do what his inclination prompted him to, and I was perfectly satisfied with it; for a cloud on his countenance was the greatest pain I could suffer: and now I saw him cheerful, I thought that cheerfulness could not be bought too dear. Valentine came home immediately on my father's summons, and his sentiments all perfectly agreed with mine.

"My father introduced me to Livia, and we soon became intimate; she appeared very fond of me, and I found her so agreeable, that I was inclined to like her as much as my father could

could wish. He asked me my opinion of her; I told him I thought she seemed a reasonable woman, and I did not doubt but she would make a very good wife, and be contented to live in the manner his circumstances could afford. He replied, with a sort of extasy, that if he had wanted any proofs of my judgment, what I had now said of Livia could not fail of convincing him of it. Although he was near fifty, yet was his person very agreeable, and he had such an eternal fund of entertainment in his conversation, that all the world coveted his company. It was no wonder Livia was pleased with his addresses, and withstood them no longer than was just necessary to keep up the ceremonies appointed by custom for women in such cases, when they were married to the entire satisfaction of all parties. Valentine paid his mother the respect due to her; and, for my part, I really liked Livia from inclination: but, as I found she was the object which gave the greatest pleasure to the man in the world I most loved, and to whom I owed all the duty I was capable of paying, I thought I could never do enough to oblige her. My father grew every day fonder and fonder of his wife; and now, Sir, I believe you will think the happiness of this little family could admit of no addition.

I thought so at that time, and if the opinion I then had of Livia could have been supported with any colour of reason, I should never have known a wish beyond what I then enjoyed. But, perhaps, Sir, if you have not had a great deal of experience in the world, you may be yet to learn, that there are women, who, in order to prove their love to their husbands, take an utter aversion to every thing that belongs to them. This was my unhappy case: the woman whom I thought my best friend, from the moment she became my mother, turned my enemy, only because my father was fond of me; for I am certain she never had any other reason for a conduct like her's.

The first step she took, was to assume an air of forced civility, instead of that familiarity, which, from the beginning of our short acquaintance, we had been used to treat each other

with, and throw me at a distance; for, as Shakespeare says, "When hot love grows cold, it useth an enforced ceremony." But in this she for some time lost her aim; for I knew so little of the world, I took it for a mark, that she was resolved, as she was got into a character of life so much hated, (and, I am afraid, too often deservedly) as that of a mother-in-law, that the world should say she paid me rather more than less respect than before. I was not so well pleased with this behaviour as I should have been, had she continued her former manner; but, however, as I mistook the motive of her actions, I did not esteem her the less.

But this did not last long; she went on from one thing to another, till it was impossible, with all my partiality for her, to be deceived any longer; and I shall never be ashamed to own, it was with great difficulty my eyes were opened enough to see her in the true light: for I shall always esteem young people, who are apt to be suspicious, especially of their friends, to be incapable of possessing real goodness. They may, if they please, boast their judgment; but I cannot help imputing it more to the badness of their hearts, than to the goodness of their heads.

David, who never suspected any body without the strongest proofs, very much applauded Camilla's judgment, and concurred with her in her sentiments. And she proceeded as follows.

You will be amazed, Sir, to find all the guile and cunning this woman made use of, to make me and Valentine hated by my father. I suppose it must be, because she thought her interest incompatible with ours; and that the only way to spend all her husband's fortune, was to make him believe we were his greatest enemies. She was quite different from the opinion I had formed of her; for instead of being contented with what my father could afford, she never thought any thing extravagant enough; buying jewels, going to publick places, every thing that was to spend the most money, was her chief delight; and the only article in which she ever thought of saving, was in denying my brother and me what we wanted. But this she never did openly; for
 whatever

whatever was proposed for us, she always came very gladly into. The method she took to disappoint us, was, that by her conduct, money soon became very scarce; for she spent all he could procure, and by that means we were obliged to go without it. She would condescend to such mean arts, that had I not been witness of it, I could not have believed any human creature could have been capable of them. I have known her several times bring in bills to my father; where she has set down things for us we never had, in order to make him think she had a great affection for us, that he might esteem her the more; and when to our generosity she owed the success of her schemes, for we neither of us would discover any thing to make my father uneasy, she then exulted in the thoughts of her great sense, and applauded her own understanding: for she was wise enough to mistake a low cunning, and such little mean arts, as people who had any understanding could never submit to, for sense. I soon found out that all the softness and tenderness I once imagined her possessed of, was entirely owing to her person; the symmetry and proportion of which gave so pleasing an air to every thing she said or did, that nothing but envy could have prevented her beholders from being prejudiced in her favour.

I often thought, could she have beheld herself in the goddess of justice's mirror of truth, as it is described in that beautiful vision in the Tatler, she would have loathed and detested, as much as she now admired, herself. Her fine chestnut-brown hair, which flowed in natural ringlets round her neck, was it to have represented the strings that held her heart, must have become as harsh and unpliant as the stiffest cord; her large blue eyes, which now seemed to speak the softness of a soul replete with goodness, had they on a sudden, by the irresistible power of a goddess's command, been forced to confess the truth, would have lost all their amiableness, and have looked askew an hundred ways at once, to denote the many little plots she was forming to do mischief; her skin would have become black and hard, as an emblem of her mind; her limbs distorted; and her nails would have

been changed into crooked talons, which, however, should have had power to shrink in such a manner as that the unwary might come near enough, without suspicion, to be got into her clutches. Not a metamorphosis in all Ovid could be more surprizing than hers would have been, was this mirror of truth to have been held to her. I have really shuddered with horror at the image my own fancy has presented me; and notwithstanding all her cruelty to me; (nay, what is much more, to my dear Valentine) my indignation never could rise so high as to wish her the punishment to see herself in this glass, unless it could have been a means of her amendment.

She never abused us; but found means to work on our tempers in such a manner, as in my father's sight always to make us appear in the wrong. She knew I could not bear the least slight from any one I loved without distraction, and therefore she would contrive, by all the methods she could invent, to touch me in that tender point, and to raise me into such a height of passion, as might make me behave in a manner to be condemned by my father. Valentine seldom said any thing; he bore all with patience; but unless he too would have joined in tormenting me, he was never to be forgiven; besides, ours was looked on by her as a common interest, and he was as great an offence to her sight as I was. When she had worked me up to a pitch, in which perhaps I might drop an unguarded word, she was then in her kingdom; for as she was cool, and all on her side was design, she knew how to play her part. She was always sorry I was so passionate; as to her, she loved me so well, she could put up with any thing from me; but as she was my father's wife, she thought it a disrespect to him, and she could not bear the thoughts of any one's treating him otherwise than they ought to do, and as she was sure he deserved from every body! On such occasions he sat all the while wondering and admiring at her goodness, and blessing himself at the great love he saw she had for him. I was astonished at her giving things that turn, and she triumphed in finding how easily she could make every thing go to her wish; but still she had not done, she must do acts

of supererogation, and interceded with my father not to be angry with me, for she really believed it was only passion. He had not yet got so much the better of the long affection he had for me, but he was glad to find any excuse to be reconciled to me.

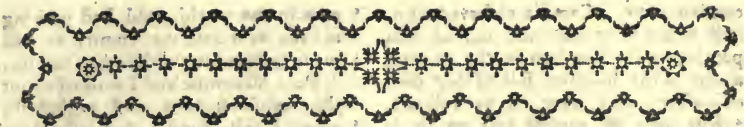
Thus she flattered him, by engaging him to follow his own inclinations, at the same time that she displayed her own goodness. By means like these, she increased his esteem for her, while she deserved his detestation; then she would come into the best humour in the world, and appear as if there was nothing more in it than an accidental dispute, which was all over; she would be so like her former self, that for several times she deceived me, and I began to imagine I fancied things which had no existence but in my own brains. Thus barbarously she often took pains to pull me off the rack, only that she might have the pleasure, when I was almost healed and well, to torture me again: for to behave inconsistently, sometimes well, and sometimes ill, is the greatest curse a mind disposed to love can ever meet with.

My brother and I looked with horror on the consequences of the expensive sort of life Livia was drawing her husband into; and yet, as we saw it impossible to prevent it, we commanded ourselves enough to be silent. But this was not sufficient; the dread we had of what our father would be brought to, broke out into our countenances in spite of any resolutions we could form to the contrary. This she insinuated was owing to selfishness in us, and a fear lest we should have the less for what she spent. As my father could not resist giving way to her desires in every respect, and observed our disapprobation of it in our faces, he began to look upon us as bars to his pleasures, and the reproachers of his actions; which by degrees lessened his affection for us in such a manner, that he esteemed us rather as his enemies than his children.

Thus my father's house, which used to be my asylum from all cares, and the comfort of my life, was con-

verted by this woman's management into my greatest torment; and my condition was as miserable as a person's would be who had lost his best friend he had in the world, and was to be haunted hourly by his ghost; and that not in the pleasing form in which he used to place his delight, but with a face made grim with death, and furious with some perturbation of spirit. Such now was my father become to me, instead of that kind, that fond, that partial approver of every thing I said or did: my every action was displeasing to him; and he never saw me, but his looks expressed that anger and dislike which pierced me to the soul; whatever thing I wanted, was too much for me; and though I denied myself every thing but the bare necessities of life, yet all the expence of the family was imputed to me and my brother. All the servants in the house finding it their interest to be as disobliging as they could to us, took care not to be too officious in serving us. Such mercenary wretches were below my notice; but yet their behaviour was shocking to me, as it was one of the proofs of the decay of my father's love.

David here interrupted her, by saying that she was very much in the right, for there was nothing so strong a proof that the master of a house has no regard for us, as the constant misbehaviour of his servants towards us; he had had the melancholy experience of it: but he thought she was mistaken in thinking any station could make people below her notice; for as to him, there was nothing in life he attended to more earnestly than the behaviour of those men, whose want of education shewed more openly, and with less disguise, what their natures were; indeed, hitherto his observations of that kind had given him but a melancholy prospect. His eyes expressed so much sorrow, as he spoke this, and his mind appeared so affected, that Camilla gave him a thousand thanks for the good-natured part he took in her afflictions, and said she would now take leave of him, it being late, and to-morrow would resume her story.



THE
ADVENTURES
OF
DAVID SIMPLE.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

BOOK III.

CHAP. I.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY OF CAMILLA.



HE next day, the first opportunity Camilla had of being alone with David, on his desire she proceeded as follows.

Valentine was now all the comfort I had left me; his passions were either not so strong, or his resolutions stronger; for he bore up much better than I did, although I found his sentiments were the same with mine. We were always together, from which Livia possessed my father with an opinion that we were making parties in the house against them. I was so altered with the continual uneasiness of my mind, that no one would have known me. This, which was owing to my tender regret for the loss of a parent's love, was imputed to rancour and malice; thus my very grief was turned to my disadvantage. My father, whose nature was open and generous, was, as it were, intoxicated by his passion for this woman; and grew, like her, suspicious of every thing around him. She soon perceived the success of her pernicious designs, and omitted no pains, nor no

falsehoods, to improve it. In short, was I to tell you all the little arts she used to make us miserable, to impose on the man who doated on her to distraction, and in the end to ruin herself, it would fill volumes, and tire your patience. Whenever she had laid any extravagant scheme to spend money, she never directly proposed it, but only gave a hint, that it would be agreeable to her. If it happened to be a thing her husband thought very unreasonable, and he did not catch immediately at the least intimation of her pleasure, and speak of it as if it was his own desire, and in a manner force her to comply with it, in appearance, against her will; she then threw herself out of humour, and contrived all manner of ways to plague him; and when she saw him in agonies at her frowns, she often said things to him I really would not say to the greatest enemy I had in the world. But I must take shame to myself, and own a weakness which you perhaps will condemn me for; but I could not help being sometimes a little pleased at seeing my father teased by the woman he himself suffered to be so great a curse to me and Valentine. Here David sighed, and looked down, not answering one word; for he could not approve, and he would not

condemn her. Camilla observed him, and hastened to take him out of that perplexity she saw him in, by turning again to the brighter side of her own character; and went on as follows.

‘But then she carried this on to so great a degree, that the misery I saw my once fond father in, raised all my tenderness for him; the comparison between her behaviour, and that of my dear mother’s (who made it the business of her life to please him) and my own, who watched his very looks, and carefully obeyed their motions, with various scenes which formerly had passed, rushed at once into my memory, and I often left the room with tears in my eyes.

‘She knew so well the bent of his temper, and how far she might venture, that she would carry it exactly as far as he could bear. But when she found he began to grow warm, and retort her ill-nature, she could at once turn from a devil into an angel. This sudden change of the mind, from pain to pleasure, had always such an effect on him, that he in a moment forgot all she had said or done to hurt him, and thought of nothing but her present good-humour. The being reconciled was so great a heaven to him, he condemned himself for having offended such a charming creature, and was in raptures at her great goodness in forgiving him; would ask a thousand pardons, and be amazed at her condescension in granting them. His fondness was greater than before; for all violent passions, put a stop to but for a moment, increase on their return, as rivers flow faster after any interruption in their course. People who really love, will grant any thing in the moment of reconciliation. My father would then think what he should do, to return all this softness and tenderness; and ten to one but he hit on the very thing which had been the cause of all her ill-humour; he would then intreat her to oblige him so much as to do what he knew she had piost a mind to; which, after objections enough to shew him the obligations he owed her for complying, she consented to. Thus every thing fell into the right channel again; my father was the happiest

‘man in the world, and had nothing to vex him but the enmity he was made believe his children had to him.

‘Poor Valentine and I walked about the house forlorn and neglected; what I felt, (and I dare assert the same of him, at the alteration in our father’s behaviour) I shall not attempt to describe, as I am very certain no words can express it so strongly as your own imagination will suggest it to you. But Livia was not yet contented, although we were made miserable; we were not utterly abandoned, although she had contrived to give my father an ill opinion of us; nay, unless she could even prevail on him to turn us out of doors, which, unless she could make us appear guilty of some monstrous villainy, she despaired of effecting.

‘As the blinding us into absolute disgrace with my father was her greatest grief, so she constantly pretended it was her greatest fear: for all her power was owing to his blindness; and had she done any thing to have opened his eyes, the goodness of his heart would have made him deatest as much as now he loved her. She was obliged therefore to be cautious in what she did; for the way to bring things about with men who have no ill designs of their own, is to work underhand, by pretending our views are good.

‘She had so long been our enemy, and endeavoured to impose us, as hers, on my father, that I really believe she imposed on herself, and thought we were so. She watched us about the house, as if she was afraid we should do some mischief: she did not concern herself much about Valentine; and thought, as we were looked on to love one another in such a manner, that what one did was always approved by the other, as I was the most passionate, and had least command of my temper, I was the properest person to work on. She therefore continually did all she could to provoke me into passions, and work me into madness, that I might not know what I said or did.’

David could not forbear sighing at such a piece of barbarity, but would not interrupt Camilla’s narration; only begged to know what could be the end

of all these designs of her mother's, and how far her father could be blinded by his passion.

'Alas, Sir!' answered Camilla, 'there is no knowing how far passions of that kind will carry people; they go lengths which they themselves at first would be perfectly startled at; and are guilty of actions, which, were they to hear of a third person, they would condemn, and think themselves utterly incapable of. Perhaps you will wonder to hear me say it, but I could never enough get the better of the opinion I had fixed of my father's goodness, not to think if his mind had been less great, his actions would have been better; for that tenderness and good-nature, which made him really love the object that gave him pleasure, was the cause of all his terrors. A man who looks upon a woman as a creature formed for his diversion, and who has neither compassion nor good-will towards her, can never be worked on by her arts to do himself or another an injury. Women have it in their power at once to please all the passions a man can be possessed of; he is flattered by her liking him, melted into tenderness (if he has any) by her softness, and easily drawn in to esteem her, if she thinks it worth her while to gain his friendship, because he finds she pleases him, and he would not willingly think he can be thus pleased with a creature unworthy his esteem. So that a man, in some measure, thinks it necessary, in order to prove his own judgment, to justify the woman he finds he cannot help being fond of. This is a passion I have always observed people of merit to be most liable to. If it happens to light on a woman who really deserves it, the man becomes a greater blessing to all his acquaintance; his thoughts are more refined; and, by continually being influenced by a person who has no other view but to promote his interest and honour, all the little carelessnesses of his temper are corrected, and he is visibly both happier and better than he was before. But if, on the contrary, as in the case of Livia and my father, the woman looks on her husband's love for her in no other light but as it gives her an opportunity to make a prey of his for-

tune, and to impose on his understanding; the latter will be destroyed as fast as the former is spent; his friends will drop from him; he will find a fault somewhere, and, from a desire not to impute it to the right cause, not know where to place it. He will awaken that suspicion which always sleeps at Wisdom's gate, and find he has roused a fury, which neither "poppies, nor mandragora, nor all the drowsy syrups in the world, can medicine to sweet sleep again."

'But I ask pardon, I am led into a subject I could for ever expatiate on, and forget, while I am indulging myself, you, Sir, may be tired; I will therefore now bring myself back to the thread of my story, as well as I am able. This was the life the whole family led; my father was continually uneasy at seeing a disagreement between us and his wife. My mother spent her whole time in considering which way she should best carry on her pernicious schemes. Valentine walked about silent and discontented; and, as for my part, I was worked by my passions in such a manner, that I hardly knew one thing from another, nor can I think I was perfectly in my senses.

'I tell you, Sir, every thing without order, and hope you will be so good as to forgive the incoherence of my style. I remember once, when my mother's extravagance had drove her husband to great distress, and he knew not which way to turn himself, I asked no questions, but borrowed some money of an intimate friend of mine, and brought it to them. My father, who, though he was cajoled and deceived by his wife's cunning, yet in his heart was all goodness, could not help being pleased with this instance of my love and duty; and as he had no deceit in him, did not endeavour to conceal it. I saw Livia had rather have suffered any thing than have given me an opportunity of acting what my father was pleased to esteem a generous part; however, she carried it off in such a manner, that her fond lover never perceived it gave her any disquiet. I declare, I did it sincerely to serve them, and had no other view in it. I had for some time had such a despair in my mind, of ever enjoying myself again, that even

even that despair really gave me some sort of ease; but this action of mine had revived my father's former tenderness just enough to bring to my remembrance all I had lost. The little while this continued, I was more miserable than when he quite neglected me; for now the want of those trifling instances of his affection I once enjoyed began to rise in my mind again, and I had all the pain my heart had felt at the loss of them to suffer afresh. I had spent a great deal of time in endeavouring to calm my mind, and inure it to bear ill-usage: but this little view of pleasure, this small return of hope, quite got the better of all my resolutions; for I am convinced, that to live with any body we have once loved, and fancy we have, by any wisdom or philosophy of our own, put it out of their power to hurt us, is feeding ourselves with a vain chimera, and flattering our pride with being able to do more than is in the power of any mortal.

Livia saw the agitations of mind I suffered, and was resolved to make them subservient to her purposes. She, therefore, one morning as I was musing and revolving in my mind the difference of my present situation from what it had formerly been, came into my room with all the appearance of good-humour, and sat and talked for some time of indifferent things; at last she fell into a discourse on our private affairs, in which she took an opportunity of saying all the most shocking things she could think of, although she kept up to the strictest rules of civility; for she valued herself much upon her politeness: and I have observed several people value themselves greatly on their own good-breeding, whose politeness consists in nothing more than an art of hurting others, without making use of vulgar terms.

When Livia had by these means worked me up to a rage, then she had her ends. She knew my father was reading in a room very near us; she therefore exalted her voice to such a pitch, that it was impossible for him not to hear her. This immediately brought him to know what was the matter: he found me endeavouring to speak, and yet, from the variety of passions working in my mind, unable to

utter my words; for from what we had been talking of, the idea of all the torments I had suffered from the time I first observed a decline in my father's affections, rushed at once upon my thoughts, and quite overpowered me. Livia looked as pale as death; for, thus provoked, I could not help telling her what I thought of her behaviour. Her pride could not bear to think I knew her, so that I believe she was at last in as great a passion as she could be; but she never was carried so far as to forget her main view. My father looked wild at seeing us in this condition, and desired Livia to tell him, what could be the cause of all this confusion; solemnly affirming, that no nearness of blood, or any tie whatever, should screen the person from his anger who could use her in such a way as to ruffle that sweetness of temper which he knew nothing but the highest provocation could so much get the better of, as to make her talk so loud, and look so discomposed. By this time she had enough recollected herself to think of an answer proper for her purpose; and told him, It was no matter now—it was over—she had recovered herself again; but I had been in a violent passion, only because she said — and then she repeated some trifling thing, which however had two meanings; and the different manner she now spoke it in from what she had done before, gave it quite another turn; and you may be sure her husband took it in the most favourable sense. "But," said she, "I must have been a block or a stone, and have had no manner of feeling, if I had not been provoked at the answers she made." On which she chose to repeat the most virulent expression I had made use of; and, I confess, I was quite unguarded, and said whatever I was prompted to by my rage. She concluded, by saying there should be an end of it; for now she was calm again. During the time she was speaking, the poor unhappy deceived man stared with fury; his eye-balls rolled; and, like Othello, he bit his nether lip with fury. At last, he suddenly sprung forward, and struck me!

While Camilla was relating this last transaction, her voice faltered by degrees, till she was able to speak no more.

more. She trembled with the agonies the remembrance of past afflictions threw her into, and at last fainted away. David caught her in his arms, but knew not what to do to bring her to life again, for he was almost in the same condition himself.

At this very instant Valentine entered the room; he was amazed at this scene, and knew not to what cause to ascribe it. However, his present thoughts were all employed in considerations how he could help his sister; he ran for water, and threw it in her face, which soon brought her to herself. The brother and David were both rejoiced to hear her speak again, but particularly David, for he really thought she had been dead. The rest of the evening passed in conversation on indifferent things. Valentine seemed more thoughtful than usual. Camilla observed it, and could not help being uneasy: she was terrified lest he should have met with some new vexation. However, as he did not mention any thing, she would not ask him before a third person. When they retired to rest, Valentine followed her into her room, and seemed as if he had something to say to her which he was afraid to disclose, and yet was unable to conceal; for his love for Camilla was quite of a different kind from that of those brothers, who, by their fathers having more concern for the keeping up the grandeur of their names, than for the welfare of their posterity, having got the possession of all the estate of the family, out of mere kindness and good-nature, allow their sisters enough out of it to keep them from starving in some hole in the country, where their small subsistence just serves to sustain them the longer in their misery, and prevents them from appearing in the world to disgrace their brother by their poverty.

Valentine was afraid to say any thing which could any wise be shocking to the person he would never have been ashamed of owning a friendship for, notwithstanding she was a woman. Camilla saw him in perplexity, and begged him to let her know what it was that grieved him; and if it was in her power, by any labour or pains, either to relieve or comfort him, assured him of her assistance. Valentine then made the following reply. 'My dear Camilla, I am certain, wants no proof of my sincere affection, and I must confess all my present uneasiness is on your ac-

count: the condition I just now found you in, with the confusion in Mr. Simple's looks, raised fears in my breast, lest you should be now going to suffer, if possible, more than you have already gone through; for in minds as generous as I know yours to be, the strongest affections are those which are first raised by obligations. I am not naturally suspicious; but the experience I have already had of mankind, and the beauty of your form, with the anxiety I am always in for your welfare, inclines me to fear the worst. You, of all womankind, should be most careful how you enter into any engagements of love; for that softness of disposition, and all that tenderness you are possessed of, will expose you to the utmost misery; and, unless you meet with a man whose temper is like your own, which will be no easy matter for you to do, you will be as unwise to throw away all the goodness you are mistress of on him, as a man would be, who had a great stock in trade, to join it with another, who not only was worth nothing of his own, but was a spendthrift, and insensible of the great good he was doing him. I acknowledge this gentleman has behaved to us both in a manner which demands the return of all our most grateful sentiments; but if what he has done should be owing to the liking of your person, and he should be plotting your misery instead of your welfare, I had rather be in the condition he found us in, than be relieved by any one who can have so mean, so despicable a way of thinking.' Camilla hearkened with the utmost attention while Valentine was speaking; and, when he had finished, told him, she thought she could never enough acknowledge his kindness in his concern for her; but she assured him, that by all she could observe in Mr. Simple's behaviour, and she had narrowly examined all his words and actions, she could not but think he had as much honour as he made an outward profession of. That indeed she could not deny but that she thought he had some regard for her; but he seemed rather afraid to let her know it, than solicitous to make an appearance of it, which she imputed to his delicacy, lest she should suspect he took any advantage of her unhappy circumstances, or thought what he had done for her ought

to lay any restraint on her affections. She desired her brother not to be uneasy; told him, that it was the repetition of what she could never remember without horror, that had thrown her into the way he found her in; and assured him, if David mentioned any thing of love to her, she would tell him of it, and conduct herself by his advice. After this promise, he took his leave of her, and went to bed.

David could get but little sleep that night, for the various reflections which crowded into his mind on the story he had heard that day. All the good qualities Camilla intimated her father was possessed of, and yet his being capable of acting in such a manner by such a daughter, were melancholy indications to him, that a perfect character was no where to be found. When he thought on Camilla's sufferings, his indignation was raised against him; then, when he remembered that all his faults were owing to being deceived by a woman of Livia's art, he could not help having a compassion for him. But from this scene, which he looked on with terror, there was a sudden transposition in his mind to the idea of all Camilla's softness and goodness. On this he dwelt with the utmost rapture; but was often interrupted in this pleasing dream, though much against his will, by the remembrance of her owning she had sometimes been weak enough to triumph in her heart at seeing Livia tease her father; but then so many excuses immediately presented themselves to plead in his breast for Camilla, that had her frailties been much greater, they would not have prevented his thinking that in her he had met with all he wished. He longed for an opportunity of hearing the rest of her story; for he was now perfectly sure that he should hear nothing in it but what was to her advantage. And the next time Valentine was gone out of the way, Camilla, by his earnest desire, went on with her history in the following manner.

CHAP. II.

A CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY OF CAMILLA.

I Ceased, Sir, at a part, the remembrance of which always affects me in such a manner, that my reso-

lution is not strong enough to keep life in me at the repetition of it. It was the first time my father had ever struck me, though I had been bred up with him from my infancy: I was stunned with the blow; but my senses soon returned, and brought with them that train of horrible thoughts, which it is equally impossible for me ever to root from my memory, or to find words in any language capable of expressing. When my father saw me fall, I believe he was at first frightened: he took me up, and set me upon the bed; but the moment Livia saw there was no real hurt done, fearing he should relent, and make it up with me again, she hurried him out of the room, under the pretence of being frightened at his passion; saying, she would not that he should have struck me on any account, especially in her quarrel, for she could bear it all. And then she put him in mind again of what she thought he would be most displeased at my saying. I had not spoke one word, nor was I able. The moment they were gone, I threw myself back on the bed, in greater agonies than the strongest imagination can paint, or than I can comprehend how human nature is able to survive. My father's leaving me in this condition, without giving himself any farther trouble about what I suffered, or to find out whether I really deserved this treatment, hurt me more than even his striking me had done.

In this miserable condition I lay till Valentine came in. It was his custom always to come up immediately to me after he had been abroad. The poor creature found me almost drowned in tears, and unable to tell him the cause of them. He guessed Livia was at the bottom of whatever it was that made me in this situation. He at first swore he would go and know from her what she had done to me. I caught hold of him, and shewed him by my looks, that nothing would hurt me so much; and by that means prevailed with him to sit down by me, till I could recover myself enough to speak; when, with the interruption of sighs and tears, I told him every thing that had happened. Valentine, who is very far from being passionate, (but the passions of men who are not sub-

ject

ject to be ruffled, are much more to be dreaded; than those of a sort of people who can have their whole frame shaken and torn to pieces about every grain of mustard-seed, or every blast of wind) when he had heard me out, grew outrageous, insisted that I would let him go, for he was resolved no respect, even for his father, should prevent his telling Livia she should not use me in that manner. Nay, and before her husband's face, he would display all her tricks, and shew him how she imposed on him.

I was now frightened to death, for I would not have had my father and brother met, while he was in this humour, for the whole world. I still kept hold of him, and begged him, with all the most endearing expressions I was mistress of, not to increase my misery, but to sit down till he was cool, that we might consult together what was best for us to do. He was so good, in consideration for me, to comply with my request, and I did all I could to calm his passion; and when I found he was able to hearken to me, I cried out, "Oh! Valentine, in this house I can live no longer; the sight of my father, now I have such evident proofs his affection is so entirely alienated from me, is become as great a torment to me as ever it was a blessing. I value not what I shall go through in being a vagabond, and not knowing where to go; for I am certain no poverty, no misery, can ever equal what I suffer here. But then, how shall I leave you! Can I bear to be separated from the only comfort I have left in the world, or can I be the cause of your leaving your father's house, and subjecting you to, perhaps, more afflictions than you already endure! 'Tis that thought distracts my mind! for, as to myself, I am careless of every thing future, and am sure nothing, when I am absent from hence, can ever make me feel what I do at this moment; nor would I have borne it so long, had it not been for fear of bringing greater mischiefs on your head, than what you now suffer."

Valentine swore he would never forsake me, that he would accompany me wherever I pleased, and be my support and guard to the utmost of his power, for that he valued his

life no longer than it conduced to that end; but he thought it advisable we should make one effort, before we took such a step, to convince my father of Livia's treachery, and lay before him how she had used us; perhaps his affection might return for us, his eyes might be opened, and every thing be right again.

I considered a moment, and then replied, "My dear brother, I am very certain my father's passion for this woman must be without all bounds, or he could never have been influenced by any arts of hers to strike me, and use me as he has done. Were we to attempt to open his eyes on her faults, he would not hearken to us, and only hate us the more; and, could we give him any suspicion of her, it would only make him unhappy, which, let him use me ever so cruelly, the world could not bribe me to wish him; for, as I take his fondness for Livia to be unconquerable, all the ease he has he owes to his blindness: and I am sure, if a man was put in heavy chains, which he had no means of taking off, and was mad enough to deceive himself, and fancy they were bracelets made of the finest jewels, and strings of the softest silk, that man would be very little his friend who should take pains to convince him they were made of iron, till he felt all their weight, and was sensible of his own unhappy condition. Nay, if I loved him, and was confined within his reach, and he should carry his madness so far as to strike me with the iron, fancying it was so soft I could not feel it, while the hurt was not great enough to throw me off my guard, I would not tell him of it. Indeed, I would get from him, if it was in my power, as I will now from my father, lest I should be tempted to act a part I myself think wrong, and contrive some method of undeceiving him, to his own misery."

Valentine was by this time quite cool, and approved of what I had said. We therefore took a resolution of going from thence, though we knew not whither, nor who would receive us. We at last recollected we had an old aunt, who used to be very kind to us, and appeared to have taken a great

• fancy to Valentine: to her therefore
 • we went, and begged her, for some little
 • time, till we could settle what to do
 • with ourselves, to let us remain in her
 • house. We told her as much of what
 • had happened, as we thought just ne-
 • cessary to plead for us in going from
 • our father's house; but with the
 • greatest caution, that we might throw
 • as little blame on him as possible.
 • We could not avoid letting her a
 • little into Livia's behaviour, for we
 • had no other justification for what
 • we had done. She said, she was very
 • much amazed at what we told her,
 • for Livia had a very good character;
 • but she supposed this was a passionate
 • quarrel, and she would take care of
 • us, till such time as it could be made
 • up again. We assured her that was
 • impossible; that we would on no ac-
 • count ever go back to a place we had
 • suffered so much in: and only in-
 • treated as the greatest favour, that
 • she would grant us some little corner
 • of her house to be in, and let nobody
 • know we were there. She took little
 • notice of what we said, but resolved to
 • act her own way.

• The next day she went out, and at
 • her return came into the room where
 • we were, with the greatest fury ima-
 • ginable in her looks; and asked us,
 • what it was we meant, by telling her
 • a story of Livia's ill-usage, and God
 • knows what; and endeavouring to im-
 • pose on her, and make her accessory
 • to our wicked conversation with each
 • other. Brother and sister!—it was un-
 • natural. She did not think the world
 • had been arrived at such a pitch of
 • wickedness. She ran on in this man-
 • ner for a great while, without giving
 • us leave to answer her.

• Valentine and I stood staring at one
 • another, for we did not understand
 • one word she said: at last, when she had
 • talked herself out of breath, I be-
 • gged her to explain herself, for I was
 • really at a loss to know what she
 • meant; if she had any thing to lay
 • to our charge, and would please to
 • let us know what it was, we were
 • ready to justify ourselves. Then she
 • began again, "Oh! undoubtedly
 • "you are very innocent people—you
 • "don't know what I mean."

• Then she launched out into a long
 • harangue on the crying and abomin-
 • able sin of incest, wrung her hands,

• and seemed in the greatest affliction;
 • that ever she should live to hear a ne-
 • phew and niece of hers could be such
 • odious creatures. At last I guessed
 • what she would insinuate; but, as I
 • knew myself perfectly innocent, could
 • not imagine how such a thought could
 • come into her head. I begged her for
 • God's sake to let me know who could
 • have filled her ears with such a horrid
 • story; and by degrees I got it out of
 • her. It seems this good woman had
 • been at my father's that afternoon,
 • with a design of reconciling and bring-
 • ing us together again: when she came
 • in, she found Livia and her husband
 • sitting together; after the usual com-
 • pliments of civility were past, she be-
 • gan to mention us, told them we were
 • at her house; and that she was come
 • with an intention of making up some
 • little disputes she understood there had
 • been between us. Livia now acted a
 • part, which perhaps she had not long
 • intended; but I am convinced, whoever
 • is capable, unprovoked, to do ano-
 • ther an injury, will stop at nothing to
 • carry their schemes through; and, if
 • they find no villainy in the person they
 • thus undeservedly prosecute, they will
 • make no scruple of inventing any
 • thing, ever so bad, for their own jus-
 • tification.

• The moment my aunt mentioned us,
 • Livia fell into a violent passion of cry-
 • ing, and said, she was sure she was
 • the most unfortunate woman alive;
 • she did not doubt but we had told her
 • every thing we could think of to vilify
 • her; for we were cunning enough to
 • know, that mothers-in-law were easi-
 • ly believed by the world to be in fault,
 • though she was sure she had always
 • acted by us, as if we had been her
 • own children. She said, her chief con-
 • cern now was for us, for that she was
 • in the utmost consternation, to think
 • what the world would say of us; a
 • young man and woman running away
 • together from their father's house,
 • without any reason, (and she was sure
 • she knew of none) had a very bad ap-
 • pearance; and, as all our acquaintance
 • knew we had always a remarkable
 • fondness for each other, that circum-
 • stance would corroborate the suspicion.
 • Then she mentioned several little in-
 • stances in which Valentine and I had
 • shewn our reciprocal love; adding, that
 • although she had great reason to be-

"Tieve we both hated her; yet, as we were so nearly related to the man she loved, she could not help being concerned for our welfare. As she spoke this, she looked at her husband with such an air of softness and tenderness, as she knew would be the strongest proof imaginable to him of her sincerity. My father stood for some little time in amazement, and was struck with the utmost horror at the thought Livia had suggested to him; and then swore he would send for us home, and lock us up separately from each other. This would utterly have frustrated all Livia's designs; for she knew the temper of the man she had to deal with well enough to be satisfied, if once we came home again, time would bring about a reconciliation between my father and us, which she was resolved to prevent; and therefore, as she had gone so far, she thought herself now under a necessity to go through with it. Few people stop in the midst of villainies, as the first step is much the hardest to get over.

"Livia therefore, with the appearance of the greatest perturbation of mind, as if it was the utmost force to her in this case even to speak the truth, and with tears in her eyes, said, things were now come to such an extremity, that in order to prevent her husband's having any suspicion of her giving his children any cause for their hatred, she was forced, against her will, to confess, she knew the reason of our aversion to her. "I have discovered a secret, my dear."—Here she made a pause, and then desired to be excused from proceeding any farther; but my father, whose soul was now on fire, insisted in the strongest manner on knowing the whole. She then with an affected confusion, and a low voice, continued thus: "I accidentally found out a secret which they feared I might one time or other discover; and therefore used all the methods they could invent, to give your father an ill opinion of me, that if I told it, it might be disbelieved." She then turned to him, and said, "I ought to ask your pardon, Sir, for so long concealing from you a thing which is of the utmost consequence to your family; but it was the fear of making you unhappy, was the reason of it, and I could never bring

"myself to give you the pain you must have felt at the knowledge of it. "Nay, nothing but your absolute commands, which I shall ever obey, could even now enforce me. It is now some time since I found out there was a criminal conversation between your son and daughter; to this was owing all that love they talked of to each other; to this may be imputed Valentine's melancholy, and this was the foundation of all the passions you have seen Camilla in, which she feigned to be owing to her grief for using her ill; for on their oaths and solemn promises of amendment, I assured them you should know nothing of it. I don't know whether I am excusable for so doing, but I had so great a dread of disturbing your peace of mind, that I could not prevail with myself to do otherwise, and was in hopes to have preserved your quiet, and by this lenity have saved your children from ruin. I have watched them all I could," (thus she artfully gave a reason for all her actions) "and it was on my speaking to Camilla yesterday, because I observed she still continued to contrive methods of being alone with Valentine, she fell into that passion in which you found her. This, if they will come before you, I will affirm to their faces, and I think they cannot even dare to deny it."

"Perhaps, Sir, you will wonder how Livia could venture to go so far as this, in a thing she knew to be utterly false; but, if we consider it seriously, she hazarded nothing by it; on the contrary, this pretended openness was the strongest confirmation of the truth of what she asserted. She knew very well, there could be no more than our bare words against hers; and that, before a judge as partial to her as her husband, there was no danger but she should be believed. My father now saw every thing made clear before him, the reason of all our discontents was no longer a secret; he was amazed at our wickedness, and said, he was sorry he had been the cause of such creatures coming into the world; that he would never see us more; then concluded with a compliment to Livia, on her great goodness, and wondered how it was possible any thing could be so bad, as to abuse such softness and

‘good-nature. On which Livia replied, she did not value our behaviour, nothing but necessity should have extorted from her what she always intended to conceal; and, if she might advise, he should see us again, separate us from each other, and make no noise in the world about such an affair as this. She well knew my father’s temper, and that his seeing she thus returned good for evil, would only raise his esteem the higher for her, and exasperate him the more against us.

‘My aunt was astonished at our wickedness, and in the highest admiration of Livia’s virtue. From this visit she came directly home to us, with a resolution such wretches should find no harbour in her house, and talked to us in the manner already related.

‘Valentine and I were like statues, on the hearing of all this, and it was some time before we could recollect ourselves enough to speak: this was thought to be owing to our guilt, and the shame of being detected, instead of amazement and indignation at hearing our innocence thus falsely accused. It was in vain for us to endeavour at clearing ourselves, for my aunt was a very good sort of a woman, as far as her understanding would give her leave; but she had the misfortune of having such a turned head, that she was always in the wrong, and there was never any possibility of convincing her of the contrary of any thing she had once resolved to believe. She had run away warmly with the thoughts of the terrible sin of incest, and therefore we were to be condemned unheard, and be thought guilty without any proof.’

David could contain himself no longer; but looking at Camilla with an air of the greatest compassion, cried out, ‘Good God! Madam, what have you suffered! and how was you able to bear up in the midst of all these afflictions? I would rather go and live in some cave, where I may never see any thing in human shape again, than hear of another Livia. And how could your aunt be so barbarous, as not to give you leave to justify yourselves?’

‘So far from it, Sir,’ replied Camilla, ‘my aunt would by no means

‘suffer such wicked creatures, as she now believed us, to remain under the same roof with her. Thus were we abandoned and destitute of all means of support; for we had but one guinea in the world; and Livia took care to make the story that we were run from home, that we might have a better opportunity to carry on our intrigues, fly like lightning through all our relations and acquaintance. So that, although we tried to speak to several of them, it was in vain, no one would admit us, except one old maiden cousin, who, instead of doing any thing for our relief, said all the ill natured things (on the report she had heard of us) the utmost malice could think of. She had always been very circumspect in her own conduct, and was rather a devotee than otherwise; and I verily believe she was glad of an opportunity to vent her own spleen, while she was silly enough to imagine she was exerting herself in the cause of virtue.

‘We knew not which way to turn ourselves; but, as we happened to be tolerably dressed, we thought we might possibly be admitted into a lodging where we were not known: we happened on that very house, Sir, where you found us, and took that little floor you afterwards had; but what to do for money to pay for it, or to keep us, we could not imagine. While we were in this unhappy situation, poor Valentine fell into a violent fever; this misfortune made me almost distracted; what to do to support him I could not tell; and to see him want what was necessary for him, was what I could not bear. Drove by this necessity; and urged on by my eager desire to serve my brother, I took a resolution of trying whether I could raise compassion enough in any person to induce them to relieve me. I avoided all places where I was known; but went to several gentlemen’s houses; I told just the heads of my story, concealing my name, and all those circumstances which might fix it on our family; supposing the persons I told it to should have heard any thing of my father, or of our running away.

‘Amongst the people I went to, I found some gentlemen who had good-nature enough, as I then thought it, to supply me so far, as to enable me

to get Valentine necessaries. My heart was full of gratitude towards them, and I thought I could never enough acknowledge the obligation; but when I went to them a second time (for they bid me come again when that was gone) they severally entertained me with the beauty of my person, and began to talk to me in a stile, which gave me to understand they were not silly enough to part with their money for nothing. In short, I found I had nothing farther to expect from them, unless I would pay a price I thought too dear for any thing they could do for me. Here I was again disappointed, and obliged to seek out new ways of getting bread for us both. By the care I had taken, I had got my brother out of his fever; but it had left him so weak, he was not able to stir out of his bed. I could not shew my head amongst any of my old acquaintance, and I perceived all the ladies I applied to looked on me with disdain, though I knew not for what reason; and I found amongst the men I had but one way of raising charity. My spirits were now quite worn out, and I was drove to the last despair; I was almost ready to sink under the weight of my afflictions; and I verily believe should have done it, had it not been for the consideration I had for Valentine.

It came into my head, one morning, as I was revolving in my mind what step I should take next, to disguise myself in such a manner, as that no one could be under any temptation from my person. I made myself a hump-back, dyed my skin in several places with great spots of yellow; so that, when I looked in the glass, I was almost frightened at my own figure. I dressed myself decently, and was resolved to try what I could procure this way. I now found there was not a man would hearken to me: if I began to speak of my misery, they laughed on one another, and seemed to think it was no manner of consequence what a wretch suffered, who had it not in her power to give them any pleasure. The women, indeed, ceased their disdain, and seemed to take compassion on me; but it was a very small matter I got from them, for they all told me, they would serve me, if it was in their power:

and then sent me to somebody else, who they said was immensely rich, and could afford to give away money; but when I came to these rich people, all I heard from them was a complaint of their poverty, and how sorry they were they could not help me. You must imagine it could not be amongst persons in very high life I went; for I had no means of getting into their houses; but amongst those sort of people, where being dressed like a gentlewoman is passport enough for being seen and spoken to. The figure I had borrowed availed me as little as that which nature had given me. I began now to look on myself with horror, and to consider I was the cause that Valentine lay in such a condition, without any hopes of being restored to his health again; for his weakness was so great, it required much more than I was able to procure for him to support him. I reflected, that if I could have commanded my passions, to have borne my father's flights, and Livia's ill-usage, with patience, he might have had necessaries, though he would not have lived a pleasant life; and I had the inexpressible torment of thinking myself guilty of a crime, in bringing such miseries on the best of brothers. This consideration, added to all my other sufferings, had very nigh got the better of me; and how I was able to go through all this, I cannot conceive. If I had had nothing but myself to have taken care of, I certainly should have fat down and been starved to death, without making any struggle to have withstood my hard fate; but when I looked on Valentine, my heart was ready to burst, and my head was full of schemes what way I should find out to bring him comfort. At last a thought came into my head, that I would put on rags, and go a begging. I immediately put this scheme in execution, and accordingly took my stand at a corner of a street, where I stood a whole day, and told as much of my story, as they would hear, to every person that passed by. Numbers shook their heads, and cried, It was a shame so many beggars were suffered to be in the streets, that people could not go about their business without being molested by them, and walked on without giving me any thing; but amongst the crowds that passed

passed by, a good many threw me a penny, or halfpenny, till I found in the evening my gains amounted to half a crown.

When it grew dark, I was going joyfully home, and was very thankful for what little I had got; but on a sudden I was surrounded by three or four fellows, who hustled me amongst them, so that I had no way to escape; one of them whispered me in the ear, that if I made the least noise, I should be immediately murdered. I have often since wondered how that threat could have any terror on one in my circumstances: but I don't know how it was, whether it was owing to the timidity of my temper, or that I was stunned with the suddenness of the thing, I let them carry me where they would, without daring to cry out. They took me under the arm, as if I had been of their company, and pulled me into a room; where, the moment they had me fast, they rifled my bag, in which I had put all my little treasure, and took it every farthing from me, and then asked me, how I dared to stand begging in their district without their leave; they would have me to know that street belonged to them. And saying this, they every one struck me a blow, and then led me through such windings and turnings, it was impossible I should find my way back again, and left me in a street I did not know. But I enquired my way home; and, as I was in my rags and my borrowed ugliness, was not attacked by any one. I suppose it was owing to that disguise, that I escaped meeting with brutal usage of another kind from those wretches.

David shook with horror at that thought; and, although he had never cursed any body, yet, when he reflected on Camilla's sufferings, he could hardly forbear cursing Livia; and said, no punishment could be bad enough for her. He was now afraid every time Camilla opened her mouth, what he should hear next; for he found himself so strongly interested in every thing which concerned her, that he felt in his own mind all the misery she had gone through, and he then asked her, what she could possibly do in this unhappy situation. To which she replied, 'I knew not what to do, my spirits were depressed, and worn out with fatigue,

and I felt the effects of the rough blows those barbarous creatures had given me. But this indeed was trifling, in comparison of the horror which filled my mind, when I saw Valentine faint, and hardly able to speak for want of proper nourishment, and I had no method of getting him any.

The landlady of the house had been already clamorous for her money; but I had, by persuasions and promises to get it for her as soon as ever I could, pacified her from time to time. I was afraid the laying open our starving condition to her would be the means of being turned out of doors; and yet, desperate as this remedy appeared, I was forced to venture at it. I therefore called her up, and begged her to give something to relieve the poor wretch, whom she saw sick in bed; for that I was in the utmost distress to get some food for him. She fell a scolding at me, and said, she wondered how I could think poor people could live, and pay their rent, if such as I took their lodgings, and had nothing to pay for them; why did not I work as well as other people, if I had no other means of supporting myself. Sure! she did not understand what people meant by setting up for gentlefolks. I told her, if she would be so good to get me any employment, I would work my fingers to the bone to pay her what I owed her, and only begged her to give me something for my present support. "Yes," answered she, "that is a likely matter truly! then I should have the work to answer for, and be still a greater loser; for I don't know who would trust any thing in the hands of beggars."

'Good God!' said David, 'have I lived under the same roof with such a monster, a creature who could be so barbarous as to upbraid, instead of assisting her fellow-creatures, when drove to such a height of misery.'

'Alas, Sir!' said Camilla, 'there is no situation so deplorable, no condition so much to be pitied, as that of a gentlewoman in real poverty. I mean, by real poverty, not having sufficient to procure us necessaries; for good sense will teach people to moderate their desires, and lessen their way of living, and yet be content. Birth, family, and education, become mis-
 fortunes,

fortunes, when we cannot attain some means of supporting ourselves in the station they throw us into; our friends and former acquaintance look on it as a disgrace to own us. In my case, indeed, there was something peculiarly unhappy; for my loss of reputation gave my relations some excuse for their barbarity: though I am confident they would have acted near the same part without it. Men think our circumstances give them a liberty to shock our ears with proposals ever so dishonourable; and I am afraid there are women, who do not feel much uneasiness at seeing any one, who is used to be upon a level with themselves, thrown greatly below them. If we were to attempt getting our living by any trade, people in that station would think we were endeavouring to take their bread out of their mouths, and combine together against us; saying, we most certainly deserve our distress, or our great relations would support us. Men in very high life are taken up with such various cares, that were they ever so good-natured, they cannot hearken to every body's complaint, who applies to them for relief. And the lower sort of people use a person who was born in a higher station, and is thrown amongst them by any misfortune, just as I have seen cows in a field use one another; for, if by accident any of them falls into a ditch, the rest all kick against them, and endeavour to keep them down, that they may not get out again. They will not suffer us to be equal with them, and get our bread as they do; if we cannot be above them, they will have the pleasure of casting us down infinitely below them. In short, persons, who are so unfortunate as to be in this situation, are in a world full of people, and yet are as solitary as if they were in the wildest desert; nobody will allow them to be of their rank, nor admit them into their community. They see all the blessings which nature deals out with such a lavish hand to all her creatures, without finding any possibility of sharing the least part of them. This, Sir, was my miserable case, till your bounty relieved me.'

The raptures David felt at that moment, when Camilla had thus suddenly turned his thoughts on the consideration

that he was the cause she was relieved from that most miserable of all conditions, which she had just described, are not to be expressed; and can only be imagined by those people who are capable of the same actions. He could not forbear crying out, was he to live a thousand years, he could never meet with another pleasure equal to the thought of having served her; and said, if she thought herself any way obliged to him, the only favour he had to ask of her in return was, never to mention it more. She was amazed at his generosity; however, took no farther notice of it, but went on thus with her story.

'Whilst this hard-hearted woman, Sir, was talking in this strain, a neighbour of hers, who accidentally came to see her, hearing her voice louder than usual, (though she never spoke in a very low key) came up to us to know what was the matter. I took hold of her the moment she entered the room, and as soon as I could have an opportunity (for the landlady would hardly give me leave to speak) I told her my case. The poor woman, though she worked for her bread, was so touched with what she heard, and with my brother's pale languid look, that she pulled out sixpence and gave it me; this enabled me to support him two days, for his stomach was too weak to take any thing but biscuits. As to myself, I swallowed nothing but dry bread and water, for I would not rob him of a farthing more than just served to keep me alive. The mistress of the house, as soon as this our benefactress was gone, began again in her old strain, and said, she must send for the proper officers of the parish to which we belonged, and charge them with us, for she could not venture to bring any expence on herself. I begged her, for God's sake, not to turn us out in that condition: and at last prevailed so far on her good-nature, that she consented we should stay in her house, provided we would go up into the garret, and be contented with one room; for truly she could not spare more to such creatures; and if we could not in a week find some method of paying her, she was resolved no longer to be imposed on; because we had found out she could not help being compassionate,

with

‘with many hints how happy we were to have met with her, for there were very few people in this hard-hearted world could arrive at such a pitch of goodness. To these terms we were forced to submit, and get up stairs into that hole which you found us in! She did not fail coming up once a day to inform us how much she wanted her money, although she knew it was impossible for us to pay her.

‘The poor woman who had relieved us last, spared us one sixpence more; but she happened to get a service, and go into the country, so that now all our hopes were lost. I have really several times, during this dreadful week, wished Valentine dead, that I might not see him thus languish away in misery before my face. I sat up with him the whole time. I will not shock a nature so tender as yours, Sir, with the repetition of what horrors passed in my mind, between my then present sufferings, and the expectation of seeing my dear brother, in his miserable condition, soon turned into the street. The time was just expired, when she was come up with a resolution of turning us out of doors, when the noise she made brought you up to see, and relieve our misery. What little things there were in that dismal room when first we went up, she by degrees took away, under the pretence of wanting them for some use or other, till she left us nothing at all; and a poor creature ill, as Valentine was, could not get even the coarsest cloaths to cover him. I had managed the little that good woman spared me from her own labour in such a manner, he had been but one day totally without any sustenance; but, for my part, I had for two days tasted nothing but cold water: and we must both have perished in that deplorable misery, had not you opportunely come to save us, and restored us to life and plenty.’

Camilla ceased speaking; and David, after looking at her with amazement, was going to make some observations on the various scenes of wretchedness she had gone through, when Valentine entering the room, made them turn the conversation on more indifferent subjects, and so passed the evening very agreeably together. And with Camilla’s

story, till she met with David; I shall conclude this chapter.

C H A P. III.

A SHORT CHAPTER, BUT WHICH CONTAINS SURPRIZING MATTER.

THE next conversation David had with Camilla, after some observations on her own story, he was naturally led into a discourse on Cynthia. The moment Camilla heard her name, (from a suspicion that she was her former companion) she shewed the utmost eagerness in her enquiries concerning her, which opened David’s eyes, and he immediately fancied she was the person whom Cynthia had mentioned in so advantageous a light. This, considering what he then felt for Camilla, gave him a pleasure much easier felt than described; and which can only be imagined by those people who know what it is to have a passion, and yet cannot be easy unless the object of it deserves their esteem.

David was too much concerned, while Camilla was telling her own story, with the part she herself bore in it, to observe what she said of any other person, and overlooked the circumstance of her friend’s going abroad with a lady of fashion, who had taken a fancy to her: but now they were both soon convinced that she was the very person whom Camilla had been so fond of.

David therefore related to her Cynthia’s story; the distresses of which moved Camilla in such a manner, she could not refrain from weeping. David was melted into tenderness at the sight of her tears; and yet inwardly rejoiced at the thoughts of her being capable of shedding them on so just an occasion. He then said, he thought it would be proper to acquaint Valentine with the hopes she had of seeing her friend again. Camilla, with a sigh, replied, she never concealed any thing from her brother which gave her pleasure. This sigh, he thought, arose from reflecting on Cynthia’s misfortunes; but in reality something that more nearly concerned her was at the bottom of it. For she remembered enough of Valentine’s behaviour

behaviour to Cynthia before she went abroad, to be well assured he could not hear of any probability of seeing her again, without great perturbation of mind: however, the next time they met, she by degrees opened to him what David had told her. But the paleness of his countenance, and the anxiety which appeared in his looks, while she was speaking, cannot be expressed. David, who, from his own goodness of heart, required the strongest proofs to convince him of any ill in another, from the same goodness easily perceived all the emotions which arise in the mind from tenderness; and consequently was not long in suspense at Valentine's extraordinary behaviour on this occasion.

Camilla had acted with great honour; for although she had told David, as her benefactor and friend, the whole history of her own life, she had said no more of her brother than what was necessary; thinking she had no right, on any account, to discover his secrets, unless by his permission.

Valentine, after several changes of countenance, and being in such a situation he could not utter his words, at last recovered himself enough to beg David to tell him all he knew of Cynthia, which he generously complied with, even so far as to inform him of her adventure with my Lord —, and her refusal of himself; but as I think it equally as unnecessary as it is difficult to attempt any description of what Valentine felt during David's narration, I shall leave that to my reader's own imagination.

The result of this conversation was, Valentine's earnest request to his sister immediately to write to Cynthia: she knew where Cynthia's cousin lived; and as she was perfectly a stranger to the refusing her brother any thing he desired, it was no sooner asked than complied with; but when David, Valentine, and Camilla, separated that night to go to bed, various were their reflections, various were their situations. Camilla's mind was on the rack, at the consideration that David had offered himself to Cynthia; he was pleasing himself with the thoughts of the other's refusing him, since he was now acquainted with

Camilla; and Valentine spent the whole night in being tossed about between hopes and fears. Cynthia's refusal of my Lord —, and David, sometimes gave him the utmost pleasure, in flattering his hopes that he might be the cause of it; but the higher his joy was raised on this account, the greater was his torment, when he feared some man she had met with since he saw her, might possess her heart. In short, the great earnestness with which he wished to be remembered by her, made him but the more diffident in believing he was so; and his pains and pleasures were increased or lessened every moment by his own imagination, as much as objects are to the natural eye, by alternately looking through a magnifying glass, and the other end of the perspective. But here I must leave him to his own reflections, to look after the object of them, and see what became of Cynthia since her leaving David.

On her arrival in the country, where she proposed to herself the enjoying a pleasure in seeing her old acquaintance, and a little to recruit her sunk spirits, after all the uneasiness she had suffered; the first news she heard, was, that her cousin had been buried a week, having lost her mother half a year before. However, she went to the house where she had lived. Here she was informed, that the young woman had left all the little she was worth, amounting to the sum of thirty pounds a year, to a cousin of hers, who was gone abroad with a woman of fashion. Cynthia soon found by the circumstances, that this cousin was herself. This, instead of lessening, increased her affliction for her death; for the consideration, that neither time nor absence could drive from the poor young creature's memory the small kindnesses she had received from her formerly, made the good-natured Cynthia but the more sensible of her loss.

She could bear the house no longer than was just necessary to settle her affairs, and then took a place in the stage-coach, with a resolution of returning to London; being like people in a burning fever, who, from finding themselves continually uneasy, are in hopes by every change of place to find relief.

CHAP. IV.

WHICH TREATS OF SOME REMARK-
ABLE DISCOURSE THAT PASSED
BETWEEN PASSENGERS IN A
STAGE-COACH.

THREE gentlemen were her fellow-travellers: it was dark when they set out, and the various thoughts in Cynthia's mind prevented her entering into any conversation, or even so much as hearing what her companions said; till at the dawn of day a grave gentleman, who sat opposite to her, broke forth in so fine an exclamation on the beauties of the creation, and made such observations on seeing the rising sun, as awakened all her attention, and gave her hopes of meeting with improvement and pleasure in her journey. The two other gentlemen employed themselves, the one in groaning out a disapprobation, and the other in yawning, from a weariness at every word the third spoke. At last, he who yawned, from a desire of putting an end to what he undoubtedly thought the dullest stuff he ever heard, turned about to Cynthia, and swearing he never studied any other beauties of nature but those possessed by the fair-sex, offered to take her by the hand; but she knew enough of the world to repulse such impertinence, without any great difficulty; and, by her behaviour, made that spark very civil to her the remainder of the time she was obliged to be with him.

The very looks and dresses of the three men were sufficient to set her into their different characters: the grave man, whose discourse she had been so pleased with, was dressed in the plainest, though in the neatest manner; and, by the cheerfulness of his countenance, plainly shewed a mind filled with tranquillity and pleasure. The gentleman who sat next him was as dirty as if he had sat up two or three nights together in the same cloaths he then had on; one side of his face was beat black and blue by falls he had had in his drink, and skirmishes he had met with by rambling about. In short, every thing without was an indication of the confusion within, and he was a perfect object of horror. The spark who admired nothing but the ladies, had his hair

pinned up in blue papers, a laced waistcoat, and every thing which is necessary to shew an attention to adorn the person, and yet at the same time with an appearance of carelessness.

The first stage they alighted at to breakfast, the two last-mentioned gentlemen made it their business to find out who the third was; and, as he was very well known in that country, having lived there some years, they soon discovered he was a clergyman. For the future, therefore, I shall distinguish these three persons by the names of the clergyman, the atheist, and the butterfly; for, as the latter had neither profession nor characteristic, I know not what other name to give him.

As soon as they got into the coach again, the atheist having recruited his spirits with his usual morning-draught, accosted the clergyman in the following abrupt and rude manner. 'Come on, Mr. Parson, now I am for you; I was not able to speak this morning, when you fancied you was going on with all that eloquence, to prove there must be an Infinite Wisdom concerned in this creation.' As he spoke these words, there happened to be so violent a jolt of the coach, they could hardly keep their seats. 'Aye! there,' continued he, with a sort of triumph in his countenance, 'an accident has proved to my hand, that chance is the cause of every thing, otherwise I would fain know how the roads should become so very rugged, that one cannot go from one place to another without being almost dislocated.' Indeed, to have judged by his looks, any one would have thought the least motion would have shook him to pieces. 'For my part,' said he, 'considering the numberless evils there are in the world, it is amazing to me how any one can have the assurance to talk of a Deity; especially when I consider those very men, who thus want to persuade us out of our senses, at the same time take our money, and are paid for talking in that manner. I am sure now, whilst I am speaking, I feel such pains in my head, and such disorders all over me, as is a sufficient proof that there was no wisdom concerned in the forming us. It is true, indeed, that I have sat up whole nights, and drank very hard lately; but if a good Being, who really loved his creatures,

creatures, had been the cause of our coming into this world, undoubtedly we should have been made in such a manner, that we should neither have had temptations, nor power to injure ourselves. The whole thing appears to me absurd: for, notwithstanding all our boasting of superior reason to the rest of the creation, in my opinion we are such low grovelling creatures, that I can easily conceive we were made by chance. It is certainly the clergy's interest to endeavour to govern us; but I am resolved I will never be priest-rid, whatever other folly I give into.' In this stile he went on a great while; and when he thought it time to conclude, that is, when the spirit of the liquor he had drank was evaporated, he stared the clergyman full in the face, with a resolution, as he saw he was a modest man, that if he could not get the better of him by his arguments, he would put him out of countenance by his impudence.

The butterfly, who had been silent, and hearkened with the utmost attention while the other was speaking, now began to open his mouth; he was full as irreligious as the atheist, although the cause of it was very different: for as the latter, from a natural propensity to vice, and a resolution to suffer all the consequences of it, rather than deny himself any thing he liked, drove all serious thoughts as much as possible from his mind, and endeavoured to make use of all the fallacies he could think on, to impose on his own understanding; so the former, who was naturally disposed to lead a regular life, and whose inclinations prompted him to nothing which he might not have been allowed in any religion whatever; put on all the appearance of viciousness he could, because he was silly enough to imagine it proved his sense. And, as he could not think deep enough to consult on which side truth lay, he never considered farther than what would give him the best opportunity of displaying his wit. He openly professed himself a great lover of ridicule, and thought no subject so fit to exercise it on as religion and the clergy: he, therefore, as soon as the other had done speaking, ran through all the trite things which had been ever said on that head; such as the pride of priests, their being greedy after the tithes, &c. This

he spoke with an air which at once proved his folly, and the strong opinion he had of his own wisdom.

The clergyman heard all the atheist's arguments, and the butterfly's jests, without once offering to interrupt them; and, had they talked such nonsense on any other subject, he would not have taken the pains to answer them; but he thought the duty of his profession in this case called upon him to endeavour, at least, to convince them of the error. His good sense easily saw, that to go too deep would be only talking what they did not understand, and consequently throwing away his own labour; he therefore kept on the surface of things, and to the atheist only proved, that the unevenness of the roads, or a man's having the head-ache after a debauch, (which were the two points he had insisted on) were no arguments against the existence of a Deity; and then he was good-nature enough to try to bring him off from the course of life he saw he was in, by shewing him how easy it would be for him to attain health and ease, if he would only do what was in his own power, (*i. e.* lead a regular life) for the sake of enjoying those benefits; and that then he would find as much cause to be thankful to the Author of his being, as he now fancied he had to complain of him.

To the butterfly (whose disposition was not hard, for a man who knew the world, to find out) he did nothing more than shew him how very little wit there was in a repetition of what had been said a hundred times before; and, for his encouragement to alter his way of thinking, (or rather of talking) assured him, that he might learn much more real wit on the other side of the question, and repeat it with less danger of having the theft found out.

Every word this gentleman spoke, and his manner of speaking, convinced Cynthia he was not endeavouring to shew his own parts, but acting from the true Christian principle of desiring to do good. She was perfectly silent the whole time he was speaking; but, when he had concluded, could not forbear rallying the butterfly on his strong desire of having wit; and told him, she knew several subjects he could talk on so much better than religion, that she would advise him to leave that entirely off, and take up with those he was much

fitter for, such as gallantry—gaming—dressing—&c. This drew a loud laughter from both the atheist and butterfly. The latter replied, ‘Aye! aye! I warrant you, I never knew an instance where the parsons did not get the women on their side!’ with several coarse jests not worth repeating. And now they had nothing to do, but to roar and make a noise: resolving, if they could not confute their adversaries, to persecute them, by putting their ears on the rack; in hopes, by that means, for the sake of quietness, to extort a confession from them of whatever they pleased. In this confusion of noise and nonsense, Cynthia and the clergyman were obliged to continue, till they arrived at the inn in the evening; when, on pretence of being weary and indisposed, they left their fellow-travellers, and retired to their separate rooms.

The atheist had been forming a scheme in his mind, from the time he first saw Cynthia, in what manner he should address her; for, as he had persuaded himself there was no such thing as any one virtue in the world, he was under no apprehension of being disappointed in his hopes. Cynthia’s contempt of the butterfly was a convincing proof to him of her understanding, and consequently encouraged him to believe, that she must be pleased with himself. The only difficulty that he feared he should meet with, was the finding an opportunity of speaking to her alone; but while he was perplexing his brains how he should accomplish his designs, accident threw that in his way which he knew not how to bring about for himself.

It was a fine moon-light night; and, as the various things labouring in Cynthia’s mind inclined her to be pensive and melancholy, when she fancied the two gentlemen were safe at their bottle for that evening, she went down a pair of back stairs into a little garden belonging to the house, in which was an arbour. Here she sat down, wandering in her own fancy through all the past scenes of her life. The usage she had met with from almost all her acquaintance, and their different behaviour, according to her different circumstances, gave her but an uneasy sensation; but by giving way to the bent of her mind, at length all unpleasant thoughts were exhausted, and her imagination began to indulge her with more

agreeable ideas. But, as if it had been impossible for her to enjoy one moment’s pleasure, no sooner had her thoughts taken this turn, than she saw the atheist, who softly, and unperceived by her, (so fixed was she in her contemplations) was come near enough to sit down by her. He had drank his companion to sleep; and, as it was not his usual time of going to bed, (which he seldom did till four or five in the morning) accidentally roved into the garden. Cynthia at first was startled, but endeavoured as much as possible to conceal her fear, thinking that the appearance of courage and resolution was the best means she could make use of in her present situation.

He began at first with talking to her of indifferent things, but soon fell on the subject of his own happiness, in thus meeting with her alone. She immediately rose up, and would have left him; but he swore she should hear him out; and promised her, if she would but attend with patience to what he had to say, she should be at liberty to do as she pleased. He then began to compliment her on her understanding, insisted that it was impossible for a woman of her sense to be tied down by the common forms of custom, which were only complied with by fools; then ran through all the arguments he could think of, to prove that pleasure is pleasure, and that it is better to be pleased than displeased. Talked of Epicurus’s saying, ‘Pleasure is the chief good;’ from which he very wisely concluded, ‘That vice is the greatest pleasure.’ In short, his head naturally not being very clear, and being always confused with liquor when it came to be night, he made such a medley between pleasure and pain, virtue and vice, that it was impossible to distinguish what he had a mind to prove.

Cynthia could not help smiling to see a man endeavouring to persuade her that she might follow her inclinations without a crime, while she knew that nothing could so much oppose her gratifying him as her pleasing herself. However, she thought it her wisest way to be civil to him; for although she was not far from the house, yet nothing could have shocked her more than to have been obliged to make a noise. She therefore told him, she did not doubt but what he had said might be very reasonable, but she had not time now to consider

consider of it, being very ill, and therefore begged she might go in for that night, and she would talk more to him the next day. The atheist was so much pleased to think she gave any attention to what he said, that for fear of disobliging her, he left her at liberty to retire, which she did with the utmost joy.

CHAP. V.

IN WHICH IS PLAINLY PROVED,
THAT IT IS POSSIBLE FOR A WOMAN
TO BE SO STRONGLY FIXED
IN HER AFFECTION FOR ONE MAN,
AS TO TAKE NO PLEASURE IN
HEARING OF LOVE FROM ANY
OTHER.

THE next morning, Cynthia and the clergyman, who had neither of them any fumes arising from intemperance to sleep off, got into the coach with cheerfulness and good-humour; they had all the conversation to themselves the first stage, for the atheist and butterfly both slept all the way till they came to breakfast. There, with hands shaking in such a manner, that it was with difficulty they could carry the liquor to their mouths, they at last contrived to revive their drooping spirits, and began to be as noisy as ever. The atheist looked at Cynthia with an assured air, as if he did not doubt of success, till he often put her out of countenance. But the butterfly paid her the greatest respect imaginable; being convinced, that as she would not suffer any familiarity from him, she must be one of the most virtuous women ever born. The clergyman was so tired with their impertinence, he certainly would have got out of the coach, and walked a-foot, had it not been for his consideration for Cynthia; for she had no relief but in his conversation.

In this manner they went on, till they came to the place where they were to dine, when the postilion giddily taking too little compass, overturned the coach; and as it was on a flat, they were all in great danger of being killed, or breaking their limbs. However, they were all taken out safe, except the atheist, who had stupified his senses in such a manner by the breakfast he chose to drink, that he had no command of his

limbs, and broke his leg under him in the fall.

Cynthia was terribly frightened, and begged the clergyman to be so good as to contrive some method of having the poor wretch taken care of, and the bone set again. Her caution was perfectly unnecessary: for from the moment the good man saw the accident, he was considering which would be the best method of taking care of him. He presently enquired for the best surgeon in the town; and luckily there was one lived the very next door, who was both a surgeon and an apothecary. To his house, therefore, he had him carried; he went with him, and staid with him while the operation was performing; during which time he alternately prayed and cursed, which struck the clergyman with the utmost horror. However, he carried his christianity and compassion so far, as to enquire, whether he had any money in his pocket to defray his expences, while he was confined there; and on being answered in the negative, offered to leave him what was necessary. But on the apothecary's assuring him, that he knew him very well, and would take the utmost care of him, he returned to Cynthia, who rejoiced to hear the poor creature was in such good hands.

The butterfly, whose journey was at an end, he being to go no farther, took his leave of them, humming the end of an Italian song, without once enquiring what was become of the poor man, with whose sentiments he had so heartily concurred the whole way.

They were now about sixteen miles from London. The clergyman had wished from the first morning for an opportunity of being alone with Cynthia; but the hurries which attend travelling in a stage-coach, with his own inexperience in all affairs of gallantry, and his great fear of offending, had prevented his gratifying that wish. And now that accident had thrown what he desired in his way, his great modesty, distrust of himself, and his esteem for Cynthia, rendered him almost incapable of speaking to her; he went on two or three miles in the greatest fright imaginable, for every step the horses took, he condemned himself for losing his time, and yet could not bring himself to make use of it. At last, he fell into a dis-

a discourse on love; all his sentiments were so delicate, and the thoughts he expressed so refined, that Cynthia not only agreed with him, but could not forbear shewing, by her smiles and good-humour, that she was greatly pleased to meet with a person who had so much her own way of thinking. This encouraged the gentleman to speak; and, from talking of love in general, he began to be more particular; he begged pardon for being so abrupt, for which he alledged as an excuse the short time he had before he should lose sight of her for ever, unless she would be so good to inform him where she lived.

Cynthia was greatly surprized at this declaration, which she neither expected or wished; the clergyman's behaviour, for the short time she had in a manner lived with him, had given her great reason to esteem him, and his conversation would have been a great pleasure to her on any terms but that of being her lover; but her heart was already so fixed, that she resolved never to suffer any other man to make love to her; and she would on no account have endeavoured to increase the affection of a man of merit, with a view of making him uneasy. She therefore very seriously told him, that she was infinitely obliged to him for the affection he had expressed for her; but that, as in her circumstances it was utterly impossible she could ever return it, she must be excused from letting him know where she lived, as the conversing with her, if he had really an inclination for her, would only make him unhappy. She spoke this with such an air of sincerity, that the clergyman, who had no deceit in himself, (nor was he apt to suspect others of it,) resolved to believe her, and whatever he suffered, not to say any thing which might give her pain; and from that moment was silent on that head. They soon arrived in town, where they parted.

Cynthia took a lodging, for she knew not at present what to do with herself. The clergyman having put things on such a footing, that she could not converse with him, made her very uneasy; for she was in hopes, before he spoke to her of love, that he would have been a great comfort to her when she came to town. She almost made a resolution never to speak to any man again; beginning to think it impossible for a man to be civil to a woman, unless he has

some design upon her. But now having brought Cynthia to town, I think it time to take leave of her for the present, and look after my hero.

CHAP. VI.

CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF SEVERAL EXTRAORDINARY TRANSACTIONS.

THE morning after David had informed Valentine and his sister of what he knew concerning Cynthia, he perceived a melancholy in them both; which, although he imputed Camilla's thoughtfulness to her love for her brother, and was not ignorant whence his concern arose, sat so heavy on his mind, as gave him great uneasiness; for he felt all the pains of his friends to a much greater degree than he did his own. He therefore did all he could to comfort Valentine; told him he did not doubt but Cynthia would immediately answer Camilla's letter; with some hints, that he himself might be the cause of her refusing all offers; and assured him, if his fortune could any way conduce to his happiness, whatever share of it was necessary for him, should be intirely at his service.

Valentine was struck dumb with this generosity. Tenderness and gratitude for such uncommon benevolence was to be answered no other way but by flowing tears. David saw his confusion, and begged him not to fancy he was under any obligation to him, for that he should think his life and fortune well spent in the service of a man whom both nature and goodness had so nearly allied to Camilla. Valentine at last with much difficulty found a vent for his words, and swore no passion of his should ever make him a greater burden than he already was to such a friend. Camilla, between the concern for her brother and the pleasure David's words gave her, was quite overcome. But as tenderness, when it is come to the height, is not to be described, I shall pass over the rest of this scene in silence.

Valentine's impatience increased every day to hear from Cynthia; a week passed over, and no news of her: at last, one day as David was walking through Westminster, he heard a voice which called him by his name; and when he looked

looked up, he saw Cynthia looking out at an upper-window; he immediately ran into the house, and great were his raptures at the thoughts of the pleasure he should carry home to his friends. When he was seated, he began to tell Cynthia, that he had met with Camilla and Valentine. He had no sooner mentioned their names, than she asked him a thousand questions concerning them, which quite puzzled him, and he knew not what to answer. This confusion she imputed to his having heard the story of their running away together in an infamous manner, which she had been told at her first arrival in town with my Lady ———, but had never spoke of it to David, as she was unwilling to spread the report. At last she cried out, ‘Sir, I beg, if you have any compassion for me, tell me what you know of my Camilla,’ (she spoke not a word of Valentine;) ‘for there is nothing I so much long to know, as whether she is innocent of what she is accused of: for if she is, how hard is her fate, and what must she have suffered by lying under such an imputation!’

David desired her to have a little patience, and he would tell her all; he had not time then to repeat all Camilla’s story, but said enough to clear her innocence. Cynthia knew so much of the world, she easily observed, by his manner of talking of her, that he was in love with her. This gave her the greatest pleasure she could have received, as it was the strongest proof he could not think her guilty. And when she was farther informed in what manner they lived together, and David (who was always contriving methods to give pleasure) invited her to go home with him, and told her there was room for her in the same house, it is impossible to describe her raptures: she immediately paid her lodgings, put her things into a hackney-coach, and then they sat out together, to find all which either of them valued in this world.

Valentine’s joy was greater than he could bear, and almost overcame his senses. The extasy thus suddenly viewing Cynthia before him threw him into, almost made him forget the respect he had always paid her; and it was as much as he could do to forbear flying and catching her in his arms. Camilla, although she could no ways blame Cynthia for her behaviour, and

really loved her with a sincere affection, yet such is human frailty, that the first sight of her struck her with the idea of David’s having liked her; and this thought, in spite of herself, was a great damp to the pleasure of meeting with her friend. But Cynthia’s thoughts were so much employed, she did not perceive it; she ran and embraced, and expressed the utmost joy to see her. This she really felt without that alloy which the least mixture of rivalry or jealousy gives to friendship in either sex. While they were together, she addressed most of her conversation to Camilla, but her eyes spontaneously rolled towards Valentine: for though she often endeavoured to remove them, they instantly returned to the object which principally attracted them.

That evening, and all the ensuing day, they spent in informing each other of every accident which had befallen them since their separation; and on the day following, Cynthia proposed at breakfast the taking a coach, and riding through all the parts of this great metropolis, to view the various countenances of the different sorts of people who inhabit it. David said nothing could be more agreeable to him, if Camilla approved of it: for, as he had travelled through it in a more attentive manner than what was proposed at present, he should be the better judge of people’s thoughts by their manners and faces. Valentine had no objection to any thing proposed by Cynthia; on which they called a coach, and this agreeable party (and such another I believe is not easily to be found) got into it.

They had no occasion to make the coach heavy, by loading it with provisions, there being many hospitable houses by the way open for their entertainment: though I did once see a coach which set out from the tower, stop in the middle of St. James’s Street, and the company that were in it take a small repast of ham and cold chicken; but that perhaps was owing to a weakness in some of the stomachs of the passengers, which disabled them from fasting above an hour at a time.

As David and his company passed through the polite parts of the town early in the morning, they saw but few people worthy their observation; all there was hushed and still, as at the dead

dead of night; but when they came to the more trading part of the town, the hurry was equal to the stillness they had before observed.

As they drove through Covent Garden, they saw a company of men reeling along, as if they in a manner had lost the use of their legs; each of them had something in his right-hand, which he had picked up in the market; some had flowers, others cabbages, and some chose for nose-gays a bunch of onions or garlick; but all their hands shook, as if it was with difficulty they could hold any thing in them. As soon as they saw the coach, they ran, or rather tumbled up to it, with the utmost speed their condition would admit them, and flammered out a desire that the ladies would accept of their garlands.

Poor Camilla was frightened; but Cynthia, who had seen more of the world, and perceived they were gentlemen, (though they had, as Shakespeare says, 'put that into their mouths, which 'had stolen away their brains,') took a bunch of flowers from a very young fellow who was foremost, and thanked him for her garland; after which they all staggered away again, huzzaing her for her good-humour.

David called to a man who was passing by, and asked him if he knew any of those gentlemen; for that he thought it pity somebody should not take care of them home, for fear they should come to any mischief. 'Alack! 'Sir!' replied the man, 'there is no danger of them; drunken men and children—you know the proverb. 'I have kept a shop in that street these twenty years; and it is very few mornings, unless it be very bitter cold weather, but that a parcel of them pass by. That young gentleman who went first, I am told, would make a very fine gentleman, if he did not drink so hard; and I had it from very good hands, for I am acquainted with his mother's chambermaid, and she must know, to be sure. And then that hatchet-face man who came next, 'I think he had better take care of his wife and children, than run about spending his money in such a manner; he owes me a bill of one pound three shillings and two-pence; but no wonder he can't pay his debts, while he leads such a sort of life. That short man who walks by his side, to my

'certain knowledge, was arrested last week; and I was told, if some of his rakish companions had not bailed him, he would have found it a difficult matter to have got out of the bailiff's hands; for, faith and troth, master, if once they lay hold on any one, it is not an easy matter to get from them again. He is but poor; I don't believe he is much richer than one of us that do keep shops to get our livelihood; and yet, they say, his elder brother rides in his coach and fix. I think he might relieve him when he is in distress; indeed, it is nothing to me, and I never trouble my head about other folks business. 'There is a man lives in that house yonder; he pretends to set up for a gentleman, and yet I don't hear he has any estate; forsooth, he must have servants, though he can't tell where to get money to pay them; but they serve him as he deserves, they won't over-work themselves, I warrant them! But it is time for me to go home, for I have enough to do; besides, I hate gossiping, and never talk of my neighbours.' He spoke all this so fast, he would not give himself time to breathe; and kept his hand on the coach door the whole time, as if he was afraid it would drive away from him. When he ceased speaking, Cynthia applauded him for minding his own business, and not troubling himself about other people; on which he was going to begin again, but Valentine bid the coachman drive on, and so left him.

They went on some time musing, without speaking one word; till at last Cynthia said, she should be glad to know what they were all so thoughtful about, and fancied it would be no ill entertainment if every one of them were to tell their thoughts to the rest of the company. They all liked the proposal, and desired Cynthia to begin first.

She said she was considering, amongst the variety of shops she saw, how very few of them dealt in things which were really necessary to preserve life or health; and yet that those things which appeared most useless, contributed to the general welfare: for whilst there was such a thing as property in the world, unless it could be equally distributed, those people who have little or

no share of it; must find out methods of getting what they want from those whose lot it is to have more than is necessary for them; and, except all the world was so generous, as to be willing to part with what they think they have a right to, only for the pleasure of helping others, the way to obtain any thing from them is to apply to their passions. As, for instance, when a woman of fashion goes home with her coach loaded with jewels and trinkets, which from custom she is brought to think she cannot do without, and is indulging her vanity with the thoughts of outshining some other lady at the next ball, the tradesman who receives her money in exchange for those things which appear so trifling, to that vanity perhaps owes his own and his family's support. Here Cynthia ceased, and called on Camilla to tell what it was her mind was so earnestly fixed on.

She said she did not know whether she ought not to be ashamed to own her present reflections, for she was not sure they did not arise from ill-nature; for she was thinking, in all that number of houses they passed, how many miserable creatures there were tearing one another to pieces from envy and folly; how many mothers-in-law working underhand with their husbands, to make them turn their children out of doors to beggary and misery: she could not but own the pleasing sensations she felt, for being delivered herself from those misfortunes, more than over-balanced her sorrow for her fellow-creatures; and she desired David to tell her his sentiments, whether this was not in some measure triumphing over them. I should have trembled in some companies at such a question, for fear the eagerness to decide it should prevent the hearing any one person's speaking at a time for half an hour together; but here it was otherwise; and David, after a little consideration, replied—

‘Nothing can be more worthy of admiration, than to observe a young woman thus fearful of giving way to any frailty; but what you now express, I believe has been felt by every mortal. To rejoice, indeed, at the sufferings of any individual, would be a sign of great malignity; or to see another in misery, and be insensible of it, would be a proof of the want of that tenderness I so much admire:

‘but to comfort ourselves in any affliction, by the consideration that it is only the common fate of men, and that we are not marked out as the peculiar objects of our Creator's displeasure, is certainly very reasonable. This is what Shakespeare calls, ‘Bearing our own misfortunes on the back of such as have before endured the like.’ On the other hand, to rejoice with thankfulness when we escape any misery which generally attends our species, with a mixture of compassion for their sufferings, is rather laudable than blameable.’ Camilla was happy to find David did not condemn her thoughts, and then desired him to tell what his were.

‘I was musing,’ said he, ‘on the scene we saw, and what that man told us in Covent-Garden, with the oddness of his character; he seemed to take such a pleasure in telling us the faults of his neighbours, and yet looked with such a good-humoured countenance, as if railing would be the last thing he could delight in.’ Cynthia replied, it was very likely he was a good man, but that there is in some natures a prodigious love of talking; and, from a want of any ideas of their own, they are obliged to fall on the actions of their neighbours; and as it is to be feared they often find more ill than good in their acquaintance, that love of talking naturally leads them into scandal. She then turned to Valentine, and desired to know what had taken up his thoughts in such a manner as to make him so silent. Valentine answered, he was revolving in his thoughts the miserable situation the man was in who was in love with a woman whom his circumstances in life debarred him from all hopes of it's ever being reasonable for him to acquaint with his passion. While he spoke this, he fixed his eyes stedfastly on Cynthia; she observing it, blushed, and made him no answer.

While they were discoursing in this manner, David observed a woman behind a counter in a little shop, sobbing and crying as if her heart would break; he had a curiosity to know what was the matter with her, and proposed the going in, under the pretence of buying something in the shop, and by that means inquiring into the cause of all this terrible grief. The woman did not seem at all

shy of talking to them of her misfortunes; but said, her husband was the most barbarous man in the world. They all began to pity her, and asked if he had beat or abused her. 'No, no,' she said, 'much worse than that;' she could sooner have forgiven some blows, than the cruelty he had been guilty of towards her. At last, with the interruption of many tears, it came out, that all this complaining was for nothing more than that her husband having received a sum of money, had chose to pay his debts with it, instead of buying her and her daughter some new cloaths. 'And sure,' said she, 'there is neighbour such a one,' pointing to a very handsome young woman, who sat in a shop opposite to her, 'can have every thing new as often as she pleases; and I am sure her husband is more in debt than mine. I think a man ought to take care of his own wife and children before he pays his money to strangers.' Cynthia could not forbear bursting into a loud laughter when she heard the cause of this tragedy. The woman seeing that, fancied she made sport of her, and turned her melancholy tone into a scolding one. She was not very young, and the wrinkles in her face were filled with drops of water which had fallen from her eyes; which, with the yellowness of her complexion, made a figure not unlike a field in the decline of the year, when harvest is gathered in, and a smart shower of rain has filled the furrows with water. Her voice was so shrill, that they all jumped into the coach as fast as they could, and drove from the door.

Cynthia and Valentine talked of this accident in a ridiculous light; but David, in his usual way, was for enquiring into the cause of this woman's passions; and wondered how it was possible for such trifles to discompose any one in such a manner. Camilla had lately, I do not pretend to say from what motive, been very apt to enter into David's way of conversation, and looked very grave.

Cynthia said, she was at no loss to find out the reason of the scene they had just now been witnesses of; for she knew the common cause of most evils, *i. e.* envy was at the bottom of it. The old woman would have been contented with her old cloaths, had not her hand-

some neighbour had new ones; for she, no doubt, had observed this young woman was taken most notice of; and from a strong resolution not to impute it to her own age, or any defect in her person, flattered herself it was owing to the other's being better dressed: 'For I have known,' continued Cynthia, 'something very like this in people of a much higher station. I remember once, I was with a lady who was trying on her gown; her shape was but indifferent, for she was something awry; she scolded at her mantua-maker two hours, because she did not look so straight and genteel as another lady of her acquaintance, who had one of the finest shapes that ever was seen. And yet this woman in other things did not want sense; but she would not see any defect in her own person, and consequently resolved to throw the blame on any other thing which came first in her way.'

This little set of company passed the remainder of that day in amusing themselves with their observations on every incident which happened; and as they were all disposed in their own minds to be pleased, every trifle was an addition to their pleasure. When they returned home in the evening, they were weary with their jaunt; and finding themselves inclined to rest, retired to bed: where I will leave them to their repose, and keep the next day's adventures for a subsequent chapter.

CHAP. VII.

WHICH INTRODUCES A LADY OF
CYNTHIA'S ACQUAINTANCE TO
THE COMPANY.

CYNTHIA, who had been accustomed for many years to be startled from her sleep at every morning's dawn with all the uneasy reflections of the several insults and indignities, ill-nature, and a love of tyranny, had barbarously made her suffer the day before, was at present in so different a situation, that the returning light, which used to be her greatest enemy, now, as her best friend, brought back to her remembrance all those pleasing ideas her present companions continually inspired her with. Therefore, instead of endeavouring

veiling to compose herself again to slumber, (the usual method of the unfortunate, in order to lose the sense of their sorrows) the cheerfulness of her mind induced her to leave her bed, and indulge herself with all those various flights of fancy, which are generally the reward of temperance and innocence. She stole softly into Camilla's room, that if she was awake, she might increase her own pleasures by sharing them with her friend; but finding her fast asleep, was again returning to her own chamber, when by a servant's opening the door of an apartment, by which she was obliged to pass, she had a transient view of a young lady, with whom she fancied she was very well acquainted, but could not recollect where or by what means she had seen her. This raised so great a curiosity in Cynthia, to know who she was, that she could not forbear immediately enquiring of the maid of the house, who lodged in that apartment. The maid replied, Truly, she did not know who she was, for she had not been there above a fortnight; she was very handsome, but she believed a very stupid kind of a body, for that she never dressed fine, or visited like other ladies, but sat moping by herself all day: 'But,' continued she, 'there is no reason to complain of her. I think she is very honest, for she don't seem to want for money to pay for any thing she has a mind to have; she goes by the name of Isabelle, and they say she is a French-woman.'

The moment Cynthia heard her name, she remembered it to be the same with that of the Marquis de Stainville's sister, whom she knew very well when she was in France with my Lady —: but then she could not imagine what accident or turn of affairs could possibly have brought her into that house, and have caused so great an alteration in her temper, as from a gay, sprightly girl, to fall into so melancholy a disposition.

When David and his companions met at breakfast, Cynthia told them all which had passed, and by what means she had discovered an acquaintance in that house; and said she should be very glad of this opportunity of waiting on Isabelle; but that she feared, by the retired life she seemed to chuse, company would be troublesome to her.

David immediately fancied it must be some terrible distress which had thus

thrown this young lady into a settled melancholy; therefore begged Cynthia with the utmost eagerness to visit her, and find out, if possible, if there was any method could be thought on for her relief; and it was agreed by them all, that after breakfast Cynthia should send to know if she would admit of a visit from her.

In the mean time the whole conversation was taken up in conjectures on Isabelle's circumstances. Camilla could not forbear enquiring of Cynthia, if this young lady had not a father alive, and whether it was not probable his marrying a second wife might be the cause of her misfortunes: but before there was time for an answer, David said, 'I think, Madam, you mentioned her brother; he possibly may have treated her in such a manner, as to make her hate her own country, and endeavour to change the scene, in hopes to abate her misery.' In short, every one guessed at some reason or other for a woman of Isabelle's quality leading a life so unsuitable to the station fortune had placed her in.

The Marquis de Stainville's sister, although at this time she would have made it greatly her choice to have been quite alone; yet, as she had always had a great liking to Cynthia's company, would not refuse to see her. Their conversation turned chiefly on indifferent things; for Cynthia would not so far transgress the rules of good-breeding, as to ask her any questions concerning her own affairs; but in the midst of their discourse, she often observed tears to flow from Isabelle's eyes, though she used her utmost endeavours to conceal them.

David waited with great impatience while Cynthia was with Isabelle, in hopes, at her return, to learn whether or no it would be in his power to gratify his favourite passion (of doing good) on this occasion: but when Cynthia informed him, it was impossible as yet, without exceeding all bounds of good-manners, to know any occurrences that had happened to Isabelle, he grew very uneasy, and could not forbear reflecting on the tyranny of custom, which often subjects the unfortunate to bear their miseries; because her severe laws will neither suffer them to lay open their distresses, without being thought forward and impertinent, nor let even those

people who would relieve them enquire into their misery, without being called by the world madly curious, or ridiculously meddling. Whereas he thought, that to see another uneasy was a sufficient reason for any of the same species to endeavour to know and remove the cause of it.

Cynthia, on reflection, was convinced, that what on some occasions would be transgressing the laws of decency, in this case would be only the effect of a generous compassion. She therefore sought all opportunities of conversing with Isabelle, till at length, by her amiable and tender behaviour, she prevailed with her to let her introduce her to David and his company. They were all surprised at the grandeur of her air and manner, and the perfect symmetry of her features, as much as they were concerned at the dejectedness of her countenance, and the fixed melancholy which visibly appeared in every thing she said or did. For several days they made it their whole business to endeavour to divert her; but (as is usually the case where grief is really and unaffectedly rooted in the heart) she sighed at every thing which at another time would have given her pleasure. And the behaviour of this company seemed only to make her regret the more something she had irrecoverably lost. She begged to be left to her own private thoughts, whatever they were, rather than disturb the felicity of such minds as she easily perceived theirs to be.

But David would not, nor indeed would any of the company suffer her to leave them, without informing them whether or no they could do any thing to serve her. As to her saying, she perceived by the tenderness of their dispositions she should only make them feel her afflictions, without any possibility of relieving them; they looked on that to be the common reflection of every generous mind weighed down with present grief. At last, by their continual importunities, and the uneasiness she was convinced she gave to people who so much deserved her esteem, she resolved, whatever pain it would occasion her, to comply with their requests, and relate the history of her life; which she accordingly began as follows.

‘ I was bred up from five years of age in a nunnery; nothing remarkable happened to me during my stay

‘ there: but I spent my time sometimes with my companions in innocent amusements and childish pleasures, sometimes in learning such things as were thought by my governess to be most for my improvement. At fourteen, my father sent for me home, and indulged me, in bringing with me a young lady, named Julie, for whom I had taken a great fancy. I had not been long there, before a gentleman, who often visited and dined with my father, made him a proposal of marrying me. He soon informed me of it; and although he did not absolutely command me to receive him as my lover, yet I plainly saw he was very much inclined to the match. This was the first time I had any opportunity of acting; or that I had ever considered of any thing farther than how to spend my time most agreeably from one hour to another. I immediately ran and told my companion what had passed, in order to consult with her in what method I should act; but was very much surprized, when I saw her, from the moment I mentioned the gentleman’s name, alternately blush and turn pale; and that when she endeavoured to speak, her voice faltered, and she could not utter her words. When she was a little recovered, she begged me to call for a glass of water, for she was suddenly taken very ill. I was in the utmost confusion, and knew not what to say; but was resolved, however, for the present, not to begin again on a subject which had shocked her so much. We both endeavoured to turn the conversation on indifferent things; but were so perplexed in our own thoughts, that it was impossible for us to continue long together without running into a discourse of what we were both so full of. I therefore soon made some trifling excuse, and left her; and I believe this separation at that time was the most agreeable thing which could have happened to her.

‘ The moment I was alone, and had an opportunity to reflect on the foregoing scene, young as I then was, I could not avoid seeing the cause of Julie’s behaviour: it appeared very odd to me, that a girl of her sense should, in so short a time, be thus violently attached to a man; and had it not appeared so very visibly, the improbability,

probability of it would have made me overlook it. For my own part, I neither liked nor disliked the gentleman, but was perfectly averse to marriage, unless I had a tender regard for the man I was to live with as a husband. But I began now to think, that a man who was capable of making such a conquest, without even endeavouring at it, must have something very uncommon in him; and was resolved therefore to observe him more narrowly for the future. I begged my father would give me leave to converse with him a little while longer, without being thought for that reason engaged in honour to live with him for ever: for certainly, it is very unreasonable that any person should be obliged immediately to determine a point of such great importance.

Julie now avoided me as much as formerly she used to contrive all ways of being with me; and whenever we were together, her downcast eyes and anxious looks sufficiently declared her uneasiness at my having discovered a secret she would willingly have concealed within her own bosom.

My lover being now admitted to converse with me, seemed to make no doubt but that he should soon gain my affections, and grew every day more and more particular to me. I don't know what was the reason of it, (for he was far from being a disagreeable man) but now he looked on himself as an accepted lover, my indifference turned into perfect aversion to him. I believe the seeing poor Julie's continual unhappiness was one cause that I could not bear him to come near me. Besides, I fancied that he saw her love, (notwithstanding all her endeavours to conceal it) and did not treat her in the manner a good-natured man would have done in that case. In short, I soon resolved to declare to my father, that nothing could make me so unhappy as the marrying this gentleman, and to desire his permission to refuse him. But before I took this step, I was willing to talk to Julie about it; for as I saw her unhappy situation, I dreaded doing any thing that might make her more miserable. I was very much perplexed in what manner I could bring about a conversation on a subject, the very mentioning of which had so violent an

effect on her. But one day, as we were sitting together, it came into my head to tell her a story parallel to our case; where a young woman, by an obstinate concealing from her friend that she was in love with the gentleman by whom this friend was addressed, suffered her innocently and ignorantly to marry the man for whom she had not so violent a passion, but that she could easily, and would have controuled and conquered it, had she known the passion of her friend, and the dreadful consequences which it afterwards produced to her.

Julie immediately understood my meaning; and after several sighs and struggles with herself, burst out into the following expressions: "Oh, Isabelle! what fresh obligations are you every minute loading me with! The generous care you take of my future peace is so much beyond my expectation, that it is impossible for me to thank you in any words adequate to the strong idea I have of your goodness. I am satisfied, most women in your case would hate me as a rival, although they despised the man contended for. I must own to you, from the time I first saw Monsieur Le Buiffon, I always liked him; and I flattered myself that he treated me with a peculiar air of gallantry, which I fondly imputed to a growing passion. If ever I accidentally met him walking in the garden, or in any other place, he seemed to seek occasions to keep me with him. But, alas! I have since found out, that it was his love for you, which made him endeavour to be acquainted with me, as he saw we were generally together. If you like him, I will go and bemoan my own wretched fate in any corner of the earth, rather than be the least obstacle to your happiness."

Here she ceased, the swelling tears stood ready to start from her eyes, and she seemed almost choaked for want of utterance. I really pitied her, but knew not which way to relieve her. To tell Monsieur Le Buiffon of her passion, did not appear to me, by what I could observe of his disposition, to be a likely means of succeeding. I tried all manner of ways to find if there was a possibility of making her easy, in case there should be any unconquerable

conquerable obstacle to the gratifying her inclination; but when at last I found she would hearken with pleasure to nothing but the talking of methods to make Monsieur Le Buisson in love with her, I began to think seriously which way I could bring it about. I imagined, if I kept him on without any determinate answer what I would do, that I might, by a disagreeable behaviour, joined to Juliè's good-nature and softness, make him turn his affections on her. But it was some time before I could bring myself to this; I thought it was not acting a sincere part, and I abhorred nothing so much as dissimulation. But then, when I considered, on the other side, that it would be making my friend happy, and doing no injury to Monsieur Le Buisson, as it would be the means of his having the best of wives, I overcame all my scruples, and engaged heartily in it. Every time I had used him ill enough to work him into a rage, Juliè purposely threw herself in his way, and by all the mild and gentle methods she could think on, endeavoured to calm his mind, and bring him into good-humour again: in short, we did this so often, that at last we succeeded to our wish; I got rid of my lover, and Juliè engaged the man whose love was the only thing she thought could make her happy.

The match was soon concluded, for her friends all greatly approved of it. I was forced to tell my father the whole truth, to prevent his thinking himself injured by his friend. He chid me at first for not informing him of it sooner; but as he always looked with a favourable eye on what I did, he soon forgave me. My friend and I both thought ourselves now quite happy; Juliè in the completion of her wishes, and I, in having been instrumental in bringing them about. But, alas! better had it been for us both, had she for ever shut herself from the world, and spent her time in conquering, instead of endeavouring to gratify and indulge her passion; for Monsieur Le Buisson, in a very short time, grew quite tired of her. For, as she had never been really his inclination, and it was only by working on the different turns of his passion, that he was at first engaged to marry her, he could

not keep himself from falling, at least, into a cold indifference: however, as he was a polite man, it was some time before he could bring himself to break through the rules of good-breeding, and he treated her with the respect and civility he thought due to a woman. This, however, did not prevent her being very miserable; for the great tenderness she felt for him required all those soft sensations, and that delicacy in his behaviour, which only could have completed the happiness of such a heart as hers; but which it is impossible ever to attain where the love is not perfectly mutual.

I denied myself the pleasure of ever seeing her, lest I should be the cause of any disturbance between them: but my caution was all in vain; for she, poor soul, endeavoured to raise his gratitude, and increase his love, by continually reminding him of her long and faithful passion, even from her first acquaintance with him; till at last, by these means, she put it into his head, that my love for my friend was the cause of my refusing and treating him ill. This thought roused a fury in his breast; all decency and ceremony gave way to rage; and, from thinking her fondness had been his curse, by preventing his having the woman he liked, she soon became the object of his hatred rather than his love; and he could not forbear venting continual reproaches against her for having thus gained him. Poor Juliè did not long survive this usage, but languished a short time in greater misery than I can express, and then lost her life and the sense of her misfortunes together.

This was the first real affliction I had ever felt; I had loved Juliè from her infancy, and I now looked upon myself to have been the cause of all her sorrows; nor could I help, in some measure, blaming my own actions, for I had always dreaded the consequence of thus in a manner betraying a man into matrimony. And although perhaps it may be something a more excusable frailty, yet it certainly is as much a failure in point of virtue, and as great a want of resolution, to indulge the inclination of our friends to their ruin, as it is to gratify our own;

C H A P. VIII.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY OF ISABELLE.

own; or, to speak more properly, to people who are capable of friendship, it is only a more exquisite and refined way of giving themselves pleasure. But I will not attempt to repeat all I endured on that occasion; and shall only tell you, that Monsieur Le Buiffon, on the death of his wife, thinking now all obstacles were removed between us, would again have been my lover; but his usage of my poor Julie had raised in me such an indignation against him, that I resolved never to see him more.

But here, at the period of my first misfortune, I must cease; for I think nothing but the strong desire I have to oblige this company, could possibly have supported my sunk and weak spirits to have talked so long at one time.

The whole company begged her not to tire herself, and expressed their hearty thanks for what she had already done. She insisted now on retiring to her own apartment; and promised the next day, if her health would give her leave, to continue her story, in order to satisfy their curiosity; or rather to convince them, that their compassion in her case must be rendered perfectly fruitless by the invincible obstinacy of her misfortunes.

After Isabelle had left them, they spent the remainder of the day in remarks on that part of her story she had already imparted to them. David could not help expressing the utmost indignation against Monsieur Le Buiffon for his barbarous and ungrateful treatment of Julie. He desired Cynthia to engage Isabelle as early as it was possible the next morning, that she might re-assume her story; which, he said, must have something very extraordinary in it, as the death of her first friend, and that in so shocking a manner, seemed to be but the prologue to her increasing miseries. Had not Cynthia's own inclinations exactly agreed with his, she would have been easily prevailed on to have obliged the man who had generously saved Valentine's life, and was the only cause of her present happy situation. In short, as soon as Isabelle was stirring the following day, she was persuaded to join the company; and, after breakfast, went on with her story as follows.

AFTER the death of my favourite companion, I had an aversion to the thoughts of all lovers; and although my father had several proposals for me, yet I utterly rejected them, and begged him, as the only means to make me go through life with any tolerable ease, that I might be permitted to spend my time at his villa in solitude and retirement. His fondness for me prevailed on him to comply with my request, and time began to make my late affliction subside. I had besides a dawn of comfort in the company of my brother, who, notwithstanding his youth, and being a Frenchman, was of so grave and philosophical a temper, that he having now finished his studies, like me, preferred the enjoying his own thoughts in ease and quiet to all the gay amusements and noisy pomp which were to be met with in Paris. Though we had never been bred together, yet the present sympathy of our tempers (for I was become as grave, from the late accident which had befallen me, as he was from nature) led us to contract the strictest friendship for each other. All sprightliness was now vanished, and I had no other pleasure but in my brother's indulging me to converse with him on serious subjects: with this amusement I began to be contented, and to find returning ease flow in upon my mind. But this was more than I was long permitted to enjoy; for whilst I was in this situation, one evening, as my father was coming from Paris, he got a fall from his horse, by which accident he bruised his side in such a manner, that it threw him into a pleurisy, of which he died. Thus was I only to be cured of the sense of one misery by the birth of another: he had always been to me a most indulgent parent, and the horror I felt at the loss of him rendered me for some time inconsolable; nor do I think any thing could have ever made me overcome my grief, but that my brother, now Marquis de Stainville, notwithstanding

ing I am certain he felt the loss equal with me, had greatness of mind enough to enable him to stifle all his own sorrows, in order to comfort and support me under mine; till at length I was ashamed to see so much goodness thrown away upon me, and I was resolved (at least in appearance) to shake off my melancholy, that I might no longer be a burden to such a brother. This consideration, and the agreeableness of his conversation, assisted me by degrees to calm my mind, and again brought me back into a state of tranquillity. He often used to entertain me with stories of what had happened to him at school, with his remarks (which were generally very judicious) on them. One evening, as we were talking of friendship, he related to me the following instance of a boy's unusual attachment to him, which I will give you in his own words.

"When I was at school, I contracted a warm friendship with the young Chevalier Dumont: indeed, it was impossible for me to avoid it; for the sympathy of our tempers was so very strong, that nature seemed to have pointed us out as companions to each other. It is usual, amongst every number of boys, for each of them to single out some one or other with whom they more particularly converse than with the rest; but we not only loved one another better than all our other school-fellows, but I verily believe, if we had had our choice throughout the whole world, we neither of us could have met with a friend to whom we could have been so sincerely attached. Notwithstanding our youth, we were both so fond of reading and study, that the boys of gayer disposition used to laugh at us, calling us book-worms, and shun us as unfit for their society: this was the most agreeable thing that could have happened to us, as it gave us an opportunity to enjoy each other's company undisturbed, and to get improvement by continually reading together. In short, we spent our time, till we went to the academy, as pleasantly as I think it possible to do in this world; there all our scenes of pleasure were destroyed by the villainy of a young man (one Monsieur Le Neuf) whose father was so penurious,

that he would not allow him money enough to be on a footing with the rest of the young gentlemen. This put him on all manner of stratagems to supply his expences, which as much exceeded the bounds of common discretion, as his father's allowance fell short of what was necessary. He soon found out that I had great plenty of money, and therefore resolved some way or other to get an intimacy with me; he affected the same love of learning, and taste for study, with the Chevalier and myself; till at last, by his continual endeavouring to oblige us, we were prevailed on often to admit him into our company. He saw I had no great fondness for money, and was willing to share what I had with my friends; this put it into his head to try if he could make a quarrel between Dumont and me, that he might possess me wholly himself: and you must know, Isabelle, notwithstanding the present calmness that appears in my temper, I am naturally excessively passionate, and have such a warmth in my disposition, that the least suspicion of being ill-used by my friends, sets my whole soul in a flame, and enrages me to madness. Now the sort of mind in the world best suited for villainy to work its own ends out of, is this; and happy for me was it, that Dumont is of a temper entirely opposite; for though I have experienced his bravery, yet he even fights with the calmness of a philosopher.

"Le Neuf would often take opportunities to tell stories of false friends; of people who, under the pretence of love, had betrayed and made their own advantage of the undesigning and artless; and would always conclude with some remarks on the folly of people's confiding too strongly in others, unless a long experience had convinced them of their sincerity. We neither of us had the least suspicion of his aim; and, as he had an entertaining manner of telling stories, used to hearken to them with the utmost attention.

"There was a boy belonging to the academy, who had a voice so like Dumont's, that in another room it was very difficult to distinguish them from each other. Le Neuf one day
"got

“ got this lad into a chamber adjoining to mine, and, when he had given him his lesson, began to talk very loud, and mentioned my name with such an eagerness as gave me a curiosity to hear what they were talking of: but what was my surprize, when I heard Dumont (as I then thought) use me with great contempt; swear he would never have had any thing to say to such a fool, if my command of money had not put it in his power to make a proper use of me. And then endeavoured to inveigle Le Neuf, that they two might join together in order to make me the greater dupe; but said, he must still keep up the appearance of generosity, and unwillingness to take any thing from me, lest I should suspect him. Le Neuf immediately answered, that he would not for the world deceive me; but would let me know what a friend I had in Dumont, if it was not for fear that he would have art enough to make him appear only a mischief-maker, and still impose the more on me. “ But,” continued he, “ I will endeavour all the ways I can to open his eyes, and to let him see the regard you have for him.”

“ I had now heard enough, and was going hastily to break open the door, but found it locked. Le Neuf well knew who it was, and sent the boy out at another door, down a pair of back-stairs, and then let me in. The fury of my looks sufficiently declared that I had been witness of all that had passed between him and the fancied Dumont. I stared wildly about the room, in hopes to find him, but in vain. Le Neuf was in the highest satisfaction imaginable at this success of his vile scheme; and said, that by my actions and manner he was convinced accident had undeceived me with regard to my opinion of Dumont; that indeed he had a long time been thinking of a method to let me know the truth, but was always afraid my fixed love for my friend would have put it in his power to blind my eyes enough to make him appear the only guilty person. “ You may remember, Sir,” continued he, “ how much my conversation has turned, ever since I had the pleasure of knowing you, on the great caution that is necessary (if we would

“ preserve our own peace) before we entirely place a confidence in any man. What you have now overheard will prove this to you better than all I could say: but let me add another piece of advice, which is no less proper for you upon this occasion; break off your friendship with Dumont by degrees, without ever telling him the real cause; that would only produce a quarrel between you, which might have had consequences: and when the subject of it comes to be known in the world, it might bring some disgrace upon you for having been duped by him so long, and give you the air of a bubble. It is therefore much more prudent to let your connection with him quietly drop, than to come to any disagreeable and publick explanations upon this affair.”

“ Thus did this artful villain endeavour to guard against any éclaircissement between me and my friend, which might produce a discovery of the trick he had played; and had my temper been cooler, he would have succeeded; but I was then quite incapable of attending to any considerations of prudence; and, in the height of my rage, ran down stairs to seek satisfaction of the injured Dumont, for the wrongs I falsely imagined he had done me. Upon enquiry, I found he was gone out through the garden into a field, the properest place in the world for my present purpose. He was alone, out of either the hearing or sight of any mortal. The moment I came near enough to be heard, I drew my sword, and called on him to defend himself; it was in this instant that Dumont (notwithstanding the surprize he must undoubtedly be in) collected all his resolution, and exerted the highest friendship, to prevent the happening of an accident so fatal as must either have cost me my life, or destroyed all my future peace. In short, all the opprobrious language I could give him could not provoke him to draw his sword; but with the warmest entreaties he begged me to put up mine, till we could come to some éclaircissement.

“ I now began to think he added cowardice to treachery, and in my rage had not command enough of

“ myself to forbear adding the name of
 “ coward to the rest of my reproaches.
 “ Still he bore it all : at last he swore,
 “ if I would but have patience till he
 “ knew what it was that had thrown
 “ me into this passion, if he could not
 “ clear himself, he would not refuse to
 “ fight with me whenever I pleased.
 “ My fury being a little abated by
 “ these words, I put up my sword, and
 “ then told him all I thought I had
 “ overheard between him and Le Neuf.
 “ It is impossible to describe his amaze-
 “ ment at hearing this; I thought there
 “ was something so innocent in his
 “ looks, that all my former love re-
 “ turned for him, and I began to fancy
 “ I had been in a dream : he at length
 “ got so far the better of me, that I con-
 “ sented to make a stricter enquiry into
 “ this affair before we proceeded any
 “ farther.

“ We walked some time together,
 “ but every word Dumont spoke put me
 “ so much in mind of that wretch’s voice
 “ who had deceived me, that I could
 “ hardly keep myself from bursting into
 “ fresh passions every moment; he per-
 “ ceived it, and kindly bore all my in-
 “ firmities.

“ As soon as we came home, we
 “ called Le Neuf; and the Chevalier
 “ asked him, what villainy he could
 “ have contrived to impose so much on
 “ my understanding, as to make me
 “ believe he had ever mentioned my
 “ name but with the greatest respect and
 “ friendship; he was too much hard-
 “ ened in his wickedness to recede from
 “ what he had began; and said, I was
 “ the best judge whether I knew Du-
 “ mont’s voice or no: and then pre-
 “ tended to be in the greatest astonish-
 “ ment, that a man could in so short a
 “ time deny his own words to the face
 “ of the very person to whom he had
 “ spoke them. We all three stood
 “ looking at one another in great per-
 “ plexity; and, for my part, I knew
 “ not which way to come at the truth.
 “ At last Dumont begged me to have
 “ patience till the next day, and by that
 “ time he did not doubt but he should
 “ make every thing clear before me; to
 “ which, with much persuasion, I at last
 “ consented.

“ The Chevalier knew Le Neuf used
 “ to go every night to walk in a soli-
 “ tary place, in order, as he supposed,
 “ to plot the mischiefs he intended to

“ perpetrate; thither he followed him
 “ a little after sun-set, and catching
 “ hold of him by the collar, swore that
 “ moment should be his last, unless he
 “ confessed who it was that he had
 “ bribed to speak in his voice, in order
 “ to impose upon me. The villain
 “ had not the courage to draw his
 “ sword, but falling down on his knees,
 “ confessed the whole, and shewed the
 “ baseness of his nature no less in
 “ begging pardon, than he had done in
 “ committing the crime. But Dumont
 “ refused to forgive him, unless on
 “ condition of his going with him to
 “ me, and repeating the same confes-
 “ sion; to which the mean creature sub-
 “ mitted.

“ Think, my Isabelle,” (continued
 “ my brother) “ what I must feel, when
 “ I found I had wronged the man
 “ who was capable of acting in the
 “ generous and uncommon manner
 “ the Chevalier had done; he saw my
 “ confusion, and kindly flew to my
 “ relief. “ Now,” said he, “ I hope
 “ my dear friend is convinced of my
 “ innocence!” and at the same time
 “ embracing me, assured me he would
 “ impute the violence of my passion
 “ to the vehemence of my love, and
 “ never mention it as accident more.

“ Le Neuf begged we would keep
 “ this affair a secret; but that we could
 “ not consent to, for the sake of others.
 “ We asked him how it was possible,
 “ that at his age he could think of
 “ such villainy for the sake of a little
 “ money? to which he replied, that he
 “ had been from his infancy bred up
 “ with a father who had amassed great
 “ wealth, by never sticking at any
 “ thing from which he could gain any
 “ advantage; and although, indeed,
 “ contrary to his father, he loved to
 “ spend it, yet he had always laid it
 “ down as a maxim, that all consid-
 “ erations were to be sacrificed to the
 “ getting it.

“ We made him produce the boy he
 “ had employed, and he really spoke so
 “ like the Chevalier, we could not dis-
 “ tinguish one voice from the other; on
 “ which the good-natured Dumont
 “ told me, I ought not to be angry
 “ with myself for not avoiding an im-
 “ position, which must have deceived
 “ all the world. This was generosity,
 “ this was being a true friend! for the
 “ man who will bear another’s frailties,
 “ in





“ in my opinion, is the only person who
 “ deserves that name. Those people
 “ who let their pride intervene with
 “ their tenderness, enough to make
 “ them quarrel with their friends for
 “ their mistakes, may sometimes make
 “ an appearance of loving another, but
 “ in reality they never enter into en-
 “ gagements from any other motive
 “ than selfishness; and I think the per-
 “ son who forsakes his friend, only be-
 “ cause he is not perfect, is much upon
 “ the same footing with one who will
 “ be no longer faithful to his friend,
 “ than while fortune favours him. I
 “ have told you this story, sister, only
 “ to let you into the character of the
 “ man I so deservedly esteem; that, as
 “ you are my chief companion, when
 “ I talk of him, (as I am fond of do-
 “ ing) you may not be an entire stran-
 “ ger to him: I left him at the aca-
 “ demy, where I have since written to
 “ him, and am surprized I have had no
 “ answer. As to Le Neuf, we pub-
 “ lished his infamy, which obliged him
 “ to leave the academy.” Here my
 “ brother ceased.”

As soon as Isabelle had related thus much of her story, Cynthia desired her to rest herself before she proceeded: and, in the mean time, David could not forbear shewing his indignation against Le Neuf, and declaring his approbation of the Marquis de Stainville's sentiments, that nothing but finding some great fault in the heart can ever excuse us for abandoning our friends. The whole company joined in their admiration of the Chevalier Dumont's behaviour; but perceiving that turning the conversation a little on indifferent subjects would be the best means of enabling Isabelle to relate what remained, they endeavoured to amuse her as much as lay in their power; and, as soon as she had a little recovered herself, she went on, as will be seen in the next chapter.

CHAP. IX.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE HIS- TORY OF ISABELLE.

AFTER my brother had told me this story, his favourite subject of conversation was the Chevalier Dumont; but this lasted not long before the accidental sight of a young

lady at a neighbour's house turned all his thoughts another way; her name was Dorimene, daughter to the Count de ——. As the Marquis de Stainville never concealed any thing from me, he immediately told me the admiration Dorimene had inspired him with; his whole soul was so filled with her idea, he could neither think nor talk of any thing else; she was to stay some time with the gentleman's lady where my brother saw her; and, as I had a small acquaintance with her, at his request I went to wait on her, in order to get an opportunity to invite Dorimene to our house. I was a little surprized at the great and sudden effect her charms had had on my brother; but at the first sight of her all my wonder vanished; for the elegant turn of her whole person, joined to the regular beauties of her face, would rather have made it matter of astonishment, if a man of my brother's age could have seen her without being in love with her. In short, a very little conversation with her quite overcame him, and he thought of nothing but marrying her.

The Marquis de Stainville was in the possession of so large a fortune, that he was a match for Dorimene which there was no danger of her friends refusing; and the gentleman with whom she then was, being very intimate with her father, immediately wrote him word of the particular notice my brother took of his daughter. On the receipt of this letter the Count de —— came to his friend's house, under the pretence of fetching Dorimene home, but in reality with a design of concluding the match between her and my brother. She was very young, had never had any other engagement; and, as the custom in France makes most ladies think a married life most agreeable, she implicitly obeyed her father.

The Marquis de Stainville's passion for her was so violent, that it could not bear any delay. In a month's time they were married with the consent of all parties: and, in the possession of Dorimene, my brother's happiness was complete; nor did he know a wish beyond it. On her request I continued to live with them, and we spent our time very agreeably; for Dorimene was really an amiable

companion; she was not of a temper to be ruffled with trifles, and as to the generality of things, was very indifferent which way they went. I never saw her but once in a passion, but then indeed she perfectly frightened me; for she was quite furious, and her mind was agitated with much more violence than those which are easily put into disorder can ever be. My brother doated on her to distraction, the least intimation of any inclination of hers was enough to make him fly to obey her; at her desire we spent a few months in the winter at Paris, but then she gave no farther in to the gaieties of that place than her husband approved of.

The Count de — had a small villa about six leagues from Paris, which was as pleasantly situated as any in France; in this place my brother took a fancy to spend the next summer after he was married. In a little while after we had been there, as my sister and I were sitting one day in a grotto at the end of the parterre, we saw the Marquis de Stainville and another gentleman coming towards us; we rose up to meet them, and as soon as we were near enough to join companies, my brother took the gentleman by the hand, and presented him to us under the name of the Chevalier Dumont. Dorimene and I (for she had also heard his history) were both rejoiced at thus meeting with the man my brother had given us so advantageous a character of. She politely said, that nothing could be more welcome to her than the Marquis de Stainville's friend. We walked some time in the garden; but my brother observing the chevalier grow faint, proposed the going in; saying, that as he was but just recovered of a fit of sickness, it would be adviseable for him to be in the house. And, indeed, he looked so pale and thin, that it was rather wonderful how it was possible for him to bear being out of his bed, and that rest would be necessary for him. He was in so weak a state of health, that we spent two or three days together before the marquis would ask him any particulars; but as soon as he thought he had gained strength enough to enable him to relate all that had happened to him, from the time of their separa-

tion, the marquis eagerly desired Dumont not to let him remain in ignorance of whatever had befallen so dear a friend during that interval: which request both my sister and I earnestly joined in, and the chevalier obligingly began as follows.

"The day, Sir, after you left the academy, when I was in the height of my melancholy for your loss, to compleat my affliction I received a letter from my mother, that my father was taken very ill, and desired me to hasten home, as I valued ever seeing him again. I did not delay a moment obeying his commands; but immediately took horse, and rode with full speed till I reached his villa; he was yet alive, but so near his end, that it was with difficulty he uttered his words. The moment I entered his chamber, and he was told by his fond and afflicted wife that I was there to attend his commands, he raised himself up in his bed, and seemed to keep life in him by force, in order to give me his last blessing. He then desired to be left some few minutes with me alone; and as I approached his bed-side, he took me by the hand, and sighing said, "Oh! my son, I have ruined you and the best of wives at once; you know the long and faithful friendship I have had for Monsieur —, and the great obligations I owe to him. After you was separated from me, in order to follow your studies, he married a young and beautiful lady, whom he was so fond of he could deny her nothing. She was one of those gay ladies, who never thought herself so happy as when she was lavishing her husband's fortune on her own extravagance; by this means she soon brought him into the most distressed state imaginable; he had a growing family, and no means of supporting them. I could not bear to see his misery, and presently relieved it: I did this once or twice; but he had so much generosity, and so strong a resolution, that he absolutely refused to drag me down to ruin and perdition with him. He obstinately persisted in what he thought right, and I, on the other hand, was fully bent never to let him sink, without sharing his misfortunes. In short, I by degrees underhand sold almost every
"thing

“ thing I was worth, and conveyed it
 “ to him in such a manner, that he
 “ never knew from whom it came. If
 “ God had been pleased to have spared
 “ my life, I intended to have got you a
 “ post in the army, and had a scheme
 “ in my head, which I thought could
 “ not fail to have made some provision
 “ for your mother; but it is now at an
 “ end, my strength fails me, and I
 “ can no more. Farewel for ever!
 “ As you are young, if you can make
 “ any struggle in the world, cherish,
 “ and take care of my wife!” At
 “ these words he ceased speaking, and
 “ breathed his last in my arms.”

“ At this description Dorimene and
 “ I both burst into tears, in spite of our
 “ utmost endeavours to prevent it;
 “ which stopt the Chevalier Dumont’s
 “ narration for a few minutes, when,
 “ on our earnest intreaties, he thus pro-
 “ ceeded.

“ I see I need not explain to these la-
 “ dies what I felt on this dreadful oc-
 “ casion; they seem too sensible of the
 “ miseries that attend human kind, not
 “ to imagine it all without my assist-
 “ ance; nor will I shock the tenderness
 “ of any of this company, with the re-
 “ petition of my mother’s grief; but
 “ shall only say, it was as great as the
 “ softest heart could feel on the loss of
 “ a husband, whom she had lived with
 “ and tenderly loved for thirty years
 “ together. Perhaps, as my father had
 “ a family, he may be thought blame-
 “ able for such a conduct; but, for my
 “ part, notwithstanding I am the suf-
 “ ferer, I shall always honour his me-
 “ mory the more for it, when I reflect
 “ that I have often heard him say,
 “ that to the gentleman’s father (for
 “ whom he at last ruined himself) he
 “ owed all that he had in the world.

“ I was afraid of revealing to my
 “ mother what my father had told
 “ me; and delayed it some time, for no
 “ other reason, but from want of reso-
 “ lution to add to the load of afflictions
 “ she was already burdened with: at
 “ last, necessity forced me to undertake
 “ the task, however uneasy it was to
 “ me; for the person who had bought
 “ the house we were then in of my fa-
 “ ther, was to enter upon it the next
 “ week. I really believe the uneasiness
 “ the poor man suffered on that account,
 “ and chiefly for his wife’s sake, hast-
 “ ened his death. When I disclosed

“ to my mother the present situation of
 “ our affairs, instead of burdening me
 “ with complaints and lamentations,
 “ she at first shewed a perfect indiffe-
 “ rence; and said, as she had lost her
 “ only comfort in losing my father,
 “ she cared very little what became of
 “ her; but then looking at me with an
 “ air of the greatest tenderness, she
 “ sighed, and said, “ Why did I bring
 “ into the world a creature with your
 “ generous sentiments! who, after be-
 “ ing educated like a gentleman, must
 “ be thrown on the wide world without
 “ any means of supporting that station
 “ in life!” She saw how much her
 “ discourse affected me, and therefore
 “ said no more.

“ As soon as I had time to reflect
 “ by myself on the present condition of
 “ my affairs, I began seriously to con-
 “ sider what I should do; for I was re-
 “ solved in some shape or other to sup-
 “ port my mother. My thoughts im-
 “ mediately turned on you, my dear
 “ Marquis de Stainville, and I made
 “ no doubt, but in your friendship I
 “ should meet with an asylum from all
 “ my cares and afflictions. I then
 “ wrote the letter I have already men-
 “ tioned to you; it was not at all in
 “ the stile of a poor man to his patron,
 “ but rather rejoicing that I had an
 “ opportunity of giving you what I
 “ thought the highest pleasure in the
 “ world, that of relieving your friend
 “ from the insupportable calamity of
 “ having a helpless and distressed mo-
 “ ther upon his hands, without it’s
 “ being in my power to help her.

“ When I had sent away my letter,
 “ I got credit for a little house, where
 “ I placed my mother; but as soon as
 “ I thought it possible for me to have
 “ an answer, I cannot describe the
 “ anxious hours I passed: every mo-
 “ ment seemed a thousand; day after
 “ day was I in this situation, and no
 “ letter came to comfort me. Forgive
 “ me, my dear friend; nothing could
 “ have given me any suspicion of you
 “ at another time: but now every thing
 “ seemed so much my enemy, that I
 “ thought you so too. When I re-
 “ membered our tender parting, tears
 “ would start into my eyes; and I
 “ thought, to have you forsake me,
 “ because I wanted fortune, was more
 “ than I could bear: yet in the midst
 “ of all this trouble, I was obliged to
 “ struggle

“struggle and appear chearful, to keep up my poor mother’s sinking spirits. To tell you the variety of misery I went through, would make my story tedious, and be shocking to your natures; when I thought my Stainville had forsaken me, the neglect of all my other professed friends was trifling. The insults of my creditors I could have supported with tolerable patience; but my father’s last words, “Take care of my wife!” continually resounded in my ears; and I saw daily before my eyes, this wife—this mother—and found myself utterly void of any power to save her from destruction; and now fruitless lamentations were the only refuge left me.

“When I was almost driven to the utmost despair, at last, by often revolving in my mind various schemes to extricate myself out of the deplorable condition of seeing a tender parent languish away her little remains of life in want of necessities, I recollected the young Duke de —; who, you know, Sir, left the academy about two months after we came to it. The little while he was there with us, he was particularly civil to me; and I resolved now as my last effort, to write him my case in the most pathetick terms I could think of, and try if I could prevail on him to deliver me out of my misery. It was some time before I obtained an answer, and when it came, it was perfectly in the stile of a great man to his dependant: however, at the bottom he told me he had procured a place for me, which would bring in about fifty louis-d’ors a year; if I would accept this, I must come immediately to Paris.

“Though this was not a thing fit to be offered a gentleman; yet it was not a time for me to consider my station in life; this would be some little support to my mother, and I did not fear bustling in the world for myself. I was going to Paris, when I was taken ill of a violent fever in the house where you found me. I had but just enough in my pocket to have carried me to my journey’s end; this was soon spent in sickness, and I was in a place where I was an utter stranger, confined to my bed, without a

“penny to help myself; and though death would have been very welcome to me, as it would have put an end to my misfortunes; yet when I considered my mother, I looked on it with great dread.

“My landlord happened to be a very humane, good-natured man, and on my telling him my helpless condition, desired me not to make myself uneasy, for that he would for the present bring me necessaries, and he did not doubt, but by the representation of my circumstances, to a very charitable gentleman, who was lately come to the Count de —’s, he should get me some relief.

“My distemper became so violent, that I was hardly sensible; but by the great care that was taken of me, it abated by degrees; and as soon as I came to recollect how long I had lain there, I asked who was the generous benefactor to whom I owed the preservation of my life; and was immediately told by my landlord, that he had found a method of making my case known to the Marquis de Stainville, who had given strict orders to have the utmost care taken of me, and sent money for that purpose. At the sound of that name I started up in my bed, and stared so wildly, that the poor man was quite frightened. At last I cried out, “Are you sure it is the Marquis de Stainville? Are you positive you don’t mistake the name?”—“No, no, Sir,” replied the man; “I know I am right in what I say, he married the Count de —’s daughter, and is here at his house.” I had lived so retired from the time of my father’s death, and had been so little inquisitive about any thing that passed in the world, that I had never so much as heard of your marriage: however, on the man’s positive assurance that he was not mistaken, I began to think this goodness was like the nature of my old friend; but then it seemed to be improbable, that a man who was capable of being so charitable to strangers, could abandon his friend in the highest distress. This put it into my head, that possibly my letter might have miscarried, and you were yet ignorant of all I had suffered. This thought infused such inexpressible and sudden joy all over

“ over me, it hastened my recovery so much, that in two days time I was able to walk about my room.

“ As I was sitting and considering with myself which way I should bring about an interview with you, without directly sending my name, my landlord said, “ Now, Sir, if you have a mind to see your benefactor, the Marquis de Stainville, at that window you may satisfy your curiosity, for he is coming this way.” I immediately placed myself in such a position, that it was impossible for you to pass by without seeing me: but how, ladies, shall I describe my raptures, when I saw the Marquis de Stainville start at the first sight of me; fly in a moment back to the door, and run into my arms with all the joy which attends the unexpected meeting of a long absent friend! This sudden transport, with the shame I felt for having ever suspected his affection, joined to the great weakness of my body, quite overcame me, and it was some time before my words could find an utterance; but as soon as I was able to speak, I asked him ten thousand questions at once, talked confusedly of a letter; in short, we could not presently understand one another: but at last I found out, that all I had endured was owing to accidentally directing my letter to the marquis at Paris, when he was at his father’s villa, which occasioned it’s being lost; nor did I ever receive that my friend wrote to me at the academy, having left that place, as I at first told you, the day after we were separated.”

“ Here my brother interrupted the Chevalier Dumont, and said, there had nothing more happened worth mentioning, till they met us in the garden; but we were so pleased with this happy meeting of the two friends, that we begged to know every thing that passed between them; and, on our request, the chevalier proceeded.

“ It is the marquis’s generosity, ladies, which makes him willing that I should stop here, as what remains is a proof that I owe him the greatest obligation imaginable. In our walk home, although, as he saw me weak, he would not enquire into more par-

“ ticulars than he thought necessary to find out in what manner he could best serve me; yet his impatience, to prove by all ways how much he was my friend, led him to ask me by what means I could have been brought into such a condition; and I in broken sentences explained myself so far to him, that, with his penetration, he found out, that to send an immediate relief to my mother was the only thing capable of giving me ease. “ This he has already done.”

“ The marquis would by no means admit him to go any farther; but said, “ I beg, my dear Dumont, you will talk no more of such trifles from this time forward; the only favour I beg of you, is to make my house your own, nor shall you accept of that pitiful thing the Duke de — designed for you.”

“ The chevalier’s heart was too full to make any answer, and my brother artfully turned the conversation another way. Politeness and good-humour reigned throughout this our little company; and the agreeable and lively manner in which we spent our time, joined to his being convinced of the sincerity of his friend, had such an immediate effect on the tender-hearted Dumont, that it is almost incredible how soon he was restored to perfect health. This was by much the happiest part of my life, and on this little period of time I wish I could for ever fix my thoughts; but our tranquillity was soon disturbed by an accident which I must pause and take breath a while before I relate.”

In the mean time, David and Valentine both expressed their great admiration of the Marquis de Stainville and the Chevalier Dumont’s sincere and faithful friendship; and by their looks and gestures plainly declared the inward exultings of their minds, at the thought that they had met with the same happiness in each other. Isabelle’s last words had raised the curiosity of the whole company to such a degree, that she was resolved she would keep them no longer in suspense than was necessary to enable her to gratify them; and then proceeded, as will be seen in the next chapter.



THE
A D V E N T U R E S
O F
D A V I D S I M P L E.
B O O K I V.

CHAP. I.

CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY
OF ISABELLE.



My brother's great fondness for Dorimene made him, and, consequently, the whole family, unhappy at every the least indisposition of hers. She had hitherto been in the main very healthy; but now she fell into a distemper, with which, of all others, it is most terrible to see a friend afflicted, I know not by what name to call it; but it was such a dejection on her spirits, that it made her grow perfectly childish. She could not speak without shedding tears; nor sit a moment without sighing, as if some terrible misfortune had befallen her. You may imagine the condition my poor brother was in, at seeing her thus suddenly changed; for, from being of the most chearful disposition that could be, she was become perfectly melancholy. He sent for the most celebrated physicians in France; and she, to comply with his request, took whatever they ordered: but all medicines proved vain, and rather increased than abated her distemper.

We all three endeavoured to the utmost of our power to divert and amuse her; but sometimes she insisted so strongly on being left alone, that as

we found the contradicting her made her worse, we were obliged to comply with her desire.

My brother was so anxious about his wife, that when she would not suffer him to be with her, as he hated to burden his friends with his afflictions, he used in a manner to escape from us, that he might be at liberty to indulge his own uneasy thoughts without having any witnesses of them. By this means the Chevalier Dumont had often an opportunity of entertaining me apart.

He at first treated me with an easy, agreeable air of gallantry and address; which, as it seemed to tend to no consequence that could give me a serious thought, gave me great pleasure. But this did not last long; for his behaviour was soon turned into that awful respect which seemed to arise from both esteem and fear. Whenever we were together alone, his thoughts appeared so fixed, that as he was fearful of saying too much, he remained in silence; and when he approached me, it was with such a confusion in his looks, as plainly indicated the great disorder of his mind. I have observed him, when he has been coming towards me, suddenly turn back, and hasten away, as if he was resolved to shun me in spite of any inclination he might have to converse with me: in short, in his eyes, in his whole conduct, I plainly read his love and his great

great generosity in being thus fearful of disclosing it. For he thought, in his circumstances, to indulge a passion for me, and endeavour to make me sensible of it, would be but an ill return to his friend for all his goodness. But this gratitude and honour, with which his whole soul was filled, effected that for him which they forbid him to attempt; for I caught the infection, and added inclination to the great esteem his character alone had inspired me with before I knew him: but the great care we took on both sides to conceal our love, made it only the more visible to every judicious eye. Now Dorimene said she found herself something better; and instead of wishing to be alone, she seemed always inclined to have us with her. The Marquis de Stainville's joy was inexpressible at her least appearance, of cheerfulness; and, for the present, he could think of nothing else.

Whilst we were in this situation, young Vieuville, Dorimene's brother, having heard of her ill state of health, came to pay her a visit: he was as handsome for a man as his sister was for a woman; had a remarkable good understanding, and a lively wit; all which rendered him perfectly agreeable, and I think it would have been very difficult for any woman disengaged in her affections to have resisted his love. Dorimene was so pleased with her brother's company, that her distemper abated every day; and her fond husband seeing how much he contributed to her amusement, prevailed with him to stay there sometime. Vieuville, although he loved his sister very well, and would willingly have done any thing in his power to have served her; yet, in this case, had another strong reason to induce him to yield to the marquis's request; for, from the first day of his arrival, the effect I had on him was very apparent; he was seized with as sudden and violent a passion for me as the marquis had been for his sister. This was an unexpected blow; poor Dumont saw it; and yet such was the force of his unconquerable virtue, that even the thoughts of such a rival could not provoke him to be guilty of so great a breach of friendship, as the endeavouring to gain my affection, and prevent my being better married. I was

so miserable to think what he would feel, if I took any notice of Vieuville, that I could hardly prevail with myself to be commonly civil to him, but shunned him with the greatest assiduity in my power.

Although my brother did not at first seem at all displeased at seeing me resolutely bent not to hearken to Vieuville, and often dropt words how little fortune should be valued in any tender engagements, inasmuch that I sometimes fancied he saw and approved Dumont's love; yet I was not left at liberty to act as I pleased in this case; for Dorimene said, her brother's complaints at my avoiding him pierced her heart so deeply, that unless I could contrive some method of making him easy, it would occasion her relapsing into all her former illness; for that while she saw Vieuville so miserable, it was impossible for her ever to recover. She took all opportunities of leaving us together; but notwithstanding his agreeableness, it was persecution to me to hear him talk of love; nor could I think of any thing but what the chevalier must necessarily suffer whenever he knew we were together. I often condemned myself for not having before confessed my love for Dumont to my brother, and asked his consent to have been for ever joined to his friend. I had no reason to suspect he would not have granted it; for I had experience enough of of him to know he was not of a temper to have made us both unhappy for any gratification of his own vanity: but I could never bring myself to it, unless Dumont had made some open declaration of his love. I knew it was now in vain; for the Marquis de Stainville was so excessively fond of his wife, that to have given me to another in open defiance of her brother, while she persisted in saying it would make her miserable, was utterly impossible for him ever to consent to.

Dumont's great modesty, and bad opinion of himself, blinded him so far, that he did not even see how much I preferred him in my choice to Vieuville. He sometimes indeed fancied I saw his love, and pitied him; but as it is usual for most men to have a good opinion of the woman they like, he only imputed it to the general com-

passion of my temper. In short, he could not bear to be a witness of my consenting to be another's; and yet, when he looked at my lover, or heard his conversation, he did not doubt but that must be the case; he therefore resolved to quit the place where he soon expected to see his misery completed.

He made an excuse to the marquis, that he had a desire to visit his mother; and, with his consent, (for he never pretended a right to contradict his friends because they were obliged to him) set out in three days. I shall never forget the look he gave me when we parted; good-nature, tenderness, and yet a fear of displeasing, were all so mixed, that had I not seen it, I should have thought it impossible for any person, in one moment, to have expressed such various thoughts.

When he was gone, I could not command myself enough to sit in company, but got away by myself into a solitary walk, where I might be at liberty to give a vent to my sorrows, and reflect in what manner I should act to extricate myself out of these difficulties. I resolved, let what would be the consequence, absolutely to refuse Vieuville; but then I feared, if he should persist in his love, what my brother would suffer in his wife's continual importunities. At last, it came into my head to try if he was generous enough to conquer his own passion, rather than be the cause of my being unhappy.

I accordingly took the first opportunity that offered of speaking to Vieuville alone; and told him, as he had often professed a great love for me, it was now in his power to prove whether those professions were real, or only the flights of youth, and the effect of a warm imagination; for that my happiness or misery depended on his conduct. He began to swear, that he would fly to obey my commands, and should think it the greatest pleasure he was capable of enjoying to be honoured with them. I desired him to hear me out; and told him, that, for reasons I could not then inform him, it was impossible for me ever to marry him without making myself the most wretched of all mortals; and although it was indeed in my own power to refuse him,

yet, in consideration of his being Dorimene's brother, and that the seeing him uneasy made her so, I intreated it as the greatest favour of him immediately to leave me, and return to his father's, which would be the only means of preventing the whole family from being miserable.

He looked some time steadfastly on me, and then asked, if I thought his love had no stronger a foundation than to give me up so easily. As soon as he had spoke these few words, he left me, without waiting for a reply, with an indignation in his countenance which plainly shewed I had not succeeded in my scheme; and indeed the event proved how much I was mistaken when I had flattered myself with the vain hope of meeting with any greatness of mind from him.

As he saw the only thing which in the least staggered my resolution was the fear of making his sister uneasy, he went directly to her; and instead of acting as I had desired him, he increased his complaints, and swore, he could never have the least enjoyment in life, unless she could prevail on me to be less cruel to him. In short, I was his present passion, and he was very careless what the consequence of it was to me, provided he could gratify himself. Had I before had any inclination for him, this would entirely have conquered it; for the contrast was so great between his behaviour, and that of the generous Dumont, who visibly sacrificed his own peace to his love for me and his friendship for my brother, that my love for the latter increased equally with my detestation of the former.

As I was sitting in my chamber the next morning, musing and reflecting on my own hard fate; that when I seemed so near my happiness, such an accident as this should intervene to throw down all my hopes, and make me more wretched than ever; my brother suddenly entered the room, and seeming eager to speak to me, began by saying, "Oh! Isabelle——" "Vieuville——" I had not patience to let him go on, but interrupted him, crying out, that I would sacrifice my life at any time for his service; but if he was come to intercede with me to spend my whole time with a man

whom

whom I must always despise, I could not consent to it. He replied, that this accident had thrown him into a dilemma, in which he knew not how to act; that he was going to say, when I interrupted him, that Vieuvville had destroyed all the fancied scenes of pleasure he once imagined he should enjoy in the love and unity of his little family, for he saw the aversion I had to this lover; and yet his Dorimene (whose every tear pierced his soul) seemed so resolute to abandon herself to despair, if her brother was made unhappy, that either way it was impossible for him to avoid being miserable.

I fancied, by the emphasis he laid on some of his words, that he knew the whole truth, and was therefore resolved to take this opportunity of disclosing my mind to him; and yet a kind of shame withheld my tongue, and it was with difficulty, and in broken accents, I at last pronounced the word Dumont. He stopped me short, and told me there was no occasion for saying any more, for that from the very first he with pleasure saw our growing love; that he had always wished to see me married to the only man he really esteemed; that, indeed, just before the arrival of Vieuvville, his wife's illness had employed most of his thoughts; besides, he artfully intended to let his friend's passion come to the height, that he might increase his happiness by gratifying him when he least expected it. "You know, Isabelle," continued he, "your fortune of itself is enough to make the man you love happy; but I always intended a considerable addition to it; and as Dumont is your choice, should be desirous that we might all continue one family. This misfortune of Vieuvville's being your lover has disconcerted all my schemes." I was quite overwhelmed with my brother's goodness; and almost ready to sacrifice myself to his wife's humour, rather than he should bear a moment's pain. However, we separated for that time, and said we would consider and talk farther of it another day.

But accident soon delivered us out of all our perplexities; for such sort of love as Vieuvville's is seldom so fixed, but every new object is capable of

changing it; and I verily believe he had lately persisted more because his pride was piqued at being refused, than from any continuance of his inclination towards me. I shall not dwell long on this circumstance; but only tell you, there came a young lady one day to dine with Dorimene, who was really one of the greatest beauties I ever saw. Vieuvville was in a moment struck with her charms, and she presently made a conquest of his heart. She lived very near us, and soon became as enamoured of her new lover as he could possibly be of her. She had a great fortune, which was at her own disposal, and they only deferred the celebration of their nuptials till he had an answer to a letter he wrote his father. He soon carried his wife home; and I am certain he could not have more joy in the possession of one of the finest women ever seen than I had in being rid of his troublesome importunities.

Now all my hopes began to revive again, and there seemed to be no bar to my happiness; I pleased myself with the thoughts of the raptures Dumont would be inspired with when he found his dear Stainville approved his love. It was not long before my brother shewed me a letter from the chevalier, which I found was written in answer to one from him just after Vieuvville's marriage and departure, which he had acquainted him with only as a piece of news. He expressed himself with great thankfulness for his pressing invitation to return; and concluded with saying, he should be with him the beginning of the next week.

When I gave my brother back his letter, words would have been unnecessary, for my looks sufficiently shewed how much I thought myself obliged to him for thus taking care of my happiness. We never kept any thing a secret from Dorimene, and the marquis talked before her of his intention concerning me and Dumont just as if we had been alone. But I observed she changed colour, and looked at me with an air quite different from what she used to have, (for we had always lived together in great friendship.) She at last said, she supposed this was the reason her brother had been treated with such con-

tempt. I thought this might arise from her pride, because I had refused Vieuville, and said all I could to mollify rather than exasperate her.

I was now perfectly easy in my mind; I had no manner of doubt but that my brother's goodness would accomplish all my wishes without my appearing in the affair. At the appointed day Dumont arrived: the mourning was out for his father; he was dressed very gay, and his person appeared with all the advantages in which nature had adorned him; for although he could not be said to be a regular beauty, yet the mixture of softness and manliness which were displayed in his countenance, joined to his great gentleness, justly made him the object of admiration.

When he dismounted, my brother received him at the gate, and Dorimene and I waited for him in the parlour. He made his compliments to her with great respect; but, when he came to speak to me, we were both in such confusion we could not utter our words. But our common friend, the marquis, on seeing the same passion, and the same resolution to conceal it, continue in the chevalier, would not leave us long in this anxious situation; but, two days after Dumont's arrival, took him into a room by himself, and told him, he was no stranger to his love for his sister. On which the other, without giving him leave to proceed, replied, he could not imagine by what accident he had discovered it; for he would defy any one to say he had ever dropped the least complaint, notwithstanding all the misery he had suffered; nor could even the daily, nay hourly sight of a person he then thought his successful rival, extort from him a confession which his gratitude to such a friend forbade him ever to make. My brother begged him to hear him out; and then said—"My dear Dumont, I am so far from accusing you, that had not your honour been fixed in my opinion as steadfastly as possible before, your behaviour on this occasion would have been the most convincing proof imaginable, that although our friendship commenced in our youth, yet nothing can ever shake or remove it. And, by my own experience, I am so certain there cannot

be any enjoyment equal to that of living with a person one loves, that I bless my good fortune which has put it in my power to bestow that happiness on my sister and on my friend. In short, Isabelle shall be yours, and I shall have the inexpressible pleasure of calling you brother."

Dumont stood for some time like a statue; no words could express his thoughts, nor would the emotions of his mind give him leave to speak. The first sign he shewed of animating life was, when love, gratitude and joy, worked too strongly in his soul to be contained, and forced their way in gushing tears. He at last ran and embraced the marquis; crying out, "You must imagine my thanks, for I cannot utter them!"

After a little more conversation between the two friends, my brother called me down; and as soon as I entered the room, taking me by the hand, he led me to the chevalier, saying, "Here, my friend, in Isabelle I make you a present which you only are worthy of; and to your merit I am obliged for the great pleasure I enjoy in thinking I have bestowed her where it is impossible I should ever have any reason to repent my choice."

It was no force upon me to give my hand to Dumont; and I did it in such a manner, that he easily perceived my brother had not disposed of me against my inclinations. I shall not pretend to describe the chevalier's transports, nor repeat all he said on this occasion; it is sufficient to say, that his whole behaviour, and every word he spoke, was yet a stronger proof of both his gratitude and love.

We now both looked on ourselves as in the possession of our utmost wishes; all obstacles to our happiness seemed to be removed; and the prospect of passing the rest of my life with such a companion and such a friend as the Chevalier Dumont, indulged me in all the pleasing ideas imaginable. Dorimene heard from her husband what he had done, seemed to have forgot my usage of her brother, and congratulated us with more than usual softness on the occasion.

The marquis was impatient to compleat his friend's happiness, and appointed

appointed a day for our marriage. But in the mean time Dorimene was taken so violently ill of a fever, that her life was despaired of: My brother's distraction on this account banished from our minds all other thoughts but how to comfort him; Dumont had too much delicacy, and too sincere a regard for his friend, to think it a proper time to talk of love while he was in such affliction.

This grief, however, was soon dissipated, and joy succeeded by the recovery of Dorimene. The day was again appointed for the celebration of our nuptials; when, on a sudden, the whole face of affairs was changed; all Dumont's joy and cheerfulness was vanished; a fixed melancholy seemed to overspread his countenance; and now, instead of embracing every opportunity to converse with me, he shunned me with great assiduity; and if I unavoidably fell in his way, he fixed his eyes on mine with such horror, as perfectly frightened me. He himself, on some trifling excuse, put off our wedding. Dorimene was often in tears, and seemed relapsing into her former distemper. This, indeed, we imputed to the weakness her fever had left upon her; but my brother too soon caught the infection, and his mind seemed to labour with some grief, which he could neither perfectly stifle, and yet was unwilling to reveal. I observed he went abroad more than usual, and I was often left in the house with only servants.

One evening, when I came into my chamber, I found a letter on my table in an unknown hand; but how was I surprized to read these words! "Whatever you do, Isabelle, avoid Dumont; for the marrying him will certainly prove fatal to you both." Guess, ladies, what I must feel to have all my happiness thus suddenly destroyed; and, in its place, to see this dreadful scene of confusion. Conjectures would have been endless; I could not bring myself to suspect the chevalier's honour; besides, what I saw him daily suffer convinced me there was something very extraordinary at the bottom, which it was impossible for me to fathom. But now, in order to make you understand the remaining part of my story, I must go back, and let you into the cause of

this terrible alteration in our family, which I afterwards learned from the mouth of the person who was the occasion of it. But this I shall defer till to-morrow; for although my resolution has hitherto kept up my spirits, so as not to interrupt the narration, and trouble you with what I feel, yet am I often so racked with the remembrance of past scenes, that I really grow faint, and am able to proceed no farther at present." Isabelle retired for that evening, with a promise of coming to them again the next morning.

She left the whole company very anxious to know the event of all the disorder she had described in her family: but as soon as she had breakfasted the next day, she gratified their curiosity, by proceeding as follows.

CHAP. II.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY OF ISABELLE.

I Informed you at first, that Dorimene's having no other engagement, the advantage of the match, and her father's commands, were the reasons which induced her to give her hand to the Marquis de Stainville; his excessive fondness for her, and making it his whole study to promote her happiness, worked so strongly on her mind, that, in return, she did every thing in her power to oblige him, and he flattered himself that all her affections were centered in him; nor, indeed, did she ever seem so much inclined to be pleased with the admiration of other men, as the custom of France would even allow her without censure. But when the Chevalier Dumont first told us his story, she was affected with it to an incredible degree; whole days and nights passed, and she could fix her thoughts on no other subject.

The tenderness he expressed for his mother, his justifying his father, notwithstanding all he suffered by his conduct, with his sincere friendship for the marquis her husband, worked so strongly on her imagination, that she thought giving way to the highest esteem for him would be the greatest proof imaginable of her virtue; but

it was not long before she was undeceived, for she found her inclination for the chevalier was built rather on what we call taste, (because we want a word to express it by) than any approbation of his conduct. The great agitations of her mind, between her endeavours to conquer her passion, and the continual fright she was in, lest by any accident she should discover it, threw her into that lingering illness which I have before mentioned.

The good-nature of the Chevalier Dumont, with his friendship for the Marquis de Stainville, led him to use his utmost endeavours to amuse and divert her; besides, there is always a higher respect paid by every man to such beauty as Dorimene's than what other women meet with. This, with the melancholy which then possessed him on my account, sometimes inclined her to flatter herself that their passion was reciprocal; but then, in a moment, the utmost horror succeeded, and she resolved rather to die than sacrifice her virtue, or be guilty of the least treachery to such a husband. This was the reason she so often entreated to be alone; for every fresh view of Dumont served only to increase her agony, and at that time she heartily wished to fly the sight of him for ever.

All my brother's assiduous cares to please her only aggravated her sorrows, as they continually loaded her with reproaches for not returning such uncommon, such tender love. However, while she remained often alone, and her resolution enabled her to deny herself the pleasure of seeing the chevalier as much as was possible without being rude, she fancied, whatever she suffered, she should command herself enough not to transgress the bounds of decency, or the laws of virtue.

But one evening, when the marquis prevailed on her by great entreaties to suffer us all to stay with her, hoping by that means to dissipate her melancholy, and make her more cheerful; her watchful eyes (although we had never any otherwise than by our looks disclosed it to each other) found out the secret of our love. This overset all her resolutions; and from that moment her torment was so great, whenever she thought we had an op-

portunity of being alone, that she resolved to pretend an amendment in her health, and put on a cheerfulness (which was far from her heart) in order to make it probable that company was now agreeable to her, and so to keep us always in her apartment.

But her passions were too violent to be artful; and she could not have continued this long, had not her brother's arrival given a new turn to all our affairs.

The suddenness of her recovery, which the marquis thought was owing to Vieuville's lively conversation, was really the result of her seeing the passion I had inspired him with: she was quite enlivened with the imagination that this new lover would make me forget Dumont, and thought her virtue could stand any test but that of seeing him another's. This was the reason she appeared so eager for me to marry Vieuville; and indeed she spoke truth, when she so often declared, that her own happiness depended on my returning her brother's love. Dumont's leaving us at that time still contributed to the fully persuading her that it would be impossible for me to resist the charms of the young and beautiful Vieuville: my obstinately refusing him was such a disappointment to her hopes, that at first she could hardly forbear giving vent to her passions, and quarrelling with me on that account. But after he was irretrievably married, and she knew it was impossible ever to bring about that scheme, Dumont's absence, and her own returning health, enabled her seriously to set about the conquering her passion; which, in a little time, she thought she had so effectually got the better of, that she fancied she could even converse with the chevalier with great indifference. My brother's extasies on her recovery were not to be expressed; and he now thought of nothing but compleating his own happiness by contributing to that of his friend, and letting him experience the pleasures which arise from delicate and successful love.

When first Dorimene heard of this design, she was a little ruffled, and could not forbear making the answer I have already related to you; namely, that

that she supposed this was the reason her brother was treated with such contempt. But, however, she carried her resolution so far, that at last she thought she could bear to see us married with tolerable patience: and, when every thing was concluded on, the fear lest she should reveal her thoughts made her force herself to congratulate us with more good-humour than I had seen her shew from the time I had refused Vieuville. But in that very instant Dumont's look, and the return he made to her obliging compliment on the subject his soul most delighted in the thoughts of, awakened all her former passion; and dreadful experience taught her, that to his absence alone she owed all her boasted philosophy.

That very evening she took to her bed; and the violent agitations of her mind threw her into that fever, which gave us all so much affliction, and had like to have cost her her life; but she recovered of that distemper of her body only to feel that much more terrible one of her mind. She began to think she had sacrificed enough to virtue in what she had already suffered; and when the idea of Dumont's being about to be given to another forced itself on her fancy, rage and madness succeeded, and all the most desperate actions appeared as trifles to her in comparison of seeing that fatal day. Sometimes she resolved to tell him of her love; but then the sense of shame worked so strongly on her, that she abandoned that thought, and fancied she could suffer the utmost misery, rather than submit to so infamous an action. The remembrance of the Marquis de Stainville's unparalleled love for her, and the sense of her duty to him, for a moment enabled her to form resolutions of preferring death, or what is yet worse, a life of torment, to the wronging her husband.

But then immediately Dumont's image presented itself to her imagination, softened her a little into a sense of pleasure, and banished every other thought from her mind; but this lasted not long, before the idea that he must be another's spitefully intruded itself on her memory. Horror and confusion took place of the pleasing scenes with which she had just before

been indulging her fancy: and then, instead of thinking on arguments to calm her passion, she turned all her endeavours to find out what would best excuse it; and pleaded to herself, that she might have been married when first my brother saw her; nay, she might have happened to have been wife to his best friend; and that then, perhaps, he would have found it as difficult to resist the torrent of his inclinations as she now did to subdue hers. The thought of being his friend's wife quite overcame her, and sighs and tears were her only relief from these agonizing reflections.

She endured several of these conflicts within her own bosom, without any other consequence attending them than the pain she suffered: but when the day was again fixed for our marriage, her passion grew outrageous, overleaped all bounds, and honour, virtue, and duty, were found but shallow banks, which immediately gave way to the overflowing of the mighty torrent. Something she was resolved to do to prevent my marrying Dumont; although her own, her husband's, nay, even the chevalier's perdition, should be the consequence of the attempt.

One morning, when the Marquis de Stainville was gone out, and I happened to be in my own chamber, she saw Dumont from her window walking towards that very grotto where she had at first beheld him: she staid till she thought he was seated there, and then followed him; but such was the condition of her mind, that her limbs had hardly strength to carry her. As soon as she was come near enough for him to see her, he got up, made her a respectful bow, and walked towards her. He began to talk to her on some indifferent subject; but she did not seem to hear what he said; on the contrary, she suddenly made a full stop, and stared so wildly round her, that poor Dumont began to be frightened, and asked her if she was ill? She made him no answer, but fixed her eyes on the ground, as if she had not the power to move them; like a criminal, all pale, trembling, and confused, she stood before him. It was in vain for her to endeavour to give her thoughts a vent, for her body was

too weak to bear the violent combustion of her mind, and she fainted away at his feet. He immediately caught her up in his arms, and called out for help; but the house was so far distant, that before he could be heard she came to herself again, and in a weak low voice begged him to carry her to the grotto; where, as soon as she was seated, for want of strength to speak, she burst into tears. The good-natured Dumont saw her mind was labouring with something too big for utterance, and entreated her to tell him if she had any affliction that he could be so happy to remove; for that the Marquis de Stainville's lady might command him to the utmost of his power; nor should he think his life too great a sacrifice to serve the woman in whom all the happiness of his friend was centered.

Dorimene now had gone so far, she was resolved, whatever it cost her, to lay open all her grief to the Chevalier; and after a little pause, replied, "Oh! take care what you say; for to remove the torment I now daily endure, and ease me of all those agonies which work me to distraction, you must sacrifice what, perhaps, is dearer to you than your life; you must give up Isabelle, you must forget the Marquis de Stainville was ever your friend—And, oh! how shall I have strength to utter it! my interest in Dumont must be on my own account." When she had pronounced these words, shame glowed in blushes all over her face, nor did she dare to look up to see in what manner they were received.

Dumont was struck with horror and amazement at what he had heard; he could not persuade himself he was awake. The words, "You must give up Isabelle, and forget the Marquis de Stainville was ever your friend," resounded in his ears, and filled him with such astonishment, that he had no force to answer them, and they both remained for some time in silence. At last the chevalier threw himself on his knees before Dorimene, and said, he could not pretend to be ignorant of the meaning of her words, for they were but too plain; and he could curse himself for being the cause (though innocently) of her suffering a moment's pain. "But,"

continued he, "I conjure you, Madame, by all the ties of virtue and of honour, to collect all your force, make use of that strength of reason nature has given you, gloriously to conquer this unfortunate passion which has seized you, and which, if indulged, must inevitably end in the destruction of us all. To wrong my friend—I shudder at the very thought of it; and to forego Isabelle just when I was on the point of possessing her for ever, it is utterly impossible. Oh, Dorimene! recal those wild commands, return again to your own virtue, and do not think of sacrificing all your future peace to hopes so guilty and so extravagant!"

She was all attention while he was speaking; but every argument he used, and every word he spoke, did but inflame her the more; for it was the pleasure she received from hearing him talk, and the seeing him thus humbly supplicating at her feet, and not what he said, that made her listen so attentively to him: in disclosing her mind she had got over the first, and consequently the most difficult step. She grew every minute more emboldened, and more lost to all sense of shame; and Dumont's unfortunately mentioning my name with such tenderness, and such a resolution not to forsake me, enraged her to madness, and turned her into a perfect fury. She told him, that his pretence to virtue and faithfulness to his friend could not impose on her, for she saw the consideration which stuck deepest with him was his love of Isabelle. "But," continued she, "I swear by all that's sacred, the day you marry her shall be her last; for with my own hands I will destroy her, although the destruction of mankind was to be the consequence of her death. Do not imagine I speak in a passion what I will not execute, for my resolution that Isabelle shall never live with you as your wife, is as strong and as much fixed, as the torments I now feel, and have felt, ever since I first knew you. Had not I seen your affection placed on another, you had never known my love; for, till that misery was added to the rest, I struggled with my passion, and was resolved to conceal it for ever within my own bosom: but now you know it; and I

"would

“ would advise you to dread the rage
 “ of a woman, whose passions have got
 “ so much the better of her, as to en-
 “ able her to break through all the
 “ strongest ties imaginable, and sacri-
 “ fice every thing that is most dear to
 “ her to the impossibility she finds of
 “ resisting her inclinations. Consider
 “ with yourself, whether or no you can
 “ bear to be the cause of Isabelle’s
 “ death; for my resolution is unal-
 “ terably fixed, and it is not in the
 “ power of all mankind to divert my
 “ purpose.” As soon as she had spoke
 “ these words, she got up, and walked
 “ hastily from him.

“ But imagine the horrible situation
 “ she left the chevalier in. Ten thou-
 “ sand various thoughts at once pos-
 “ sessed him; confusion reigned within
 “ his breast; and, which ever way he
 “ turned himself, the dismal prospect
 “ almost distracted him. Good God!
 “ what was his condition! With a heart
 “ bursting with gratitude towards his
 “ friend, filled with the softest and
 “ faithfulest passion for the woman he
 “ but an hour before flattered himself
 “ he was just upon the point of re-
 “ ceiving from the hands of the man
 “ who made his happiness necessary
 “ to his own; with a mind which start-
 “ led at the least thought of acting
 “ against the strictest rules of honour;
 “ he suddenly found that the passion
 “ his friend’s wife was possessed of for
 “ him, was too violent to be restrained,
 “ and too dangerous to be dallied with;
 “ he could not perceive any method to
 “ extricate himself out of the dilemma
 “ he was thus unexpectedly, unfortu-
 “ nately, involved in.

“ The first thing he resolved on was,
 “ whatever happened to him, never to
 “ disclose the secret of Dorimene’s love;
 “ but then to give me up, to abandon
 “ all his hopes, and at the same time
 “ in appearance be ungrateful to my
 “ love, and slight the marquis’s pro-
 “ fered and generous kindness; was
 “ what he could not bear; and yet such
 “ were his anxious cares for my safety,
 “ that he had fixed it in his mind ra-
 “ ther to suffer all the most dreadful
 “ torments which human nature is ca-
 “ pable of feeling, than run the least
 “ venture of my life. Sometimes he
 “ flattered himself with the thoughts
 “ that time and reason would turn Do-
 “ rimene from her horrid purpose, and

“ enable her to conquer this unreason-
 “ able passion.

“ This secret, which I was then a
 “ stranger to, was the cause of poor Du-
 “ mont’s sudden alteration, and fixed
 “ that melancholy on him which I
 “ could not then account for.

“ Dorimene, now the chevalier was
 “ not ignorant of her love, threw off all
 “ restraint; she contrived all the me-
 “ thods possible of sending the marquis
 “ out of the way, and only sought the
 “ means of meeting Dumont alone. It
 “ was in vain for him to seek new walks
 “ and bye-paths in the labyrinths of a
 “ wood just by our villa, for her watch-
 “ ful eyes continually found him; he
 “ still persisting in using new arguments
 “ to prevail with her to return her hus-
 “ band’s faithful love, and change the
 “ dreadful design her soul was fraught
 “ with; and she on her side was as ob-
 “ stinately bent never to give it up but
 “ with her life.

“ In the mean time Pandolph, who
 “ had formerly been a servant to my
 “ father, and, now he was old and past
 “ his labour, was still retained in my
 “ brother’s family, perceived these meet-
 “ ings of Dumont and Dorimene in the
 “ wood, and observed they generally
 “ happened when his master was gone
 “ out. He was at first very much sur-
 “ prized at it, but was resolved to
 “ watch them; and sometimes he would
 “ hide himself near enough to observe
 “ they were earnest in discourse; but
 “ old age had taken from him the quick
 “ sense of hearing, and he could not
 “ make much of what they said; only
 “ he confusedly heard the words love—
 “ passion—the Marquis de Stainville—
 “ Isabelle—and by what he could ga-
 “ ther, he fancied he had very convin-
 “ cing proofs that there was an intrigue
 “ carrying on between them.

“ This poor Pandolph foolishly ima-
 “ gined, that officiously to discover to
 “ his master all he had seen would be
 “ at once the most faithful service he
 “ could do him, and the most grateful
 “ return in his power to make him for
 “ his kindness in keeping him in his
 “ family, now he was unable to take
 “ any care of himself. He eagerly em-
 “ braced the first opportunity of doing
 “ his master such a piece of service, and
 “ minutely told my brother all that he
 “ had seen and heard: and certainly, if
 “ any person was ever justly the object of

compassion, it was then Marquis de Stainville at that instant. His passions were naturally very violent; and although from the time the giving way to them had like to have caused a fatal accident between him and his friend, he had taken great pains to keep himself calm, and prevent it's being in the power of any appearances to make him suddenly give way to suspicion; yet, in this case, the very name of his beloved Dorimene, joined to the idea of falsehood, raised such a tumult in his breast, and filled his mind with such confusion, that all reason gave way to the present horror which possessed his soul; a horror greater than words can describe or fancy paint.

He threw himself on a bed like one distracted; repeated the names of Dumont and Dorimene a thousand times; then started up, and swore they must be innocent; that Pandolph had belied them, and he would sacrifice him for thus disturbing all his peace and enraging him to madness. But then he recollected that Dumont had once already, on a frivolous excuse, put off our marriage; that his wife had lately seemed artfully to contrive to send him out of the way, and ten thousand circumstances which had passed unheeded at the time of their happening; such as her sudden and strange melancholy a little after the chevalier's arrival, her vast eagerness to marry me to Vieuville, rushed at once into his memory, and corresponded so exactly with what Pandolph had told him, that he began to be worked into a belief it was but too fatally true: and when he had given his passion some vent, he at last resolved to stifle, if possible, for the present, any appearance of his jealousy; and ordered the old man to continue to observe all their motions, and inform him of what he discovered; who, as soon as he had received his commands, left him.

Such a variety of thoughts crowded into the marquis's mind the moment he found himself alone, that his perplexity was too great to suffer him to come to any certain determination. At last he concluded, that if the chevalier again endeavoured to put off the marriage, it would be a convincing proof of the truth of his suspicions.

And just as he had fixed this idea in his thoughts, Dumont unfortunately entered the room for that very purpose; which was thus to make him appear guilty in his friend's eyes of the most monstrous ingratitude, and the blackest treachery imaginable. His manner of speaking was something so confused, and his mind seemed so disturbed, that it was indeed no wonder as things should be increased by his behaviour. He had not spoke three words, before the marquis, who perceived his drift, was so enflamed, that he could hear no more; and interrupting him, hastily said, there was no occasion for any excuses, for that he should by no means force him to marry his sister against his inclinations. After which, without waiting for any reply, he passed by him; looked at him with so fierce an air, that his anger was but too plain; and walked out of the chamber.

Poor Dumont was sensible of his friend's resentment, but did not guess the true cause; for he imputed it to the indignity the marquis must unavoidably think he treated him with in thus slighting the generous offer he made of his sister. But what must such a heart as his feel in these unhappy circumstances! For although his whole soul was filled with gratitude, and nothing could be a greater torture to him than his friend's even thinking he had the least cause to complain of him; yet in this case he thought it was impossible to undeceive him without a breach of his own honour, and destroying all the marquis's happiness, which visibly depended on the continuing his good opinion of his wife. Sometimes he resolved to fly the place where he unfortunately caused so much misery, and give up all his future hopes of pleasure in possessing the woman he loved, sacrifice all the joys of mutual friendship, and even suffer my brother to have an ill opinion of his honour, in hopes by that means to prevent his being made miserable; but then the condition he thought he must leave me in, at being thus neglected and abandoned by the man I had even gone so far as to confess my love for, softened his whole soul, and all his resolution was lost in tenderness. In short, love, gratitude, honour, friendship, and every

every thing that is most valuable in the human mind, contended which should have the greatest power over him, and by turns exerted themselves in his generous breast. But he was involved in such a perplexing labyrinth, that, whichever way he turned his thoughts, he met with fresh difficulties and new torments. He found it was impossible for him ever to pretend another excuse to delay our marriage; and yet, when he considered Dorimene's furious menaces, his fears for my safety would not suffer him to think of it.

At last it came into his head, that he must contrive some method of making the future delaying it come from me; and, for that purpose, disguising his hand in such a manner that it could not be known, he wrote the note which I have already told you I found on my table. I knew not what to make of it, and was filled with horror when I read it; however, it had the desired effect; for I resolved never to marry the Chevalier Dumont, till I was acquainted with the cause of this sudden, strange alteration in our family, and let into the secret why he now tried, by all ways possible, to shun me.

I accordingly told my brother that I had changed my mind, and, for the present at least, would put off all thoughts of marrying his friend. He looked stedfastly at me, and said, if I knew any reason which concerned him for altering a design in which I had appeared so fixed, it was neither acting like a sister, nor as he deserved from me, to conceal it from him. But before I had time to make him any answer, Dorimene entered the room, and put an end to our discourse.

I gladly retired, for I was impatient to be by myself, that I might be at full liberty to make what reflections I pleased; but when I came to consider seriously my brother's words, it was impossible for me not to find out that they imported a suspicion of his wife and Dumont. I presently caught the infection; and so many glaring proofs of the justice of that suspicion immediately presented themselves to my imagination, that I could hardly refrain going directly to the chevalier, and upbraiding him with his

treachery; every new thought was a fresh disturber of my peace, and helped to rack my mind. However, like my brother, I resolved, if possible, to wait till I was quite convinced, before I would mention what I suspected.

What I had told my brother had a violent effect both on him and Dumont, for to the former it was the strongest indication imaginable that I had found out what Pandolph had told him to be true; and though the latter had wrote the letter himself which determined me to act in that manner, yet such was the delicacy of his love, that he could not forbear suspecting my affections were altered; and the fear that I was disobliged by his late behaviour was still a greater torment than he had yet endured. The thoughts of losing me for ever caused too strong an agony for even his mind to bear; and that idea appeared so very horrible, that the dread of all consequences fled before it, and he resolved to secure himself from that fear by any means whatever, (the forfeiture of his honour excepted.)

For this purpose he went the next morning into a chamber where he knew the Marquis de Stainville was alone, and told him he had received a letter from his mother, in which she complained of an ill state of health, and begged him, as the only comfort she could hope for in this world, that he would bring his wife, as soon as he was married, to see her; "For," continued he, "I have already informed her of the honour you intend me in giving me Isabelle. I have never in my life disobeyed my mother; therefore, if you will give me leave to marry your sister to-morrow, and carry her immediately home for a little time, it will make me the happiest man in the world."

My brother was at first surprized; but though he did not intend this should really happen, yet he in appearance assented, because he had a purpose to work out of it. Dumont eagerly embraced him, and thanked him, with tears in his eyes, for thus indulging him in all his wishes. The marquis's struggling passions made it almost impossible for him to conceal

his thoughts; and, on some pretence of business, he soon left the chevalier by himself.

Now returning hope began to cheer his spirits, and he fancied by this scheme he should secure me from Dorimene's fury; nay, he even flattered himself that time and absence would efface those impressions he had made on her unguarded heart, and that returning reason would bring her to a sense of her duty, and his friend might still be happy. He was shocked at perceiving the marquis's coldness to him; but this he imputed to the suspicion he lately might reasonably have of his neglecting his sister, and did not doubt but his future behaviour to me would soon regain him his esteem. While he was revolving these things in his mind, I accidentally entered the room. I started back at the sight of him; for, from the time I had suspected his honour, I had avoided all commerce with him. But he cried out, "Oh, Isabelle! don't fly me thus, but condescend to spend a few moments in making me happy by your conversation." He spoke these words with such an air of tenderness, that in one instant he renewed all my former sentiments for him, and baffled every resolution I had formed not to hearken any more to his love. I sat down by him, without knowing what I did, or whither this unseasonable complaisance would carry me. He seemed as much confused as I was, but at last he told me what he had just concluded with my brother. This again roused all my resentment; love gave way to jealousy; and I hastily replied, whatever he had agreed on with my brother, I was resolved never to consent to be his wife, unless he could clear up his unaccountable behaviour; and that I thought, after his so long endeavouring to shew his indifference to me, I ought to have been the first person acquainted with this new alteration of his schemes. He paused a moment, continued to fix his eyes on mine with a look which expressed ten thousand different sentiments at once, and then cried out, "Oh! don't let Isabelle doubt my love! Could you but know what torments I have gone through whilst you had reason from appearances to

think me guilty, I am sure your tender nature would pity rather than condemn me. But—Oh! Dorimene!"—The moment that name had broke from his lips, he started, appeared frightened at what he had said, and flew from me with great precipitation.

He was no sooner gone, than my brother succeeded in his place; but he staid no longer than while he could say, "Isabelle, hearken no more to the Chevalier Dumont; resolve not to marry him; time shall unfold to you the reasons of this request." And then he also fled my sight as hastily as Dumont had done the minute before.

What a condition was I in! What could I think! My brother, Dorimene, Dumont, all seemed involved in one common madness, and I knew not to whom to disclose my griefs: however, I was resolved for the present absolutely to avoid marrying Dumont; and as I met him again alone that evening, told him he must entirely give up that design for some time at least, or he would force me to take a resolution never to see him more.

As soon as my brother had left Dumont, he went to his wife, and told her, that to-morrow he was to compleat his friend's happiness, by forever joining him to Isabelle. This he did, to see in what manner she would behave on such a trying occasion.

Dorimene, who was all passion, and who really had but little art, easily swallowed the bait; and told him, she thought he ought to consult his own honour, and not to dispose of his sister so rashly to a man who had visibly slighted her.

The marquis was all on fire to see in what manner she took it; and could not forbear saying, that in all likelihood her own inclination might be satisfied in the separation of Isabelle from Dumont. And he then came directly to me, and uttered the words I have already repeated to you.

But so intoxicated was Dorimene with the violence of her passion, that she at present gave but little attention to any thing her husband said; nor did she need the information he had given her concerning our marriage; for she so narrowly watched Dumont, that she

was

‘ was never ignorant of any one step he took; and, by hearkening at the door, had overheard all the last conversation between him and the Marquis de Stainville. She hid herself when he quitted the room, but again replaced herself within hearing when I entered it: but it is impossible to describe her rage, when she fancied she heard him say enough to let me into a secret which she had extorted a promise from him never to reveal.

‘ From the time my brother had first suspected his wife, he had never lain at home; but pretending that change of air was conducive to his health, said, he lay at a tenant’s about two miles off; but indeed he was always within such a distance, that Pandolph could bring him home in five minutes. He set him to watch all his wife’s motions; but he hitherto could never give him any farther account, but that she continued still at times to meet the chevalier in the wood.

‘ But this evening, as soon as he was gone from the door, and as Dumont’s uneasy reflections on what I had said, together with his resolution of avoiding Dorimene, made him resolve to confine himself to his chamber, she grew perfectly past all sense of shame, and was resolved to follow him even thither, rather than not speak to him that night, and inform him that she was not ignorant of his purpose, nor should he execute it without her fulfilling hers.

‘ The agitations of my mind made me feign sickness for an excuse to retire early into my own room, so that there was no obstacle in her way to obstruct her designs. Every step she took added new horror to her thoughts, and increased her torment; and yet such was the force of her irresistible passion, that she was led on in spite of all the remonstrances of her reason to the contrary.

‘ The watchful Pandolph, the moment he saw her open Dumont’s chamber-door, ran to inform his master. The marquis flew on the wings of rage and jealousy, and arrived in less time than could be thought possible for the distance of the place to allow. At his entrance into the chamber, he was struck with the sight of Dorimene, drowned in tears, sitting by the chevalier on his bed, and holding

‘ him by the hand. This was no time for reason to bear any sway; ten thousand tumultuous passions at once possessed his soul; and he obeyed the dictates of his rage by suddenly drawing his sword, and burying it in the body of the poor, unhappy, injured Dumont.

‘ The action was so quick, that Dorimene did not perceive her husband’s fatal purpose before he had executed it: but when she saw Dumont’s gushing blood, her horror and despair took from her all solicitude for her own safety; and she immediately cried out, “ Oh! Stainville! what have you done! you have murdered the faithfullest friend that ever man was blessed with. Dumont is innocent, and I am the only guilty person; I have persecuted him with my love; my furious threats of Isabelle’s life have caused all the appearance of his neglecting her; but no temptation could make him once think of wronging his friend! If any remaining rage yet possesses you, point it at her who only deserves it; but if pity succeeds the fury in your breast, let that induce you to shorten my torments by ending my life, and let me not linger in the hell which I feel at this instant.”

‘ The moment she had said enough to open my brother’s eyes on Dumont’s innocence, he turned all his thoughts on him, and let his wife talk on unheeded. He stood for a moment motionless, with his eyes fixed on Dumont’s face, where he sufficiently saw a confirmation of all Dorimene had said. Then he threw himself on his knees at the chevalier’s bed-side, and gave him such a look as would have pierced a heart of stone. It so totally subdued Dumont, who too visibly perceived his repentance, and easily conceived all those inward horrors which distracted his soul, that, with a look full of compassion only, he reached out his hand to him, and said, “ My friend, I die well pleased, if you are convinced that even Dorimene’s beauty could not tempt me to wrong your generous friendship. But I grow faint; indulge me in one last view of my Isabelle.”—Stainville started up at the word faint; flew to send for a surgeon; ordered the servants to force Dorimene, who was
‘ raving

‘ raving like a mad-woman, to her chamber; then ran to me, and, trembling with horror, said, “ Come, Isabelle, view your lover at his last gasp, and behold the guilty hands which have executed the dreadful dictates of rage and jealousy !”

‘ I followed him, not knowing whether I trod on earth or air, (for we ran so swiftly, that we seemed to fly) till we came to the place where I was to be shocked with a spectacle that surpassed all imagination, and be only convinced of Dumont’s fidelity at a time when I was just going to lose him for ever. All the methods we could try to stop the blood proved ineffectual. I could not speak, but sat down by him, dissolved in tears, and almost choaked with my swelling grief.

‘ My brother continued to beg forgiveness of the chevalier; and, in broken accents, told us how Pandolph had raised his jealousy, and by what steps it had been brought to such a height as to deprive him of his reason, and tempt him to an action he would now give the world to recall, and with pleasure sacrifice his own life, could he but prolong his friend’s for one hour. Poor Dumont was so weak he could not speak much; but yet he would exert himself to tell me on what account he himself had written the fore-mentioned letter, with the effect my behaviour had on his mind; and then cried out, “ Oh! Isabelle, cherish my memory! And you, my dear Stainville, forgive yourself as heartily as I do. Consider, the appearances of my guilt were so very strong, that it was impossible for you to avoid this fatal jealousy. I am too weak to utter more, although to see you both look on me with such tenderness would make me wish to prolong this moment to eternity !” Here his strength failed him; and, with his eyes fixed on us, and with the words Stainville—and Isabelle—lingering on his dying lips, he expired in our arms; and left us, for the present, almost in the same condition with himself. But he was for ever past all sense of his misfortunes, whilst returning life brought us back to the remembrance of our miseries. My brother embraced the dead body of his friend, swore he

‘ would never part from it; and at last started up like one distracted, caught hold of his sword, and cried out, “ Thou fatal instrument of hellish jealousy, which hast made this dreadful havock in Dumont’s faithful breast, now end my torments, and revenge my friend.” In saying this, he fell on his sword, whilst I was vainly running to prevent him. The blow missed his heart; but the effusion of blood was so great, that he instantly fainted, and I thought him dead.

‘ In that dreadful moment a servant, who had lived with me from my infancy, from the noise and hurry which was in the house upon Dorimene’s being carried by force into her apartment, and the sending for a surgeon, fearing what might have happened, was coming to seek me: she entered the room just as my brother fell on his sword, and saw me fall down by him. She then immediately called for help, and carried me senseless, and seemingly dead, from this scene of horror. I fell from one fainting fit to another for the whole night; and, in every short interval, resolved not to survive this double loss, as I then apprehended it, of my brother and Dumont at once.

‘ Early in the morning Dorimene’s woman came into my chamber, and begged me, in all the most persuasive terms she could think on, to come to see her mistress, who appeared in all the agonies of death, and incessantly called on my name. I was so weak I could hardly walk, and had such an indignation against the woman who had caused this terrible catastrophe, that I at first thought nothing should prevail on me ever to see her more: but at last, when I was told she seemed very eager to impart to me something of great importance, I suffered them to lead me into her apartment. She desired me to sit down but for a few moments, for that she had already revenged me on herself, by swallowing the very poison she had before prepared for me. She then told me the whole story of her irresistible passion; and concluded with saying, “ I don’t expect, Isabelle, you should forgive me, for it is impossible you should ever forget the irreparable injury I have done you; but yet give me leave to say, that, notwithstanding all you

“ feel,

“ feel, it is impossible for you, who
 “ are innocent, to have any idea ade-
 “ quate to my torments, who have the
 “ intolerable load of guilt added to all
 “ my other afflictions.” The word
 “ guilt filled her with such horror, that
 “ I had no opportunity of making her
 “ any reply; for, from that instant, she
 “ was insensible of every thing that
 “ was said to her, and died in three
 “ hours.

“ The surgeon who had been sent for
 “ by my brother, in hopes of his help-
 “ ing Dumont, came soon enough to
 “ give him that assistance which the
 “ poor chevalier could not receive. The
 “ wound he had given himself was not
 “ a mortal one, though very dangerous;
 “ but the great difficulty was to bring
 “ him to think of suffering life, and to
 “ quiet the agony his mind was in.
 “ This surpassed the surgeon’s art; but
 “ religion did that which no human
 “ help could have done. An ecclesiast-
 “ tick of uncommon piety, who had
 “ been long my brother’s confessor,
 “ came to attend him upon this occasion.
 “ He so strongly represented to him the
 “ danger his soul would be in, if, to the
 “ other unfortunate effects of his pas-
 “ sion, he added self-murder; he so
 “ pathetically enforced to him the duty
 “ of composing his thoughts, in order
 “ to turn them to Heaven, and of assist-
 “ ing his cure as much as lay in his own
 “ power, that he might live to atone,
 “ by repentance and virtue, for the rash
 “ action he had committed, that these
 “ pious arguments brought him to a
 “ calmer temper of mind; and, being
 “ naturally of a strong constitution, he
 “ was by degrees entirely recovered.
 “ The tenderness he felt for me contri-
 “ buted also to the saving his life; for
 “ as soon as I knew there were any hopes
 “ of him, (which was not till after I had
 “ taken my last farewell of his wretched
 “ wife) I flew to his chamber, and never
 “ left his bed-side during his illness;
 “ though my grief for Dumont was so vio-
 “ lent, that nothing less than my care for
 “ my brother’s life could have supported
 “ my spirits under such an affliction, or
 “ have hindered my following him to
 “ the grave. And, indeed, the day he
 “ was buried, I had like to have died;
 “ but it pleased God to preserve me be-
 “ yond my own strength, and to make

“ me a means of preserving the unfor-
 “ tunate Stainville.

“ We had some great friends at court,
 “ to whom I applied so effectually, set-
 “ ting forth the strong appearances by
 “ which he had been deceived, that they
 “ obtained his grace of the king, no
 “ friend of Dumont’s having appeared
 “ to solicit against me; for, in truth,
 “ my brother was so much an object of
 “ compassion to all men, that none could
 “ think of desiring to punish him more
 “ than he had punished himself.

“ I durst not acquaint him with the
 “ tragical end of his wife till his health
 “ seemed to be fully restored; and even
 “ then I would have concealed from
 “ him the shocking circumstance of her
 “ having poisoned herself, but he was
 “ unluckily told it by her servant. This
 “ extremely affected him; and, joined
 “ to the horror he felt for the death of
 “ Dumont, threw him into so deep a me-
 “ lancholy, that he talked of nothing
 “ but renouncing the pardon we had
 “ obtained for him, delivering himself up
 “ to all the rigour of the law, and dying
 “ upon a scaffold, the better to expiate
 “ the death of his friend. But at last
 “ the religious impressions his mind had
 “ received got the better of all other
 “ sentiments; he took a sudden reso-
 “ lution to quit the world, and turn
 “ Carthusian, having first made over
 “ all his estate, in equal proportions, to
 “ me and the mother of poor Dumont.

“ I would have also gone into a
 “ nunnery, and resigned the whole to
 “ her; but all my relations were so
 “ averse to it, and begged me so ear-
 “ nestly to continue among them, that
 “ I gave way to their solicitations. One
 “ of them, who was my aunt by the
 “ mother’s side, had some of her hus-
 “ band’s family settled in England.
 “ She proposed to carry me thither, that
 “ I might remove from the scene of
 “ my misfortunes. I went with her;
 “ but my ill fate pursued me. We
 “ had not been in London a week, before
 “ she caught the small-pox, and died.
 “ Having myself never had that dis-
 “ temper, I was obliged to quit the house
 “ she was in, and came to lodge here.

“ As soon as I have settled some af-
 “ fairs, which she had in this country,
 “ I shall return into France, and execute
 “ my former intention of taking the
 “ veil;

• veil; a religious life being the only
• relief to such sorrows as mine.'

Here Isabelle ceased, and it was some time before any of the company could make her an answer. At last David cried out, 'How unhappy am I to meet with a person of so much merit, under a sorrow in which it is impossible for me to hope to afford her the least consolation!' Cynthia, and the rest of the company, thanked Isabelle for informing them of her story; and said, if they had thought what her griefs were, they would not have asked her to have put herself to the pain her obliging them must unavoidably have cost her.

'Alas!' replied Isabelle, 'had my sorrows been less piercing, perhaps I should not have had resolution enough to have related them; but the excess of my affliction has made me so entirely give up the world, that the despair of any future enjoyments, and the very impossibility I find of ever meeting with any consolation, has in some measure calmed me, and prevents those violent agitations of the mind which, whatever people may fancy, are always owing to some latent hope of happiness.'

This whole company were so sensible that Isabelle was in the right in her resolutions of retiring from a world in which it was impossible for her to meet with any thing worth her regard, after what she had lost, that they did not attempt to dissuade her from it; and as soon as she had settled her aunt's affairs as she thought necessary, she took her leave of them, and returned to France.

This tragical story left very melancholy impressions on all their minds, and was continually the subject of their conversation during two or three days after Isabelle's departure. At which time the weather being fine, and their minds in a humour to enjoy the being on the water, they proposed spending a day there for their amusement. But these adventures must be reserved for another chapter.

CH A P. III.

CONTAINING SUCH A VARIETY AS
MAKES IT IMPOSSIBLE TO DRAW
UP A BILL OF FARE—BUT ALL

THE GUESTS ARE HEARTILY
WELCOME—AND I AM IN HOPES
EVERY ONE WILL FIND SOME-
THING TO PLEASE HIS PALATE.

THE next fine day was embraced by David and his companions to execute their purpose of going upon the river; and the water, 'ever friend to thought,' with the dashing of the oars, and the quick change of prospect from where the houses, at a little distance, seem, by their number and thickness, to be built on each other, to the fields and rural scenes, naturally threw them into a humour to reflect on their past lives; and they fell into a conversation on human miseries, most of which arise from the envy and malignity of mankind; from whence arose a debate amongst them, which had suffered the most. The two gentlemen agreed, that Cynthia and Camilla's sufferings had exceeded theirs; but David said, he thought Camilla's were infinitely beyond any thing he had ever heard. Valentine replied, that indeed he could not but own her afflictions were in some respects more violent than Cynthia's; but then she had enjoyed some pleasures in her life, for, till she was eighteen, she was happy; whilst poor Cynthia had been teased and vexed ever since she was born; and he thought it much worse to live continually on the fret, than to meet with one great misfortune; for the mind generally exerts all its force, and rises against things of consequence; while it is apt, by the neglect of what we think more trifling, to give way and be overcome. Cynthia and Camilla said, that indeed they had always thought their own misfortunes as great as human nature could bear, till they had heard poor Isabelle's story.

As they were thus engaged in this discourse, they perceived, at a little distance from them, the river all covered with barges and boats of various sizes; and, on enquiry, found the cause of it was, to see six watermen, who were rowing to Putney for a coat and badge. Minds so philosophical as their's immediately reflected how strong a picture this contention of the six boys is of human life; the eagerness with which each of them strove to attain this great reward, is a lively representation of the toils and labours men voluntarily

tily submit to, for the gratification of whatever passion has the predominancy over them. 'But these poor fellows,' said Cynthia, 'have in view what they really want, and justly think of the value of the prize which will be of real use to them; whilst most of the things we see people so eager in the pursuit of, have no other good in them but what consists chiefly in fancy.'

'Could the ambitious man succeed in all his schemes, if he would seriously consider the many toils and hazards he has gone through to come at this beloved height and grandeur, he certainly must conclude the trouble greatly outweighed the gain; for the top of the pinnacle, to attain which he has spent all his time, and watched so many anxious nights, is so narrow, and has so small a footing, that he stands in continual danger and fear of falling: for thousands of others, who are just as wise as himself, and imagine the place he stands in the only one they can be happy in, are daily leaving their own firm footing, climbing and catching to pull him down, in order to place themselves in his tottering, and, in my opinion, dreadful situation. Or, when the avaricious man has heaped up more money than an arithmetician can easily count, if he would own his restless state of mind to gain yet more, and the perturbation of his thoughts for fear of losing what he has attained, I believe no poor man in his senses would change his situation with him. But I fear I am growing too serious.' On which Valentine replied, it was impossible but that what she said must be pleasing to all the company. And David, with a sigh, said, he wished all the world would imitate these watermen, and fairly own when they were rowing against each other's interest; and not treacherously pretend to have an equal desire of promoting others good with their own, while they are underhand acting to destroy it.

As they were talking, on a sudden a boat which passed hastily by them splashed them in such a manner, they were obliged to get into a house, in order to refresh and dry themselves; and during their stay there, they heard a doleful crying and dismal lamenta-

tion in the next chamber; and sometimes they thought they heard the sound of blows. David, according to his usual method, could not be easy without enquiring what could be the cause of this complaint. Valentine and the rest were also desirous to be informed. On which they agreed to go into the room whence the noise came.

There sat at one corner of the room a middle-aged woman, who looked as if she had been very handsome, but her eyes were then swelled with crying. By her stood a man, looking in the utmost rage, clinching his fist at her, as if he was ready every moment to strike her down. Camilla, at David's request, presently went up to her, and desired to know of her what it was that had put the man in such a passion with her. The woman, in the softest voice, and mildest tone imaginable, replied as follows: 'You are very good, Madam, to take so much notice of the miseries of such a poor wretch as I am; I really cannot tell what it is that continually throws my husband (for so that man is) into such violent rages and passions with me. I have been married to him ten years, and, till within this half-year, we always lived together very happily; but now I dare not speak a word, lest he should beat and abuse me; and his only pleasure seems to be the contradicting me in every thing he knows I like.—What this usage proceeds from, or how I have displeased him, I cannot find out, for I make it my whole study to obey him.'

David immediately turned to the man, and begged him not to abuse his wife in such a manner. If he had taken any thing ill of her, it would be better to let her know it, and then he did not doubt but she would behave otherwise. But he could get no other answer from the man, than that he was resolved not to be made such a fool of as neighbour Such-a-one was by his wife; for though, perhaps, he had not so much sense as he in some respects, yet he was not so great a fool as to give way to a silly woman's humours neither, but could tell how to govern his wife. Cynthia and the rest of the company joined in entreating the man to use his wife better; but as they found all endeavours vain, for that the man abused her only because he

would not be made a fool of, they left them.

As they were going home, David could not help talking of this last scene, and trying if any of the company could find out any reason for this fellow's behaviour. Camilla said, she fancied she guessed the cause of it; for she remembered, when she lived at home with her father, a gentleman who used to come often to their house, and who made a very good husband; but from the time he saw her father's extravagant passion for his wife, he rejoiced in the thought that he had found out a weakness in him, and therefore took a resolution to have a superiority over him, at least in one point; and hence grew so morose, so sour to his wife, that he contradicted her in every thing she said or did; saying, she should not make such a fool of him as Livia did of her husband. 'Now,' continued she, 'I think this instance something like this fellow's behaviour. On the other hand, I knew several others who imitated my father, and, by awkward pretences to a passion they were not susceptible of, made the most ridiculous figures imaginable. I never shall forget one man, who was but in a middling station in life; but, however, in the country, he and his wife often dined and supped at our house: they lived together without any quarrels or disputes, and each performed their separate business with cheerfulness and good-humour, and they were what the world calls a happy couple. But after my father brought Livia home, and behaved to her in the manner before related, this man took it into his head that he also must be the fond husband, and consequently humoured his wife in every thing, till he made her perfectly miserable; for she grew too delicate to be happy; and was so whimsical, it was impossible to please her. For I have always observed, it requires a very good understanding to bear great indulgence, or great prosperity, without behaving ill and being ridiculous; for grown-up people, as well as children, when they are too much humoured, cry and are miserable because they don't know what they would have.'

Cynthia smiled at Camilla's account of this fond husband; and said, she could easily believe that a strong affec-

tation of sense, and a desire to be thought wise, might lead people into the most preposterous actions in the world; 'for,' continued she, 'I once knew a woman whose understanding was full good enough to conduct her through all the parts she had to act in life; and who was naturally of so calm a disposition, that, while she was young, I thought her formed to be the happiest creature in the world. And yet this woman was continually unhappy; for she accidentally met with those two lines of Congreve's in the 'Double Dealer,

"If happiness in self-content is plac'd,
"The wife are wretched, and fools only
"blest'd;"

and from that moment took up a resolution of never being contented with any thing: and I have really known her, when any trifling thing has gone otherwise than she would have it, strut about the room like a heroine in a tragedy, repeating the forementioned lines; and then set herself down perfectly satisfied with her own parts, because she found she could with art raise an uneasiness and vexation in her own mind. For as people who really have sense employ their time in lowering all sensations which they find give them pain; so persons who who are so wise as to think all happiness depends on the reputation of having an understanding, often pay even the price of continual fretting, in order to obtain this their imaginary good. And the human mind is so framed, that I believe no person is so void of passion, or so perfectly exempt from being subject to be uneasy at disappointments, but by frequently giving way to being discomposed at trifles, they may at last bring themselves to such a habitude of teasing and vexing themselves, as will in the end appear perfectly natural.'

Valentine hearkened with the utmost joy and attention to every word Cynthia uttered. Camilla perfectly agreed with her in her sentiments; and David could not forbear expressing a great uneasiness that mankind should think any thing worthy their serious regard but real goodness. Nothing more worth remarking happened to them that day; they spent the evening in a conversation

on Isabelle's misfortunes, which dwelt strongly on poor David's mind; and the next, being very wet weather, they resolved to stay at home.

Cynthia, who always employed her thoughts in what manner she could best amuse her company, proposed the telling them a story she knew of two young ladies while she was abroad. And as every person of this party delighted in hearing her talk, and expressed their great desire she would relate it, she, without any ceremony, began what will be seen in the next chapter.

C H A P. IV.

CONTAINING SOME SMALL HINTS, THAT MEN'S CHARACTERS IN THE WORLD ARE NOT ALWAYS SUITED TO THEIR MERIT, NOTWITHSTANDING THE GREAT PENE- TRATION AND CANDOUR OF MANKIND.

THERE were two young English ladies at Paris with a married lady of their acquaintance, who were celebrated for their beauty throughout the whole town: one of them was named Corinna, and the other Sacharissa; and, notwithstanding they were sisters, yet were they as perfectly different, in both person and temper; as if they had been no-way related. Corinna was tall, well-proportioned, and had a majesty in her person and a lustre in her countenance which at once surprized and charmed all her beholders. Her eyes were naturally full of fire; and yet she had such a command of them, that she could lower their fierceness, and turn them into the greatest softness imaginable whenever she thought proper: she spoke in so many different turns of voice, according to what she desired to express, and had such various gestures in her person, that it might be truly said, in her was found "variety in one." In short, the constant flow of spirits which the consciousness of an unlimited power of pleasing supplied her with, enabled her in the most simple manner to execute that power.

Sacharissa's person was very well made, and in her countenance was a great sweetness. She spoke but seldom, but what she said was always a

proof of her good understanding. Her manner was grave and reserved, and her behaviour had something of that kind of quietness and stillness in it which is often imputed by the injudicious to a want of spirit. In short, notwithstanding her beauty and good sense, she wanted those little ways of setting off her charms to the best advantage which Corinna had to the greatest perfection; and, quite contrary to her sister, from her great modesty and fear of displeasing, often lost opportunities of gaining lovers which she otherwise might have had.

These two ladies set out in the world with very different maxims: Corinna's whole delight was in admiration; she proposed no other pleasure but in first gaining, and then keeping her conquests; and she laid it down as a certain rule, that few men's affections were to be kept by any other method than that of sometimes endeavouring to vex and hurt them; for that difficulty and disappointment in the pursuit were the only things that made any blessing sweet, and gave a relish to all the enjoyments of life.

Her conversation, when she was only amongst women, continually ran on this subject: she used to try to prove her assertion by every thing she met with: if she went into a room adorned with all the different arts invented by mankind, such as painting, sculpture, &c. she would always ask her sister, whether she thought, if that room was her own property, and she might make use of it whenever she pleased; it would not become perfectly indifferent to her, the beauties of it fade in her eyes, and all the pleasure be lost in the custom of seeing it? Nay, she said, she believed variety would make the plainest building or the homeliest cottage sometimes a more agreeable sight.

Sacharissa could not help agreeing with her in this, and then Corinna had all she wanted. "Why, then," said she, "should we expect men to go from the common rule of nature in our favour? And if we will satiate them with our kindness, how can we blame them for the natural consequence of it, viz. their being tired of us? Health itself loses it's relish

“ to a man who knows not what it is
 “ to be sick; and wealth is never so
 “ much enjoyed as by one who has
 “ known what it is to be poor: all the
 “ pleasures of life are heightened by
 “ sometimes experiencing their con-
 “ trary. Even fuel burns the stronger
 “ for being dashed with cold water;
 “ but then, indeed, we ought to have
 “ judgment enough not to throw too
 “ much, lest we extinguish, instead of
 “ increasing the flame. We must exam-
 “ ine the different tempers of men,
 “ and see how much they will bear,
 “ before we attempt the dealing with
 “ them at all.”

“ In this manner would she run on
 “ for an hour together. On the other
 “ hand, Sacharissa had no levity in her
 “ temper, and consequently no vanity
 “ in having variety of lovers. The only
 “ pleasure she proposed in life was that
 “ of making a good wife to the man she
 “ liked, by which means she did not
 “ doubt but she should make a good
 “ husband of him; and used often to
 “ say, that as she did not value having
 “ many admirers, she did not fear but
 “ an honest plain behaviour would fix
 “ the affections of one worthy man.
 “ But if her sister was in the right, and
 “ no man was to be dealt with but by
 “ using art and playing tricks, she
 “ could content herself very well to live
 “ all her life-time a single woman; for
 “ she thought the love of a man which
 “ was to be kept that way was not
 “ worth having. Nay, she resolved to
 “ make that trial of a man’s goodness,
 “ that whenever she liked him, she would
 “ tell him of it; and if he grew cold
 “ upon it, she should think she was
 “ happily delivered of such a lover.
 “ Corinna laughed, and told her, she
 “ might tell a man she liked him, pro-
 “ vided she would but now and then be
 “ cold enough to him to give him a
 “ small suspicion and fear of losing her.

“ Sacharissa was as much talked of
 “ for her beauty, by those who had only
 “ seen them in public, as her sister; but
 “ amongst the men who visited them,
 “ Corinna had almost all the lovers.
 “ She had six in a set of English gen-
 “ tlemen, who generally kept together
 “ the whole time they were at Paris;
 “ whose characters, as every two of
 “ them were a perfect contrast to each
 “ other, I will give you before I go any
 “ farther.

“ The gentleman whose character I
 “ shall begin with had the reputation,
 “ amongst all his acquaintance, of being
 “ the most artful man alive; he had
 “ very good sense, and talked with great
 “ judgment on every subject he happen-
 “ ed to fall upon, but he had not learn-
 “ ed that most useful lesson of reducing
 “ his knowledge to practice; and whilst
 “ every body was suspecting him, and
 “ guarding against those very deep de-
 “ signs they fancied he was forming, he,
 “ who in reality was very credulous,
 “ constantly fell into the snares of peo-
 “ ple who had not half his understand-
 “ ing. He could not do the most in-
 “ different action, but all the wise
 “ heads, who fancy they prove their
 “ judgments by being suspicious, saw
 “ something couched under that appar-
 “ ent simplicity, which they said was
 “ hid from the injudicious and unwary
 “ eye. I have really seen people, when
 “ they have been repeating some saying,
 “ or talking of a transaction of his,
 “ hum—and ha—for half an hour, and
 “ put on that look which some people
 “ are spiteful enough to call dull; whilst
 “ others are so excessively good-natured,
 “ as to give it the term of serious, only
 “ to consider what great mystery was
 “ concealed under such his words or ac-
 “ tions.

“ The poor man led a miserable life
 “ from being thus reputed to have art.
 “ That open generosity of temper, which
 “ for my part I thought very apparent
 “ in him, was generally esteemed only
 “ to be put on in order to cover those
 “ cunning views he had continually be-
 “ fore his eyes. Thus, because he did
 “ not talk like a fool he must act like a
 “ villain; which, in my opinion, is the
 “ falsest conclusion imaginable; and, as
 “ a proof of it, I will let you into the
 “ character of a man who was in every
 “ respect perfectly opposite to the other.

“ This person’s understanding was
 “ but very small; the best things he
 “ said were trite, and such as he had
 “ picked up from others: he had the
 “ reputation in the world of a very silly
 “ fellow, but of one who had no harm
 “ in him; whereas in reality he spent
 “ his whole time in laying plots which
 “ way he might do the most mischief.
 “ And as things in this world, even of
 “ the greatest consequence, sometimes
 “ turn on very small hinges, and his ca-
 “ pacity was exactly suited to the com-
 “ prehension

prehenſion and management of trifles; he often ſucceeded in his pernicious ſchemes better than a man of ſenſe would have done whoſe ideas were more enlarged, and his thoughts ſo much fixed on great affairs, that ſmall ones might frequently have eſcaped his notice.

I look upon the difference between a man who has a real underſtanding, and one who has a little low cunning, to be juſt as great as that between a man who ſees clearly and one who is purblind. The man to whom nature has been ſo kind as to enable him to extend his views aſar off, often employs his thoughts and raiſes his imagination with a beautiful diſtant proſpect, and perhaps he overlooks the ſhrubs and rubbiſh that lie juſt before him, which, notwithſtanding, are capable of throwing him down, and doing him an injury; whiſt the man who is purblind, from the impoſſibility he finds of ſeeing farther, is in a manner forced to fix his eyes on nearer objects; and, by that means, often eſcapes the falls which thoſe who neglect the little ſtumbling-blocks in their way are ſubject to. In this caſe I fancy it would be thought very ridiculous, if the one who walked ſteadily, becauſe he can only ſee what is juſt under his feet, ſhould ſwear the other has no eyes, becauſe he ſometimes makes a falſe ſtep while he is wandering over and delighting himſelf with the beauties of the creation.

But let mankind divide underſtanding, or ſenſe, (or whatever they pleaſe to call it) into ever ſo many parts, or give it ten thouſand different names, that every one may catch hold of ſomething to flatter themſelves with, and ſtrut and look big in the fancied poſſeſſion of; I can never believe but that he who has the quickeſt apprehenſion, and the greateſt comprehension, will always judge beſt of every thing he attends to. But the mind's eye (as Shakeſpeare calls it) is not formed to take in many ideas, no more than the body's many objects at once; and therefore I ſhould not at all wonder to ſee a man who was

admiring the beauties of the riſing ſun, and greedily devouring the various proſpect of hills and vallies, woods and water, fall over a cabbage-ſtump which he thought unworthy his notice.

But to return to my gentleman. I actually knew ſeveral inſtances of his deceiving and impoſing on people in the moſt egregious manner, only becauſe they could not ſuſpect ſuch a head as his of forming any ſchemes; but if ever there was a viſible proof that he had done any miſchief, then the artful man (though perhaps he had never known any thing of the matter) had ſet him on, and it was a thouſand pities the poor innocent creature ſhould thus be made a tool of another's villainy, for he certainly would never have thought of it himſelf. I could not help laughing ſometimes, to ſee how much this man endeavour'd at the reputation of art, (fooliſhly thinking it a ſign of ſenſe) without being able to attain it; while the other, with full as ill ſucceſs, did all he could to get rid of it, that he might conſerve with mankind without their being afraid of him.

The third gentleman of this community paſſed for the beſt-natured man in the world; he never heard of another's miſfortunes but he ſhrugged up his ſhoulders, expreſſing a great deal of ſorrow for them, although he never thought of them afterwards: the real truth was, he had not tenderneſs enough in his diſpoſition to love any body; and therefore kept up a continual chearfulneſs, as he never felt the diſappointments and torments of mind thoſe people feel who are ill-ufed by the perſon they have ſet their affections on. He was beloved, that is, he was liked by all who converſed with him; for, as he was ſeldom vexed, he had that ſort of complaiſance which makes people ready to dance, play, or do any thing they are deſired; and I believe ſuch ſort of reaſons as Shakeſpeare puts in Falſtaff's mouth for Prince Harry's loving Pointz*, are the grounds of moſt of the friendships profeſſed in the world; and this makes

* That the reader may not have the trouble to turn to Shakeſpeare, to ſee what theſe ſtrong ties of affection are which Falſtaff ſpeaks of, I have here ſet down the paſſage.

Dol. Why doth the prince love Pointz ſo, then?

Fal. Becauſe their legs are both of a bigneſs, and he plays at quoits well, and eats
conger

‘ makes them so lasting as they are.
 ‘ Whoever can accompany another in
 ‘ his diversions, and be like him in his
 ‘ taste of pleasures, will be more loved
 ‘ and better thought of by him than a
 ‘ man of much more merit, and from
 ‘ whom he has received many more real
 ‘ kindnesses, will be.

‘ But I now proceed to the contrast
 ‘ of this good-natured man, whose re-
 ‘ putation was quite contrary; for
 ‘ whoever mentioned him was sure
 ‘ to hear he was the worst-natured,
 ‘ most morose creature living; and yet
 ‘ this man did all the benevolent actions
 ‘ that were in his power; but he had
 ‘ so much tenderness in him that he
 ‘ was continually hurt, and conse-
 ‘ quently out of humour. His love of
 ‘ mankind was the cause that he ap-
 ‘ peared to hate them; for often, when
 ‘ his heart was torn to pieces and ready
 ‘ to burst at either ill usage from his
 ‘ friends, or some particular misfortune
 ‘ which had befallen them, and which
 ‘ he was incapable of removing, he
 ‘ cared so little what came of the world,
 ‘ that he could hear a pitiful story with-
 ‘ out any emotion, and perhaps shewed
 ‘ a carelessness at it which made the
 ‘ relater go away with a fixed opinion
 ‘ of his brutality and ill-nature.

‘ But there is nothing so false as the
 ‘ characters which are given to most
 ‘ people; and I am afraid this is not
 ‘ owing so much to men’s ignorance
 ‘ as to their malignity; for whenever
 ‘ one man is envious of another, he en-
 ‘ deavours to take from him what he
 ‘ really has, and gives him something
 ‘ else in the room of it which he knows
 ‘ he has not. He leaves it to the world
 ‘ to find out his deficiency in that point;
 ‘ if he can but hide from men’s eyes
 ‘ whatever it is he envies him for, he is
 ‘ satisfied.

‘ The next character I am to give
 ‘ you, is that of a man who has such
 ‘ strong sensations of every thing, that
 ‘ he is, as Mr. Pope finely says,
 ‘ “ Tremblingly alive all o’er.” His
 ‘ inclinations hurry him away, and his
 ‘ resolution is too weak ever to resist

‘ them. When he is with any one he
 ‘ loves, and tenderness is uppermost,
 ‘ he is melted into a softness equal to
 ‘ that of a fond mother with her simi-
 ‘ ling infant at her breast. On the other
 ‘ hand, if he either has, or fancies he
 ‘ has, the least cause for anger, he is,
 ‘ for the present, perfectly furious, and
 ‘ values not what he says or does to the
 ‘ person he imagines his enemy; but
 ‘ the moment this passion subsides, the
 ‘ least submission entirely blots the of-
 ‘ fence from his memory.

‘ He is of a very forgiving temper;
 ‘ but the worst is, he forgives himself
 ‘ with full as much ease as he does an-
 ‘ other, and this makes him have too
 ‘ little guard over his actions. He de-
 ‘ signs no ill, and wishes to be virtuous;
 ‘ but if any virtue interferes with his
 ‘ inclinations, he is overborne by the
 ‘ torrent, and does not deliberate a mo-
 ‘ ment which to chuse.

‘ Confer an obligation on him, and
 ‘ he is overwhelmed with thankfulness
 ‘ and gratitude; and this not at all
 ‘ owing to dissimulation, for he does
 ‘ not express half he feels. But this
 ‘ idea soon gives place to others; and
 ‘ then do any thing which is in the least
 ‘ disagreeable to him, and he imme-
 ‘ diately sets his imagination (which
 ‘ is very strong) to work to lessen all
 ‘ you have done for him, and his whole
 ‘ mind is possessed by what he thinks
 ‘ your present ill behaviour.

‘ He has often put me in mind of a
 ‘ story I once heard of a fellow, who
 ‘ accidentally falling into the Thames,
 ‘ and not knowing how to swim, had
 ‘ like to have been drowned; when a
 ‘ gentleman, who stood by, jumped
 ‘ into the river, and saved him. The
 ‘ man fell on his knees, was ready to
 ‘ adore him for thus delivering him, and
 ‘ said, he would joyfully sacrifice the
 ‘ life he had saved at any time on his
 ‘ least command. The next day the
 ‘ gentleman met him again, and asked
 ‘ him how he did after his fright?
 ‘ When the man, instead of being any
 ‘ longer thankful for his safety, up-
 ‘ braided him for pulling him by the ear

‘ conger and fennel, and drinks off candles ends for flap-dragons, and rides the wild
 ‘ mare with the boys, and jumps upon joint-stools, and swears with a good grace, and
 ‘ wears his boot very smooth like unto the sign of the leg, and breeds no bait with telling
 ‘ discreet stories; and such other gambol faculties he hath, that shew a weak mind and an
 ‘ able body, for the which the prince admires him; for the prince himself is such another,
 ‘ the weight of an hair will turn the scale between their Avoirdupois.’

in such a manner that it had pained him ever since. Thus that trifling inconvenience, in twenty-four hours, had entirely swallowed up the remembrance that his life was owing to it. Just so doth the gentleman I am speaking of act by all the world.

He has the greatest aversion imaginable to see another in pain and uneasiness; and therefore, while any one is with him, he has not resolution enough to refuse them any thing, be it ever so unreasonable. Importunity makes him uneasy, and therefore he cannot withstand it; but when they are absent from him, he gives himself no trouble what they suffer; let him not see it, and he cares not: he would not interrupt a moment of his own pleasure on any account whatever. He never considers what is right or wrong, but pursues the gratification of every inclination with the utmost vigour; and all the pains he takes is, not in examining his actions either before or after he has done them, but in proving to himself that what he likes is best: and he has the art of doing this in such a manner, that, while people are with him, it is very difficult to prevent being imposed on by his fallacious way of arguing. And yet, tell him a story of another's actions, and no one can judge better, only I think rather too rigidly; for, as he doth not feel their inclinations, he can see all their folly, and cannot find out any reason for their giving way to their passions.

He has great parts; and when he is in good-humour, and nothing ruffles him, is one of the agreeablest men I ever knew; but it is in the power of every the least disappointment to discompose and shake his whole frame, and then he is much more offensive and disagreeable than the most insignificant creature in the world. He never considers the consequences of any thing before he does it. He ruined his sister by his wrong-placed pride; for she had a lover who was greatly her superior in point of fortune, but there were some circumstances in his affairs which made it very inconvenient for him to marry her immediately. The brother took it into his head he was designing to dishonour his family, and challenged him. The gentleman overcame him, and gave

him his life, but resolved never to speak to his sister more; for he said it should not be reported of him that he was compelled to marry her. The poor young creature, who had fixed her affections on him, had a slur cast on her reputation, and has been miserable ever since. He is not so ill-natured, but that seeing her so makes him uneasy; and therefore the remedy he takes is not to see her at all, but to live at a distance from her; and he comforts himself, that it was his love for her made him act in such a manner. Had it been another man's case, he would have soon found out that it was not tenderness for a sister, but pride and vanity, that caused so rash an action.

One thing is very diverting in him, and has often made me laugh; for it is very easy to know whether the last action he has done is good or bad by what he himself says: for when benevolence has prevailed in his mind, and he has done what he thinks right, then he employs all his wit and eloquence to prove the great goodness of human nature. But when, by giving way to pride, anger, or any other passion, he hath been hurried into the commission of what he cannot perfectly approve, he then immediately falls on the great wickedness of all mankind, and sets himself to work to argue every virtue out of the world. The inconsistency of his behaviour makes his character in the world very various; for people who have been witnesses of some parts of his conduct take him for the best of creatures; whilst others, who have known some of his worst actions, think him the vilest. It is not to be wondered at that he should be thus inconsistent with himself, for he has no fixed principles to act by; he gives way to every inclination that happens to be uppermost; and as it is natural for people to love to justify themselves, his conversation turns greatly on the irresistibleness of human passions, and an endeavour to prove that all men act by them. But people who have the reputation of wit or sense should take great care what they say or do, for the sake of others who are apt to be influenced by their example, and form their sentiments by their precepts.

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‘ The last of the six characters I promised to give you, and the contrast to this gentleman, is a very odd one. His understanding is very indifferent, but he has a strong inclination to be thought both witty and wise; he envies the other, because he finds that, with all his faults, his company is more coveted than his own; and therefore, as he finds he cannot equal him in wit and entertainment, he fixes on wisdom and discretion, and exults in the superiority he imagines these give him; so that instead of being, like the other, hurried into actions by his own inclinations, he deliberates so long and weighs so nicely every circumstance that may attend whatever is proposed to him, that he puzzles his brain, and bewilders himself in his own wisdom, till he does not know how to act at all; and often, by these methods, loses opportunities of doing what would be very much for his advantage while he is considering whether he should do it or no. And it is not only in things of moment he is thus considerate, but also in the most trifling affairs in life. He will not go even to a party of pleasure till he has confused himself so long, whether it will be discreet or no, that, when he is resolved, he can have no enjoyment in it.

‘ I remember once, while we were at Paris, this knot of gentlemen, my lady, myself in the character of a toad-eater, and some more ladies, proposed spending a week at Versailles: this gentleman could not find out whether it would give him most pleasure or pain to accompany us; and was so long in deliberating, that at last Monsieur Le Vive (which was the name the gentleman who was so whimsically guided by his passions always went by while he was at Paris) swore he would stay no longer; and we drove away, leaving him at the gate in a thoughtful posture, as if he had been endeavouring to find out the most difficult problem in the mathematics.

‘ He pretends to a great affection for Le Vive, but I verily believe he hates him in his heart; for, when he is absent from him, his whole discourse turns on his indiscretions, which indeed he expresses great sorrow for;

‘ but, in my opinion, he only affects to pity him, for an excuse to fix people’s minds on his faults, and to make them see his own imagined superiority. I have known several of these friends, who go about lamenting every wrong thing done by the person they falsely pretend a friendship for; but to me they cannot give a stronger proof that they hate and envy them.

‘ For a man who is really concerned for another’s frailties will keep them as much as possible even from his own thoughts, as well as endeavour to hide them from the rest of the world. And whenever I hear one of these lamenters cry, “It is pity such-a-one has such failings, for otherwise he would be a charming creature!” and then reckon them all up, without forgetting one circumstance; I cannot forbear telling them, that I think this would better become an enemy than a friend. This man got the nick-name of the Balancer, and was the diversion of all who knew him.

‘ Many other silly fellows who conversed with Le Vive acted quite contrary to the Balancer, and affected to imitate him. It was a common thing with him to say, that people of the greatest understandings had generally the strongest sensations; for which reason, I really knew two men who were naturally of cold, phlegmatick dispositions, throw themselves into continual passions in order to prove their sense. They could not come up to Le Vive in their conversation; and therefore, with great penetration, they found out an easier way to be like him, and were so very humble as to imitate him in his failings.

‘ I visited the wife of one of them, and was sitting with her one day when the husband came in. She happened to say something he did not like; on which he, in appearance, threw himself into a violent agony, swore and stamped about the room like a madman, and at last caught up a great stick, with which he broke one of the finest sets of china I ever saw. The poor woman, who was really frightened, stood staring, and knew not what to say; but when his passion had continued just as long as he thought necessary to prove his wisdom, he grew calm

calm again, and then asked his wife ten thousand pardons for what he had done; said, he was very sorry he was so passionate; but all people acted by their passions, and he could not help his nature; it was a misfortune often attended persons of very good sense; and, as an instance of it, named Le Vève. I saw through the whole thing, and could hardly keep my countenance; but immediately took my leave, that I might have the liberty to make my own reflections without being observed—for nothing is so capacious as a man who is acting a part, it being very natural for him to be in a continual fear of being found out.

Corinna had another lover, who was a Frenchman, in a very high station. His mind was cast much in the same mould with hers. Vanity was the chief motive of all his actions, and the gratification of that vanity was the sole end of all his designs. He delighted in all manner of fine things; that is, he was pleased to call them his own; for the finest picture that ever Michael Angelo drew would have given him no pleasure unless the world had known he was in possession of it. And what is yet more strange, the most beautiful woman was only preferred to the rest by him, that it might be said his charms had made a conquest of the person others sighed for in vain. It was for this reason he followed Corinna; every new lover she got increased his affections; the greater crowd of admirers she had, the better he was pleased, provided she would but shew to the world that she only kept them in her train whilst he was permitted to lead her by the hand.

Here Cynthia said she was tired, and would reserve the remainder of her story till the afternoon. They spent the interval, till she thought proper to begin again, in general conversation, and remarks on the characters she had given them. As soon as Valentine thought she had rested long enough to make it agreeable to her to tell them the rest of the story, he begged her to go on with it; and she, who never wanted to be asked twice to oblige any of that company, proceeded as will be seen in the next chapter.

C H A P. V.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE STORY OF CORINNA.

CORINNA's manner of dealing with these various characters was really very diverting. For to the man of sense who had the reputation of being an artful man, and who always treated her with very great respect, yet told her his love in a plain unaffected manner, (for he had not been much used to gallantry) and always dealt with every one with simplicity, she softened her looks to such a degree, as gave him some distant hopes that he might be her choice. And as a coquette was the character he most despised, it would have been impossible to have persuaded him that she had any sort of coquetry in her. She plainly saw how much his real character was mistaken; and that the other gentleman, who was reputed to be perfectly artless, employed his whole time and thoughts in endeavouring to undermine her by his cunning. To him therefore she was more reserved; and, by continually counterplotting him, at last gave him the most consummate opinion of her wisdom: for as he looked on art and sense to be the same thing, he thought a woman who could equal him in the former must be the most extraordinary creature in the world.

The man whom the world esteemed to be ill-natured, only because he was capable of being touched with either the afflictions or behaviour of his friends, she worked backward and forward in such a manner as made him one moment curse her, and the next adore her; by that means keeping his thoughts continually on the stretch, and giving him no time to recollect himself enough to forsake her. The thing in the world he valued in a woman, was having the same sensations with himself; therefore, whenever she found she had gone far enough to hurt him thoroughly, she picked up some trifle he had done, and told him it was the suspicion of his slighting her that had made her so uneasy,

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‘ she could not command herself: by
 ‘ this means he was perfectly convinced
 ‘ that she had no fault but what arose
 ‘ from the strength of her good-nature.

‘ As to the gentleman who was al-
 ‘ ways pleased, she had no great trou-
 ‘ ble with him; and only danced and
 ‘ sung with him, and he was perfectly
 ‘ satisfied she was the best-humoured
 ‘ woman in the world, which was the
 ‘ quality he most admired.

‘ The Balancer never told her he liked
 ‘ her in his life; for he did not dare to
 ‘ go so far, lest he should not be able
 ‘ afterwards to disengage himself. He
 ‘ sat whole hours, and looked at her
 ‘ with wonder and admiration, con-
 ‘ sidering with himself whether it would
 ‘ be wise for him to make love to her
 ‘ or no. She saw she had him sure
 ‘ enough, but did not let it appear to
 ‘ him that she understood his looks.
 ‘ She flattered him in his own way, ask-
 ‘ ing his advice about every trifle, pre-
 ‘ tending she was deliberating about
 ‘ things she never had a serious thought
 ‘ of; he therefore believed her a mira-
 ‘ cle of discretion.

‘ Her hardest task was how to ma-
 ‘ nage Le Vive; for the impetuosity of
 ‘ his inclinations would not bear being
 ‘ dallied with; and she found, with all
 ‘ her art, it was impossible to keep him
 ‘ long without consenting to marry him.
 ‘ But as he was always apt to believe
 ‘ whatever his inclinations suggested to
 ‘ him, she contrived to make him think,
 ‘ that she had no other reason for not im-
 ‘ mediately complying with his desire
 ‘ but delicacy; for that she thought a wo-
 ‘ man must be a strange creature who did
 ‘ not expect some gallantry from a man
 ‘ before he could obtain her love. And
 ‘ as Le Vive had really a very deli-
 ‘ cate turn in his own mind, it was
 ‘ what he most admired in a woman;
 ‘ and, consequently, he was the more
 ‘ charmed with her for thinking she
 ‘ had so large a share of it. She was
 ‘ obliged to be denied to all the rest
 ‘ whenever he came to see her; for she
 ‘ could not so easily impose on him as
 ‘ on the others, and the least suspicion
 ‘ would have excited him to the highest
 ‘ degree of rage. She durst not play
 ‘ many tricks with him, only she would
 ‘ now and then just tease him enough
 ‘ to make his passion return with the
 ‘ greater violence.

‘ As to the vain man, he easily believ-

‘ ed she preferred him to all mankind;
 ‘ and it is incredible how vast a plea-
 ‘ sure he took in reflecting on the joys
 ‘ he should feel in being reputed to have
 ‘ the handsomest wife in all France.
 ‘ The possession of so fine a woman was
 ‘ the least thing in his consideration;
 ‘ for if he had been obliged to have
 ‘ lived a recluse life with her, all her
 ‘ charms would have immediately van-
 ‘ ished, and his relish would have been
 ‘ totally lost for them; but whilst his
 ‘ vanity was gratified, he thought her
 ‘ possessed of every accomplishment any
 ‘ woman could be adorned with. Thus
 ‘ mankind go farther than Pygmalion
 ‘ in the fable; for he, indeed, fell in
 ‘ love with a statue, but still kept his
 ‘ senses enough only to pray to the
 ‘ gods to give her life and motion;
 ‘ but they, if once a woman’s form
 ‘ pleases them, not only wish her pos-
 ‘ sessed of every thing else, but believe
 ‘ and swear she is so.

‘ I once visited Corinna when all her
 ‘ lovers happened to be there together.
 ‘ I suppose Le Vive was let in by some
 ‘ accident she could not avoid. The
 ‘ grave man of sense appeared diffident
 ‘ of himself, and seemed afraid to speak
 ‘ to her. The artful man sat silent, and
 ‘ seemed to be laying some very deep
 ‘ plot. The man who was so apt to be
 ‘ hurt by the behaviour of others could
 ‘ hardly forbear breaking out in re-
 ‘ proaches. The gay, good-humoured
 ‘ spark, capered and sung, and was ne-
 ‘ ver better pleased in his life. The
 ‘ Balancer attempted to speak several
 ‘ times, but broke off with half a sen-
 ‘ tence, as not having considered enough
 ‘ whether he was going to speak wisely
 ‘ or no. Le Vive had no patience, and
 ‘ could hardly be civil to her; but per-
 ‘ fectly stormed at her, and left the
 ‘ room in a violent passion. But the
 ‘ vain man was all joy and rapture;
 ‘ for, on some particular civilities she
 ‘ shewed him, he concluded he was the
 ‘ happy man; and, indeed, whether the
 ‘ sympathy there was in their minds
 ‘ (for both their pleasures lay in gra-
 ‘ tifying their vanity) influenced her,
 ‘ or whether his having a great for-
 ‘ tune swayed her, I cannot tell, but
 ‘ she certainly did give him the prefe-
 ‘ rence before all her other lovers.

‘ After this meeting of them all to-
 ‘ gether, as she found it impossible any
 ‘ longer to keep them all as dangles,

‘ she began to think seriously of marrying the vain man. She considered, that if she led this life much longer, she should get the reputation of a finished coquette, and consequently lose all her power; whereas, by marrying, she might have the liberty of conversing with all her husband’s acquaintance without being much censured. Besides, she knew enough of his temper, not to be ignorant that he would bring her home all the admirers he could, in order to indulge himself in the thoughts that he had gained the woman so much liked by others. She was very sure she could not be particularly fond of him, nor of any other man; and always laid it down as a maxim, that it was too much love on the women’s side that was generally the cause of their losing their husbands’ affections. In short, these, and several other considerations, induced her at last to give her hand to the vain man.

‘ They were married three months before I came from Paris, and were generally esteemed a very fond couple. She coquets it just enough to shew him, that if he does not take care of his behaviour, he is in danger of losing her; and he indulges her in every thing she can wish, and still keeps up the lover, for fear of the disgrace of her liking any body else. Sacharissa, with whom I conversed as often as I could get liberty, told me, that Corinna often asked her, how long she thought she should reign thus absolute in her husband’s house, if she made an humble, fond wife, and did not continually shew him how much he was obliged to her for chusing him? I will relate to you one scene that passed between them, word for word, as Sacharissa told it me.

‘ There was a young gentleman dined with them one day, with whom Corinna was more gay, and went farther in her coquetry than usual; insomuch, that at last her husband grew quite out of humour; she perceived it, but did not at all alter her behaviour on that account. There was a great deal of company at the table, and Corinna was in the highest raptures to see the joy which sparkled in the eyes of the man she took most notice of; the envious, uneasy looks of all the others, and her husband’s discontent. This

‘ might be called the wantonness of power, and she was resolved to indulge herself in the full enjoyment of it. When the company were gone, her husband sat sullen and out of humour, and would not speak one word. It was her usual method, whenever he thought proper to be in this temper, to let him come to himself again as he pleased; for she never said any thing to him to endeavour to bring him out of it. I cannot say I much pitied him, as all his uneasiness arose from vanity; but had the greatest tenderness for her been the cause of it, she would have acted just in the same manner; for it was one of her political maxims, that whatever woman troubled her head whether her husband was pleased or no, would find employment enough to keep him in temper; but if she could have so strong a resolution as to hold out, if he either loved her, or a quiet life, he would certainly submit in the end; and the difficulty he found in being reconciled to her would make him afraid of offending her.

‘ However, this passed on three or four days, and neither of them spoke. Corinna dressed and went abroad with as much cheerfulness as usual; till he held out so long, that she began to be frightened lest he should be meditating some design of parting with her, and by that means bring a disgrace upon her. Her pride would not suffer her to think of a submission; besides, she knew that method would be totally ineffectual with a man of her husband’s temper.

‘ Sacharissa, although she could not approve her behaviour, had so much good-nature, she would willingly have assisted her in bringing about a reconciliation; but her mind was so perfectly free from all art, and every word she spoke, nay, her very looks so plainly shewed her thoughts, that it was impossible for her to hit on any scheme for her sister’s advantage. Corinna, after much deliberation, as her last effort, engaged a lady of her acquaintance to invite her and her husband to dinner; where, as by accident, they were to meet the gentleman who was the first occasion of their quarrel; who, the moment he saw Corinna, began to behave to her with all the assurance of a man who fancies

cies himself the object of admiration, can be inspired with. But she had now another scheme in view; and as she had before indulged her own vanity at the expence of her husband's, she thought it necessary, in order to bring about her present designs, to turn the man into ridicule, who, from her own behaviour, had fed himself with the hopes of obtaining her favour; and while she played him off with all the liveliness and wit she was mistress off, by the whole company's plainly perceiving the great preference she gave her husband, he was by degrees worked into raptures he never felt for her before; and when they came home, was visibly more her slave than ever.

Thus, by following the maxim she had laid down from her youth, of never shewing too much love to the man she had a mind to govern, she so far succeeded in all her schemes, that if ever any dispute arose between them after this scene, it was not without the most servile submissions on her husband's side, and her exerting all the most haughty airs she could think on, that he could ever obtain a reconciliation with her: nor did she think herself at all to blame for such a conduct; but often asserted, that notwithstanding all the complaints of women's levity and coquetry, yet, that she thought the man who gives up all his ease, and sacrifices all his time to the satisfying a restless ambition and the grasping of power, was just on the same footing with the woman who makes it her study to display and set off her charms in order to gain a general admiration: that the same love of power was the motive of both their actions; and, consequently, that she could not see, if there is so much folly as is said to be in the one, how the other could be exempted from the same imputation.

But here I will leave her, and go back to Sacharissa. Her taste was too good, although she had a great softness in her temper, for her easily to fix her affections; but the man of sense, whom I have already mentioned to you as a lover of Corinna's, touched her heart. She took care to conceal it, because she well knew Corinna would be uneasy at parting with one admirer, although her dislike to

him was ever so great. But when Corinna was married, and this gentleman compared her usage of all her lovers with Sacharissa's modest and good-natured behaviour, he fixed his love on the woman who now appeared so much the most deserving. The court ship did not last long; for as she had made it a rule never to conceal her affections from the man she loved longer than she doubted of his decency was the only thing considered by her; and they were married about a month before I left Paris. I never saw a greater prospect of happiness in my life; for their love was reciprocal, and they highly esteemed each other.

Cynthia had the thanks of the whole company for her relation; particularly Valentine's, who expressed the greatest admiration at her manner of telling it. They spent the rest of the evening in remarks on Cynthia's story; and David said, he did not think there could have been such a character as Corinna's in the world; that he began to be in great anxiety to see a woman painted in such a light; but Sacharissa's tenderness and good nature had revived his spirits, in shewing him the blessing a man possessed, when he could gain the affections of a person whose heart was faithful, and whose mind was replete with goodness. In saying this, he fixed his eyes stedfastly on Camilla, till he saw her blush and seem out of countenance, which made him immediately turn the discourse: and when they separated to go to bed, Valentine followed his sister into her room, and seemed almost choaked for want of power to utter his thoughts.

Camilla was not ignorant what subject he wanted to talk on, and immediately began a discourse on Cynthia. At last she brought him to say, 'Oh! Camilla, how happy must that man be who can touch the heart of Cynthia! There is no hope for your unfortunate brother; for even if she could condescend to look on me, my circumstances are such, I dare not own my love to her. Mr. Simple's generosity and goodness to us makes it utterly impossible I should ever think of loading him with more burdens: no; I must for ever banish from my thoughts the only woman who is capable of raising my love and esteem. You may remember in our

‘very youthful days, when I hardly knew why I liked her, how fond I was of being with Cynthia; and notwithstanding our separation, I have never thought of any other woman with any great affection.’ He then went on with extasies on Cynthia’s wit and charms.

Camilla heard him out, and then told him she would do any thing in her power to serve him; but advised him, if possible, to try to conquer his passion. At these words he turned pale, and looked in the utmost agonies; which his sister perceiving, she told him, if his love was so fixed that he could not enjoy himself without Cynthia, she hoped, and did not at all doubt, but he might gain her affections; for that, before she went abroad, she had observed much more than a common complaisance in her behaviour towards him, which she found was rather increased than abated since this last meeting; and he must wait with patience till time, perhaps, might put it in his power to be as happy as he could wish.

Valentine was vastly comforted in the thoughts of Cynthia’s approving his love, and for that moment quite forgot all the consequences that might attend indulging his passion. He begged his sister to observe all Cynthia’s words and actions, and then retired to rest. Poor Camilla could have sighed as well as her brother; but I don’t know how it was, she could not so easily unfold griefs of that kind to Valentine as he could to her.

CHAP. VI.

IN WHICH OUR HERO BEGAN AGAIN TO DESPAIR OF EVER MEETING WITH ANY THING BUT DISAPPOINTMENTS.

POOR David had no person to tell his griefs to; he loved Camilla so sincerely, that whatever resolutions he made to declare it to her, the great awe with which he was seized whenever he approached her, took from him the power of speaking. And he was afraid to mention it to her brother first, lest she should be offended, and think he was mean enough to expect a compliance from them both on account of the obligations they owed him.

Sometimes his imagination would indulge him with the thoughts of the happiness he should enjoy, if he could be beloved by and lead his life with Camilla. He was sure she had every good quality human nature is capable of possessing. He ran over every virtue in his own mind, and gave her them all, without any exception. Then he reflected on every vice, and exulted in the thought that she was quite free from them. Sometimes he was in despair of ever engaging her to return his love, and then in a moment succeeded hopes and raptures; and all this without any intervening action of hers to give him the least reason to believe either one way or the other.

In short, both David and Valentine were afraid of explaining themselves too far, lest they should disoblige Camilla and Cynthia; and they, on the other hand, had no fear but that their lovers meant no more than they expressed. Miss Johnson’s behaviour, in spite of himself, would often force itself on David’s memory; for that is one of the curses which attend the having ever been disappointed in our opinion of a person we have esteemed: it is an alloy to all our future pleasures; we cannot help remembering, while we are indulging ourselves in any new engagement, that once we thought as well of another who with the same seeming indifference deceived us, and we dread the same thing may happen over again. But these thoughts only took place in Camilla’s absence; the moment she appeared, all disagreeable ideas vanished, and the most pleasing ones imaginable succeeded.

Valentine and Camilla often sighed at the remembrance of their father’s usage; but they cautiously hid from their generous benefactor that any uneasy thoughts ever intruded on their minds: he fancied them entirely happy, and that their happiness was owing to him. None but minds like David’s can imagine the pleasure this consideration gave him. Cynthia saw through Valentine’s behaviour; and yet sometimes she could not help fearing that this thoughtfulness might arise from some other cause than what she would have it; and her great anxiety concerning it naturally produced suspicion.

As this little company were sitting and comparing their present situation with

with what they had formerly been in, they heard so violent a rap at the next door, they could not help having curiosity enough to run to the window; and saw it was occasioned by the arrival of a gilt chariot, in which was a person in whose looks was plainly to be perceived that he was perfectly satisfied with himself, and conscious that he made a good figure; that is, he was very well dressed, and his equipage such as no nobleman would have had any reason to have been ashamed of. While the door was opening, he happened to cast his eyes on Camilla; and fixed them with such attention, that as he was entering the house his foot slipped, and he fell down. David, who was always ready to give assistance where it was wanted, ran down stairs, to see if he could be of any service to him. The gentleman had struck his face against an iron at the side of the door, and felt a good deal of pain; but the moment he saw David, he begged he would be so good as to carry him into the house where he had seen him at a window with a young lady whom he was very desirous of speaking to, because he had something to tell her which he believed would prove to her advantage. That consideration was enough for David; and, without any farther hesitation, he introduced him into the room to Camilla. The moment she saw him, it was visible by her countenance he was not a perfect stranger to her; for she alternately blushed, turned pale, and seemed to be in the greatest agitation of spirits imaginable. The gentleman begged the liberty of being one half hour alone with her, as what he had to communicate concerned only her, and was of such a nature that it required the utmost privacy.

Camilla, who did indeed know him to be my Lord ———, an intimate acquaintance of her father's, fancied he had something to say to her from him; and that thought made her so solicitous to know what it was, that, without thinking of any farther consequence, she begged the rest of the company to retire a little, while she heard what my lord had to say; which, as they none of them ever refused her any thing she desired, was immediately complied with.

Valentine was a stranger to this noble lord, as he was gone abroad before he came from his studies to live with his

father; however, he thought the alteration of Camilla's countenance, at the sight of him, was owing to the shame of seeing a person she knew whilst she lived in reputation with her father, now that she was certain he must have heard an infamous story of her. But David could not help fearing she felt something more at the sight of him than merely shame. Miss Johnson forced herself again on his memory; and when he considered the fine equipage and the title of a lord, he was in the utmost consternation what would be the event of this affair.

This lord was one of those men who lay it down as a maxim, that a woman who has lost her virtue from fondness to one man, is ever afterwards to be purchased by the best bidder. He had always liked Camilla; but as she lived in a station that he could not think of her on any other terms than marriage, and he knew her father could not give her as much fortune as was necessary to pay off a mortgage which was on his estate, he had never said any thing to her farther than common gallantry; but when he heard that she was run away in such an infamous manner with her brother, he concluded money would be so acceptable to her, that he could not fail obtaining her by that means. He had often enquired privately after her, but always in vain, till he accidentally saw her at that window.

The moment they were alone, Camilla enquired with great eagerness if he had any thing to say to her from her father, or could tell her any news of him. On which he replied, that all he knew of her father was, that he and his wife lived on in the same house in which she had left them; but his business was of another kind, in which he himself was only concerned. Then, with a heap of those fustian compliments which only prove the strongest contempt for the person they are made to, he modestly proposed her living with him as a mistress; said, she should command his fortune; that he would get her brother a commission in the army to go abroad, and her father should never know by whose interest he had obtained it.

Camilla, whose virtue was not of that outrageous kind which breaks out in a noise like thunder on such occasions,

very calmly answered him as follows :
 ‘ My lord, notwithstanding what you
 ‘ have heard of me, I am as innocent
 ‘ now as when you first knew me; and
 ‘ though malice has contrived to make
 ‘ me infamous, it never shall make me
 ‘ guilty; nor is it in the power of all
 ‘ your fortune to bribe me to do a criminal or mean action: and if your
 ‘ lordship has no other business with
 ‘ me, I must beg leave to desire my
 ‘ brother, and the man on earth I most
 ‘ esteem, to walk in again.’ He had
 too much confidence in his own charms
 to take an immediate denial; and as to
 her talking of the man she esteemed, he
 fancied she was grown weary of her
 brother, and had acquired a new gallant,
 which he thought looked well on his
 side. He used the most pressing arguments
 he could think on to make her comply,
 but all in vain: he imagined her not
 calling to her brother was an encouragement
 to him to proceed; but she was really
 afraid to let him know any thing of the
 matter, dreading what might be the
 consequence. At last, when my lord
 found all his promises and fine
 speeches made no impression on her, he
 took his leave.

The moment he was gone, David,
 Valentine, and Cynthia, flew into the
 room, and found Camilla in the utmost
 confusion: she knew not which way to
 act; had not an instant to consider; and
 could not resolve whether it was best for
 her to inform them of what had passed
 or no. Valentine hastily enquired if
 she had heard any thing from their father;
 for he said he supposed she must know
 that lord while she lived at home. She
 replied, No, she had heard nothing,
 but that he lived in the same place
 where they left him. She stammered,
 and seemed to wish they would ask no
 more questions; but this put David on
 the rack, and he could not forbear being
 so inquisitive, that at last she was
 forced to tell them the whole truth,
 with the reserve only of the lord’s
 title.

Valentine flew into a violent passion;
 vowed he would find out who he was,
 and let him know no station should
 screen a man from his resentment who
 durst affront his sister. Poor Cynthia
 was quite frightened, and urged all the
 reasons she could think on to make him
 change his purpose; and Camilla told
 him he should consider that her unhappy

circumstances, and her being infamous,
 had thrown her so low, that a man
 might be more excusable for talking
 to her in that strain than to any other
 woman. What she said to pacify Valentine
 made David almost mad, and threw
 him so off his guard, he could not help
 saying, he thought she pleaded very well
 in the defence of her lover. On which
 he left the room, and retired to his own
 chamber. When he was gone, Cynthia
 employed all her thoughts in endeavouring
 to calm Valentine.

Poor Camilla knew not which way
 to act: she saw David’s uneasiness; it
 was not her pride which prevented her
 following him, and endeavouring to
 make him easy. But as he had never
 seriously declared more than a great
 friendship for her, she knew not which
 way to treat so delicate a passion as
 jealousy, whilst she must not own the
 fault. She sat some time silent; but at
 last found the agitation of her mind was
 so great, it would be impossible for her
 to conceal her thoughts; and therefore,
 on the pretence of indisposition, retired
 to her own chamber, where she spent
 the whole night in greater anxiety than
 I can express. She did not feel one
 pleasing sensation from the idea that
 the man who loved her was in torment
 on her account; but, on the contrary,
 was melted into tenderness and grief at
 the thoughts of every pang he felt; and
 nothing but the most invincible regard
 to decency could have prevented her
 flying to him, and telling him the whole
 truth, in order to ease him of his pain.

As to David, the thoughts of Camilla’s
 having ever liked another quite overcame
 him; he knew not whether he was awake,
 or in a dream. But notwithstanding all
 the raging passions which warred in his
 mind, he could not but reflect, that he
 had nothing to accuse Camilla of; for that
 she was under no sort of engagement to
 him, and at full liberty to like whom she
 pleased; yet, when he fancied any other
 man was the object of her love, he could
 not help thinking she had not half those
 virtues he before thought her possessed of.
 For an instant, he felt a passion which
 he had before never conceived for her,
 nor indeed for any other; and which I
 should not scruple to call hatred, had it
 not been one of those abortive thoughts
 which are the first sallies of our passions,
 and which immediately vanish on reflection;

fection; for as it was impossible for him to hate a creature who had never injured him, that consideration absolutely removed what seemed alone to promise him comfort; and he saw Camilla in the same amiable light in which he had ever beheld her, with the addition only of a despair, which at once heightened all her beauties, and made them fatal to his repose.

Valentine and Cynthia, from seeing their distress, had both endeavoured to bring them together in the evening; but they pleaded ill health, and begged to stay in their separate apartments. The next morning they found such misery in not seeing each other, that they both came to breakfast with their companions: they entered the room at different doors at the same instant; the want of their looks, (for it is incredible how much one night's perturbation of mind will alter people who have strong and delicate sensations) and the faltering of their voices, more strongly pointed out their thoughts than the most laboured eloquence could possibly have done. Neither of them could bring themselves to speak first; for as David had never made any actual addresses to Camilla, it was impossible for him to charge her with any crime, or even to mention the affair to her which gave him so much uneasiness. She, on the other hand, (though her mind had been totally void of pride, of which she had very little; or of modesty, of which she was the most exact pattern) could not have began to excuse a crime of which she was entirely innocent to a man who neither did nor had any right to censure her. As for Valentine, he was in a dilemma no less perplexing; for though he was sensible of David's jealousy, and confident of his Camilla's innocence, yet, in their present situation, he could by no means persuade himself to say any thing which might have been construed as a direct offer to his sister to a man to whom they both were so greatly obliged; and who at that time appeared in the sight of fortune (the only light by which some people's eyes can see) so highly their superior.

As for Cynthia, she knew too much of the world, and was too well bred, to intermeddle officiously in so delicate an affair.

Under these circumstances were this

little company, when by lucky accident, rather than good design, did the author of all this mischief unravel the perplexity he had occasioned, by means of a letter which a servant now delivered to Camilla. She opened it hastily, wondering what corner of the earth could produce a correspondent for her at this time. David watched her looks; and observing she blushed and changed colour, was in the utmost anxiety, in which she left him no longer than while she read the letter; when she sent the servant out of the room, and gave it into his hand, saying, she thought every one in that company had a right to know all that concerned her, as she was convinced they were her sincere friends. David read it aloud to Valentine and Cynthia; but how much were they surprised, when they found the contents were as follows!

'MADAM,

'I Am really ashamed of my conduct towards you yesterday; my inclination for you makes it an easy matter for me to be convinced of your innocence, but I would have you also clear in the eyes of the world; and if you will come home again to your father's, I will make it my whole study to justify you, and find out the author of this vile report. As soon as that can be done, if you will consent to it, I will receive you of your father as my wife. I am, Madam, your most obedient, humble servant, &c.'

They all sat for a moment staring at each other, as in amazement. Camilla first broke silence; and looking at David, said, if they pleased, either Valentine or he should dictate an answer to this letter. David, instead of being pleased at this, turned pale: he remembered he had overheard Miss Johnson say, she was in hopes he would be too much afraid of making her unhappy, to press her to refuse a good offer for him; and he now began to fear Camilla had the same way of thinking and only said this to pique his generosity, to desire her to accept of such a match: he therefore told her, he thought she was the best judge what to answer; for as the happiness of a reasonable creature did by no means depend on grandeur, he did

he did not think himself obliged to persuade her to consent to my Lord —'s proposal. When Camilla found which way he took what she had said, she pitied him, because she saw he was uneasy; imputed it to the delicacy of his love for her; and acted quite contrary to what some good-natured women do; who, when they see a man vexed on their account, take that opportunity of teasing him. She told him, he had perfectly mistaken her meaning, as she would immediately convince him; on which she called for pen and ink, and wrote the following letter.

‘ MY LORD,

‘ I Now think myself as much obliged to you, as I thought the contrary yesterday: I have some very strong reasons, which make it impossible for me to accept the honour you intend me; and as to my returning to my father's house, the usage I have already met with there has determined me never to subject myself to the like again; which I am certain must always be the case whilst Livia is mistress of it. I am, my lord, with the most grateful sense of the favour you designed me, your lordship's most obliged, obedient humble servant,

‘ CAMILLA.

It is utterly impossible to describe the agitations of David's mind while she was writing, or his raptures when he heard what she had written. Valentine highly approved of her proceedings; for as she had kept her word in informing him of every thing that passed between her and David, he was not ignorant how much he would have suffered had she accepted of my lord. And Cynthia admired her resolution and greatness of mind to such a degree, that she could not forbear expressing to her friend, with what an additional esteem that one action had inspired her.

They were all surprized what could have altered my Lord — so much in one day; but his lordship, when he left Camilla, could not believe he was awake; so impossible it appeared to him that any woman could resist both his person and fortune; his pride was piqued at it; and, besides, his inclina-

tion was heightened by the difficulty he found in the gratifying it.

He now began to believe all the stories he had heard of Camilla were false, for he was very certain the woman who could withstand him must be virtuous. In short, he found himself so uneasy without her, that he thought, if there could be any method found of regaining her reputation, he could be contented to marry her; a strong proof of the strange inconsistency of the human mind! For whilst there was no other objection but her want of fortune, and he might have received her with honour at her father's hands, he could command his passion; but when there was the addition of many other objections to prevent his indulging it, he was willing to overcome them all. The truth was, while she lived with her father, he had never given himself leave to have the smallest hopes of her in one way; and as he thought it imprudent to think on her in the other, his desires were curbed by the apparent impossibility of gratifying them. But when he thought her both infamous and poor, he had made himself so certain of obtaining her, he could not bear the disappointment of being refused; and perplexed himself so long about it, that at last, like Heartfree in the play of the Old Batchelor, ‘ He ran into the danger, to avoid the apprehension;’ and wrote the foregoing letter.

David now was perfectly easy, and there was a general cheerfulness throughout the whole company for the evenings; and when they retired to rest, it was with that calmness which is always the companion of innocence and health. The adventures of the next day shall be reserved for another chapter.

CHAP. VII.

IN WHICH IS RELATED THE LIFE OF AN ATHEIST.

IN the morning they all met with the utmost good-humour; and it being Sunday, David proposed the going to church; for he said he had great reason to thank his Creator for giving him so much happiness as he had found in that company. The other three heartily consented to it; and said, they were

U. sure

sure the meeting with him, and the being delivered from their afflictions and distresses, was so signal a mark of Divine Providence, that they could never be thankful enough for it. This naturally led Cynthia to give some account of the conversation she met with in her journey to town. She had mentioned it slightly before, but now she told them all the ridiculous arguments the atheist made use of to prove there was no Deity.

David could not forbear crying out, 'Good God! is it possible there can be a creature in the world so much an enemy to himself and to all mankind, as to endeavour to take from men's minds the greatest comfort they can possibly enjoy!' They all admired the clergyman's behaviour; and David said, he heartily wished he was acquainted with him. Now it happened by great accident, that this very clergyman preached at the church they went to; and as soon as Cynthia saw him, she informed her company who he was. They were all rejoiced at it; and David was charmed with his discourse, and meditated some method, by Cynthia's means, of introducing himself to him. When church was done, it rained so violently, that no coach being to be had, they were forced to stay; and in the mean time the clergyman brought about David's wish, without any trouble of his, for he presently came and spoke to Cynthia; she told him that gentleman longed for his acquaintance. David begged the favour of him to dine with them; he civilly accepted the invitation, and they all went home together.

Cynthia, as soon as she had an opportunity, asked him if he had ever heard any thing of the atheist; to which the clergyman replied, that having some business that way, he called at the apothecary's to enquire what was become of him, and heard he was dead; for he would drink hard in spite of any persuasions to the contrary; which, with the pain, threw him into a fever that killed him. 'But,' continued this good man, 'I was moved with compassion (though not with a mixture of pleasure) when I heard, that as soon as he found he must die, all his fancied infidelity vanished into nothing, and in it's room succeeded horrors impossible to be described. He begged the

apothecary to send to a neighbouring clergyman, and before them both dictated the ensuing account of the life he had led, which they writ down, and, at my request, gave me a copy of it.'

"When I was a young fellow, I took a delight in reading all those sort of books which best suited my own inclinations, by endeavouring to prove that all pleasure lay in vice; and that the wisest thing a man could do, was to give a loose to all his passions, and take hold of the present moment for pleasure, without depending on uncertain futurity. As I had but little money, I got in with a set of sharpers; and, by consenting to play all the game with them, was admitted to share some part of the booty. Whenever I had any success that way, I immediately spent it on wine and women. As to the latter, I had never any sort of affection for them, farther than for their persons, and consequently was never much disappointed by any refusal from them, for I went from one to another; and as I was always certain of succeeding with some of them, I was very well satisfied. Promises cost me nothing; for I was full as liberal of them as I was sparing in the performance; and whenever I had by any means gained a woman, as soon as I grew tired of her, I made no manner of scruple of leaving her to infamy and poverty, without any consideration what became of her.

"As soon as I had spent all my money, I generally returned to the gaming-table. But at last my companions, whom I only trusted because I could not avoid it, on finding out one evening that I had defrauded them of their share, all combined to disgrace me; and the next time I came, watched narrowly till they saw me slip some false dice out of my pocket, and discovered me to the whole table. It was in vain for me to protest my innocence, and complain of the others, for I could not be heard; and the gentleman whom I had endeavoured to cheat held me till I was stripped of all I had about me, which I had won that night, and then kicked me out of the room. Besides the loss, I had pride enough to be hurt to the quick by such usage, and yet I had

"not

“not courage enough to resent it.
 “Thus this scheme proved abortive,
 “and I was obliged to have done
 “with it.

“I had an acquaintance who, when
 “I was in the utmost distress, used to
 “relieve me; but then that was only
 “enough perhaps to pay some debt,
 “just to keep me from gaol; but was
 “nothing to what I wanted to squander
 “in extravagance.

“The next scheme I took into my
 “head was to follow women for their
 “money instead of their persons: and
 “it was a rule with me, generally to
 “go amongst those who had but small
 “fortunes; for as to those who had
 “great ones, I thought I should have
 “my mercenary designs found out if I
 “pursued them. But, by following
 “such as had but a small matter, they
 “easily concluded I could have no
 “views upon their money, and that
 “therefore my professions must be sincere:
 “by which means I got away
 “every farthing they were worth, and
 “then left them to bemoan their folly,
 “hugging myself in my own ingenuity.
 “My method was, when first I got acquainted
 “with any one, to pretend
 “that all fortune was equal between
 “us; and if ever they wanted money,
 “I lent it them; (that is, when I had
 “it.) Thus I passed upon them for
 “the most generous creature in the
 “world, till I had got from them what
 “I wanted. But at last I was caught
 “in my own snare; for I met with a
 “woman who was cunning enough to
 “penetrate my scheme; and when she
 “had got from me all the money I had,
 “she would never see me more. Another
 “woman, from whom I had got
 “gool. in this treacherous manner,
 “happened to have a brother, who
 “loved her so sincerely, that she was
 “never afraid to let him know even her
 “own indiscretions. He pulled me by
 “the nose in a publick coffee-house;
 “and swore, till I had returned his sister
 “every farthing I owed her, he
 “would use me in that manner where-
 “ever he met with me. As it was im-
 “possible for me to raise the money, I
 “was forced to lurk about in corners,
 “that I might avoid him. These two
 “disappointments made me weary of
 “this project.

“The next scheme I formed was to
 “go canting amongst the men of the

“value of real friendship, to try if by
 “that means I could draw any person
 “into my net, in order to make a prey
 “of them. Here, too, I followed my
 “old maxim, of frequenting those
 “companies where fortune had not
 “been lavish of her favours; for I al-
 “ways found that those people who
 “had but little were most ready to
 “part with their money. Here I
 “flourished for a small time; but as I
 “took care always to leave the persons
 “I had fleeced, and converse no longer
 “with them than I could gain by them,
 “I soon became very scandalous; and
 “as I happened to meet with some
 “gentlemen who did not at all relish
 “such treatment, I got two or three
 “good beatings, and could shew my
 “head no longer in that neighbour-
 “hood.

“Thus was I both poor and infam-
 “ous; and yet I was so bewitched
 “with the fancy of my own wisdom,
 “that even these miseries did not open
 “my eyes enough to make me engage
 “in an honest way of life.

“I took another lodging, with a de-
 “sign of laying some new plot to get
 “money by; and the next scheme I
 “pursued was to talk very religiously,
 “and try what that sort of hypocrisy
 “would do. Now I chiefly frequented
 “old women, as I thought keeping com-
 “pany with the young ones would be
 “an injury to the character I then af-
 “fected. I got some small matter,
 “which was given me by people who
 “were really charitable, to dispose of
 “to poor families which I made up
 “dismal stories of, and this money I
 “put in my own pocket. But this
 “did not last long; for my propensity
 “to all manner of vice was so strong,
 “it broke out on all occasions; and as
 “I could not forbear my bottle, which
 “sometimes brought out truth in spite
 “of me, I was soon found out; and
 “then there was so general an outcry
 “set up against me, I was obliged to
 “fly from the clamour.

“The next character I appeared in,
 “was that of a moralist; that is, I
 “cried down all religion, calling it su-
 “perstition, in order to set up morality.
 “By this means I imposed on several
 “ignorant people, who were so glad to
 “catch hold on any thing that they
 “thought could give them any reputa-
 “tion of sense, that they were quite

“happy in this distinction. There was
 “a set of us used to meet every night
 “at a tavern, where, when we were
 “half-drunk, we all displayed our parts
 “on the great beauties of morality, and
 “in contempt of the clergy; for we
 “were sure we could be very good with-
 “out any of their teaching. And then
 “we raked together all the stories which
 “reflected scandal on their order. My
 “conversation turned chiefly on the
 “great meanness of treachery; and
 “that all men should have that honour
 “in their dealings towards each other,
 “that their words should be as good as
 “their bonds. By this means there
 “was not one of the company whose
 “purse was not entirely at my com-
 “mand; and, had their money lasted,
 “I should not have been found out a
 “great while; but when I had drained
 “them all as much as I could, their
 “seeing me spend what I had got
 “from them in my own extravagance,
 “whilst I would not return them one
 “farthing, even though they really
 “wanted it, opened their eyes, and they
 “discovered whence arose all my boast-
 “ed morality. They had taken no se-
 “curity of me, and had no way to re-
 “dress themselves; but one of them hap-
 “pened accidentally to be acquainted
 “with a tradesman, (in whose debt I
 “was to the value of 50*l*.) to whom
 “he told the story; and, just as all I
 “had tricked the others of was spent,
 “he arrested me.

“Now I knew not what to do. I
 “thought the person I mentioned to
 “you, who used sometimes to supply
 “me with money in my last necessities,
 “would grow weary of doing it; and
 “yet I had no other refuge but to send
 “to him. He said, he would pay the
 “money if I would promise to go into
 “the country, and live upon a small
 “income he paid me quarterly; other-
 “wise he would let me go to gaol, and
 “never take any farther notice of me.
 “Hard as these terms appeared, I was
 “obliged to consent to them; on which
 “the gentleman freed me from my
 “confinement, gave me money enough
 “to go into the country, and paid me
 “as usual to maintain me there.

“Now, again, if I had not been ut-
 “terly abandoned to all the sentiments
 “of humanity, or the true knowledge
 “of my own interest, I had an oppor-
 “tunity of recovering my lost constitu-

“tion, which I had racked out in such
 “a manner, that though in reality I
 “was but a young man, I had all the
 “infirmities and diseases incident to old
 “age. But instead of reflecting how
 “much I had all my life-time been a
 “dupe to my own mistaken maxims,
 “and deceived myself whilst I fancied
 “I was cheating others; I grew despe-
 “rate at being obliged to retire into the
 “country, left off all my schemes, and
 “gave myself up so intirely to the bot-
 “tle, that I was seldom master of even
 “that small share of understanding my
 “worn-out health and strength had left
 “me, and began to curse the Author of
 “my being for all those misfortunes I
 “had brought upon myself; till at last
 “ill-humour, and the fear of believing
 “there was a Deity, made me turn
 “atheist; or at least my own desire of
 “being so flattered me into a fixed opi-
 “nion that I was one. In drink and
 “debauchery I spent my quarter’s in-
 “come in a month, with only a reserve
 “of enough to bring me to town; whi-
 “ther I was returning with a resolution
 “of doing any thing ever so desperate,
 “even robbing on the highway, rather
 “than deny myself the indulgence of
 “any vicious passion that was upper-
 “most. I was travelling to London
 “when the misfortune happened to me
 “which I believe will bring me to my
 “end. I cannot say I ever enjoyed any
 “real happiness in my life; for the
 “anxiety about the success of my
 “schemes, the fear of being found out,
 “and the disappointment which always
 “attended me in the end, joined to the
 “envy which continually preyed on my
 “heart at the good fortune of others,
 “has made me, ever since I came into
 “the world, the most wretched of all
 “mortals. To this conduct I owe my
 “ruin.” Here he stopped; and was so
 “tired with having talked so long, that
 “he insensibly fell into a sound sleep.”

The dinner coming then upon the
 table, the clergyman deferred the re-
 mainder of what he had to tell them till
 the afternoon. And here I think it
 right to give them time to refresh them-
 selves, and conclude this chapter.

CHAP. VIII.

WHICH PROVES THE GREAT DIFFERENCE OF THOSE WRONG AC-
 TIONS



TIONS WHICH ARISE FROM VIOLENT PASSIONS, AND THOSE WHICH HAVE THEIR SOURCE IN THE MALIGNITY OF A RANCOROUS HEART.

THE dinner passed in observations on the atheist's story; but as soon as the company thought the clergyman had recruited his spirits enough to make it agreeable to him to relate what remained, they desired him to proceed, which he immediately complied with.

'The atheist waked very light-headed, and raved on nothing but his brother; talked of his having concealed from them the main part of his story, only from shame. But the apothecary, by applying proper remedies, at last brought him to his senses; and then begged him, if there was any thing lay on his conscience which he had not yet disclosed, he would do it. On which he desired him to send for the clergyman again: and as soon as he came, he told him, he could not be easy in his mind till he had discovered to them the most wicked part of his life, which, from some small hopes of recovering, he had not yet disclosed. "But," continued he, "since I find it is impossible for me to live, I will no longer conceal it from you.

"Know then, although I was never told it, I am sensible the relief I told you I often received in my greatest distresses was owing to the best of brothers; but I, instead of having my mind overflowing with gratitude for his goodness, in my own thoughts only despised his folly; for when we were young, from a desire of engrossing to myself all my father was worth, I contrived, while he lay on his death-bed, to burn his real will, and forge a new one in my own favour, in order to cheat my fond good brother of his share of his father's patrimony."

Whilst the clergyman was repeating this last incident, David, by degrees, was worked up into so great an agony, and so often changed colour, that the whole company fixed their eyes on him; and Valentine begged to know what it was could have caused so sudden an alteration in him. 'Alas, Sir!' replied David, with a faltering voice, and trembling all over, 'the poor wretch, whose story I have just heard, I know, by some

circumstances, was my own brother. I once fondly loved him; and, notwithstanding his behaviour, cannot hear of his misery without the greatest affliction. I did, indeed, support him underhand; and was in hopes to have heard, while he was yet living, that he was brought to a sense of his own misconduct; but had I known, at last, that he had repented of his past life, I would have flown to have seen and forgiven him before he died. I cannot forbear paying some tears to his memory.' In saying this, he clapped his handkerchief before his eyes.

Camilla, who was charmed with David's goodness to such a brother, and yet torn to pieces by seeing him so affected, had not power to speak; but turned so very pale, that Cynthia desired Valentine to run for a glass of water, for she was afraid his sister would faint away. These words roused David, and he immediately lost all thoughts but for Camilla. His seeming to recover, and the water he gave her, prevented her fainting. Cynthia and Valentine did all they could to comfort David; and the clergyman was very much grieved that he had accidentally been the occasion of all this confusion.

Whilst they were in this situation, a servant came up, and told Camilla there was an old gentleman below, who begged to speak with her. She ran down stairs with such precipitation as amazed them all; but they were much more surprized when they heard her scream out, as if some terrible accident had happened to her. They did not lose a moment before they flew to her relief; they met an old gentleman bringing her up in his arms, and crying out, 'Oh! give me way! for in finding my child, I have for ever lost her; but, dead or alive, I will hold her in my arms, and never part with her more.'

Cynthia and Valentine presently knew him to be their father; and what he said convinced David it could be no other. They conducted him into a chamber, where he gently laid Camilla on the bed. Their present thoughts were all taken up in bringing her to herself; but the moment she opened her eyes, she fixed them on her father for some time, without being able to utter her words. At last she burst into a flood of tears, which gave her some relief,

lief, and enabled her to say, 'Am I then, at last, so happy, that my father thinks me worthy his regard! And could you be so good, Sir, to come to look for me!' Valentine took hold of the first opportunity to throw himself at his father's feet, and begged he would condescend to look on him. He tenderly raised him; and embracing him, said, 'Oh! my son! nothing but the condition I saw your sister in could have prevented my speaking to you before!' He then flew from him to Camilla, and then back to him again, which he repeated alternately for the space of some minutes. At last, in his extasy, he fell on his knees, and said, 'My dearest children, if you can forgive me, (for guilt has rendered me unworthy of such a son and daughter) every minute of my future life shall be employed to promote your pleasure and happiness.' They both, almost by force, got him up from the ground; and assured him, if he would be so good to restore them to his love, having whole worlds at their command could not afford them half the comfort. In short, to describe this scene, and all the grief which the poor old gentleman (who had no fault but that of having been misled by a too violent passion) and his children felt, requires a Shakespeare's pen; therefore I am willing to close it as soon as possible, being quite unequal to the task. David and Cynthia felt all the tenderness and pleasure of their friends; and the clergyman rejoiced in having found a company where so much goodness reigned. He took his leave for the present, thinking at this juncture he might be troublesome, with a promise of returning again in a day or two to see them.

The poor old gentleman was so much overcome by the violent agitation of his spirits, that he could hardly bring himself that evening to speak one coherent sentence. All they could get from him was, that Livia was dead, and a promise to tell them all another time. But his children's goodness, and the joy of seeing them after so long a separation, was more than he could bear, and almost deprived him of the power of speech. To say the truth, this good man was so entirely overcome with extasy at the sight and behaviour of his children, that he was that night incapable of enquiring what methods they had taken to procure

subsistence from the time he had lost them. But, by the little he could gather, his heart was inflamed with the warmest gratitude to David.

Camilla, seeing how much her father was affected, prevailed on him to retire to rest. David was now resolved, as Camilla had found her only surviving parent, that very night to obtain her consent to his asking her father's approbation of his love; and desired the liberty of entertaining her one hour alone.

I shall not dwell minutely on this part of my hero's life, as I have too much regard for my readers to make them third persons to lovers; and shall only inform the curious, that Camilla, on the consideration that she had already received such strong proofs of David's sincere affection, thought proper to abate something of the ceremonies prescribed to lovers, before they can find out whether their mistresses like them or no; and as she was convinced every word of hers was capable of giving him either the greatest pleasure or the utmost pain, her tenderness and softness prevented her making use of any of that coquetry which is very prevalent in some part of her sex. She was not ashamed to own she loved him; and that, if her father consented, the greatest happiness she could propose in this world was to employ that life he had so generously saved in endeavouring to make him happy.

And now, reader, if you are inclined to have an adequate idea of David's raptures on that confession, think what pretty miss feels when her parents wisely prefer her, in their applause, to all her brothers and sisters: observe her yet a little older, when she is pinning on her first manteau and petticoat; then follow her to the ball, and view her eyes sparkle, and the convulsive tosses of her person on the first compliment she receives: but don't lose sight of her till you place her in a room full of company, where she hears her rival condemned for indiscretion, and exults in her loss of reputation. No matter whether she rivals her in my Lord —, or Captain —, or Squire, &c. &c. for as she is equally desirous of engrossing the admiration of all, her enmity is equal towards the woman who deprives her of such great blessings, which ever she robs her of. Imagine the joys of an ambitious man who

who has just supplanted his enemy, and is got into his place; imagine what a young lawyer feels the first cause he has gained; or a young officer the first time he mounts guard. But imagine what you will, unless you have experienced what it is to be both a sincere and successful lover, you never can imagine any thing equal to what David felt.

The conversation between him and Camilla was of the delicatest, tenderest kind; and he told her with the greatest joy, that she had delivered him from the utmost despair of ever meeting with any happiness in this world: for that, when he had the good fortune to meet with her, his condition was so unhappy, that he began seriously to think of getting into some corner of the earth where he might never see the face of a human creature; for to be always in the midst of people, who, by their behaviour, forced him to despise them, was to him the greatest of all curses. 'To you, therefore, Madam,' said he, 'I owe that delicate pleasure of having my taste approved by my judgment. You know I made an offer to Cynthia; for I never desired to conceal any thing from you. I thought, indeed, that in her I had met with what I was in search of, a woman I could esteem. This made me admire her; but you alone truly touched my heart.'

Camilla exulted as much in having gained so generous, so good a man as David, and had now no farther thoughts of his love for Cynthia; but the mentioning her put her in mind of Valentine; and as she was not amongst that number of people who can be very happy themselves, though their friends be at the same time ever so miserable, she could not help sighing at the reflection how difficult it would be for Valentine to bring about a marriage with Cynthia.

David immediately guessed the cause of her suddenly growing melancholy; and told her, he should not deserve the good opinion she had expressed of him, if he could enjoy any one pleasure in life while her brother was unhappy; that the death of the poor creature whose story the clergyman had related added something to his income, and he thought he had enough to make her and all her family easy in a private retired

way of life; and, as to his part, that was all he desired. Camilla was every minute more and more charmed with his goodness; and as she was certain he delighted in no other expence but assisting his friends, and that she herself could be contented in any way of life, provided every one she lived with was easy; she thought it more greatness of mind to let David fully satisfy his darling passion of doing good, and to live lower herself in order to serve her brother, than to refuse her lover's offer, under the pretence of thinking she ought not to burden him, only that she might have more opportunities of indulging herself.

They went together to see for Valentine and Cynthia, and found them both sitting in the most pensive manner, as if they were quite uneasy; and, upon enquiry, found that Cynthia had fixed a resolution (on Valentine's begging her leave, now he had found his father, to ask his consent to marry her) of leaving them the next day; for she insisted on it, that she would not come into a family to be any disadvantage to it. She owned, if she had a fortune, she should think herself happy in giving it to Valentine, for that from her youth he was the only man she had ever thought on; but in her present circumstances she could have no other prospect but to be a burden to him as long as she lived; and was resolved she would suffer any thing rather than that should ever be the case.

David begged her to consider, that in Valentine's happiness she would increase, instead of diminish, that of the whole family: in short, they all used so many arguments with her, that at last she found her resolution began to stagger; and therefore got up, and insisted on going to bed, saying, she would consider farther of it. Valentine could not but approve of Cynthia's conduct; and the very method she took to prevail on him to get the better of his inclination, only increased it so much the more. David and Camilla sat up with him some time, for he was so uneasy he could not presently compose himself to rest. His passion for Cynthia had got so much the better of him, that it was not in his power to command it; and yet he could not help condemning the thoughts of indulging himself at the expence of so great and good a friend as David.

The

The next morning, as soon as Valentine and Camilla heard their father was awake, they went to pay their duty to him. Excessive was the joy they felt at thus having an opportunity of again renewing what had been their greatest pleasure from their infancy. The poor old gentleman, even the day he was married to his beloved Livia, never experienced half the raptures the sight of his long-lost children gave him. As soon as he was up, and they had all breakfasted together, Camilla begged her father, if it would not be troublesome to him, to relate how Livia died, and what had happened since their unfortunate separation; saying, he might speak any thing before all that company; for that Cynthia was no stranger to him, and she was sure the man who by his goodness had saved both hers and her brother's life, and been their only support, would be always esteemed by him as his friend. Her father, who was now restored again to his former self, followed his usual method of not delaying a moment before he complied with what she desired, and began as follows—

‘I must take shame to myself, that at my age, and having two such children to be my comfort, I suffered an unreasonable passion to overcome me to their disadvantage. Which way shall I be able to thank the man who has preserved them to bless me again with their sight? From the time you left me, and I was persuaded of your infamy, I was every day more and more taken up with my admiration of Livia. She turned and wound me just according to her own inclination; my thoughts were almost all swallowed up in the contemplation of her charms, and my desires wholly centered in her happiness; and yet, in spite of all my fondness, a sigh would sometimes steal from my breast when the idea of my children forced itself on my fancy. I made no scruple of disclosing whatever I felt to Livia; but whenever I spoke of you, she constantly grew melancholy, took care to drop expressions, (and they appeared to flow from the height of her love) as if no behaviour of hers could fix my whole affections; but that she found even undutifulness to me, and the most abandoned actions, could not erase from my mind the persons I

‘loved so much better than her. In short, it is impossible to describe half the arts she made use of, that I might never mention or think of you. Fits, tears, and good-humour, were played upon me, each in their turn, till I was almost out of my senses; but if ever her behaviour provoked me to be the least suspicious of her, the next moment her smiles threw my soul into raptures, and every other thought gave way to the delight and joy she inspired me with.

‘All the money I could get she spent in her extravagance; till at last I found I could support it no longer, and was obliged to keep in my own house for fear of my creditors. I durst not so much as mention you; for fear of shocking Livia; and all this I was blind enough to impute to her great tenderness for me. But poverty, the continual fear of seeing her miserable, and the horrible thought which sometimes forced itself upon me of what could become of my children, had such an effect on me, that it threw me into violent disorders, and made me quite unhealthy. I was in the utmost despair how to support her or myself.

‘Whilst I was in this unhappy situation, Livia's brother died; and as he had before lost his wife and children, and Livia was his nearest relation, in consideration of my kindness to her, and knowing her extravagant temper, he left me in full possession of all his fortune, which amounted to twenty thousand pounds. This was a very seasonable relief to me; but yet it was some time before I could in the least recover my constitution; during which time she nursed me with all the assiduity of the most tender wife in the world, in hopes of getting this new fortune from me. She sat up with me whole nights; and as she was always with me, her flattery at last got such an ascendant over me, that I was besotted to her love, and forgot I had ever been a father. Thus getting rid of my most painful thought, and in possession of a plentiful fortune, I soon grew well and strong again. But Livia's dissimulation cost her her life; for the delicacy of her frame could not support the fatigue she had undergone during my illness; and she fell into a nervous fever, of which she died.

‘That

‘ That distemper naturally inclines people to all manner of horrible thoughts; and as her crimes were such as greatly heightened all the terrors of it, she was at last, by the perturbation of her own mind, forced to confess to me all the arts she had used to make me have an ill opinion of you while you lived with me; and that she had afterwards falsely accused you of a crime she had no reason to suspect you of, in order to prevent any means of a reconciliation between us.

‘ Imagine now, my dear children, what I felt, when the consideration of this woman’s perfidiousness brought back to my memory all your goodness; and when I considered what miseries you must have been exposed to in being abandoned to the wide world without any support, I thought I should have gone distracted. I asked her, what could have tempted her thus to ruin the man who doated on her, and whose every wish was centered in her happiness. All the reason I could get from her was, that she thought her interest and yours was incompatible; for the more I did for you, the less she could have for herself: that she soon perceived your discontent at the alteration of my behaviour to you; and as she was your enemy, she concluded you must be hers. This, she said, made her go greater lengths than she at first intended. Soon after this confession, she died, and left me in a condition impossible to express. And as I am now convinced of your love and tenderness for me, I will not shock you with the repetition of it.

‘ The next day, while I was revolving in my mind what method I should take to find you again, my Lord — came to see me. At first my servant denied me, and said I saw no company; he insisted on coming up, saying, he had something of the greatest consequence to impart to me. The moment he entered the room, he informed me, that by accident he had met with you and Valentine. This sudden transport of joy almost deprived me of my senses; I asked him a thousand questions before I gave him time to answer one: at last, as soon as he could speak, he told me, he was convinced by your behaviour, you

‘ was entirely innocent; and if I would send for you home, and clear up your reputation, he should be very glad to receive you as his wife. I was quite astonished at this discourse; but, however, would not stay with him a minute longer, than to thank him for his good news and kind offer, took a direction where to find you, and flew once more to have the happiness of embracing my dear children.

‘ I have but ten thousand pounds left; divide it between you; and, for the rest of my life, all I desire is to see you both happy.’ And then addressing himself to David, he said, ‘ Are there any words, Sir, capable of expressing the gratitude I owe you for your supporting so generously these two young creatures?’

David, who had trembled from the time he had mentioned my Lord —, now thought he had an opportunity to speak; and immediately replied, ‘ If, Sir, you think you have any obligations to me, which I assure you I do not, as I am fully paid by having served persons of such worth as Valentine and Camilla, it is in your power to give me all my soul holds dear. Consent to my having a title to call you father, by being joined for ever to Camilla, and the world cannot produce a man so happy as myself.’ Camilla added, that it was what she wished; and related in what manner she had already refused my Lord —. On which the old gentleman immediately joined their hands; assuring David, he had rather see his daughter married to the man whose actions had so strongly proved his real love for her, than to any estate or title in Europe.

Camilla saw Valentine was afraid to speak, as Cynthia had not yet given him permission; and therefore undertook it herself, as she was resolved to make her own happiness compleat by adding that of her brother to it. She told her father that, to compleat the general joy, there was yet wanting his consent to her brother’s taking Cynthia for a wife. On this Valentine fell on his knees, and said, his sister had asked the only thing which could make him happy. His desires were no sooner known than complied with by his now once more fond father.

Cynthia, on hearing that he might be able to live with her in a decent, though

plain way, thought she had now no longer any reason to refuse him the happiness of being her support and protector, and inwardly enjoyed the thought of the pleasure a man of his temper must have in finding it in his power to be so. David insisted, that what fortune was amongst them might be shared in common; and they all joined in intreating the good old gentleman to spend the rest of his days with them, assuring him his will should be a law to them all. And now I believe it is impossible for the most lively imagination to form an idea of greater happiness than was enjoyed by this whole company. That very evening the clergyman before-mentioned came to see them; and although he really liked Cynthia, yet had he so little selfishness in him, he heartily congratulated them all on their happiness; and the next morning was appointed, by the consent of all parties, for the performing the ceremony.

CHAP. IX.

CONTAINING TWO WEDDINGS, AND
CONSEQUENTLY THE CONCLU-
SION OF THE BOOK.

THE next morning, as soon as Camilla rose, she went into Cynthia's chamber, where they mutually congratulated each other on the happiness they had now so near a prospect of enjoying for the rest of their lives, (after all the scenes of misery they had gone through) in being for ever joined to the only men they could really like or esteem. Camilla, with a smile, related to her friend what pain she had suffered from an apprehension of David's former kindness for Cynthia; who, according to her usual obliging manner, replied, that David, indeed, did her the honour of his esteem; and she believed the condition in which he first found her raised compassion enough in a heart like his to make him imagine he loved her. 'But,' continued she, 'with joy I perceive, that you, my Camilla, whom for the future I am to have the pleasure of calling sister, are the only person who could truly touch his heart.' Camilla blushed, and felt at that moment (if possible) more tenderness for Cynthia than ever. But before she had time to make any answer, a message

was brought from her father, that he desired them both to walk into another apartment, where David, Valentine, and the clergyman, waited for them. From thence they proceeded to the church, where the ceremony was performed. To attempt to describe David's and Valentine's raptures is utterly impossible; Camilla and Cynthia, without reluctance, gave their hands where their hearts were already united with so much sincerity.

The old gentleman wept for joy, that all Livia's deceit and cunning, and his own extravagant passion for her, could not prevent his enjoying the excessive happiness of thus blessing his children, and having such a prospect of their prosperity. And the clergyman's real goodness made him partake of all their pleasures.

Perhaps it may be here expected I should give some description of the persons of my favourite characters; but as the writers of novels and romances have already exhausted all the beauties of nature to adorn their heroes and heroines, I shall leave it to my readers imagination to form them just as they like best. It is their minds I have taken most pains to bring them acquainted with, and from that acquaintance it will be easy to judge what scheme of life was followed by this whole company.

David's travels were now at an end; and he thought himself overpaid, in Camilla's goodness, for all his troubles and disappointments. On the other side, her happiness was compleat in having it in her power to give David pleasure; in seeing her brother, instead of the miserable condition he was once in, now in the possession of all he desired; in having her friend for her companion; and in her father's returning and growing fondness.

Valentine and Cynthia had not a wish beyond what they enjoyed; and the father had all the comfort his age would admit of, in the dutiful and affectionate behaviour of all his children towards him.

Every little incident in life was turned into some delicate pleasure to the whole company, by each of them endeavouring to make every thing contribute to the happiness of the others. The very infirmities, which it is impossible for human nature to escape, such

as pain, sickness, &c. were by their contrivance not only made supportable, but fully compensated in the fresh opportunities they gave each individual of testifying their tenderness and care for the whole. In short, it is impossible for the most lively imagination to form an idea more pleasing than what this little society enjoyed in the true proofs of each other's love: and, as strong a picture as this is of real happiness, it is in the power of every community to attain it, if every member of it would perform the part allotted him by nature, or his station in life, with a sincere regard to the interest and pleasure of the whole. Let every man, instead of bursting with rage and envy at the advantages of nature or station another has over him, extend his views far enough to consider, that if he acts his part well, he deserves as much applause, and is as useful a member of society as any other man whatever; for in every machine, the smallest parts conduce as much to the keeping it together, and to regulate it's motions, as the greatest. That the stage is a picture of life, has been observed by almost every body, especially since Shakspeare's time; and nothing can make the metaphor more strong, than the observing any theatrical performance spoiled by the great desire each performer shews of playing the top part. In the animal and vegetable world there would be full as much confusion as there is in human life, was not every thing kept in it's proper place:

'Where order in variety we see;

'And where, though all things differ, all
'agree.'

The lowly hedge and humble shrub contribute to the varying, and consequently beautifying the prospect, as well as the stately oak and lofty pine. Were all mankind contented to exert their own faculties for the common good, neither envying those who in any respect have a superiority over them, nor despising such as they think their inferiors, real happiness would be attainable, notwithstanding all that has been said on that subject; and the various humours, and the different understandings with which human nature is supplied, would, instead of discord, produce such a harmony, as would infallibly make the whole species happy.

If every man who is possessed of a greater share of wit than is common, instead of insulting and satirizing others, would make use of his talents for the advantage and pleasure of the society to which he happens more particularly to belong; and they, instead of hating him for his superior parts, would, in return for the entertainment he affords them, exert all the abilities nature has given them for his use, in common with themselves; what happiness would mankind enjoy, and who could complain of being miserable? It was this care, tenderness, and benevolence to each other, which made David and his amiable company happy; who, quite contrary to the rest of the world, for every trifling frailty blamed themselves, whilst it was the business of all the rest to lessen, instead of aggravating their faults. In short, it is this tenderness and benevolence which alone can give any real pleasure, and which I most sincerely wish to all my readers.

F I N I S.

THE
ADVENTURES
OF
SIR LAUNCELOT GREAVES.

BY DR. SMOLLETT.

IN TWO VOLUMES.



L O N D O N :

Printed for HARRISON and Co. No. 18, Paternoster-Row.

M DCC LXXXII.

THE

ADVANTAGES

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MDCCLXXXII.

SIR LAUNCELOT GREAVES



THE

A D V E N T U R E S

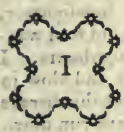
OF

SIR LAUNCELOT GREAVES.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

CHAP. I.

IN WHICH CERTAIN PERSONAGES
OF THIS DELIGHTFUL HISTORY
ARE INTRODUCED TO THE REA-
DER'S ACQUAINTANCE.



T was on the great nor-
thern road from York to
London, about the be-
ginning of the month of
October, and the hour
of eight in the evening,

that four travellers were, by a violent
shower of rain, driven for shelter into a
little public-house on the side of the
highway, distinguished by a sign which
was said to exhibit the figure of a Black
Lion. The kitchen, in which they as-
sembled, was the only room for enter-
tainment in the house, paved with red
bricks, remarkably clean, furnished
with three or four Windfor chairs,
adorned with shining plates of pewter,
and copper saucepans nicely scoured,
that even dazzled the eyes of the be-
holder; while a chearful fire of sea-coal
blazed in the chimney. Three of the
travellers, who arrived on horseback,
having seen their cattle properly accom-
modated in the stable, agreed to pass the
time, until the weather should clear up,
over a bowl of rumbo, which was ac-
cordingly prepared; but the fourth, re-
fusing to join their company, took his
station at the opposite side of the chim-
ney, and called for a pint of two-penny,

with which he indulged himself apart.
At a little distance, on his left-hand,
there was another groupe, consisting of
the landlady, a decent widow; her two
daughters, the elder of whom seemed to
be about the age of fifteen; and a coun-
try lad, who served both as waiter and
otter.

The social triumvirate was composed
of Mr. Fillet, a country practitioner in
surgery and midwifery, Captain Crowe,
and his nephew Mr. Thomas Clarke,
an attorney. Fillet was a man of some
education, and a great deal of experi-
ence, shrewd, sly, and sensible. Cap-
tain Crowe had commanded a merchant-
ship in the Mediterranean trade for ma-
ny years, and saved some money by
dint of frugality and traffick. He was
an excellent seaman, brave, active,
friendly in his way, and scrupulously
honest, but as little acquainted with
the world as a sucking child; whimsical,
impatient, and so impetuous, that he
could not help breaking in upon the
conversation, whatever it might be, with
repeated interruptions, that seemed to
burst from him by involuntary impulse:
when he himself attempted to speak, he
never finished his period, but made
such a number of abrupt transitions,
that his discourse seemed to be an un-
connected series of unfinished sentences,
the meaning of which it was not easy
to decypher.

His nephew, Tom Clarke, was a
young fellow, whose goodness of heart
even

even the exercise of his profession had not been able to corrupt. Before strangers he never owned himself an attorney without blushing; though he had no reason to blush for his own practice, for he constantly refused to engage in the cause of any client whose character was equivocal; and was never known to act with such industry as when concerned for the widow and orphan, or any other object that sued *in forma pauperis*. Indeed he was so replete with human kindness, that as often as an affecting story or circumstance was told in his hearing, it overflowed at his eyes. Being of a warm complexion, he was very susceptible of passion, and somewhat libertine in his amours. In other respects, he piqued himself on understanding the practice of the courts, and in private company he took pleasure in laying down the law; but he was an indifferent orator, and tediously circumstantial in his explanations: his stature was rather diminutive; but, upon the whole, he had some title to the character of a pretty, dapper, little fellow.

The solitary guest had something very forbidding in his aspect, which was contracted by an habitual frown. His eyes were small and red, and so deep set in the sockets, that each appeared like the unextinguished snuff of a farthing candle gleaming through the horn of a dark lantern. His nostrils were elevated in scorn, as if his sense of smelling had been perpetually offended by some unfavourable odour; and he looked as if he wanted to shrink within himself from the impertinence of society. He wore a black periwig, as straight as the pinions of a raven, and this was covered with an hat flapped, and fastened to his head by a speckled handkerchief tied under his chin. He was wrapped in a great coat of brown frieze, under which he seemed to conceal a small bundle. His name was Ferret, and his character distinguished by three peculiarities. He was never seen to smile; he was never heard to speak in praise of any person whatsoever; and he was never known to give a direct answer to any question that was asked; but seemed, on all occasions, to be actuated by the most perverse spirit of contradiction.

Captain Crowe, having remarked that it was squally weather, asked how far it was to the next market-town; and understanding that the distance

was not less than six miles, said he had a good mind to come to an anchor for the night, if so be as he could have a tolerable berth in this here harbour. Mr. Fillet perceiving by his style that he was a sea-faring gentleman, observed that their landlady was not used to lodge such company; and expressed some surprize, that he, who had, no doubt, endured so many storms and hardships at sea, should think much of travelling five or six miles a horseback by moon-light. 'For my part,' said he, 'I ride in all weathers, and all hours, without minding cold, wet, wind, or darkness. My constitution is so case-hardened, that I believe I could live all the year at Spitzbergen. With respect to this road, I know every foot of it so exactly, that I'll engage to travel forty miles upon it blindfold, without making one false step; and if you have faith enough to put yourselves under my auspices, I will conduct you safe to an elegant inn, where you will meet with the best accommodation.' — 'Thank you, brother,' replied the captain; 'we are much beholden to you for your courteous offer; but howsoever, you must not think I mind foul weather more than my neighbours. I have worked hard aloft and afloat in many a taught gale—but this here is the case, d'y'e see; we have run down a long day's reckoning; our beasts have had a hard spell; and as for my own hap, brother, I doubt my bottom-planks have lost some of their sheathing, being as how I a'n't used to that kind of scrubbing.'

The doctor, who had practised on board a man of war in his youth, and was perfectly well acquainted with the captain's dialect, assured him, that if his bottom was damaged, he would *new-pay* it with an excellent salve, which he always carried about him, to guard against such accidents on the road: but Tom Clarke, who seemed to have cast the eyes of affection upon the landlady's eldest daughter, Dolly, objected to their proceeding farther without rest and refreshment, as they had already travelled fifty miles since morning; and he was sure his uncle must be fatigued both in mind and body, from vexation, as well as from a hard exercise to which he had not been accustomed. Fillet then desisted, saying, he was sorry to

find

find the captain had any cause for vexation; but he hoped it was not an incurable evil. This expression was accompanied with a look of curiosity, which Mr. Clarke was glad of an occasion to gratify; for, as we have hinted above, he was a very communicative gentleman, and the affair which now lay upon his stomach interested him nearly.

‘I’ll assure you, Sir,’ said he, ‘this here gentleman, Captain Crowe, who is my mother’s own brother, has been cruelly used by some of his relations. He bears as good a character as any captain of a ship on the Royal Exchange, and has undergone a variety of hardships at sea. What d’ye think, now, of his bursting all his sinews, and making his eyes start out of his head, in pulling his ship off a rock, whereby he saved to his owners—’ Here he was interrupted by the captain, who exclaimed, ‘Belay, Tom, belay—pr’ythee, don’t veer out such a deal of jaw. Clap a stopper on thy cable, and bring thyself up, my lad; what a deal of stuff thou hast pumped up concerning bursting, and starting, and pulling ships: Laud have mercy upon us! Look ye here, brother—look ye here—mind these poor crippled joints; two fingers on the star-board, and three on the larboard hand; crooked, d’ye see, like the knees of a bilander. I’ll tell you what, brother, you seem to be a—ship deep laden—rich cargo—current setting into the bay—hard gale—lee-shore—all hands in the boat—towing round the headland—self pulling for dear blood, against the whole crew. Snap go the finger-braces—crack went the eye-blocks.—Bounce daylight—flash star-light—down I foundered, dark as hell—whizz went my ears, and my head spun like a whirligig.—That don’t signify—I’m a Yorkshire boy, as the saying is; all my life at sea, brother, by reason of an old grandmother and maiden aunt, a couple of old stinking—, kept me these forty years out of my grandfather’s estate.—Hearing as how they had taken their departure, came ashore, hired horses, and clapped on all my canvas, steering to the northward, to take possession of my—But it don’t signify talking—these two old piratical—had held a

palaver with a lawyer—an attorney, Tom, d’ye mind me, an attorney—and by his assistance, hove me out of my inheritance—that is all, brother, hove me out of five hundred pounds a year; that’s all—what signifies—but such windfalls we don’t every day pick up along shore.—Fill about, brother—Yes, by the Lord! those two smuggling harridans, with the assistance of an attorney—an attorney, Tom—hove me out of five hundred a year.—‘Yes, indeed, Sir,’ added Mr. Clarke, ‘those two malicious old women docked the intail, and left the estate to an alien.’

Here Mr. Ferret thought proper to intermingle in the conversation, with a *Pish*, what, do’st talk of docking the intail? Do’st not know that by the statute Westm. 2. 13 Ed. the will and intention of the donor must be fulfilled, and the tenant in tail shall not alien after issue had, or before.—‘Give me leave, Sir,’ replied Tom; ‘I presume you are a practitioner in the law. Now you know, that in the case of a contingent remainder, the intail may be destroyed by levying a fine, and suffering a recovery; or otherwise destroying the particular estate, before the contingency happens. If *seoffees*, who possess an estate only during the life of a son, where divers remainders are limited over, make a *seoffment* in fee to him, by the *seoffment* all the future remainders are destroyed. Indeed, a person in remainder may have a writ of intrusion, if any do intrude after the death of a tenant for life; and the writ *ex gravi querela* lies to execute a devise in remainder, after the death of a tenant in tail without issue.—‘Spoke like a true disciple of Geber!’ cries Ferret. ‘No, Sir,’ replied Mr. Clarke, ‘Counsellor Caper is in the conveyancing way—I was clerk to Serjeant Croaker.’—‘Aye, and now you may set up for yourself,’ resumed the other, ‘for you can prate as unintelligibly as the best of them.’

‘Perhaps,’ said Tom, ‘I do not make myself understood: if so be as how that is the case, let us change the position; and suppose that this here case is a tail after a possibility of issue extinct. If a tenant in tail, after a possibility, make a *seoffment* of his land, he in reversion may enter

‘for the forfeiture. Then we must make a distinction between *general tail* and *special tail*. It is the word *body* that makes the *intail*; there must be a *body* in the *tail*, devised to heirs male or female, otherwise it is a fee-simple, because it is not limited of what *body*. Thus a corporation cannot be seized in *tail*. For example; here is a young woman—What is your name, my dear?’—‘Dolly,’ answered the daughter, with a curtsy. ‘Here’s Dolly—I seize Dolly in *tail*—Dolly, I seize you in *tail*.’—‘Sha’t then!’ cried Dolly, pouting. ‘I am seized of land in fee—I settle on Dolly in *tail*.’—

Dolly, who did not comprehend the nature of the illustration, understood him in a literal sense, and in a whimpering tone exclaimed, ‘Sha’t then, I tell thee, cursed tuoad!’ Tom, however, was so transported with his subject, that he took no notice of poor Dolly’s mistake; but proceeded in his harangue upon the different kinds of *tails*, *remainders*, and *seisins*, when he was interrupted by a noise that alarmed the whole company. The rain had been succeeded by a storm of wind, that howled around the house with the most savage impetuosity; and the heavens were overcast in such a manner that not one star appeared, so that all without was darkness and uproar. This aggravated the horrors of divers loud screams, which even the noise of the blast could not exclude from the astonished ears of our travellers. Captain Crowe called out, ‘Avast, avast!’ Tom Clarke sat silent, staring wildly, with his mouth still open; the surgeon himself seemed startled, and Ferret’s countenance betrayed evident marks of confusion. The ostler moved nearer the chimney; and the good woman of the house, with her two daughters, crept close to the company.

After some pause, the captain starting up, ‘These,’ said he, ‘be signals of distress. Some poor souls in danger of foundering; let us bear up a-head, and see if we can give them any assistance.’ The landlady begged him, for Christis sake, not to think of going out; for it was a spirit that would lead him astray into fens and rivers, and certainly do him a mischief. Crowe seemed to be staggered by this remonstrance, which his nephew reinforced,

observing, that it might be a stratagem of rogues to decoy them into the fields, that they might rob them under the cloud of night. Thus exhorted, he resumed his seat; and Mr. Ferret began to make very severe strictures upon the folly and fear of those who believed and trembled at the visitation of spirits, ghosts, and goblins. He said, he would engage with twelve penny-worth of phosphorus to frighten a whole parish out of their senses: then he expatiated on the pusillanimity of the nation in general, ridiculed the militia, censured the government, and dropped some hints about a change of hands, which the captain could not, and the doctor would not comprehend.

Tom Clarke, from the freedom of his discourse, concluded he was a ministerial spy, and communicated his opinion to his uncle in a whisper, while this misanthrope continued to pour forth his invectives with a fluency peculiar to himself. The truth is, Mr. Ferret had been a party-writer, not from principle, but employment, and had felt the rod of power; in order to avoid a second exertion of which, he now found it convenient to skulk about in the country; for he had received intimation of a warrant from the secretary of state, who wanted to be better acquainted with his person. Notwithstanding the ticklish nature of his situation, it was become so habitual to him to think and speak in a certain manner, that even before strangers, whose principles and connections he could not possibly know, he hardly ever opened his mouth without uttering some direct or implied sarcasm against the government.

He had already proceeded a considerable way in demonstrating that the nation was bankrupt and beggared, and that those who stood at the helm were steering full into the gulph of inevitable destruction; when his lecture was suddenly suspended by a violent knocking at the door, which threatened the whole house with immediate demolition. Captain Crowe, believing they should be instantly boarded, unsheathed his hanger, and stood in a posture of defence. Mr. Fillet armed himself with the poker, which happened to be red-hot; the ostler pulled down a rusty firelock, that hung by the roof over a sitch of bacon. Tom Clarke, perceiving the landlady and her children distressed





Stothard del.

Walker sculp.

tracted with terror, conducted them, out of mere compassion, below stairs into the cellar; and as for Mr. Ferret, he prudently withdrew into an adjoining pantry.

But as a personage of great importance in this entertaining history was forced to remain some time at the door before he could gain admittance, so must the reader wait with patience for the next chapter, in which he will see the cause of this disturbance explained much to his comfort and edification.

CHAP. II.

IN WHICH THE HERO OF THESE ADVENTURES MAKES HIS FIRST APPEARANCE ON THE STAGE OF ACTION.

THE outward door of the Black Lion had already sustained two dreadful shocks; but at the third it flew open, and in stalked an apparition, that smote the hearts of our travellers with fear and trepidation. It was the figure of a man armed cap-a-pie, bearing on his shoulder a bundle dropping with water, which afterwards appeared to be the body of a man that seemed to have been drowned, and fished up from the bottom of the neighbouring river.

Having deposited his burden carefully on the floor, he addressed himself to the company in these words. 'Be not surprized, good people, at this unusual appearance, which I shall take an opportunity to explain; and forgive the rude and boisterous manner in which I have demanded, and indeed forced admittance; the violence of my intrusion was the effect of necessity. In crossing the river, my squire and his horse were swept away by the stream; and with some difficulty I have been able to drag him ashore, though I am afraid my assistance reached him too late; for, since I brought him to land, he has given no signs of life.'

Here he was interrupted by a groan which issued from the chest of the squire, and terrified the spectators as much as it comforted the master. After some recollection, Mr. Fillet began to undress the body, which was laid in a blanket on the floor, and rolled from side to side by his direction. A

considerable quantity of water being discharged from the mouth of this unfortunate squire, he uttered a hideous roar; and, opening his eyes, stared wildly around: then the surgeon undertook for his recovery; and his master went forth with the ostler in quest of the horses, which he had left by the side of the river. His back was no sooner turned, than Ferret, who had been peeping from behind the pantry-door, ventured to rejoin the company; pronouncing with a smile, or rather grin of contempt, 'Hey day! what precious mummery is this? What! are we to have the farce of Hamlet's ghost?'—'Ad-zooks,' cried the captain, 'my kinsman Tom has dropped a-stern; hope in God a-has not bulged to, and gone to bottom!'—'Pish,' exclaimed the misanthrope, 'there's no danger; the young lawyer is only seizing Dolly in tail.'

Certain it is, Dolly squeaked at that instant in the cellar; and Clarke appearing soon after in some confusion, declared she had been frightened by a flash of lightning; but this assertion was not confirmed by the young lady herself, who eyed him with a sullen regard, indicating displeasure, though not indifference; and when questioned by her mother, replied, 'A-doan't maind what a-says, so a doan't, vor all his golden jacket, then.'

In the mean time the surgeon had performed the operation of phlebotomy on the squire, who was lifted into a chair, and supported by the landlady for that purpose; but he had not as yet given any sign of having retrieved the use of his senses. And here Mr. Fillet could not help contemplating with surprise the strange figure and accoutrements of his patient, who seemed in age to be turned of fifty. His stature was below the middle size; he was thick, squat, and brawny, with a small protuberance on one shoulder, and a prominent belly, which, in consequence of the water he had swallowed, now strutted beyond its usual dimensions. His forehead was remarkably convex, and so very low, that his black bushy hair descended within an inch of his nose; but this did not conceal the wrinkles of his front, which were manifold. His small glimmering eyes resembled those of the Hampshire porker, that turns up the soil with his projecting snout. His

cheeks were shrivelled and puckered at the corners, like the seams of a regimental coat as it comes from the hands of the contractor; his nose bore a strong analogy in shape to a tennis ball, and in colour to a mulberry; for all the water in the river had not been able to quench the natural fire of that feature. His upper jaw was furnished with two long, white, sharp-pointed teeth or fangs, such as the reader may have observed in the chaps of a wolf, or full-grown mastiff, and an anatomist would describe as a preternatural elongation of the *dentes canini*. His chin was so long, so peaked, and incurvated, as to form in profile, with his impending forehead, the exact resemblance of a moon in the first quarter. With respect to his equipage, he had a leathern cap upon his head, faced like those worn by marines, and exhibiting in embroidery the figure of a crescent. His coat was of white cloth faced with black, and cut in a very antique fashion; and, in lieu of a waistcoat, he wore a buff jerkin. His feet were cased with loose buskins, which, though they rose almost to his knee, could not hide that curvature known by the appellation of bandy legs. A large string of bandaliers garnished a broad belt that graced his shoulders, from whence depended an instrument of war, which was something between a back-sword and a cutlass; and a case of pistols were stuck in his girdle.

Such was the figure which the whole company now surveyed with admiration. After some pause, he seemed to recover his recollection. He rolled about his eyes around, and attentively surveying every individual, exclaimed, in a strange tone, 'Bodikins! where's Gilbert?' This interrogation did not savour much of sanity, especially when accompanied with a wild stare, which is generally interpreted as a sure sign of a disturbed understanding; nevertheless, the surgeon endeavoured to assist his recollection. 'Come,' said he, 'have a good heart. How dost do, friend?'—'Do!' replied the squire, 'do as well as I can: that's a lye too; I might have done better. I had no business to be here.'—'You ought to thank God and your master,' resumed the surgeon, 'for the providential escape you have had.'—'Thank my master!' cried the squire, 'thank the devil!—Go and teach your

grannum to crack filberds. I know who I'm bound to pray for, and who I ought to curse the longest day I have to live.'

Here the captain interposing, 'Nay, brother,' said he, 'you are bound to pray for this here gentleman as your sheet-anchor; for, if so be as he had not cleared your stowage of the water you had taken in at your upper-works, and lightened your veins, d'ye see, by taking away some of your blood, adad! you had driven before the gale, and never been brought up in this world again, d'ye see.'—'What, then, you would persuade me,' replied the patient, 'that the only way to save my life was to shed my precious blood? Look ye, friend, it shall not be lost blood to me. I take you all to witness, that there surgeon, or apothecary, or farrier, or dog-doctor, or whatsoever he may be, has robbed me of the balsam of life; he has not left so much blood in my body as would fatten a starved flea. O! that there was a lawyer here to serve him with a *siferari*.'

Then fixing his eyes upon Ferret, he proceeded. 'An't you a limb of the law, friend?—No, I cry you mercy, you look more like a shew-man or a conjuror.' Ferret, nettled at this address, answered, 'It would be well for you that I could conjure a little common sense into that numbscull of yours.'—'If I want that commodity,' rejoined the squire, 'I must go to another market, I trow. You legerdemain men be more like to conjure the money from our pockets than sense into our skulls. Vor my own part, I was once cheated of vorty good shillings by one of your broother cups and balls.' In all probability he would have descended to particulars, had he not been seized with a return of his nausea, which obliged him to call for a bumper of brandy. This remedy being swallowed, the tumult in his stomach subsided. He desired he might be put to-bed without delay, and that half a dozen eggs and a pound of bacon might, in a couple of hours, be dressed for his supper.

He was accordingly led off the scene by the landlady and her daughter; and Mr. Ferret had just time to observe the fellow was a composition, in which he did not know whether knave or fool most

most predominated, when the master returned from the stable. He had taken off his helmet, and now displayed a very engaging countenance. His age did not seem to exceed thirty; he was tall, and seemingly robust; his face long and oval, his nose aquiline, his mouth furnished with a set of elegant teeth, white as the drifted snow; his complexion clear, and his aspect noble. His chestnut hair loosely flowed in short natural curls; and his grey eyes shone with such vivacity, as plainly shewed that his reason was a little discomposed. Such an appearance prepossessed the greater part of the company in his favour. He bowed round with the most polite and affable address; enquired about his squire; and being informed of the pains Mr. Fillet had taken for his recovery, insisted upon that gentleman's accepting an handsome gratuity: then, in consideration of the cold-bath he had undergone, he was prevailed upon to take the post of honour, namely, the great chair fronting the fire, which was reinforced with a billet of wood for his comfort and convenience.

Perceiving his fellow-travellers either over-awed into silence by his presence, or struck dumb with admiration at his equipage, he accosted them in these words, while an agreeable smile dimpled on his cheek.

'The good company wonders, no doubt, to see a man cased in armour, such as hath been for above a whole century disused in this and every other country of Europe; and perhaps they will be still more surprized when they hear that man profess himself a novice of that military order which hath of old been distinguished in Great Britain, as well as through all Christendom, by the name of knights-errant. Yes, gentlemen, in that painful and thorny path of toil and danger I have begun my career, a candidate for honest fame; determined, as far as in me lies, to honour and assert the efforts of virtue, to combat vice in all her forms, redress injuries, chastise oppression, protect the helpless and forlorn, relieve the indigent, exert my best endeavours in the cause of innocence and beauty, and dedicate my talents, such as they are, to the service of my country.'

'What!' said Ferret, 'you set up for a modern Don Quixote?—The

'scheme is rather too stale and extravagant.—What was an humorous romance, and well-timed satire in Spain near two hundred years ago, will make but a sorry jest, and appear equally insipid and absurd, when really acted from affectation, at this time of day, in a country like England.'

The knight, eyeing this censor with a look of disdain, replied, in a solemn lofty tone, 'He that from affectation imitates the extravagancies recorded of Don Quixote, is an impostor equally wicked and contemptible. He that counterfeits madness, unless he dissembles, like the elder Brutus, for some virtuous purpose, not only debases his own soul, but acts as a traitor to Heaven, by denying the Divinity that is within him.—I am neither an affected imitator of Don Quixote, nor, as I trust in Heaven, visited by that spirit of lunacy so admirably displayed in the fictitious character exhibited by the inimitable Cervantes. I have not yet encountered a windmill for a giant, nor mistaken this publick house for a magnificent castle; neither do I believe this gentleman to be the constable, nor that worthy practitioner to be master Elizabat, the surgeon recorded in Amadis de Gaul, nor you to be the enchanter Alquife, nor any other sage of history or romance.—I see and distinguish objects as they are discerned and described by other men. I reason without prejudice; can endure contradiction; and, as the company perceives, even bear impertinent censure without passion or resentment. I quarrel with none but the foes of virtue and decorum, against whom I have declared perpetual war, and them I will every where attack as the natural enemies of mankind.'

'But that war,' said the cypick, 'may soon be brought to a conclusion, and your adventures close in Bride-well, provided you meet with some determined constable, who will seize your worship as a vagrant, according to the statute.—'Heaven and earth!' cried the stranger, starting up, and laying his hand on his sword, 'do I live to hear myself insulted with such an opprobrious epithet, and refrain from trampling into dust the insolent calumniator!'

The tone in which these words were pronounced,

pronounced, and the indignation that flashed from the eyes of the speaker, intimidated every individual of the society, and reduced Ferret to a temporary privation of all his faculties. His eyes retired within their sockets; his complexion, which was naturally of a copper hue, now shifted to a leaden colour; his teeth began to chatter; and all his limbs were agitated by a sudden palsy. The knight observed his condition, and resumed his seat, saying, 'I was to blame: my vengeance must be reserved for very different objects. — Friend, you have nothing to fear — the sudden gust of passion is now blown over. Recollect yourself, and I will reason calmly on the observation you have made.'

This was a very seasonable declaration to Mr. Ferret, who opened his eyes, and wiped his forehead, while the other proceeded in these terms: 'You say I am in danger of being apprehended as a vagrant; I am not so ignorant of the laws of my country, but that I know the description of those who fall within the legal meaning of this odious term. You must give me leave to inform you, friend, that I am neither bearward, fencer, stroller, gipsy, mountebank, nor mendicant; nor do I practise subtle craft to deceive and impose upon the king's lieges; nor can I be held as an idle, disorderly person, travelling from place to place, collecting monies by virtue of counterfeited passes, briefs, and other false pretences — In what respect therefore am I to be deemed a vagrant? Answer boldly, without fear or scruple.'

To this interrogation the misanthrope replied, with a faltering accent, 'If not a vagrant, you incur the penalty for riding armed in affray of the peace.' — 'But, instead of riding armed in affray of the peace,' resumed the other, 'I ride in preservation of the peace; and gentlemen are allowed by the law to wear armour for their defence. Some ride with blunderbusses, some with pistols, some with swords, according to their various inclinations. Mine is to wear the armour of my forefathers: perhaps I use them for exercise, in order to accustom myself to fatigue, and strengthen my constitution; perhaps I assume them for a frolick.'

'But if you swagger armed and in disguise, assault me on the highway, or put me in bodily fear for the sake of the jest, the law will punish you in earnest,' cried the other. — 'But my intention,' answered the knight, 'is carefully to avoid all those occasions of offences.' — 'Then,' said Ferret, 'you may go unarmed, like other sober people.' — 'Not so,' answered the knight; 'as I propose to travel all times, and in all places, mine armour may guard me against the attempts of treachery; it may defend me in combat against odds, should I be assaulted by a multitude, or have occasion to bring malefactors to justice.'

'What, then,' exclaimed the philosopher, 'you intend to co-operate with the honourable fraternity of thieves?' — 'I do purpose,' said the youth, eyeing him with a look of ineffable contempt, 'to act as a coadjutor to the law, and even to remedy evils which the law cannot reach; to detect fraud and treason, abase insolence, mortify pride, discourage slander, disgrace immodesty, and stigmatize ingratitude: but the infamous part of a thief-catcher's character I disclaim. Neither do I associate with robbers and pickpockets, (knowing them to be such) that, in being entrusted with their secrets, I may the more effectually betray them; nor shall I ever pocket the reward granted by the legislature to those by whom robbers are brought to conviction; but I shall always think it my duty to rid my country of that pernicious vermin which preys upon the bowels of the commonwealth — not but that an incorporated company of licensed thieves might, under proper regulations, be of service to the community.'

Ferret, emboldened by the passive tameness with which the stranger bore his last reflection, began to think he had nothing of Hector but his outside, and gave a loose to all the acrimony of his party-rapour. Hearing the knight mention a company of licensed thieves, 'What else,' cried he, 'is the majority of the nation? What is your standing army at home, that eat up their fellow-subjects? What are your mercenaries abroad, whom you hire to fight their own quarrels? What is your militia, that wise measure of a

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‘ sagacious ministry, but a larger gang
 ‘ of petty thieves, who steal sheep and
 ‘ poultry through mere idleness; and,
 ‘ were they confronted with an enemy,
 ‘ would steal themselves away? What
 ‘ is your * * * * but a knot of thieves,
 ‘ who pillage the nation under colour of
 ‘ law, and enrich themselves with the
 ‘ wreck of their country? When you
 ‘ consider the enormous debt of above
 ‘ an hundred millions, the intolerable
 ‘ load of taxes and impositions under
 ‘ which we groan, and the manner in
 ‘ which that burden is yearly accumu-
 ‘ lating to support two German electo-
 ‘ rates, without our receiving any thing
 ‘ in return but the shews of triumph
 ‘ and shadows of conquest; I say,
 ‘ when you reflect on these circum-
 ‘ stances, and at the same time behold
 ‘ our cities filled with bankrupts, and
 ‘ our country with beggars, can you
 ‘ be so infatuated as to deny that the
 ‘ ministry is mad, or worse than mad;
 ‘ our wealth exhausted, our people mi-
 ‘ serable, our credit blasted, and our
 ‘ state on the brink of perdition? This
 ‘ prospect, indeed, will make the fainter
 ‘ impression, if we recollect that we
 ‘ ourselves are a pack of such profligate,
 ‘ corrupted, pusillanimous rascals,
 ‘ as deserve no salvation.’

The stranger, raising his voice to a loud tone, replied, ‘ Such, indeed, are the insinuations, equally false and insidious, with which the desperate emissaries of a party endeavour to poison the minds of his majesty’s subjects, in defiance of common honesty and common sense. But he must be blind to all perception, and dead to candour, who does not see and own that we are involved in a just and necessary war, which has been maintained on truly British principles, prosecuted with vigour, and crowned with success; that our taxes are easy, in proportion to our wealth; that our conquests are equally glorious and important; that our commerce flourishes, our people are happy, and our enemies reduced to despair.—Is there a man who boasts a British heart, that repines at the success and prosperity of his country? Such there are, O shame to patriotism, and reproach to Great Britain! who act as the emissaries of France both in words and writing; who exaggerate our necessary burdens, magnify our dangers, extol the power

‘ of our enemies, deride our victories,
 ‘ extenuate our conquests, condemn
 ‘ the measures of our government, and
 ‘ scatter the seeds of dissatisfaction
 ‘ through the land. Such domestick
 ‘ traitors are doubly the objects of detestation; first, in perverting truth; and, secondly, in propagating falsehood, to the prejudice of that community of which they have professed themselves members. One of these is well known by the name of Ferret, an old, rancorous, incorrigible instrument of sedition; happy it is for him that he has never fallen in my way; for, notwithstanding the maxims of forbearance which I have adopted, the indignation which the character of that caittiff inspires would probably impel me to some act of violence, and I should crush him like an ungrateful viper that gnawed the bosom which warmed it into life.’

These last words were pronounced with a wildness of look that even bordered upon phrenzy. The misanthrope once more retired to the pantry for shelter, and the rest of the guests were evidently disconcerted.

Mr. Filler, in order to change the conversation, which was likely to produce serious consequences, expressed uncommon satisfaction at the remarks which the knight had made; signified his approbation of the honourable office he had undertaken; declared himself happy in having seen such an accomplished cavalier; and observed, that nothing was wanting to render him a complete knight-errant but some celebrated beauty, the mistress of his heart, whose idea might animate his breast, and strengthen his arm to the utmost exertion of valour: he added, that love was the soul of chivalry.

The stranger started at this discourse. He turned his eyes on the surgeon with a fixed regard; his countenance changed; a torrent of tears gushed down his cheeks; his head sunk upon his bosom; he heaved a profound sigh; and remained in silence with all the external marks of unutterable sorrow. The company were in some measure infected by his despondence; concerning the cause of which, however, they would not venture to enquire.

By this time the landlady, having disposed of the squire, desired to know, with many curtiseys, if his honour would

not chuse to put off his wet garments ; assuring him, that she had a very good feather-bed at his service, upon which many gentlefolks of the virst quality had lain ; that the sheets were well aired, and that Dolly should warm them for his worship with a pan of coals. This hospitable offer being repeated, he seemed to wake from a trance of grief ; arose from his seat, and, bowing courteously to the company, withdrew.

Captain Crowe, whose faculty of speech had been all this time absorbed in amazement, now broke into the conversation with a volley of interjections. ‘ Split my snatch-block ! Odd’s firkin ! ‘ Splice my old shoes ! I have sailed the ‘ salt seas, brother, since I was no higher ‘ than the Triton’s taffrel ; east, west, ‘ north, and south, as the saying is ; ‘ Blacks, Indians, Moors, Morattos, ‘ and Seapoys ; but, smite my timbers ! ‘ such a man of war——’

Here he was interrupted by his nephew Tom Clarke, who had disappeared at the knight’s first entrance, and now produced himself with an eagerness in his look, while the tears started in his eyes. ‘ Lord bless my soull !’ cried he, ‘ I know that gentleman and his ‘ servant as well as I know my own ‘ father. I am his own godson, uncle ; ‘ he stood for me when he was a boy : ‘ yes, indeed, Sir, my father was steward ‘ to the estate ; I may say I was bred ‘ up in the family of Sir Everhard ‘ Greaves, who has been dead these ‘ two years—this is the only son, Sir ‘ Launcelot ; the best-natured, worthy, ‘ generous gentleman—I care not who ‘ knows it, I love him as well as if he ‘ was my own flesh and blood.’

At this period, Tom, whose heart was of the melting mood, began to sob and weep plenteously, from pure affection. Crowe, who was not very subject to these tenderesses, damned him for a chicken-hearted lubber ; repeating, with much peevishness, ‘ What ‘ do’st cry for ? What do’st cry for, ‘ noddly ?’ The surgeon, impatient to know the story of Sir Launcelot, which he had heard imperfectly recounted, begged that Mr. Clarke would compose himself, and relate it as circumstantially as his memory could retain the particulars ; and Tom, wiping his eyes, promised to give him that satisfaction ;

which the reader, if he be so minded, may partake in the next chapter.

CHAP. III.

WHICH THE READER, ON PERUSAL, MAY WISH WERE CHAPTER THE LAST.

THE doctor prescribed a *repetatur* of the julep, and mixed the ingredients *secundum artem*. Tom Clarke hemmed thrice, to clear his pipes ; while the rest of the company, including Dolly and her mother, who had by this time administered to the knight, composed themselves into earnest and hushed attention. Then the young lawyer began his narration to this effect.

‘ I tell ye what, gemmen, I don’t ‘ pretend in this here case to flourish ‘ and harangue like a—having never ‘ been called to—But what of that, d’ye ‘ see ? Perhaps I may know as much ‘ as—facts are facts, as the saying is. ‘ I shall tell, repeat, and relate a plain ‘ story—matters of fact, d’ye see, with- ‘ out rhetoric, oratory, ornament, or ‘ embellishment ; without repetition, ‘ tautology, circumlocution, or going ‘ about the bush : facts which I shall ‘ aver, partly on the testimony of my ‘ own knowledge, and partly from the ‘ information of responsible evidences ‘ of good repute and credit, any circum- ‘ stance known to the contrary notwith- ‘ standing. For, as the law saith, if so ‘ be as how there is *an exception* to evi- ‘ dence, that *exception* is, in it’s nature, ‘ but a denial of what is taken to be ‘ good by the other party, and *exceptio ‘ in non exceptis firmat regulam*, d’ye ‘ see. But howlomever, in regard to ‘ this here affair, we need not be so scru- ‘ pulous as if we were pleading before ‘ a judge *sedente curia*.’

Ferret, whose curiosity was rather more eager than that of any other person in this audience, being provoked by this preamble, dashed the pipe he had just filled in pieces against the grate ; and after having pronounced the interjection, ‘ Pish !’ with an acrimony of aspect altogether peculiar to himself ; ‘ If,’ said he, ‘ impertinence and folly were fe- ‘ lony by the statute, there would be no ‘ want of unexceptionable evidence to ‘ hang

hang such an eternal babbler.—
 ‘Anan, babbler!’ cried Tom, reddening with passion, and starting up, ‘I’d have you to know, Sir, that I can bite as well as babble; and that, if I am so minded, I can run upon the foot after my game without being in fault, as the saying is; and, which is more, I can shake an old fox by the collar.’

How far this young lawyer might have proceeded to prove himself staunch on the person of the misanthrope, if he had not been prevented, we shall not determine; but the whole company were alarmed at his looks and expressions. Dolly’s rosy cheeks assumed an ashy-colour, while she ran between the disputants, crying, ‘Naay, naay; vor the love of God doant then, doant then!’ But Captain Crowe exerted a parental authority over his nephew, saying, ‘Avast, Tom, avast! Snugg’s the word; we’ll have no boarding, d’ye see. Haul forward thy chair again, take thy berth, and proceed with thy story in a direct course, without yawing like a Dutch yanky.’

Tom, thus tutored, recollected himself, resumed his seat, and, after some pause, plunged at once into the current of narration. ‘I told you before, gemmen, that the gentleman in armour was the only son of Sir Everhard Greaves, who possessed a free estate of five thousand a year in our county, and was respected by all his neighbours, as much for his personal merit as for his family fortune. With respect to his son Launcelot, whom you have seen, I can remember nothing until he returned from the university, about the age of seventeen, and then I myself was not more than ten years old. The young gemman was at that time in mourning for his mother; though, God he knows, Sir Everhard had more cause to rejoice than to be afflicted at her death: for, among friends, here he lowered his voice, and looked round the kitchen, she was very whimsical, expensive, and ill-tempered—and, I’m afraid, a little—upon the—flighty order—a little touched or so—but mum for that—the lady is now dead; and it is my maxim, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*. The young squire was even then very handsome, and looked remarkable well in his weepers; but he had an aukward air, and shambling gait, stooped mortally,

and was so shy and silent, that he would not look a stranger in the face, nor open his mouth before company. Whenever he spied a horse or carriage at the gate, he would make his escape into the garden, and from thence into the park; where many’s the good time and often he has been found sitting under a tree, with a book in his hand, reading Greek, Latin, and other foreign linguas.

Sir Everhard himself was no great scholar, and my father had forgot his classical learning; and so the rector of the parish was desired to examine young Launcelot. It was a long time before he found an opportunity; the squire always gave him the slip. At length the parson caught him in bed of a morning, and, locking the door, to it they went tooth and nail. What passed betwixt them, the Lord in heaven knows; but, when the doctor came forth, he looked wild and haggard as if he had seen a ghost, his face as white as paper, and his lips trembling like an aspen-leaf. “Parson,” said the knight, “what is the matter?—how do’st find my son? I hope he won’t turn out a ninny, and disgrace his family.” The doctor, wiping the sweat from his forehead, replied, with some hesitation, he could not tell—he hoped the best—the squire was, to be sure, a very extraordinary young gentleman. But the father urging him to give an explicit answer, he frankly declared, that, in his opinion, the son would turn out either a mirror of wisdom, or a monument of folly; for his genius and disposition were altogether preternatural. The knight was sorely vexed at this declaration, and signified his displeasure, by saying the doctor, like a true priest, dealt in mysteries and oracles, that would admit of different and indeed contrary interpretations. He afterwards consulted my father, who had served as steward upon the estate for above thirty years, and acquired a considerable share of his favour. “Will Clarke,” said he, with tears in his eyes, “what shall I do with this unfortunate lad? I would to God he had never been born; for I fear he will bring my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. When I am gone, he will throw away the estate, and bring himself to infamy and ruin by keep-

“ing company with rooks and beg-
 “gars. O Will! I could forgive ex-
 “travagance in a young man; but it
 “breaks my heart to see my only son
 “give such repeated proofs of a mean
 “spirit and fordid disposition!”

“Here the old gentleman shed a flood
 “of tears, and not without some sha-
 “dow of reason. By this time Laun-
 “celot was grown so reserved to his fa-
 “ther, that he seldom saw him, or any
 “of his relations, except when he was
 “in a manner forced to appear at table,
 “and there his bashfulness seemed every
 “day to encrease. On the other hand,
 “he had formed some very strange con-
 “nexions. Every morning he visited
 “the stable, where he not only conversed
 “with the grooms and helpers, but
 “scraped acquaintance with the horses:
 “he fed his favourites with his own
 “hand, stroaked, caressed, and rode
 “them by turns; till at last they grew
 “so familiar, that, even when they were
 “a-field at grass, and saw him at a
 “distance, they would toss their manes,
 “whinny like so many colts at sight of
 “the dam, and, galloping up to the place
 “where he stood, smell him all over.

“You must know, that I myself,
 “though a child, was his companion
 “in all these excursions. He took a
 “liking to me on account of my being
 “his god-son, and gave me more mo-
 “ney than I knew what to do with;
 “he had always plenty of cash for the
 “asking, as my father was ordered to
 “supply him liberally, the knight think-
 “ing that a command of money might
 “help to raise his thoughts to a proper
 “consideration of his own importance.
 “He never could endure a common
 “beggar, that was not either in a state
 “of infancy or of old age; but, in other
 “respects, he made the guineas fly in
 “such a manner, as looked more like
 “madness than generosity. He had no
 “communication with your rich yeo-
 “men, but rather treated them and
 “their families with studied contempt,
 “because, forsooth, they pretended to
 “assume the dress and manners of the
 “gentry.

“They kept their footmen, their sad-
 “dle-horses, and chaises: their wives
 “and daughters appeared in their jewels,
 “their silks, and their sattins, their ne-
 “gligees and troilopees; their clumsy
 “shanks, like so many shins of beef,
 “were cased in silk hose and embroider-
 “ed slippers; their raw red fingers,

“gross as the pipes of a chamber-cr-
 “gan, which had been employed in
 “milking the cows, in twirling the
 “mop or churn-staff, being adorned
 “with diamonds, were taught to thrum
 “the pandola, and even to touch the
 “keys of the harpsichord; nay, in eve-
 “ry village they kept a route, and set
 “up an assembly; and in one place a
 “hog-butcher was master of the cere-
 “monies.

“I have heard Mr. Greaves ridicule
 “them for their vanity and aukward
 “imitation; and therefore, I believe,
 “he avoided all concerns with them,
 “even when they endeavoured to en-
 “gage his attention. It was the lower
 “sort of people with whom he chiefly
 “conversed, such as ploughmen, ditch-
 “ers, and other day-labourers. To
 “every cottager in the parish he was a
 “bounteous benefactor. He was, in
 “the literal sense of the word, a careful
 “overseer of the poor; for he went
 “from house to house, industriously
 “enquiring into the distresses of the
 “people. He repaired their huts, cloath-
 “ed their backs, filled their bellies,
 “and supplied them with necessaries for
 “exercising their industry and different
 “occupations.

“I’ll give you one instance now, as a
 “specimen of his character. He and
 “I, strolling one day on the side of a
 “common, saw two boys picking hips
 “and haws from the hedges; one seem-
 “ed to be about five, and the other a
 “year older; they were both barefoot
 “and ragged, but at the same time fat,
 “fair, and in good condition. “Who
 “do you belong to?” said Mr. Greaves.
 “To Mary Stile,” replied the oldest,
 “the widow that rents one of them
 “houses.”—“And how do’st live,
 “my boy? Thou lookest fresh and
 “jolly;” resumed the squire. “Lived
 “well enough till yesterday,” answer-
 “ed the child. “And pray what hap-
 “pened yesterday, my boy?” conti-
 “nued Mr. Greaves. “Happened?”
 “said he, “why, mammy had a coo-
 “ple of little Welch keawes, that g’ien
 “milk enough to fill all our bellies;
 “mammy’s and mine, and Dick’s here,
 “and my two little sisters at hoam;
 “yesterday the squire seized the keawes
 “for rent, God rot’un! Mammy’s
 “gone to bed sick and sulky; my two
 “sisters be crying at hoam vor vood;
 “and Dick and I be come hither to
 “pick haws and bullies.”

“My

"My godfather's face grew red as scarlet; he took one of the children in either hand, and leading them towards the house, found Sir Everhard talking with my father before the gate. Instead of avoiding the old gentleman, as usual, he brushed up to him with a spirit he had never shewn before; and presenting the two ragged boys, "Surely, Sir," said he, "you will not countenance that there ruffian, your steward, in oppressing the widow and the fatherless? On pretence of distraining for the rent of a cottage, he has robbed the mother of these and other poor infant orphans of two cows, which afforded them their whole sustenance. Shall you be concerned in tearing the hard-earned morsel from the mouth of indigence? Shall your name, which has been so long mentioned as a blessing, be now detested as a curse by the poor, the helpless and forlorn? The father of these babes was once your game keeper, who died of a consumption caught in your service. You see they are almost naked—I found them plucking haws and flocks, in order to appease their hunger. The wretched mother is starving in a cold cottage, distracted with the cries of other two infants, clamorous for food; and while her heart is bursting with anguish and despair, she invokes Heaven to avenge the widow's cause upon the head of her unrelenting landlord!"

"This unexpected address brought tears into the eyes of the good old gentleman. "Will Clarke," said he to my father, "how durst you abuse my authority at this rate? You who know I have been always a protector, not an oppressor of the needy and unfortunate. I charge you, go immediately and comfort this poor woman with immediate relief; instead of her own cows, let her have two of the best milch cows of my dairy; they shall graze in my parks in summer, and be foddered with my hay in winter.—She shall sit rent-free for life; and I will take care of these her poor orphans."

"This was a very affecting scene. Mr. Launcelot took his father's hand and kissed it, while the tears ran down his cheeks; and Sir Everhard embraced his son with great tenderness,

crying, "My dear boy! God be praised for having given you such a feeling heart." My father himself was moved, tho' a practitioner of the law, and consequently used to distresses. He declared, that he had given no directions to distrain; and that the bailiff must have done it by his own authority. "If that be the case," said the young squire, "let the inhuman rascal be turned out of our service."

"Well, gemmen, all the children were immediately clothed and fed, and the poor widow had well-nigh run distracted with joy. The old knight, being of a humane temper himself, was pleased to see such proofs of his son's generosity: he was not angry at his spending his money, but at squandering away his time among the dregs of the people. For you must know, he not only made matches, portioned poor maidens, and set up young couples that came together without money; but he mingled in every rustick diversion, and bore away the prize in every contest. He excelled every swain of that district in feats of strength and activity; in leaping, running, wrestling, cricket, cudgel playing, and pitching the bar; and was confessed to be, out of sight, the best dancer at all wakes and holidays. Happy was the country-girl who could engage the young squire as her partner! To be sure it was a comely sight for to see as how the buxom country-lasses, fresh and fragrant, and blushing like the rose, in their best apparel dight, their white hose, and clean short dimity petticoats, their gaudy gowns of printed cotton, their top-knots and stomachers, bedizened with bunches of ribbands of various colours, green, pink, and yellow; to see them crowned with garlands, and assembled on May-day, to dance before Squire Launcelot, as he made his morning's progress through the village. Then all the young peasants made their appearance with cockades, suited to the fancies of their several sweet-hearts, and boughs of flowering hawthorn. The children sported about like flocks of frisking lambs, or the young fry swarming under the sunny bank of some meandering river. The old men and women, in their holiday garments, stood at their doors to receive
C 2 their

‘ their benefactor, and poured forth
 ‘ blessings on him as he passed; the chil-
 ‘ dren welcomed him with their shrill
 ‘ shouts; the damsels with songs of
 ‘ praise; and the young men with the
 ‘ pipe and tabor, marched before him
 ‘ to the May-pole, which was bedecked
 ‘ with flowers and bloom. There the
 ‘ rural dance began; a plentiful dinner,
 ‘ with oceans of good liquor, was be-
 ‘ spoke at the White Hart. The whole
 ‘ village was regaled at the squire’s ex-
 ‘ pence; and both the day and the
 ‘ night was spent in mirth and plea-
 ‘ sure.

‘ Lord help you! he could not rest if
 ‘ he thought there was an aching heart
 ‘ in the whole parish. Every pauntry
 ‘ cottage was in a little time converted
 ‘ into a pretty, snug, comfortable ha-
 ‘ bitation, with a wooden porch at the
 ‘ door, glass casements in the windows,
 ‘ and a little garden behind, well stored
 ‘ with greens, roots, and fallads. In
 ‘ a word, the poor’s rate was reduced
 ‘ to a mere trifle; and one would have
 ‘ thought the golden age was revived
 ‘ in Yorkshire. But, as I told you be-
 ‘ fore, the old knight could not bear
 ‘ to see his only son so wholly attached
 ‘ to these lowly pleasures, while he in-
 ‘ dustriously shunned all opportunities
 ‘ of appearing in that superior sphere
 ‘ to which he was designed by nature
 ‘ and by fortune. He imputed his
 ‘ conduct to meanness of spirit, and ad-
 ‘ vised with my father touching the pro-
 ‘ perest expedient to wean his affections
 ‘ from such low-born pursuits. My
 ‘ father counselled him to send the
 ‘ young gentleman up to London, to
 ‘ be entered as a student in the Temple,
 ‘ and recommended to the superinten-
 ‘ dence of some person who knew the
 ‘ town, and might engage him insensibly
 ‘ in such amusements and connex-
 ‘ ions, as would soon lift his ideas
 ‘ above the humble objects on which
 ‘ they had been hitherto employed.
 ‘ This advice appeared so salutary, that
 ‘ it was followed without the least hesi-
 ‘ tation. The young squire himself was
 ‘ perfectly well satisfied with the propo-
 ‘ sal, and in a few days set out for the
 ‘ great city; but there was not a dry
 ‘ eye in the parish at his departure, al-
 ‘ though he prevailed upon his father to
 ‘ pay, in his absence, all the pensions he
 ‘ had granted to those who could not
 ‘ live on the fruit of their own indus-

‘ try. In what manner he spent his
 ‘ time in London, it is none of my bu-
 ‘ siness to enquire; tho’ I know pretty
 ‘ well what kind of lives are led by gem-
 ‘ men of your inns of court. I myself once
 ‘ belonged to Serjeant’s Inn, and was
 ‘ perhaps as good a wit and a critick as
 ‘ any Templar of them all. Nay, as
 ‘ for that matter, tho’ I despise vanity,
 ‘ I can aver with a safe conscience, that
 ‘ I had once the honour to belong to
 ‘ the society called The Town; we were
 ‘ all of us attorneys clerks, gemmen,
 ‘ and had our meetings at an ale-house
 ‘ in Butcher Row, where we regulated
 ‘ the diversions of the theatre.

‘ But to return from this digression.
 ‘ Sir Everhard Greaves did not seem to
 ‘ be very well pleased with the conduct
 ‘ of his son at London. He got notice
 ‘ of some irregularities and scrapes into
 ‘ which he had fallen; and the squire
 ‘ seldom wrote to his father, except to
 ‘ draw upon him for money; which he
 ‘ did so fast, that in eighteen months
 ‘ the old gemman lost all patience.

‘ At this period Squire Darnel chanc-
 ‘ ed to die, leaving an only daughter,
 ‘ a minor, heirs of three thousand a
 ‘ year, under the guardianship of her
 ‘ uncle, Anthony, whose brutal cha-
 ‘ racter all the world knows. The
 ‘ breath was no sooner out of his bro-
 ‘ ther’s body; than he resolved, if pos-
 ‘ sible, to succeed him in parliament as
 ‘ representative for the borough of Ash-
 ‘ enton. Now you must know, that
 ‘ this borough had been for many years
 ‘ a bone of contention between the fa-
 ‘ milies of Greaves and Darnel; and
 ‘ at length the difference was compro-
 ‘ mised by the interposition of friends,
 ‘ on condition that Sir Everhard and
 ‘ Squire Darnel should alternately re-
 ‘ present the place in parliament. They
 ‘ agreed to this compromise for their
 ‘ mutual convenience; but they were
 ‘ never heartily reconciled. Their po-
 ‘ litical principles did not tally; an-
 ‘ their wives looked upon each other as
 ‘ rivals in fortune and magnificence
 ‘ so that there was no intercourse be-
 ‘ tween them, tho’ they lived in the
 ‘ same neighbourhood. On the con-
 ‘ trary, in all disputes, they constan-
 ‘ tly headed the opposite parties. Sir Ev-
 ‘ hard understanding that Anthony
 ‘ Darnel had begun to canvass, and
 ‘ was putting every iron in the fire in
 ‘ violation and contempt of the *pain*
 ‘ *galie*

‘ *familia* before-mentioned, fell into a violent passion, that brought on a severe fit of the gout, by which he was disabled from giving personal attention to his own interest. My father, indeed, employed all his diligence and address; and spared neither money, time, nor constitution; till at length he drank himself into a consumption, which was the death of him. But, after all, there is a great difference between a steward and a principal. Mr. Darnel attended in *propria persona*, flattered and caressed the women, feasted the electors, hired mobs, made processions, and scattered about his money in such a manner, that our friends durst hardly shew their heads in publick.

‘ At this very crisis our young squire, to whom his father had written an account of the transaction, arrived unexpectedly at Greavesbury Hall, and had a long private conference with Sir Everhard. The news of his return spread like wild-fire through all that part of the country; bon-fires were made, and the bells set a ringing in several towns and steeples; and next morning above seven hundred people were assembled at the gate, with musick, flags and streamers, to welcome their young squire, and accompany him to the borough of Ashenton. He set out on foot with this retinue, and entered one end of the town just as Mr. Darnel’s mob had come in at the other. Both arrived about the same time at the market-place; but Mr. Darnel, mounting first into the balcony of the town-house, made a long speech to the people in favour of his own pretensions, not without some invidious reflections glanced at Sir Everhard, his competitor.

‘ We did not much mind the acclamations of his party, which we knew had been hired for the purpose; but we were in some pain for Mr. Greaves, who had not been used to speak in publick. He took his turn, however, in the balcony; and, uncovering his head, bowed all round with the most engaging courtesy. He was dressed in a green frock trimmed with gold; and his own dark hair flowed about his ears in natural curls, while his face was overspread with a blush, that improved the glow of youth to a

‘ deeper crimson, and, I dare say, set many a female heart a palpitating. When he made his first appearance, there was just such a humming and clapping of hands as you may have heard when the celebrated Garrick comes upon the stage in *King Lear*, or *King Richard*, or any other top character. But how agreeably were we disappointed, when our young gentleman made such an oration as would not have disgraced a Pitt, an Egmont, or a Murray! While he spoke, all was hushed in admiration and attention—you could almost have heard a feather drop to the ground. It would have charmed you to hear with what modesty he recounted the services which his father and grandfather had done to the corporation; with what eloquence he expatiated upon the shameful infraction of the treaty subsisting between the two families; and with what keen and spirited strokes of satire he retorted the sarcasms of Darnel.

‘ He no sooner concluded his harangue, than there was such a burst of applause, as seemed to rend the very sky. Our musick immediately struck up; our people advanced with their ensigns, and, as every man had a good cudgel, broken heads would have ensued, had not Mr. Darnel and his party thought proper to retreat with uncommon dispatch. He never offered to make another publick entrance, as he saw the torrent ran so violently against him; but sat down with his loss, and withdrew his opposition, though at bottom extremely mortified and incensed. Sir Everhard was unanimously elected, and appeared to be the happiest man upon earth; for, besides the pleasure arising from his victory over this competitor, he was now fully satisfied that his son, instead of disgracing, would do honour to his family. It would have moved a heart of stone to see with what a tender transport of paternal joy he received his dear Launcelet, after having heard of his deportment and success at Ashenton; where, by the bye, he gave a ball to the ladies, and displayed as much elegance and politeness as if he had been bred at the court of Versailles.

‘ This joyous season was of short duration: in a little time all the happiness

pinels of the family was overcast by a sad incident, which hath left such an unfortunate impresson upon the mind of the young gentleman, as, I am afraid, will never be effaced. Mr. Darnel's neice and ward, the great heiress, whose name is Aurelia, was the most celebrated beauty of the whole country; if I said the whole kingdom, or indeed all Europe, perhaps I should barely do her justice. I don't pretend to be a limner, gentlemen; nor does it become me to delineate such excellence; but surely I may presume to repeat from the play,

“Oh! she is all that painting can express,
“Or youthful poets fancy when they love!”

At that time she might be about seventeen; tall and fair, and so exquisitely shaped—you may talk of your Venus de Medicis, your Diana's, your Nymphs and Galatea's; but if Praxiteles, and Roubilliac, and Wilton, were to lay their heads together, in order to make a compleat pattern of beauty, they would hardly reach her model of perfection.—As for complexion, poets will talk of blending the lily with the rose; and bring in a parcel of similies of cowslips, carnations, pinks, and daisies.—There's Dolly, now, has got a very good complexion—indeed, she's the very picture of health and innocence—you are, indeed, my pretty lais—but, *parva comperere magnis*.—Miss Darnel is all amazing beauty, delicacy, and dignity! Then the softness and expresson of her fine blue eyes; her pouting lips of coral hue; her neck, that rises like a tower of polished alabaster between two mounts of snow.—I tell you what, gentlemen, it don't signify talking; if e'er a one of you was to meet this young lady alone, in the midst of a heath or common, or any unfrequented place, he would down on his knees, and think he knelt before some supernatural being. I'll tell you more: she not only resembles an angel in beauty, but a saint in goodness, and an hermit in humility—so void of all pride and affectation; so soft, and sweet, and affable, and humane!—Lord! I could tell such instances of her charity!

Sure enough, she and Sir Launce-
lot were formed by nature for each

other; howsoever, the cruel hand of fortune hath intervened, and severed them for ever. Every soul that knew them both, said it was a thousand pities but they should come together, and extinguish, in their happy union, the mutual animosity of the two families, which had so often embroiled the whole neighbourhood. Nothing was heard but the praises of Miss Aurelia Darnel and Mr. Launcelot Greaves; and no doubt the parties were prepossessed, by this applause, in favour of each other. At length, Mr. Greaves went one Sunday to her parish-church; but, though the greater part of the congregation watched their looks, they could not perceive that she took the least notice of him, or that he seemed to be struck with her appearance. He afterwards had an opportunity of seeing her more at leisure, at the York assembly, during the races; but this opportunity was productive of no good effect, because he had that same day quarrelled with her uncle on the turf.

An old grudge, you know, gentlemen, is soon inflamed to a fresh rupture. It was thought Mr. Darnel came on purpose to shew his resentment. They differed about a bet upon Miss Cleverlegs; and, in the course of the dispute, Mr. Darnel called him a petulant boy. The young squire, who was as hasty as gunpowder, told him he was man enough to chastise him for his insolence; and would do it on the spot, if he thought it would not interrupt the diversion. In all probability they would have come to points immediately, had not the gentlemen interposed; so that nothing farther passed but abundance of foul language on the part of Mr. Anthony, and a repeated defiance to single combat.

Mr. Greaves, making a low bow, retired from the field; and in the evening danced at the assembly with a young lady from the bishoprick, seemingly in good temper and spirits, without having any words with Mr. Darnel, who was also present. But in the morning he visited that proud neighbour betimes; and they had almost reached a grove of trees on the north side of the town, when they were suddenly overtaken by half a dozen gentlemen, who had watched their mo-

tions.

tions. It was in vain for them to dis-
 semble their design, which could not
 now take effect. They gave up their
 pistols, and a reconciliation was patch-
 ed up by the pressing remonstrances of
 their common friends; but Mr. Dar-
 nel's hatred still rankled at bottom,
 and soon broke out in the sequel.
 About three months after this trans-
 action, his niece Aurelia, with her
 mother, having been to visit a lady in
 the chariot; the horses being young,
 and not used to the traces, were startled
 at the braying of a jack-ass on the
 common; and taking fright, ran away
 with the carriage like lightning. The
 coachman was thrown from the box,
 and the ladies screamed piteously for
 help. Mr. Greaves chanced to be a-
 horseback on the other side of an in-
 closure, when he heard their shrieks;
 and riding up to the hedge, knew
 the chariot, and saw their disaster.
 The horses were then running full
 speed in such a direction, as to drive
 head-long over a precipice into a
 stone-quarry, where they and the cha-
 riot, and the ladies, must be dashed in
 pieces.

'You may conceive, gemmen, what
 his thoughts were when he saw such
 a fine young lady, in the flower of her
 age, just plunging into eternity; when
 he saw the lovely Aurelia on the
 brink of being precipitated among
 rocks, where her delicate limbs
 must be mangled and tore asunder;
 when he perceived, that before he
 could ride round by the gate, the tra-
 gedy would be finished. The fence
 was so thick and high, flanked with a
 broad ditch on the outside, that he
 could not hope to clear it, although
 he was mounted on Scipio, bred out
 of Miss Cowslip, the fire Muley, and
 his grandfire the famous Arabian
 Mustapha. Scipio was bred by my
 father, who would not have taken a
 hundred guineas for him from any
 other person but the young squire—
 Indeed, I have heard my poor father
 say—'

By this time Ferret's impatience was
 become so outrageous, that he exclaim-
 ed in a furious tone, 'Damn your fa-
 ther! and his horse, and his colt into
 the bargain!'

Tom made no reply; but began to
 strip with great expedition. Captain
 Crowe was so choaked with passion, that

he could utter nothing but disjointed
 sentences: he rose from his seat, brand-
 ished his horse-whip, and seizing his
 nephew by the collar, cried, 'Odd's
 heartkins! sirrah, I have a good
 mind—Devil fire your running tackle,
 you land-lubber! can't you steer with-
 out all this tacking hither and thi-
 ther, and the Lord knows whither?—
 'Noint my block! I'd give thee a rope's
 end for thy supper, if it wan't—'

Dolly had conceived a sneaking kind-
 ness for the young lawyer; and think-
 ing him in danger of being roughly
 handled, flew to his relief. She twisted
 her hand in Crowe's neckcloth without
 ceremony, crying, 'Sha't then, I tell
 thee, old coger. Who kears a vig
 for thy voolish trantrums?'

While Crowe looked black in the
 face, and ran the risque of strangula-
 tion under the gripe of this Amazon,
 Mr. Clarke having disengaged himself
 of his hat, wig, coat, and waistcoat, ad-
 vanced, in an elegant attitude of manual
 offence, towards the misanthrope; who
 snatched up a gridiron from the chim-
 ney-corner, and Discord seemed to clap
 her sooty wings in expectation of battle.
 But as the reader may have more than
 once already cursed the unconscionable
 length of this chapter, we must post-
 pone to the next opportunity the inci-
 dents that succeeded this denunciation
 of war.

CHAP. IV.

IN WHICH IT APPEARS THAT THE
 KNIGHT, WHEN HEARTILY SET
 IN FOR SLEEPING, WAS NOT
 EASILY DISTURBED.

IN all probability the kitchen of the
 Black Lion, from a domestick tem-
 ple of society and good-fellowship,
 would have been converted into a scene
 or stage of sanguinary dispute, had not
 Pallas or Discretion interposed in the
 person of Mr. Fillet; and, with the as-
 sistance of the ostler, disarmed the com-
 batants, not only of their arms, but also
 of their resentment.

The impetuosity of Mr. Clarke was
 a little checked at the sight of the grid-
 iron, which Ferret brandished with un-
 common dexterity; a circumstance from
 whence the company were, upon re-
 flexion, induced to believe, that before
 he plunged into the sea of politics, he
 had occasionally figured in the charac-
 ter

ter of that facetious droll, who accompanies your itinerant physicians, under the familiar appellation of Merry-Andrew, or Jack-Pudding, and on a wooden stage entertains the populace with a solo on the salt-box, or a sonata on the tongs and gridiron. Be that as it may, the young lawyer seemed to be a little discomposed at the glancing of this extraordinary weapon of offence, which the fair hands of Dolly had scoured until it shone as bright as the shield of Achilles; or as the emblem of good old English fare, which hangs by a red ribband round the neck of that thrice-honoured sage's head, in velvet bonnet cased, who presides by rotation at the genial board, distinguished by the title of the Beef Stake Club: where the delicate rumps irresistibly attract the stranger's eye; and, while they seem to cry, 'Come cut me—come cut me!' constrain, by wondrous sympathy, each mouth to overflow: where the obliging and humorous Jimmy B——t, the gentle Billy H——d, replete with human kindness; and the generous Johnny B——d, respected and beloved by all the world, attend as the priests and ministers of mirth, good cheer, and jollity, and assist with culinary art the raw, unpractised, awkward guest.

But, to return from this digressive simile; the ostler no sooner stepped between those menacing antagonists, than Tom Clarke very quietly resumed his cloaths, and Mr. Ferret resigned the gridiron without farther question. The doctor did not find it quite so easy to release the throat of captain Crowe from the masculine grasp of the virago Dolly, whose fingers could not be disengaged until the honest seaman was almost at the last gasp. After some pause, during which he panted for breath, and untied his neckcloth, 'Damn thee for a brimstone galley,' cried he; 'I was never so grappled withal since I knew a card from a compass.—Adzooks! the jade has so taughtened my rigging, d'y'e see, that I—Snatch my bowlines, if I come athwart thy hawser, I'll turn thy keel upwards—or mayhap set thee a-driving under thy bare poles—I will—I will, you hell-fire, saucy—I will.'

Dolly made no reply; but seeing Mr. Clarke sit down again with great composure, took her station likewise at the opposite side of the apartment. Then

Mr. Fillet requested the lawyer to proceed with his story; which, after three hems, he accordingly prosecuted in these words.

'I told you, gemmen, that Mr. Greaves was mounted on Scipio, when he saw Miss Darnel and her mother in danger of being hurried over a precipice. Without reflecting a moment, he gave Scipio the spur, and at one spring he cleared five and twenty feet, over hedge and ditch, and every obstruction. Then he rode full speed, in order to turn the coach-horses; and finding them quite wild and furious, endeavoured to drive against the counter of the hither horse, which he missed, and staked poor Scipio on the pole of the coach. The shock was so great, that the coach-horses made a full stop within ten yards of the quarry; and Mr. Greaves was thrown forwards towards the coach-box, which mounting with admirable dexterity, he seized the reins before the horses could recover of their fright. At that instant the coachman came running up, and loosed them from the traces with the utmost dispatch. Mr. Greaves had now time to give his attention to the ladies, who were well-nigh distracted with fear. He no sooner opened the chariot-door, than Aurelia, with a wildness of look, sprung into his arms; and, clasping him round the neck, fainted away. I leave you to guess, gemmen, what were his feelings at this instant. The mother was not so discomposed, but that she could contribute to the recovery of her daughter, whom the young squire still supported in his embrace. At length she retrieved the use of her senses; and perceiving the situation in which she was, the blood revisited her face with a redoubled glow, while she desired him to set her down upon the turf.

'Mrs. Darnel, far from being shy or reserved in her compliments of acknowledgments, kissed Mr. Launcelot without ceremony, the tears of gratitude running down her cheeks. She called him her dear son, her generous deliverer, who, at the hazard of his own life, had saved her and her child from the most dismal fate that could be imagined.

'Mr. Greaves was so much transported on this occasion, that he could not

not help disclosing a passion which he had hitherto indoltriously concealed. "What I have done," said he, "was but a common office of humanity, which I would have performed for any of my fellow-creatures; but, for the preservation of Miss Aurelia Darnel, I would at any time sacrifice my life with pleasure." The young lady did not hear this declaration unmoved; her face was again flushed, and her eyes sparkled with pleasure; nor was the youth's confession disagreeable to the good lady her mother, who at one glance perceived the advantages of such an union between the two families.

Mr. Greaves proposed to send the coachman to his father's stable for a pair of sober horses, that could be depended upon, to draw the ladies home to their own habitation; but they declined the offer, and chose to walk, as the distance was not great. He then insisted upon his being their conductor; and each taking him under the arm, he supported them to their own gate, where such an apparition filled all the domesticks with astonishment. Mrs. Darnel, taking him by the hand, led him into the room, where she welcomed him with another affectionate embrace, and indulged him with an ambrosial kiss of Aurelia; saying, "But for you, we had both been by this time in eternity. Sure it was Heaven that sent you as an angel to our assistance!" She kindly enquired if he had himself sustained any damage in administering that desperate remedy to which they owed their lives. She entertained him with a small collation; and, in the course of the conversation, lamented the animosity which had so long divided two neighbouring families of such influence and character. He was not slow in signifying his approbation of her remarks, and expressing the most eager desire of seeing all those unhappy differences removed: in a word, they parted with mutual satisfaction.

Just as he advanced from the outward gate, on his return to Greavesbury-Hall, he was met by Anthony Darnel on horseback; who riding up to him with marks of surprize and resentment, saluted him with, "Your

servant, Sir.—Have you any commands for me?" The other replying with an air of indifference, "None at all;" Mr. Darnel asked what had procured him the honour of a visit. The young gentleman perceiving, by the manner in which he spoke, that the old quarrel was not yet extinguished, answered, with equal disdain, that the visit was not intended for him; and that if he wanted to know the cause of it, he might inform himself by his own servants. "So I shall," cried the uncle of Aurelia; "and perhaps let you know my sentiments of the matter."—"Hereafter as it may be!" said the youth; who, turning out of the avenue, walked home, and made his father acquainted with the particulars of this adventure.

The old gentleman chid him for his rashness, but seemed pleased with the success of his attempt; and still more so, when he understood his sentiments of Aurelia, and the deportment of the ladies.

Next day the son sent over a servant with a compliment, to enquire about their health; and the messenger, being seen by Mr. Darnel, was told that the ladies were indisposed, and did not chuse to be troubled with messages. The mother was really seized with a fever, produced by the agitation of her spirits, which every day became more and more violent, until the physicians despaired of her life. Believing that her end approached, she sent a trusty servant to Mr. Greaves, desiring that she might see him without delay; and he immediately set out with the messenger, who introduced him in the dark.

He found the old lady in bed, almost exhausted; and the fair Aurelia sitting by her, overwhelmed with grief; her lovely hair in the utmost disorder, and her charming eyes enflamed with weeping. The good lady beckoning Mr. Launcelot to approach, and directing all the attendants to quit the room, except a favourite maid, from whom I learned the story, she took him by the hand, and fixing her eyes upon him with all the fondness of a mother, shed some tears in silence, while the same marks of sorrow trickled down his cheeks. After this affecting pause, "My dear son,"

“ said she, “ Oh! that I could have lived
 “ to see you so indeed! You find me
 “ hastening to the goal of life.”—Here
 “ the tender hearted Aurelia, being un-
 “ able to contain herself longer, broke
 “ out into a violent passion of grief, and
 “ wept aloud. The mother, waiting
 “ patiently till she had thus given vent
 “ to her anguish, calmly entreated her
 “ to resign herself submissively to the
 “ will of Heaven: then turning to Mrs.
 “ Launcelot, “ I had indulged,” said
 “ she, “ a fond hope of seeing you allied
 “ to my family.—This is no time for
 “ me to insist upon the ceremonies and
 “ forms of a vain world.—Aurelia
 “ looks upon you with the eyes of
 “ tender prepossession.” No sooner
 “ had she pronounced these words, than
 “ he threw himself on his knees before
 “ the young lady, and pressing her
 “ hand to his lips, breathed the softest
 “ expressions which the most delicate
 “ love could suggest. “ I know,” re-
 “ sumed the mother, “ that your passion
 “ is mutually sincere; and I should die
 “ satisfied, if I thought your union
 “ would not be opposed; but that vio-
 “ lent man, my brother-in-law, who
 “ is Aurelia’s sole guardian, will
 “ thwart her wishes with every ob-
 “ stacle that brutal resentment and
 “ implacable malice can contrive. Mr.
 “ Greaves, I have long admired your
 “ virtues, and am confident that I can
 “ depend upon your honour.—You
 “ shall give me your word that, when
 “ I am gone, you will take no steps in
 “ this affair without the concurrence
 “ of your father; and endeavour, by
 “ all fair and honourable means, to
 “ vanquish the prejudices and obtain
 “ the consent of her uncle: the rest we
 “ must leave to the dispensation of Pro-
 “ vidence.”

“ The squire promised, in the most
 “ solemn and fervent manner, to obey
 “ all her injunctions, as the last dictates
 “ of a parent whom he should never
 “ cease to honour. Then she favoured
 “ them both with a great deal of salu-
 “ tary advice touching their conduct
 “ before and after marriage; and pre-
 “ sented him with a ring, as a memorial
 “ of her affection. At the same time he
 “ pulled another off his finger, and
 “ made a tender of it as a pledge of his
 “ love to Aurelia, whom her mother
 “ permitted to receive this token. Fi-
 “ nally, he took a last farewell of the

“ good matron, and returned to his fa-
 “ ther with the particulars of this inter-
 “ view.

“ In two days Mrs. Darnel departed
 “ this life; and Aurelia was removed to
 “ the house of a relation, where her
 “ grief had like to have proved fatal to
 “ her constitution.

“ In the mean time, the mother was
 “ no sooner committed to the earth, than
 “ Mr. Greaves, mindful of her exhor-
 “ tations, began to take measures for a
 “ reconciliation with the guardian. He
 “ engaged several gentlemen to inter-
 “ pose their good offices, but they al-
 “ ways met with the most mortifying
 “ repulses; and at last Anthony Darnel
 “ declared that his hatred to the house
 “ of Greaves was hereditary, habitual,
 “ and unconquerable. He swore he
 “ would spend his heart’s blood to per-
 “ petuate the quarrel; and that, sooner
 “ than his niece should match with
 “ young Launcelot, he would sacrifice
 “ her with his own hand.

“ The young gentleman, finding his
 “ prejudice so rancorous and invincible,
 “ left off making any farther advances;
 “ and, since he found it impossible to
 “ obtain his consent, resolved to culti-
 “ vate the good graces of Aurelia, and
 “ wed her in despite of her implacable
 “ guardian. He found means to esta-
 “ blish a literary correspondence with
 “ her as soon as her grief was a little
 “ abated, and even to effect an inter-
 “ view after her return to her own
 “ house. But he soon had reason to re-
 “ pent of this indulgence; the uncle
 “ entertained spies upon the young lady,
 “ who gave him an account of this meet-
 “ ing; in consequence of which she was
 “ suddenly hurried to some distant part
 “ of the country which we never could
 “ discover.

“ It was then we thought Mr. Laun-
 “ celot a little disordered in his brain,
 “ his grief was so wild, and his passion so
 “ impetuous. He refused all sustenance;
 “ neglected his person; renounced his
 “ amusements; rode out in the rain,
 “ sometimes bare-headed; strolled about
 “ the fields all night; and became so
 “ peevish, that none of the domesticks
 “ durst speak to him without the ha-
 “ zard of broken bones. Having played
 “ these pranks for about three weeks,
 “ to the unspeakable chagrin of his fa-
 “ ther, and the astonishment of all who
 “ knew him, he suddenly grew calm,
 “ and

and his good-humour returnel. But this, as your sea-faring people say, was a deceitful calm, that soon ushered in a dreadful storm.

He had long sought an opportunity to tamper with some of Mr. Darnel's servants, who might inform him of the place where Aurelia was confined; but there was not one about the family who could give him that satisfaction; for the persons who accompanied her remained as a watch upon her motions, and none of the other domesticks were privy to the transaction. All attempts proving fruitless, he could no longer restrain his impatience; but throwing himself in the way of the uncle, upbraided him in such harsh terms, that a formal challenge ensued. They agreed to decide their difference without witnesses; and one morning, before sunrise, met on that very common where Mr. Greaves had saved the life of Aurelia. The first pistol was fired on each side without any effect; but Mr. Darnel's second wounded the young squire in the flank; nevertheless, having a pistol in reserve, he desired his antagonist to ask his life. The other, instead of submitting, drew his sword; and Mr. Greaves, firing his piece into the air, followed his example. The contest then became very hot, though of short continuance. Darnel being disarmed at the first onset, our young squire gave him back his sword, which he was base enough to use a second time against his conqueror. Such an instance of repeated ingratitude and brutal ferocity divested Mr. Greaves of his temper and forbearance. He attacked Mr. Anthony with great fury, and at the first lunge ran him up to the hilt; at the same time seizing with his left-hand the shell of his enemy's sword, which he broke in disdain. Mr. Darnel having fallen, the other immediately mounted his horse, which he had tied to a tree before the engagement; and riding full speed to Ashenton, sent a surgeon to Anthony's assistance. He afterwards ingenuously confessed all these particulars to his father, who was overwhelmed with consternation, for the wounds of Darnel were judged mortal; and, as no person had seen the particulars of the duel, Mr. Laun-

celot might have been convicted of murder.

On these considerations, before a warrant could be served upon him, the old knight, by dint of the most eager intreaties, accompanied with marks of horror and despair, prevailed upon his son to withdraw himself from the kingdom until such time as the storm should be over-blown. Had his heart been unengaged, he would have chose to travel; but at this period, when his whole soul was engrossed, and so violently agitated by his passion for Aurelia, nothing but the fear of seeing the old gentleman run distracted would have induced him to desist from the pursuit of that young lady, far less quit the kingdom where she resided.

Well, then, gentlemen, he repaired to Harwich, where he embarked for Holland; from whence he proceeded to Brussels, where he procured a passport from the French king, by virtue of which he travelled to Marseilles, and there took a tartan for Genoa. The first letter Sir Everhard received from him was dated at Florence. Mean while the surgeon's prognostick was not altogether verified. Mr. Darnel did not die immediately of his wounds; but he lingered a long time, as it were; in the arms of death, and even partly recovered; yet, in all probability, he will never be wholly restored to the enjoyment of his health, and is obliged every summer to attend the hot-wells at Bristol. As his wounds began to heal, his hatred to Mr. Greaves seemed to revive with augmented violence; and he is now, if possible, more than ever determined against all reconciliation.

Mr. Launcelot, after having endeavoured to amuse his imagination with a succession of curious objects in a tour of Italy, took up his residence at a town called Pisa; and there fell into a deep melancholy, from which nothing could rouse him but the news of his father's death.

The old gentleman (God rest his soul!) never held up his head after the departure of his darling Launcelot; and the dangerous condition of Darnel kept up his apprehension: this was reinforced by the obstinate silence of the youth, and certain accounts of his disordered mind which he had

received from some of those persons who take pleasure in communicating disagreeable tidings. A complication of all these grievances, co-operating with a severe fit of the gout and gravel, produced a fever, which in a few days brought Sir Everhard to his long home, after he had settled his affairs with Heaven and earth, and made his peace with God and man. I'll assure you, gemmen, he made a most edifying and Christian end: he died regretted by all his neighbours except Anthony; and might be said to be embalmed by the tears of the poor, to whom he was always a bounteous benefactor.

When the son, now Sir Launcelot, came home, he appeared so meagre, wan, and hollow-eyed, that the servants hardly knew their young master. His first care was to take possession of his fortune, and settle accounts with the steward, who had succeeded my father. These affairs being discussed, he spared no pains to get intelligence concerning Miss Darnel, and soon learned more of that young lady than he desired to know; for it was become the common talk of the country that a match was agreed upon between her and young Squire Sycamore, a gentleman of a very great fortune. These tidings were probably confirmed under her own hand, in a letter which she wrote to Sir Launcelot. The contents were never exactly known but to the parties themselves; nevertheless, the effects were too visible; for, from that blessed moment, he spoke not one word to any living creature for the space of three days; but was seen sometimes to shed a flood of tears, and sometimes to burst out into a fit of laughing. At last he broke silence, and seemed to wake from his disorder. He became more fond than ever of the exercise of riding, and began to amuse himself again with acts of benevolence.

One instance of his generosity and justice deserves to be recorded in brass or marble. You must know, gemmen, the rector of the parish was lately dead, and Sir Everhard had promised the presentation to another clergyman. In the mean time, Sir Launcelot chancing one Sunday to ride through a lane, perceived a horse,

saddled and bridled, feeding on the side of a fence; and casting his eyes around, beheld on the other side of the hedge an object lying extended on the ground, which he took to be the body of a murdered traveller. He forthwith alighted; and leaping into the field, descried a man at full length wrapped in a great coat, and writhing in agony. Approaching nearer, he found it was a clergyman in his gown and cassock. When he inquired into the case, and offered his assistance, the stranger rose up, thanked him for his courtesy, and declared that he was now very well. The knight, who thought there was something mysterious in this incident, expressed a desire to know the cause of his rolling in the grass in that manner; and the clergyman, who knew his person, made no scruple in gratifying his curiosity. "You must know, Sir," said he, "I serve the curacy of your own parish, for which the late incumbent paid me twenty pounds a year; but this sum being scarce sufficient to maintain my wife and children, who are five in number, I agreed to read prayers in the afternoon at another church about four miles from hence; and for this additional duty I receive ten pounds more. As I keep a horse, it was formerly an agreeable exercise rather than a toil; but of late years I have been afflicted with a rupture, for which I consulted the most eminent operators in the kingdom; but I have no cause to rejoice in the effects of their advice, though one of them assured me I was compleatly cured. The malady is now more troublesome than ever; and often comes upon me so violently while I am on horseback, that I am forced to alight, and lie down upon the ground, until the cause of the disorder can, for the time, be reduced."

Sir Launcelot not only consoled with him upon his misfortune, but desired him to throw up the second cure, and he would pay him ten pounds a year out of his own pocket. "Your generosity confounds me, good Sir," replied the clergyman; "and yet I ought not to be surprized at any instance of benevolence in Sir Launcelot Greaves; but I will check the
"fulness

“fulness of my heart. I shall only observe, that your good intention towards me can hardly take effect. The gentleman who is to succeed the late incumbent has given me notice to quit the premises, as he hath provided a friend of his own for the curacy.” — “What!” cried the knight, “does he mean to take your bread from you without assigning any other reason?” — “Surely, Sir,” replied the ecclesiastick, “I know of no other reason. I hope my morals are irreproachable, and that I have done my duty with a conscientious regard; I may venture an appeal to the parishioners, among whom I have lived these seventeen years. After all, it is natural for every man to favour his own friends in preference to strangers. As for me, I propose to try my fortune in the great city; and I doubt not but Providence will provide for me and my little ones.”

“To this declaration Sir Launcelot made no reply; but riding home, set on foot a strict enquiry into the character of this man, whose name was Jenkins. He found that he was a reputed scholar, equally remarkable for his modesty and good life; that he visited the sick, assisted the needy, compromised disputes among his neighbours, and spent his time in such a manner as would have done honour to any Christian divine. Thus informed, the knight sent for the gentleman to whom the living had been promised, and accosted him to this effect: “Mr. Tootle, I have a favour to ask of you. The person who serves the cure of this parish is a man of good character, beloved by the people, and has a large family. I shall be obliged to you if you will continue him in the curacy.” The other told him he was sorry he could not comply with his request, being that he had already promised the curacy to a friend of his own. “No matter,” replied Sir Launcelot; “since I have not interest with you, I will endeavour to provide for Mr. Jenkins in some other way.”

“That same afternoon he walked over to the curate’s house, and told him that he had spoken in his behalf to Dr. Tootle, but the curacy was pre-engaged. The good man having made a thousand acknowledgments for

the trouble his honour had taken, “I have not interest sufficient to make you curate,” said the knight, “but I can give you the living itself, and that you shall have.” So saying, he retired, leaving Mr. Jenkins incapable of uttering one syllable, so powerfully was he struck with this unexpected turn of fortune. The presentation was immediately made out; and in a few days Mr. Jenkins was put in possession of his benefice, to the inexpressible joy of the congregation.

“Hitherto every thing went right, and every unprejudiced person commended the knight’s conduct. But in a little time his generosity seemed to overleap the bounds of discretion; and even, in some cases, might be thought tending to a breach of the king’s peace. For example, he compelled, *vi et armis*, a rich farmer’s son to marry the daughter of a cottager, whom the young fellow had debauched. Indeed, it seems there was a promise of marriage in the case, though it could not be legally ascertained. The wench took on dismally; and her parents had recourse to Sir Launcelot; who sending for the delinquent, expostulated with him severely on the injury he had done the young woman, and exhorted him to save her life and reputation by performing his promise; in which case he (Sir Launcelot) would give her three hundred pounds to her portion. Whether the farmer thought there was something interested in this uncommon offer, or was a little elevated by the consciousness of his father’s wealth, he rejected the proposal with rustick disdain; and said, if so be as how the wench would swear the child to him, he would settle it with the parish; but declared, that no squire in the land should oblige him to buckle with such a cracked pitcher. This resolution, however, he could not maintain; for in less than two hours the rector of the parish had direction to publish the banns, and the ceremony was performed in due course.

“Now, though we know not precisely the nature of the arguments that were used with the farmer, we may conclude they were of the minatory species; for the young fellow could not, for some time, look any person in the face.

“The

‘The knight acted as the general redresser of grievances. If a woman complained to him of being ill-treated by her husband, he first enquired into the foundation of the complaint, and, if he found it just, catechised the defendant. If the warning had no effect, and the man proceeded to fresh acts of violence, then his judge took the execution of the law in his own hand, and horse-whipped the party. Thus he involved himself in several law-suits; that drained him of pretty large sums of money. He seemed particularly incensed at the least appearance of oppression, and supported divers poor tenants against the extortion of their landlords. Nay, he has been known to travel two hundred miles as a volunteer, to offer his assistance in the cause of a person who, he heard, was by chicanery and oppression wronged of a considerable estate. He accordingly took her under his protection, relieved her distresses, and was at a vast expence in bringing the suit to a determination; which being unfavourable to his client, he resolved to bring an appeal into the House of Lords; and certainly would have executed his purpose, if the gentlewoman had not died in the interim.’

At this period Ferret interrupted the narrator, by observing that the said Greaves was a common nuisance, and ought to be prosecuted on the statute of baryetry.

‘No, Sir,’ resumed Mr. Clarke, ‘he cannot be convicted of baryetry, unless he is always at variance with some person or other; a-mover of suits and quarrels, who disturbs the peace under colour of law. Therefore he is in the indictment styled, *Communis malefactor, calumniator, et seminator litium*.’

‘Pr’ythee, truce with thy definitions,’ cried Ferret, ‘and make an end of thy long-winded story. Thou hast no title to be so tedious, until thou comest to have a coif in the court of Common Pleas.’

Tom smiled contemptuous; and had just opened his mouth to proceed, when the company were disturbed by a hideous repetition of groans, that seemed to issue from the chamber in which the body of the squire was deposited. The landlady snatched the candle, and ran into the room, followed by the doctor

and the rest; and this accident naturally suspended the narration. In like manner we shall conclude the chapter, that the reader may have time to breathe, and digest what he has already heard.

CHAP. V.

IN WHICH THIS RECAPITULATION
DRAWS TO A CLOSE.

WHEN the landlady entered the room from whence the groaning proceeded, she found the squire lying on his back, under the dominion of the night-mare; which rode him so hard, that he not only groaned and snorted, but the sweat ran down his face in streams. The perturbation of his brain, occasioned by this pressure and the fright he had lately undergone, gave rise to a very terrible dream, in which he fancied himself apprehended for a robbery. The horror of the gallows was strong upon him, when he was suddenly awaked by a violent shock from the doctor; and the company broke in upon his view, still perverted by fear, and bedimmed by slumber. His dream was now realized by a full persuasion that he was surrounded by the constable and his gang. The first object that presented itself to his disordered view was the figure of Ferret, who might very well have passed for the finisher of the law; against him therefore the first effort of his despair was directed. He started upon the floor; and seizing a certain utensil that shall be nameless, launched it at the misanthrope with such violence, that, had he not cautiously slipped his head aside, it is supposed that actual fire would have been produced from the collision of two such hard and solid substances. All future mischief was prevented by the strength and agility of Captain Crowe, who, springing upon the assailant, pinioned his arms to his sides, crying, ‘O! damn ye, if you are for running ahead, I’ll soon bring you to your bearings.’

The squire, thus restrained, soon recollected himself; and gazing upon every individual in the apartment, ‘Wounds!’ said he, ‘I’ve had an ugly dream. I thought, for all the world, they were carrying me to Newgate, and that there was Jack Ketch

‘ Ketch coom to vetch me before my taim.’

Ferret, who was the person he had thus distinguished, eyeing him with a look of the most emphatick malevolence, told him, it was very natural for a knave to dream of Newgate; and that he hoped to see the day when this dream would be found a true prophecy, and the commonwealth purged of all such rogues and vagabones; but it could not be expected that the vulgar would be honest and conscientious, while the great were distinguished by profligacy and corruption. The squire was disposed to make a practical reply to this insinuation, when Mr. Ferret prudently withdrew himself from the scene of altercation. The good woman of the house persuaded his antagonist to take out his nap, assuring him that the eggs and bacon, with a mug of excellent ale, should be forthcoming in due season. The affair being thus fortunately adjusted, the guests returned to the kitchen, and Mr. Clarke resumed his story to this effect.

‘ You’ll please to take notice, gentlemen, that besides the instances I have alledged of Sir Launcelot’s extravagant benevolence, I could recount a great many others of the same nature, and particularly the laudable vengeance he took of a country lawyer. — I’m sorry that any such miscreant should belong to the profession. He was clerk to the assize, gentlemen, in a certain town not a great way distant; and having a blank pardon left by the judges for some criminals whose cases were attended with favourable circumstances, he would not insert the name of one who could not procure a guinea for the fee; and the poor fellow, who had only stole an hour-glass out of a shoemaker’s window, was actually executed, after a long respite, during which he had been permitted to go abroad and earn his subsistence by his daily labour.

‘ Sir Launcelot being informed of this barbarous act of avarice, and having some ground that bordered on the lawyer’s estate, not only rendered him contemptible and infamous, by exposing him as often as they met on the grand jury; but also, being vested with the property of the great tythes, proved such a troublesome neighbour, sometimes by making waste

‘ among his hay and corn, and sometimes by instituting suits against him for petty trespasses, that he was fairly obliged to quit his habitation, and remove into another part of the kingdom.

‘ All these avocations could not divert Sir Launcelot from the execution of a wild scheme, which has carried his extravagance to such a pitch, that I am afraid if a statute—you understand me, gentlemen—were sued, the jury would—I don’t chuse to explain myself farther on this circumstance. Be that as it may, the servants at Greavsbury Hall were not a little confounded when their master took down from the family armoury a complete suit of armour, which had belonged to his great-grandfather, Sir Marmaduke Greaves, a great warrior, who lost his life in the service of his king. This armour being scoured, repaired, and altered, so as to fit Sir Launcelot; a certain knight, whom I don’t chuse to name, because I believe he cannot be proved *compos mentis*, came down, seemingly on a visit, with two attendants; and, on the eve of the festival of St. George, the armour being carried into the chapel, Sir Launcelot (Lord have mercy upon us!) remained all night in that dismal place alone and without light, though it was confidently reported all over the country that the place was haunted by the spirit of his great-great uncle, who, being lunatick, had cut his throat from ear to ear, and was found dead on the communion-table.’

It was observed, that while Mr. Clarke rehearsed this circumstance, his eyes began to stare, and his teeth to chatter; while Dolly, whose looks were fixed invariably on this narrator, growing pale, and hitching her joint-stool nearer the chimney, exclaimed in a frightened tone, ‘ Moomther, moomther, in the neame of God, look to ’un! how a quakes! as I’m a precious saoul, a looks as if a saw something.’ Tom forced a smile, and thus proceeded.

‘ While Sir Launcelot tarried within the chapel, with the doors all locked, the other knight stalked round and round it on the outside with his sword drawn, to the terror of divers persons who were present at the ceremony. As soon as day broke, he opened one of the doors; and going in to Sir Launcelot,

Launcelot, read a book for some time, which we did suppose to be the constitutions of knight-errantry; then we heard a loud flap, which echoed through the whole chapel, and the stranger pronounced with an audible and solemn voice, "In the name of God, St. Michael, and St. George, I dub thee knight — be faithful, bold, and fortunate." — You cannot imagine, gemmen, what an effect this strange ceremony had upon the people who were assembled: they gazed at one another in silent horror; and, when Sir Launcelot came forth completely armed, took to their heels in a body, and fled with the utmost precipitation. I myself was overturned in the crowd; and this was the case with that very individual person who now serves him as a squire. He was so frightened, that he could not rise; but lay roaring in such a manner, that the knight came up, and gave him a thwack with his lance across the shoulders, which roused him with a vengeance. For my own part, I freely own I was not altogether unmoved at seeing such a figure come stalking out of a church in the grey of the morning; for it recalled to my remembrance the idea of the ghost in Hamlet, which I had seen acted in Drury-Lane when I made my first trip to London, and I had not yet got rid of the impression.

Sir Launcelot, attended by the other knight, proceeded to the stable; from whence, with his own hands, he drew forth one of his best horses, a fine mettlesome sorrel, who had got blood in him, ornamented with rich trappings. In a trice the two knights, and the other two strangers, who now appeared to be trumpeters, were mounted. Sir Launcelot's armour was lacquered black; and on his shield was represented the moon in her first quarter, with the motto, *impleat orbem*. The trumpets having sounded a charge, the stranger pronounced with a loud voice, "God preserve this gallant knight in all his honourable achievements; and may he long continue to press the sides of his now-adopted steed, which I denominate Bronzomarte; hoping that he will rival, in swiftness and spirit, Bayardo, Brigliadoro, or any other steed of past or present chivalry!"

After another flourish of the trumpets, all four clapped spurs to their horses, Sir Launcelot couching his lance; and galloped to and fro as if they had been mad, to the terror and astonishment of all the spectators.

What should have induced our knight to chuse this here man for his squire, is not easy to determine; for, of all the servants about the house, he was the least likely either to please his master, or engage in such an undertaking. His name is Timothy Crabshaw, and he acted in the capacity of whipper-in to Sir Everhard. He afterwards married the daughter of a poor cottager, by whom he has several children, and was employed about the house as a ploughman and carter. To be sure, the fellow has a dry sort of humour about him; but he was universally hated among the servants for his abusive tongue and perverse disposition, which often brought him into trouble; for though the fellow is as strong as an elephant, he has no more courage naturally than a chicken — I say, naturally, because, since his being a member of knight-errantry, he has done some things that appear altogether incredible and preternatural.

Timothy kept such a bawling, after he had received the blow from Sir Launcelot, that every body on the field thought some of his bones were broken; and his wife, with five bantlings, came snivelling to the knight, who ordered her to send her husband directly to his house. Tim accordingly went thither, groaning piteously all the way, creeping along with his body bent like a Greenland canoe. As soon as he entered the court, the outward door was shut; and Sir Launcelot coming down stairs with a horsewhip in his hand, asked what was the matter with him that he complained so dismally? To this question he replied, that it was as common as duck-weed in his country for a man to complain when his bones were broke. — "What should have broke your bones?" said the knight. "I cannot guess," answered the other, "unless it was that delicate switch that your honour, in your mad pranks, handled so dexterously upon my carcase." Sir Launcelot then told him, there

there was nothing so good for a bruise as a sweat, and he had the remedy in his hand. Timothy eyeing the horse-whip askance, observed that there was another still more speedy, to wit, a moderate pill of lead, with a sufficient dose of gun-powder. "No, rascal," cried the knight, "that must be reserved for your betters." So saying, he employed the instrument so effectually, that Crabshaw soon forgot his fractured ribs, and capered about with great agility.

When he had been disciplined in this manner to some purpose, the knight told him he might retire; but ordered him to return next morning, when he should have a repetition of the medicine, provided he did not find himself capable of walking in an erect posture. The gate was no sooner thrown open, than Timothy ran home with all the speed of a greyhound, and corrected his wife, by whose advice he had pretended to be so grievously damaged in his person.

Nobody dreamed that he would next day present himself at Greavesbury Hall; nevertheless, he was there very early in the morning, and even closetted a whole hour with Sir Launcelot. He came out making wry faces, and several times slapped himself on the forehead, crying, "Bodikins! thof he be creazy, I an't, that I an't!" When he was asked what was the matter; he said, he believed the devil had got in him, and he should never be his own man again.

That same day, the knight carried him to Ashenton, where he bespoke those accoutrements which he now wears; and while these were making, it was thought the poor fellow would have run distracted. He did nothing but growl, and curse, and swear to himself, run backwards and forwards between his own hut and Greavesbury Hall, and quarrel with the horses in the stable. At length his wife and family were removed into a snug farm-house that happened to be empty, and care taken that they should be comfortably maintained.

These precautions being taken, the knight, one morning at day-break, mounted Bronzomarte; and Crabshaw, as his squire, ascended the back of a clumsy cart-horse, called Gilbert.

This again was looked upon as an

instance of insanity in the said Crabshaw; for, of all the horses in the stable, Gilbert was the most stubborn and vicious, and had often like to have done mischief to Timothy while he drove the cart and plough. When he was out of humour, he would kick and plunge as if the devil was in him. He once thrust Crabshaw into the middle of a quickset hedge, where he was terribly torn; another time he canted him over his head into a quagmire, where he stuck with his heels up, and must have perished if people had not been passing that way; a third time he seized him in the stable with his teeth by the rim of the belly, and swung him off the ground, to the great danger of his life; and I'll be hanged if it was not owing to Gilbert that Crabshaw was now thrown into the river.

Thus mounted and accoutred, the knight and his squire set out on their first excursion. They turned off from the common highway, and travelled all that day without meeting with any thing worthy recounting; but, in the morning of the second day, they were favoured with an adventure. The hunt was upon a common through which they travelled, and the hounds were in full cry after a fox; when Crabshaw, prompted by his own mischievous disposition, and neglecting the order of his master, who called aloud to him to desist, rode up to the hounds, and crossed them at full gallop. The huntsman, who was not far off, running towards the squire, bestowed upon his head such a memento with his pole, as made the landscape dance before his eyes; and in a twinkling he was surrounded by all the fox-hunters, who plied their whips about his ears with infinite agility. Sir Launcelot advancing at an easy pace, instead of assisting the distressed squire, exhorted his adversaries to punish him severely for his insolence, and they were not slow in obeying this injunction. Crabshaw finding himself in this disagreeable situation, and that there was no succour to be expected from his master, on whose prowess he had depended, grew desperate; and clubbing his whip, laid about him with great fury, wheeling about Gilbert, who was not idle; for he having received some of

“ the favours intended for his rider,
 “ both bit with his teeth and kicked
 “ with his heels; and at last made his
 “ way through the ring that encircled
 “ him, though not before he had broke
 “ the huntsman’s leg, lamed one of the
 “ best horses on the field, and killed
 “ half a score of the hounds.

“ Crabshaw seeing himself clear of
 “ the fray, did not tarry to take leave of
 “ his master, but made the most of his
 “ way to Greavesbury Hall, where he
 “ appeared hardly with any vestige of
 “ the human countenance, so much had
 “ he been defaced in this adventure.
 “ He did not fail to raise a great clamour
 “ against Sir Launcelot, whom he cursed
 “ as a coward in plain terms, swearing
 “ he would never serve him another
 “ day: but whether he altered his mind
 “ on cooler reflection, or was lectured
 “ by his wife, who well understood her
 “ own interest, he rose with the cock,
 “ and went again in quest of Sir Laun-
 “ celot, whom he found on the eve of a
 “ very hazardous enterprize.

“ In the midst of a lane the knight
 “ happened to meet with a party of
 “ about forty recruits, commanded by a
 “ serjeant, a corporal, and a drummer,
 “ which last had his drum slung at his
 “ back; but seeing such a strange figure
 “ mounted on a high-spirited horse, he
 “ was seized with an inclination to di-
 “ vert his company. With this view
 “ he braced his drum; and hanging it
 “ in it’s proper position, began to beat a
 “ point of war, advancing under the
 “ very nose of Bronzomarte; while the
 “ corporal exclaimed, “ Damn my eyes,
 “ who have we got here? Old King
 “ Stephen, from the horse-armoury,
 “ in the Tower; or the fellow that
 “ rides armed at my lord-mayor’s
 “ shew?” The knight’s steed seemed
 “ at least as well pleased with the sound
 “ of the drum as were the recruits that
 “ followed it; and signified his satisfac-
 “ tion in some curvettings and ca-
 “ prioles, which did not at all discom-
 “ pose the rider; who, addressing him-
 “ self to the serjeant, “ Friend,” said
 “ he, “ you ought to teach your drum-
 “ mer better manners. I would chas-
 “ tise the fellow on the spot for his in-
 “ solence, were it not out of the respect
 “ I bear to his majesty’s service.”—
 “ Respect mine a—!” cried this fero-
 “ cious commander; “ What, d’ye think
 “ to frighten us with your pewter pifs-

“ pot on your scull, and your lacquered
 “ pot-lid on your arm? Get out of the
 “ way and be damned, or I’ll raise with
 “ my halbert such a clutter upon your
 “ target, that you’ll remember it the
 “ longest day you have to live.” At
 “ that instant, Crabshaw arriving upon
 “ Gilbert, “ So, rascal!” said Sir
 “ Launcelot, “ you are returned. Go
 “ and beat in that scoundrel’s drum-
 “ head.”

“ The squire, who saw no weapons
 “ of offence about the drummer but a
 “ sword, which he hoped the owner
 “ durst not draw; and being resolved to
 “ exert himself in making atonement
 “ for his desertion, advanced to execute
 “ his master’s orders; but Gilbert, who
 “ liked not the noise, refused to proceed
 “ in the ordinary way. Then the squire
 “ turning his tail to the drummer, he
 “ advanced in a retrograde motion, and
 “ with one kick of his heels, not only
 “ broke the drum into a thousand pieces,
 “ but laid the drummer in the mire,
 “ with such a blow upon his hip-bone,
 “ that he halted all the days of his life.
 “ The recruits, perceiving the discom-
 “ fiture of their leader, armed them-
 “ selves with stones; the serjeant raised
 “ his halbert in a posture of defence, and
 “ immediately a severe action ensued.
 “ By this time Crabshaw had drawn
 “ his sword, and begun to lay about
 “ him like a devil incarnate; but, in a
 “ little time, he was saluted by a volley
 “ of stones, one of which knocked out
 “ two of his grinders, and brought him
 “ to the earth, where he had like to have
 “ found no quarter; for the whole com-
 “ pany crouded about him, with their
 “ cudgels brandished; and perhaps he
 “ owed his preservation to their pressing
 “ so hard that they hindered one ano-
 “ ther from using their weapons.

“ Sir Launcelot, seeing with indig-
 “ nation the unworthy treatment his
 “ squire had received, and scorning to
 “ stain his lance with the blood of ple-
 “ beians, instead of couching it in the
 “ rest, seized it by the middle; and fetch-
 “ ing one blow at the serjeant, broke in
 “ twain the halbert, which he had raised
 “ as a quarter-staff for his defence. The
 “ second stroke encountered his pate;
 “ which being the hardest part about
 “ him, sustained the shock without da-
 “ mage; but the third, lighting on his
 “ ribs, he honoured the giver with im-
 “ mediate prostration. The general
 “ being

being thus overthrown, Sir Launcelot advanced to the relief of Crabshaw, and handled his weapon so effectually, that the whole body of the enemy were disabled or routed before one cudgel had touched the carcase of the fallen squire. As for the corporal, instead of standing by his commanding officer, he had overleaped the hedge, and run to the constable of an adjoining village for assistance. Accordingly, before Crabshaw could be properly remounted, the peace officer arrived with his posse; and by the corporal was charged with Sir Launcelot and his squire, as two highwaymen. The constable, astonished at the martial figure of the knight, and intimidated at sight of the havoc he had made, contented himself with standing at a distance, displaying the badge of his office, and reminding the knight that he represented his majesty's person.

Sir Launcelot seeing the poor man in great agitation, assured him that his design was to enforce, not violate the laws of his country; and that he and his squire would attend him to the next justice of peace; but, in the mean time, he, in his turn, charged the peace-officer with the serjeant and drummer, who had began the fray.

The justice had been a pettifogger, and was a sycophant to a nobleman in the neighbourhood, who had a post at court. He therefore thought he should oblige his patron by shewing his respect for *the military*, and treated our knight with the most boorish insolence; but refused to admit him into his house until he had surrendered all his weapons of offence to the constable. Sir Launcelot and his squire being found the aggressors, the justice insisted upon making out their mittimus, if they did not find bail immediately; and could hardly be prevailed upon to agree that they should remain at the house of the constable; who being a publican, undertook to keep them in safe custody until the knight could write to his steward. Meanwhile, he was bound over to the peace; and the serjeant, with his drummer, were told they had a good action against him for assault and battery, either by information or indictment. They were not, however, so fond

of the law as the justice seemed to be. Their sentiments had taken a turn in favour of Sir Launcelot during the course of his examination, by which it appeared that he was really a gentleman of fashion and fortune; and they resolved to compromise the affair without the intervention of his worship. Accordingly, the serjeant repaired to the constable's house, where the knight was lodged; and humbled himself before his honour, protesting, with many oaths, that if he had known his quality he would have beaten the drummer's brains about his ears for presuming to give his honour or his horse the least disturbance; that the fellow, he believed, was sufficiently punished in being a cripple for life.

Sir Launcelot admitted of his apologies; and taking compassion on the fellow who had suffered so severely for his folly, resolved to provide for his maintenance. Upon the representation of the parties to the justice, the warrant was next day discharged; and the knight returned to his own house, attended by the serjeant and the drummer mounted on horseback, the recruits being left to the corporal's charge.

The halberdier found the good effects of Sir Launcelot's liberality; and his companion being rendered unfit for his majesty's service by the heels of Gilbert, is now entertained at Greavesbury Hall, where he will probably remain for life.

As for Crabshaw, his master gave him to understand, that if he did not think him pretty well chastised for his presumption and flight by the discipline he had undergone in the last two adventures, he would turn him out of his service with disgrace. Timothy said, he believed it would be the greatest favour he could do him to turn him out of a service in which he knew he should be rib-roasted every day, and murdered at last.

In this situation were things at Greavesbury Hall about a month ago, when I crossed the country to Ferrybridge, where I met my uncle: probably, this was the first incident of their second excursion; for the distance between this here house and Sir Launcelot's estate does not exceed fourscore or ninety miles.

CHAP. VI.

IN WHICH THE READER WILL PERCEIVE THAT IN SOME CASES MADNESS IS CATCHING.

MR. Clarke having made an end of his narrative, the surgeon thanked him for the entertainment he had received, and Mr. Ferret shrugged up his shoulders in silent disapprobation. As for Captain Crowe, who used at such pauses to pour in a broadside of dismembered remarks, linked together like chain-shot, spoke not a syllable for some time; but, lighting a fresh pipe at the candle, began to roll such voluminous clouds of smoke, as in an instant filled the whole apartment, and rendered himself invisible to the whole company. Though he thus shrouded himself from their view, he did not long remain concealed from their hearing. They first heard a strange dissonant cackle, which the doctor knew to be a sea-laugh; and this was followed by an eager exclamation of, 'Rare pastime, strike my yards and top-masts!—I've a good mind—why shouldn't—many a losing voyage I've—smite my taffrel but I wool—'

By this time he had relaxed so much in his fumigation, that the tip of his nose and one eye re-appeared; and as he had drawn his wig forwards so as to cover his whole forehead, the figure that now saluted their eyes was much more ferocious and terrible than the fire-breathing chimæra of the ancients. Notwithstanding this dreadful appearance, there was no indignation in his heart; but, on the contrary, an agreeable curiosity, which he was determined to gratify.

Addressing himself to Mr. Fillet, 'Pr'ythee, doctor,' said he, 'canst tell whether a man, without being rated a lord or a baron, or what d'ye-call um, d'ye see, mayn't take to the highway, in the way of a frolick, d'ye see?—Adad! for my own part, brother, I'm resolved as how to cruize a bit in the way of an arrant—if so be as I can't at once be commander, mayhap I may be bore upon the books as a petty officer, or the like, d'ye see.'

'Now, the Lord forbid!' cried Clarke, with tears in his eyes, 'I'd rather see you dead than brought to

'such a dilemma.'—'Mayhap thou wouldst,' answered the uncle; 'for then, my lad, there would be some picking—aha! dost thou tip me the traveller, my boy?' Tom assured him he scorned any such mercenary views: 'I am only concerned,' said he, 'that you should take any step that might tend to the disgrace of yourself or your family; and I say again, I had rather die than live to see you reckoned any otherwise than *compos*.'—'Die and be damned! you shambling, half-timber'd son of a ———,' cried the cholerick Crowe; 'dost talk to me of keeping a reckoning and compass!—I could keep a reckoning, and box my compass, long enough before thy keel-stone was laid—Sam Crowe is not come here to ask thy counsel how to steer his course.'—'Lord, Sir,' resumed the nephew, 'consider what people will say—all the world will think you mad.'—'Set thy heart at ease, Tom,' cried the seaman, 'I'll have a trip to and again in this here channel, Mad! what then? I think, for my part, one half of the nation is mad—and the other not very sound—I don't see why I han't as good a right to be mad as another man—But, doctor, as I was saying, I'd be bound to you, if you would direct me where I can buy that same tackle that an arrant must wear; as for the matter of the long pole headed with iron, I'd never desire a better than a good boat-hook, and I could make a special good target of that there tin sconce that holds the candle—mayhap any blacksmith will hammer me a scull-cap, d'ye see, out of an old brass kettle; and I can call my horse by the name of my ship, which was Musti.'

The surgeon was one of those wags who can laugh inwardly, without exhibiting the least outward mark of mirth or satisfaction. He at once perceived the amusement which might be drawn from this strange disposition of the sailor, together with the most likely means which could be used to divert him from such an extravagant pursuit. He therefore tipped Clarke the wink with one side of his face, while the other was very gravely turned to the captain, whom he addressed to this effect: 'It is not far from hence to Sheffield, where you might be fitted compleatly in half a day—then you must wake your

your armour in church or chapel, and be dubbed. As for this last ceremony, it may be performed by any person whatsoever. Don Quixote was dubbed by his landlord; and there are many instances on record of errands obliging and compelling the next person they met to cross their shoulders, and dub them knights. I myself would undertake to be your godfather, and I have interest enough to procure the keys of the parish-church that stands hard by; besides, this is the eve of St. Martin, who was himself a knight-errant, and therefore a proper patron to a noviciate. I wish we could borrow Sir Launcelot's armour for the occasion.

Crowe being struck with this hint, started up; and laying his fingers on his lips to enjoin silence, walked off softly on his tiptoes, to listen at the door of our knight's apartment, and judge whether or not he was asleep. Mr. Fillet took this opportunity to tell his nephew that it would be in vain for him to combat this humour with reason and argument; but the most effectual way of diverting him from the plan of knight-errantry would be, to frighten him heartily while he should keep his vigil in the church; towards the accomplishment of which purpose he craved the assistance of the misanthrope as well as the nephew. Clarke seemed to relish the scheme; and observed that his uncle, though endued with courage enough to face any human danger, had at bottom a strong fund of superstition, which he had acquired, or at least improved, in the course of a sea-life. Ferret, who perhaps would not have gone ten paces out of his road to save Crowe from the gallows, nevertheless engaged as an auxiliary, merely in hope of seeing a fellow creature miserable; and even undertook to be the principal agent in this adventure. For this office, indeed, he was better qualified than they could have imagined: in the bundle which he kept under his great coat, there was, together with divers nostrums, a small phial of liquid phosphorus, sufficient, as he had already observed, to frighten a whole neighbourhood out of their senses.

In order to concert the previous measures without being overheard, these confederates retired with a candle and lanthorn into the stable; and their backs

were scarce turned, when captain Crowe came in loaded with pieces of the knight's armour, which he had conveyed from the apartment of Sir Launcelot, whom he had left fast asleep.

Understanding that the rest of the company were gone out for a moment, he could not resist the inclination he felt of communicating his intention to the landlady; who, with her daughter, had been too much engaged in preparing Crabshaw's supper, to know the purport of their conversation. The good woman, being informed of the captain's design to remain alone all night in the church, began to oppose it with all her rhetoric. She said it was setting his Maker at defiance, and a wilful running into temptation. She assured him that all the country knew that the church was haunted by spirits and hobgoblins; that lights had been seen in every corner of it; and a tall woman in white had one night appeared upon the top of the tower; that dreadful shrieks were often heard to come from the south aisle, where a murdered man had been buried; that she herself had seen the cross on the steeple all a-fire; and one evening, as she passed a horseback close by the stile at the entrance into the church-yard, the horse stood still, sweating and trembling, and had no power to proceed until she had repeated the Lord's Prayer.

These remarks made a strong impression on the imagination of Crowe; who asked, in some confusion, if she had got that same prayer in print. She made no answer; but reaching the prayer-book from a shelf, and turning up the leaf, put it into his hand; then the captain, having adjusted his spectacles, began to read, or rather spell, aloud, with equal eagerness and solemnity. He had refreshed his memory so well as to remember the whole, when the doctor, returning with his companions, gave him to understand that he had procured the key of the chancel, where he might watch his armour as well as in the body of the church; and that he was ready to conduct him to the spot. Crowe was not now quite so forward as he had appeared before to achieve this adventure: he began to start objections with respect to the borrowed armour; he wanted to stipulate the comforts of a can of slip, and a candle's end, during his vigil; and hinted something of the damage

damage he might sustain from your malicious imps of darkness.

The doctor told him, the constitutions of chivalry absolutely required that he should be left in the dark alone, and fasting, to spend the night in pious meditations; but if he had any fears which disturbed his conscience, he had much better desist, and give up all thoughts of knight-errantry, which could not consist with the least shadow of apprehension. The captain, stung by this remark, replied not a word; but gathering up the armour into a bundle, threw it on his back, and set out for the place of probation, preceded by Clarke with the lanthorn. When they arrived at the church, Fillet, who had procured the key from the sexton, who was his patient, opened the door, and conducted our novice into the middle of the chancel, where the armour was deposited. Then bidding Crowe draw his hanger, committed him to the protection of Heaven, assuring him he would come back, and find him either dead or alive by day-break, and perform the remaining part of the ceremony. So saying, he and the other associates shook him by the hand and took their leave, after the surgeon had tilted up the lanthorn to take a view of his visage, which was pale and haggard.

Before the door was locked upon him, he called aloud, 'Hilloa, doctor! hip——another word, d'ye see——' They forthwith returned to know what he wanted, and found him already in a sweat. 'Heark ye, brother,' said he, wiping his face, 'I do suppose as how 'one may pass away the time in 'whistling the Black Joke, or singing 'Black-ey'd Susan, or some such 'sorrowful ditty.'—'By no means,' cried the doctor, 'such pastimes are neither suitable to the place, nor the occasion, which is altogether a religious exercise. If you have got any psalms by heart, you may sing a slave or 'two, or repeat the Doxology.'—'Would I had Tom Laverick here,' replied our novice; 'he would sing 'you anthems like a sea-mew—a had 'been a clerk ashore—many's the time 'and often I've given him a rope's end 'for singing psalms in the larboard 'watch—would I had hired the son of 'a bitch to have taught me a cast of his 'office—but it cannot be help, brother

'—if we can't go large, we must hauf 'upon a wind, as the saying is—if we 'can't sing, we must pray.' The company again left him to his devotion, and returned to the publick-house, in order to execute the essential part of their project.

CHAP. VII.

IN WHICH THE KNIGHT RESUMES
HIS IMPORTANCE.

DOCTOR Fillet having borrowed a couple of sheets from the landlady, dressed the misanthrope and Tom Clarke in ghostly apparel, which was reinforced by a few drops of liquid phosphorus, from Ferret's phial, rubbed on the foreheads of the two adventurers. Thus equipped, they returned to the church with their conductor, who entered with them softly at an aisle which was opposite to a place where the novice kept watch. They stole unperceived through the body of the church; and though it was so dark that they could not distinguish the captain with the eye, they heard the sound of his steps, as he walked backwards and forwards on the pavement with uncommon expedition, and an ejaculation now and then escape in a murmur from his lips.

The triumvirate having taken their station, with a large pew in their front, the two ghosts uncovered their heads, which, by help of the phosphorus, exhibited a pale and lambent flame, extremely dismal and ghastly to the view; then Ferret in a squeaking tone, exclaimed, 'Samuel Crowe! Samuel 'Crowe!' The captain hearing himself accosted in this manner, at such a time, and in such a place, replied, 'Hilloah!' and turning his eyes towards the quarter whence the voice seemed to proceed, beheld the terrible apparition. This no sooner saluted his view, than his hair bristled up, his knees began to knock, and his teeth to chatter, while he cried aloud, 'In the name of God, 'where are you bound, ho?' To this hail the misanthrope answered, 'We are 'the spirits of thy grandmother Jane 'and thy aunt Bridget.'

At mention of these names, Crowe's terrors began to give way to his resentment; and he pronounced in a quick

tone of surprize, mixed with indignation, 'What d'ye want? what d'ye want? what d'ye want, ho?' The spirit replied, 'We are sent to warn thee of thy fate.'—'From whence, ho?' cried the captain, whose choler had by this time well-nigh triumphed over his fear. 'From Heaven,' said the voice. 'Ye lye, ye b—s of hell!' did our novice exclaim; 'ye are damned for heaving me out of my right five fathom and a half by the lead, in burning brimstone. Don't I see the blue flames come out of your hawse-holes—mayhap you may be the devil himself, for aught I know—but I trust in the Lord, d'ye see—I never diffrated a kinsman, d'ye see, so don't come along side of me—put about on th' other tack, d'ye see—you need not clap hard a weather, for you'll soon get to hell again with a flowing sail.'

So saying, he had recourse to his Pattern; but perceiving the apparitions approach, he thundered out, 'Avast—avast—sheer off, ye babes of hell, or I'll be foul of your fore-lights.' He accordingly sprung forwards with his hanger, and very probably would have set the spirits on their way to the other world, had he not fallen over a pew in the dark, and entangled himself so much among the benches, that he could not immediately recover his footing. The triumvirate took this opportunity to retire; and such was the precipitation of Ferret in his retreat, that he encountered a post, by which his right-eye sustained considerable damage; a circumstance which induced him to inveigh bitterly against his own folly, as well as the impertinence of his companions, who had inveigled him into such a troublesome adventure. Neither he nor Clarke could be prevailed upon to revisit the novice. The doctor himself thought his disease was desperate; and, mounting his horse, returned to his own habitation.

Ferret, finding all the beds in the publick-house were occupied, composed himself to sleep in a Windsor-chair at the chimney-corner; and Mr. Clarke, whose disposition was extremely amorous, resolved to renew his practices on the heart of Dolly. He had reconnoitred the apartments in which the bodies of the knight and his squire were deposited; and discovered, close by the top of the stair-case, a sort of closet or hovel,

just large enough to contain a truckle-bed, which, from some other particulars, he supposed to be the bed-chamber of his beloved Dolly, who had by this time retired to her repose. Full of this idea, and infligated by the demon of desire, Mr. Thomas crept softly up stairs, and lifting the latch of the closet-door, his heart began to palpitate with joyous expectation; but before he could breathe the gentle effusions of his love, the supposed damsel started up, and seizing him by the collar with an Herculean gripe, uttered in the voice of Crabshaw, 'It wa'n't for nothing that I dreamed of Newgate, sirrah; but I'd have thee to know, an arrant squire is not to be robbed by such a peddling thief as thee—here I'll howl thee vast, and the devil were in thy doublet—help! murder! vire! Help!'

It was impossible for Mr. Clarke to disengage himself, and equally impracticable to speak in his own vindication; so that here he stood trembling and half throttled, until the whole house being alarmed, the landlady and her ostler ran up stairs with a candle. When the light rendered objects visible, an equal astonishment prevailed on all sides; Crabshaw was confounded at sight of Mr. Clarke, whose person he well knew; and releasing him instantly from his grasp, 'Bodikins!' cried he, 'I believe as how this haufe is haunted—who thought to meet with Measter Laayer Clarke at midnight, and so far from hoam.' The landlady could not comprehend the meaning of this encounter; nor could Tom conceive how Crabshaw had transported himself hither from the room below, in which he saw him quietly reposed. Yet nothing was more easy than to explain this mystery; the apartment below was the chamber which the hostess and her daughter reserved for their own convenience; and this particular having been intimated to the squire while he was at supper, he had resigned the bed quietly, and been conducted hither in the absence of the company. Tom, recollecting himself as well as he could, professed himself of Crabshaw's opinion, that the house was haunted, declaring that he could not well account for his being there in the dark; and leaving those that were assembled to discuss this knotty point, retired down stairs, in hope of meeting with his charmer, whom

whom accordingly he found in the kitchen just risen, and wrapped in a loose dishabille.

The noise of Crabshaw's cries had awakened and aroused his master, who rising suddenly in the dark, snatched up his sword that lay by his bed-side, and hastened to the scene of tumult, where all their mouths were opened at once to explain the cause of their disturbance, and make an apology for breaking his honour's rest. He said nothing; but taking the candle in his hand, beckoned to his squire to follow him into his apartment, resolving to arm and take horse immediately. Crabshaw understood his meaning; and while he shuffled on his cloaths, yawning hideously all the while, wished the lawyer at the devil for having visited him so unseasonably; and even cursed himself for the noise he had made, in consequence of which he foresaw he should now be obliged to forfeit his night's rest, and travel in the dark, exposed to the inclemencies of the weather. 'Pox rot thee, Tom Clarke, for a wicked laayer!' said he to himself; 'hadst thou been hanged at Bartle-my-tide, I should this night have slept in peace, that I should—an I would there was a blister on this plaguy tongue of mine for making such a hallooballoo, that I do!—Five gallons of cold water has my poor belly been drenched with since night fell, so as my reins and my liver are all one as if they were turned into ice, and my whole harshet shakes and shivers like a phial of quicksilver. I have been dragged, half-drowned like a rotten ewe, from the bottom of a river; and who knows but I may be next dragged quite dead from the bottom of a coal-pit—if so be as I am, I shall go to hell, to be sure, for being consarned like in my own moorder, that I will, so I will; for a plague on it, I had no business with the vagaries of this crazy-peated measter of mine; a pox on him, say I!'

He had just finished this soliloquy as he entered the apartment of his master, who desired to know what was become of his armour. Timothy, understanding that it had been left in the room when the knight undressed, began to scratch his head in great perplexity; and at last declared it as his opinion, that it must have been carried off by

witchcraft. Then he related his adventure with Tom Clarke; who, he said, was conveyed to his bedside he knew not how; and concluded with affirming they were no better than Papishes who did not believe in witchcraft. Sir Launcelot could not help smiling at his simplicity; but assuming a peremptory air, he commanded him to fetch the armour without delay, that he might afterwards saddle the horses, in order to prosecute their journey.

Timothy retired in great tribulation to the kitchen; where finding the misanthrope, whom the noise had also disturbed, and still impressed with the notion of his being a conjuror, he offered him a shilling if he would cast a figure, and let him know what was become of his master's armour.

Ferret, in hope of producing more mischief, informed him without hesitation, that one of the company had conveyed it into the chancel of the church, where he would now find it deposited; at the same time presenting him with the key, which Mr. Fillet had left in his custody.

The squire, who was none of those who set hobgoblins at defiance, being afraid to enter the church alone at these hours, bargained with the ostler to accompany and light him with a lanthorn. Thus attended, he advanced to the place where the armour lay in a heap, and loaded it upon the back of his attendant without molestation, the lance being shouldered over the whole. In this equipage they were just going to retire, when the ostler hearing a noise at some distance, wheeled about with such velocity, that one end of the spear saluting Crabshaw's pate, the poor squire measured his length on the ground; and crushing the lanthorn in his fall, the light was extinguished. The other, terrified at these effects of his own sudden motion, threw down his burden; and would have betaken himself to flight, had not Crabshaw laid fast hold on his leg, that he himself might not be deserted. The sound of the pieces clattering on the pavement, roused Captain Crowe from a trance or slumber, in which he had lain since the apparition vanished; and he hallooed, or rather bellowed, with vast vociferation. Timothy and his friend were so intimidated by this terriffick strain, that they thought no more of the armour, but ran home

home arm in air, and appeared in the kitchen with all the marks of horror and consternation.

When Sir Launcelot came forth wrapped in his cloak, and demanded his arms, Crabshaw declared that the devil had them in possession; and this assertion was confirmed by the ostler, who pretended to know the devil by his roar. Ferret sat in his corner, maintaining the most mortifying silence, and enjoying the impatience of the knight, who in vain requested an explanation of this mystery. At length his eyes began to lighten; when seizing Crabshaw in one hand, and the ostler in the other, he swore by Heaven he would dash their souls out, and raze the house to the foundation, if they did not instantly disclose the particulars of this transaction. The good woman fell on her knees, protesting, in the name of the Lord, that she was innocent as the child unborn, tho' she had lent the captain a prayer-book to learn the Lord's Prayer, a candle and lantern to light him to the church, and a couple of clean sheets for the use of the other gentlemen. The knight was more and more puzzled by this declaration; when Mr. Clarke, coming into the kitchen, presented himself with a low obeisance to his old patron.

Sir Launcelot's anger was immediately converted into surprize. He set at liberty the squire and the ostler; and stretching out his hand to the lawyer, 'My good friend, Clarke,' said he, 'how came you hither? Can you solve this knotty point which hath involved us all in such confusion?'

Tom forthwith began a very circumstantial recapitulation of what had happened to his uncle; in what manner he had been disappointed of the estate; how he had accidentally seen his honour, been enamoured of his character, and become ambitious of following his example. Then he related the particulars of the plan which had been laid down to divert him from his design; and concluded with assuring the knight, that the captain was a very honest man, though he seemed to be a little disordered in his intellects. 'I believe it,' replied Sir Launcelot; 'madness and honesty are not incompatible—indeed, I feel it by experience.'

Tom proceeded to ask pardon, in his uncle's name, for having made so free

with the knight's armour; and begged his honour, for the love of God, would use his authority with Crowe that he might quit all thoughts of knight-errantry, for which he was by no means qualified; for being totally ignorant of the laws of the land, he would be continually committing trespasses, and bring himself into trouble. He said, in case he should prove refractory, he might be apprehended by virtue of a friendly warrant, for having feloniously carried off the knight's accoutrements.

'Taking away another man's moveables,' said he, 'and personal goods, against the will of the owner, is *furtum*, and felony according to the statute: different, indeed, from robbery, which implies putting in fear on the king's highway, in *alta via regia violenter et felonice captum et asportatum, in magnum terrorem, &c.* For if the robbery be laid in the indictment as done in *quodam via pedestri*, in a foot-path, the offender will not be ousted of his clergy. It must be in *alta via regia*; and your honour will please to take notice, that robberies committed on the river Thames are adjudged as done in *alta via regia*; for the king's high-stream is all the same as the king's highway.'

Sir Launcelot could not help smiling at Tom's learned investigation. He congratulated him on the progress he had made in the study of the law. He expressed his concern at the strange turn the captain had taken, and promised to use his influence in persuading him to desist from the preposterous design he had formed.

The lawyer, thus assured, repaired immediately to the church, accompanied by the squire, and held a parley with his uncle; who, when he understood that the knight in person desired a conference, surrendered up the arms quietly, and returned to the public-house.

Sir Launcelot received the honest seaman with his usual complacency; and perceiving great discomposure in his looks, said, he was sorry to hear he had passed such a disagreeable night to so little purpose. Crowe, having recruited his spirits with a bumper of brandy, thanked him for his concern, and observed, that he had passed many a hard night in his time, but such another

ther as this he would not be bound to weather for the command of the whole British navy. 'I have seen Davy Jones in the shape of a blue flame, d'ye see, hopping to and fro on the sprit-sail yard-arm; and I've seen your Jacks o' the Lanthorn, and Wills o' the Wisp, and many such spirits, both by sea and land; but to-night I've been boarded by all the devils and damned souls in hell, squeaking and squalling, and glimmering and glaring. Bounce went the door—crack went the pew—crash came the tackle—white-sheeted gholts dancing in one corner by the glow-worm's light—black devils hobbling in another—Lord have mercy upon us!—and I was hailed, Tom—I was—by my grandmother Jane, and my aunt Bridget, d'ye see—a couple of damn'd —: but they're roaring; that's one comfort, my lad.'

When he had thus disburdened his conscience, Sir Launcelot introduced the subject of the new occupation at which he aspired. 'I understand,' said he, 'that you are desirous of treading the paths of errantry, which, I assure you, are thorny and troublesome. Nevertheless, as your purpose is to exercise your humanity and benevolence, so your ambition is commendable. But towards the practice of chivalry there is something more required than the virtues of courage and generosity. A knight-errant ought to understand the sciences, to be master of ethicks or morality, to be well versed in theology, a compleat casuist, and minutely acquainted with the laws of his country. He should not only be patient of cold, hunger, and fatigue; righteous, just, and valiant; but also chaste, religious, temperate, polite, and convertible; and have all his passions under the rein, except love, whose empire he should submissively acknowledge.' He said, this was the very essence of chivalry; and no man had ever made such a profession of arms without having first placed his affection upon some beautiful object, for whose honour, and at whose command, he would cheerfully encounter the most dreadful perils.

He took notice that nothing could be more irregular than the manner in which Crowe had attempted to keep his vigil, for he had never served his noviciate—

he had not prepared himself with abstinence and prayer—he had not provided a qualified godfather for the ceremony of dubbing—he had no armour of his own to wake; but, on the very threshold of chivalry, which is the perfection of justice, had unjustly purloined the arms of another knight; that this was a mere mockery of a religious institution, and therefore unpleasing in the sight of Heaven; witness the demons and hobgoblins that were permitted to disturb and torment him in his trial.

Crowe having listened to these remarks with earnest attention, replied, after some hesitation, 'I am bound to you, brother, for your kind and Christian counsel—I doubt as how I've steered by a wrong chart, d'ye see—as for the matter of the sciences, to be sure, I know plain-sailing and Mercator; and am an indifferent good seaman, thof I say it that should not say it; but as to all the rest, no better than the viol-block or the geer-capstan. Religion I han't much overhauled; and we tars laugh at your polite conversation—thof, mayhap, we can chaunt a few ballads to keep the hands awake in the night-watch; then for chastity, brother, I doubt that's not to be expected in a sailor just come ashore after a long voyage—sure all those poor hearts won't be damned for steering in the wake of nature. As for a sweetheart, Bet Mizen, of St. Catherine's, would fit me to a hair—she and I are old messmates; and——what signifies talking, brother; she knows already the trim of my vessel, d'ye see!' He concluded with saying, he thought he wa'n't too old to learn; and if Sir Launcelot would take him in tow, as his tender, he would stand by him all weathers, and it should not cost his comfort a farthing's expence.

The knight said, he did not think himself of consequence enough to have such a pupil, but should always be ready to give him his best advice; as a specimen of which, he exhorted him to weigh all the circumstances, and deliberate calmly and leisurely before he actually engaged in such a boisterous profession; assuring him, that if, at the end of three months, his resolution should continue, he would take upon himself the office of his instructor. In

the mean time, he gratified the hostess for his lodging; put on his armour; took leave of the company; and, mounting Bronzomarte, proceeded southerly, being attended by his squire, Crabshaw, grumbling on the back of Gilbert.

CHAP. VIII.

WHICH IS WITHIN A HAIR'S
BREADTH OF PROVING HIGH-
LY INTERESTING.

LEAVING Captain Crowe and his nephew for the present, though they, and even the misanthrope, will reappear in due season; we are now obliged to attend the progress of the knight, who proceeded in a southerly direction, insensible of the storm that blew, as well as of the darkness, which was horrible. For some time Crabshaw ejaculated curses in silence; till at length his anger gave way to his fear, which waxed so strong upon him, that he could no longer resist the desire of alleviating it, by entering into a conversation with his master. By way of introduction, he gave Gilbert the spur, directing him towards the flank of Bronzomarte, which he encountered with such a shock, that the knight was almost dismounted. When Sir Launcelot, with some warmth, asked the reason of this attack, the squire replied in these words: 'The devil (God bless us!) mun be playing his pranks with Gilbert too, as sure as I'm a living soul!—I've wage a teaster, the foul fiend has left the seaman, and got into Gilbert, that he has—when a has passed through an ass and a horse, I've marvel what beast a will get into next.'—'Probably into a mule;' said the knight: 'in that case you will be in some danger—but I can at any time dispossess you with a horsewhip.'—'Aye, aye,' answered Timothy, 'your honour has a mortal good hand at giving a slap with a fox's tail, as the saying is—'tis a wonderment you did not try your hand on that there wise-acre that stole your honour's harness, and wants to be an arrant, with a murrain to 'un.—Lord help his fool's head, it becomes him as a sow doth a cart-saddle.'—'There is no guilt in infirmity,' said the knight; 'I punish the vicious only.'—'I would

'your honour would punish Gilbert, then,' cried the squire, 'for 'tis the most vicious toad that ever I laid a leg over—but as to that same sea-faring man, what may his distemper be?'—'Madness,' answered Sir Launcelot.—'Bodikins!' exclaimed the squire; 'I doubt as how other folks are leame of the same leg—but a'n't vor such small gentry as he to be mad; they mun leave that to their betters.'—'You seem to hint at me, Crabshaw: do you really think I am mad?'—'I may say as how I have looked your honour in the mouth; and a sorry dog should I be, if I did not know your humours as well as I know e'er a beast in the steable at Greaveisbury Hall.'—'Since you are so well acquainted with my madness,' said the knight, 'what opinion have you of yourself, who serve and follow a lunatick?'—'I hope I han't served your honour for nothing, but I shall inherit some of your cast vagaries—when your honour is pleased to be mad, I should be very sorry to be found right in my senses. Timothy Crabshaw will never eat the bread of unthankfulness—it shall never be said of him that he was wiser than his master: as for the matter of following a madman, we may see your honour's face is made of a fiddle; every one that looks on you loves you.' This compliment the knight returned by saying, 'If my face is a fiddle, Crabshaw, your tongue is a fiddle—stick that plays upon it—yet your music is very disagreeable—you don't keep time.'—'Nor you neither, master,' cried Timothy; 'or we shouldn't be here wandering about under cloud of night, like sheep-stealers, or evil spirits with troubled consciences.'

Here the discourse was interrupted by a sudden disaster, in consequence of which the squire uttered an inarticulate roar that startled the knight himself, who was very little subject to the sensation of fear; but his surprize was changed into vexation when he perceived Gilbert without a rider, passing by, and kicking his heels with great agility. He forthwith turned his steed; and riding back a few paces, found Crabshaw rising from the ground. When he asked what was become of his horse, he answered in a whimpering tone, 'Horse! would I could once see him

‘fairly carter for the hounds—for my part, I believe as how ’tis no horse, but a devil incarnate; and yet I’ve been worse mounted, that I have—I’d like to have rid a horse that was foaled of an acorn.’

This accident happened in a hollow way overshadowed with trees, one of which the storm had blown down, so that it lay over the road; and one of it’s boughs projecting horizontally, encountered the squire as he trotted along in the dark. Chancing to hitch under his long chin, he could not disengage himself, but hung suspended like a fitch of bacon; while Gilbert, pushing forward, left him dangling, and, by his awkward gambols, seemed to be pleased with the joke. This capricious animal was not retaken without the personal endeavours of the knight; for Crabshaw absolutely refusing to budge a foot from his honour’s side, he was obliged to alight, and fasten Bronzomarte to a tree; then they set out together, and with some difficulty found Gilbert, with his neck stretched over a five-barred gate, snuffing up the morning air. The squire, however, was not remounted, without having first undergone a severe reprehension from his master, who upbraided him with his cowardice, threatened to chastise him on the spot, and declared that he would divorce his dastardly soul from his body, should he ever be incommoded or affronted with another instance of his base-born apprehension.

Though there was some risque in carrying on the altercation at this juncture, Timothy having bound up his jaws, could not withstand the inclination he had to confute his master. He therefore, in a muttering accent, protested, that if the knight would give him leave, he should prove that his honour had tied a knot with his tongue which he could not untie with all his teeth. ‘How, carter,’ cried Sir Launcelot, ‘presume to contend with me in argument!’—‘Your mouth is scarce shut,’ said the other, ‘since you declared that a man was not to be punished for madness, because it was a distemper: now I will maintain, that cowardice is a distemper as well as madness; for nobody would be afraid if he could help it.’—‘There’s more logick in that remark,’ resumed the knight, ‘than I expected from your clod-pate,

Crabshaw: but I must explain the difference between cowardice and madness. Cowardice, though sometimes the effect of natural imbecillity, is generally a prejudice of education, or bad habit contracted from misinformation or misapprehension, and may certainly be cured by experience and the exercise of reason: but this remedy cannot be applied in madness, which is a privation or disorder of reason itself.’—‘So is cowardice, as I’m a living soul,’ exclaimed the squire; ‘don’t you say a man is frightened out of his senses? For my part, measter, I can neither see nor hear, much less arguify, when I’m in such a quandary; wherefore, I do believe, odds bodikins! that cowardice and madness are both distempers, and differ no more than the hot and cold fits of an ague. When it teakes your honour, you’re all heat and fire and fury, Lord bless us! but when it catches poor Tim, he’s cold and dead-hearted; he sheakes and shivers like an aspen-leaf, that he does.’—‘In that case,’ answered the knight, ‘I shall not punish you for the distemper which you cannot help, but for engaging in a service exposed to perils, when you knew your own infirmity; in the same manner as a man deserves punishment who enlists himself for a soldier while he labours under any secret disease.’—‘At that rate,’ said the squire, ‘my bread is like to be rarely buttered o’both sides, I faith! But I hope, as by the blessing of God I have run mad, so I shall in good time grow valiant under your honour’s precept and example.’

By this time a very disagreeable night was succeeded by a fair, bright morning, and a market-town appeared at the distance of three or four miles; when Crabshaw, having no longer the fear of hobgoblins before his eyes, and being moreover cheered by the sight of a place where he hoped to meet with comfortable entertainment, began to talk big, to expatiate on the folly of being afraid, and finally set all danger at defiance; when all of a sudden he was presented with an opportunity of putting in practice those new-adopted maxims. In an opening between two lanes, they perceived a gentleman’s coach stopped by two highwaymen on horseback, one of whom advanced to reconnoitre and keep the

the coast clear, while the other exacted contribution from the travellers in the coach. He who acted as centinel no sooner saw our adventurer appearing from the lane, than he rode up with a pistol in his hand, and ordered him to halt on pain of immediate death.

To this peremptory mandate the knight made no other reply than charging him with such impetuosity that he was unhorsed in a twinkling, and lay sprawling on the ground, seemingly sore bruised with his fall. Sir Launcelot, commanding Timothy to alight and secure the prisoner, couched his lance, and rode full speed at the other highwayman, who was not a little disturbed at sight of such an apparition. Nevertheless, he fired his pistol without effect; and, clapping spurs to his horse, fled away at full gallop. The knight pursued him with all the speed that Bronzomarte could exert; but the robber being mounted on a swift hunter, kept him at a distance; and, after a chase of several miles, escaped through a wood so entangled with coppice, that Sir Launcelot thought proper to desist. He then, for the first time, recollected the situation in which he had left the other thief; and remembering to have heard a female shriek as he passed by the coach-window, resolved to return with all expedition, that he might make a proffer of his service to the lady, according to the obligation of knight-errantry. But he had lost his way; and after an hour's ride, during which he traversed many a field, and circled divers hedges, he found himself in the market-town aforementioned. Here the first object that presented itself to his eyes was Crabshaw on foot, surrounded by a mob, tearing his hair, stamping with his feet, and roaring out, in manifest distraction, 'Shew me the mayor, (for the love of God!) shew me the mayor!—O Gilbert, Gilbert! a murrain take thee, Gilbert! sure thou wast foaled for my destruction!'

From these exclamations, and the antick dress of the squire, the people, not without reason, concluded that the poor soul had lost his wits; and the beadle was just going to secure him, when the knight interposed, and at once attracted the whole attention of the populace. Timothy, seeing his master, fell down on his knees, crying, 'The thief has run away with Gilbert—you may

pound me into a peast, as the saying is: but now I'll be as mad as your worship, an't afeard of the devil and all his works.' Sir Launcelot desiring the beadle would forbear, was instantly obeyed by that officer, who had no inclination to put the authority of his place in competition with the power of such a figure, armed at all points, mounted on a fiery steed, and ready for the combat. He ordered Crabshaw to attend him to the next inn, where he alighted; then taking him into a separate apartment, demanded an explanation of the unconnected words he had uttered.

The squire was in such agitation, that, with infinite difficulty, and by dint of a thousand different questions, his master learned the adventure to this effect. Crabshaw, according to Sir Launcelot's command, had alighted from his horse, and drawn his cutlafs, in hope of intimidating the discomfited robber into a tame surrender, though he did not at all relish the nature of the service; but the thief was neither so much hurt, nor so tame as Timothy had imagined. He started on his feet, with his pistol still in his hand; and presenting it to the squire, swore, with dreadful imprecations, that he would blow his brains out in an instant. Crabshaw, unwilling to hazard the trial of this experiment, turned his back, and fled with great precipitation; while the robber, whose horse had run away, mounted Gilbert, and rode off across the country. It was at this period that two footmen belonging to the coach, who had stayed behind to take their morning's whet at the inn where they lodged, came up to the assistance of the ladies, armed with blunderbusses; and the carriage proceeded, leaving Timothy alone in distraction and despair. He knew not which way to turn; and was afraid of remaining on the spot, lest the robbers should come back and revenge themselves upon him for the disappointment they had undergone. In this distress, the first thought that occurred was to make the best of his way to the town, and demand the assistance of the civil magistrate, towards the retrieval of what he had lost; a design which he executed in such a manner, as justly entailed upon him the imputation of lunacy.

While Timothy stood fronting the window,

window, and answering the interrogations of his master, he suddenly exclaimed, 'Bodikins! there's Gilbert!' and sprung into the street with incredible agility. There finding his strayed companion brought back by one of the footmen who attended the coach, he imprinted a kiss on his forehead; and hanging about his neck, with the tears in his eyes, hailed his return with the following salutation: 'Art thou come back, my darling! Ah, Gilbert, Gilbert! a pize upon thee! thou hadst like to have been a dear Gilbert to me. How couldst thou break the heart of thy old friend, who has known thee from a colt? Seven years next grafs have I fed thee and bred thee; provided thee with sweet hay, delicate corn, and fresh litter, that thou mought lie warm, dry, and comfortable. Ha'n't I curry-combed thy carcase till it was as sleek as a floe, and cherished thee as the apple of mine eye? For all that, thou hast played me an hundred dog's tricks; biting, and kicking, and plunging, as if the devil was in thy body; and now thou couldst run away with a thief, and leave me to be flayed alive by measter. What canst thou say for thyself, thou cruel, hard-hearted, unchristian tuoad?' To this tender expostulation, which afforded much entertainment to the boys, Gilbert answered not one word; but seemed altogether insensible to the caresses of Timothy, who forthwith led him into the stable. On the whole, he seems to have been an unsocial animal; for it does not appear that he ever contracted any degree of intimacy, even with Bronzomarte, during the whole course of their acquaintance and fellowship: on the contrary, he has been more than once known to signify his aversion by throwing out behind, and other eruptive marks of contempt for that elegant charger, who excelled him as much in personal merit as his rider Timothy was outshone by his all-accomplished master.

While the squire accommodated Gilbert in the stable, the knight sent for the footman who had brought him back; and having presented him with a liberal acknowledgment, desired to know in what manner the horse had been retrieved.

The stranger satisfied him in this particular, by giving him to under-

stand, that the highwayman, perceiving himself pursued across the country, plied Gilbert so severely with whip and spur, that the animal repented the usage; and being, besides, perhaps a little struck with remorse for having left his old friend Crabshaw, suddenly halted, and stood stock still, notwithstanding all the stripes and tortures he underwent; or, if he moved at all, it was in a retrograde direction. The thief, seeing all his endeavours ineffectual, and himself in danger of being overtaken, wisely quitted his acquisition, and fled into the bosom of a neighbouring wood.

Then the knight enquired about the situation of the lady in the coach, and offered himself as her guard and conductor; but was told that she was already safely lodged in the house of a gentleman at some distance from the road. He likewise learned that she was a person disordered in her senses, under the care and tuition of a widow lady, her relation, and that in a day or two they should pursue their journey northward to the place of her habitation.

After the footman had been some time dismissed, the knight recollected that he had forgot to ask the name of the person to whom he belonged; and began to be uneasy at this omission, which indeed was more interesting than he could imagine: for an explanation of this nature would, in all likelihood, have led to a discovery, that the lady in the coach was no other than Miss Aurelia Darnel, who seeing him unexpectedly in such an equipage and attitude as he passed the coach, (for his helmet was off) had screamed with surprize and terror, and fainted away. Nevertheless, when she recovered from her swoon, she concealed the real cause of her agitation, and none of her attendants were acquainted with the person of Sir Launcelot.

The circumstances of the disorder under which she was said to labour shall be revealed in due course. In the mean time our adventurer, though unaccountably affected, never dreamed of such an occurrence; but being very much fatigued, resolved to indemnify himself for the loss of last night's repose; and this happened to be one of the few things in which Crabshaw felt an ambition to follow his master's example.

CHAP. IX.

WHICH MAY SERVE TO SHEW,
THAT TRUE PATRIOTISM IS OF
NO PARTY.

THE knight had not enjoyed his repose above two hours, when he was disturbed by such a variety of noises as might have discomposed a brain of the finest texture. The rumbling of carriages, and the rattling of horses feet upon the pavement, were intermingled with loud shouts, and the noise of fiddle, French-horn, and bagpipe. A loud peal was heard ringing in the church-tower at some distance, while the inn resounded with clamour, confusion, and uproar.

Sir Launcelot being thus alarmed, started from his bed; and running to the window, beheld a cavalcade of persons well mounted, and distinguished by blue cockades. They were generally attired like jockies, with gold-laced hats and buck-skin breeches; and, one of them bore a standard of blue silk, inscribed, in white letters, with 'LIBERTY AND THE LANDED INTEREST.' He who rode at their head was a jolly figure, of a florid complexion and round belly, seemingly turned of fifty, and, in all appearance, of a choleric disposition. As they approached the marketplace, they waved their hats, huzzad, and cried aloud, 'NO FOREIGN CONNECTIONS!—OLD ENGLAND FOR EVER!' This acclamation, however, was not so loud or universal, but that our adventurer could distinctly hear a counter-cry from the populace, of 'NO SLAVERY—NO POORISH PRETENDER.' An insinuation so ill-relished by the cavaliers, that they began to ply their horsewhips among the multitude; and were, in their turn, saluted with a discharge or volley of stones, dirt, and dead cats; in consequence of which some teeth were demolished, and many fustouts defiled.

Our adventurer's attention was soon called off from this scene to contemplate another procession of people on foot, adorned with bunches of orange ribbands, attended by a regular band of musick, playing 'God save great George our king,' and headed by a thin, swarthy personage, of a fallow aspect and large goggling eyes, arched over with two

thick semicircles of hair, or rather bristles, jet black, and frowzy. His apparel was very gorgeous, though his address was very awkward: he was accompanied by the mayor, recorder, and heads of the corporation, in their formalities. His ensigns were known by the inscription, '*Liberty of Conscience, and the Protestant Succession*;' and the people saluted him as he passed with repeated cheers, that seemed to prognosticate success. He had particularly ingratiated himself with the good women who lined the street, and sent forth many ejaculatory petitions in his favour.

Sir Launcelot immediately comprehended the meaning of this solemnity; he perceived it was the prelude to the election of a member to represent the county in parliament; and he was seized with an eager desire to know the names and characters of the competitors.

In order to gratify this desire, he made repeated application to the bell-rope that depended from the ceiling of this apartment; but this produced nothing, except the repetition of the words, 'Coming, Sir!' which echoed from three or four different corners of the house. The waiters were so distracted by a variety of calls, that they stood motionless, in the state of the schoolman's ass between two bundles of hay, incapable of determining where they should first offer their attendance.

Our knight's patience was almost exhausted, when Crabshaw entered the room in a very strange equipage: one half of his face appeared close shaved, and the other covered with lather, while the blood trickled in two rivulets from his nose, upon a barber's cloth that was tucked under his chin; he looked grim with indignation; and, under his left arm carried his cutlass, unsheathed. Where he had acquired so much of the profession of knight-errantry, we shall not pretend to determine; but, certain it is, he fell on his knees before Sir Launcelot, crying, with an accent of grief and distraction, 'In the name of St. George for England, I beg a boon, Sir Knight, and thy compliance I demand, before the peacock and the ladies.'

Sir Launcelot, astonished at this address, replied, in a lofty strain, 'Valiant Squire, thy boon is granted, provided it doth not contravene the laws of the land,

‘land, and the constitutions of chivalry.’—‘Then I crave leave,’ answered Crabshaw, ‘to challenge and defy to mortal combat that carter barber, who hath left me in this piteous condition; and I vow by the peacock, that I will not shave my beard until I have shaved his head from his shoulders: So may I thrive in the occupation of an arrant squire.’

Before his master had time to enquire into particulars, they were joined by a decent man in boots, who was likewise a traveller, and had seen the rise and progress of Timothy’s disaster. He gave the knight to understand that Crabshaw had sent for a barber, and already undergone one-half of the operation, when the operator received the long-expected message from both the gentlemen who stood candidates at the election. The double summons was no sooner intimated to him, than he threw down his bason, and retired with precipitation, leaving the squire in the lurch. Timothy, incensed at this desertion, followed him with equal celerity into the street, where he collared the shaver, and insisted upon being entirely trimmed, on pain of the bastinado. The other finding himself thus arrested, and having no time to spare for altercation, lifted up his fist, and discharged it upon the snout of Crabshaw with such force, that the unfortunate aggressor was fain to bite the ground; while the victor hastened away, in hope of touching the double wages of corruption.

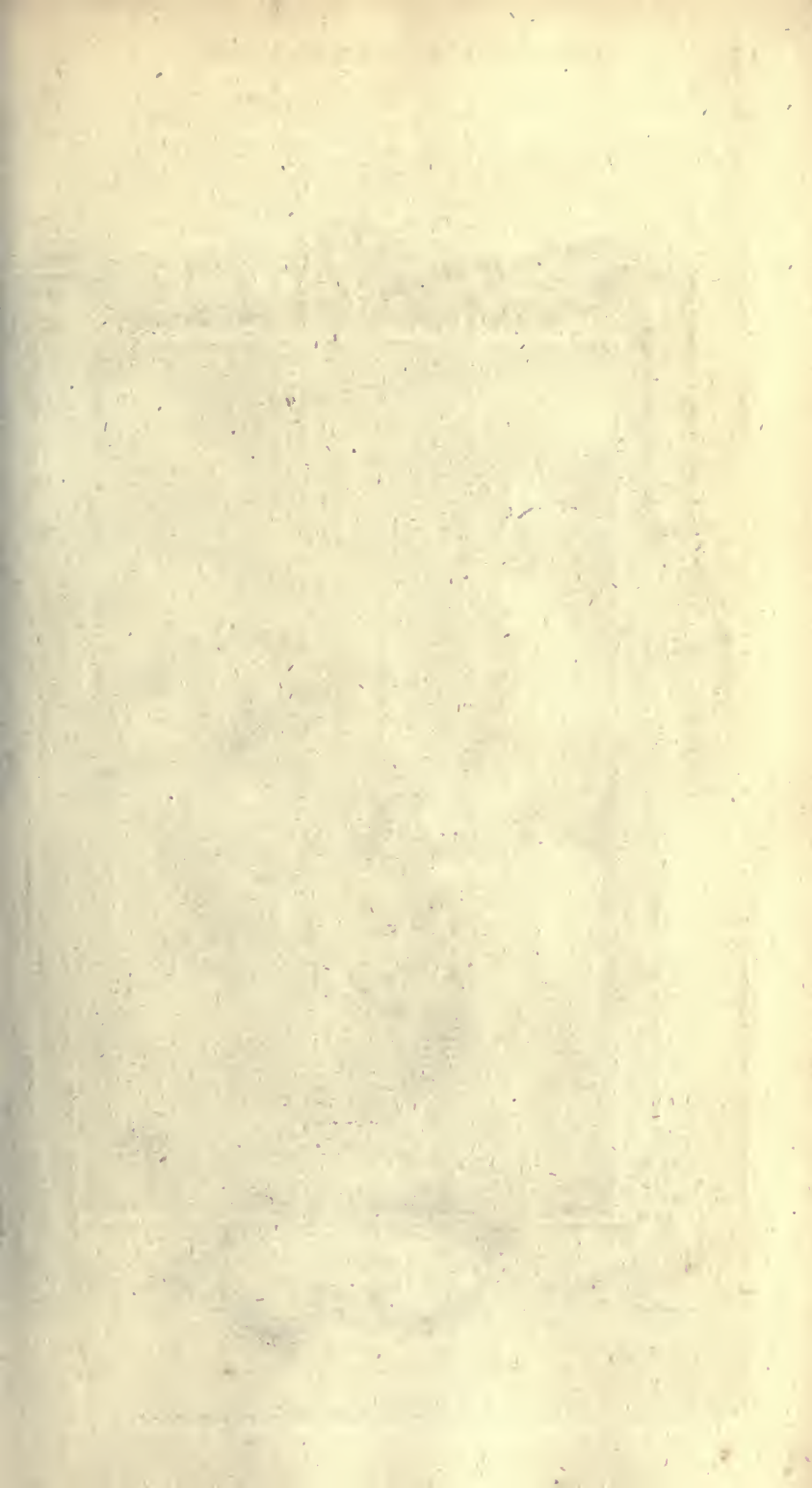
The knight being informed of these circumstances, told Timothy, with a smile, that he should have liberty to defy the barber; but, in the mean time, he ordered him to saddle Bronzomarte, and prepare for immediate service. While the squire was thus employed, his master engaged in conversation with the stranger, who happened to be a London dealer travelling for orders, and was well acquainted with the particulars which our adventurer wanted to know.

It was from this communicative tradesman he learned that the competitors were Sir Valentine Quickset and Mr. Isaac Vanderpelft; the first a mere fox-hunter, who depended for success in this election upon his interest among the high-flying gentry; the other a stock-jobber and contractor, of foreign extract, not without a mixture of He-

brew blood, immensely rich, who was countenanced by his Grace of ———, and supposed to have distributed large sums in securing a majority of votes among the yeomanry of the county possessed of small freeholds, and copyholders, a great number of which last resided in this borough. He said these were generally dissenters and weavers; and that the mayor, who was himself a manufacturer, had received a very considerable order for exportation; in consequence of which it was believed he would support Mr. Vanderpelft with all his influence and credit.

Sir Launcelot, roused at this intelligence, called for his armour; which being buckled on in a hurry, he mounted his steed, attended by Crabshaw on Gilbert, and rode immediately into the midst of the multitude by which the hustings were surrounded, just as Sir Valentine Quickset began to harangue the people from an occasional theatre formed of a plank supported by the upper-board of the publick stocks; and an inferior rib of a wooden cage, pitched also for the accommodation of petty delinquents.

Though the singular appearance of Sir Launcelot at first attracted the eyes of all the spectators, yet they did not fail to yield attention to the speech of his brother knight Sir Valentine, which ran in the following strain: ‘Gentlemen freeholders of this here county, I shan’t pretend to make a vine flourish speech.—I’m a plain spoken man, as you all know. I hope I shall always speak my mind without fear or favour, as the saying is. ’Tis the way of the Quicksets—we are no upstarts, nor foreigners, nor have we any Jewish blood in our veins—we have lived in this here neighbourhood time out of mind, as you all know; and possess an estate of five thousand clear, which we spend at whoam, among you, in old English hospitality.—All my forefathers have been parliament-men, and I can prove that ne’er a one o’um gave a zingle vote for the court since the Revolution. For my own part, I value not the ministry three skips of a louse, as the saying is—I ne’er knew but one minister that was an honest man; and for all the rest I care not if they were hanged as high as Haman, with a pox





to un—I am, thank God, a free-born, true-hearted Englishman, and a loyal, thoſe unworthy, ſon of the church—vor all they have done vor H——r, I'd fain know what they have done vor the church, with a vengeance—vor my own peart, I hate all vor-reigners, and vorreign meaſures, whereby this poor nation is broken-backed with a diſmal load of debt; and taxes riſe ſo high that the poor cannot get bread. Gentlemen free-holders of this county, I value no miniſter a vig's end, d'ye ſee; if you will favour me with your votes and intereſt, whereby I may be returned, I'll engage one half of my eſtate that I never cry *yea* to your ſhillings in the pound, but will croſs the miniſter in every thing, as in duty bound, and as becomes an honeſt freeholder in the old intereſt—but, if you ſell your votes and your country for hire, you will be deſtroyed in this here world, and damned in the next to all eternity; ſo I leave every man to his own conſcience.

This eloquent oration was received by his own friends with loud peals of applauſe; which, however, did not diſcourage his competitor, who, confident of his own ſtrength, aſcended the roſtrum, or, in other words, an old caſk ſet upright for the purpoſe. Having bowed all round to the audience with a ſmile of gentle condeſcenſion, he told them how ambitious he was of the honour to repreſent this county in parliament; and how happy he found himſelf in the encouragement of his friends, who had ſo unanimouſly agreed to ſupport his pretenſions. He ſaid, over and above the qualification he poſſeſſed among them, he had fourſcore thouſand pounds in his pocket, which he had acquired by commerce, the ſupport of the nation under the preſent happy eſta bliſhment, in defence of which he was ready to ſpend the laſt farthing. He owned himſelf a faithful ſubject to his majeſty King George, ſincerely attached to the Proteſtant ſucceſſion, in deteſtation and defiance of a Popiſh, an abjured, and out-lawed pretender; and declared that he would exhaust his ſubſtance, and his blood, if neceſſary, in maintaining the principles of the glorious Revolution. 'This,' cried he, 'is the ſolid baſis and foundation upon which I ſtand.'

Theſe laſt words had ſcarce proceeded

from his mouth, when the head of the barrel or puncheon on which he ſtood, being frail and infirm, gave way; ſo that down he went with a craſh, and in a twinkling diſappeared from the eyes of the aſtoniſhed beholders. The fox-hunters perceiving his diſaſter, exclaimed, in the phraſe and accent of the chace, 'Stole away! ſtole away!' and, with hideous vociferation, joined in the ſylvan chorus which the hunters halloo when the hounds are at fault.

The diſaſter of Mr. Vanderpelſt was ſoon repaired by the aſſiduity of his friends, who diſengaged him from the barrel in a trice, hoisted him on the ſhoulders of four ſtrong weavers; and reſenting the unmannerly exultation of their antagoniſt, began to form themſelves in order of battle.

An obſtinate fray would have undoubtedly enſued, had not their mutual indignation given way to their curioſity, at the motion of our knight, who had advanced into the middle between the two fronts; and waving his hand, as a ſignal for them to give attention, addreſſed himſelf to them, with graceful demeanor, in theſe words: 'Country-men, friends, and fellow-citizens, you are this day aſſembled to determine a point of the utmoſt conſequence to yourſelves and your poſterity; a point that ought to be determined by far other weapons than brutal force and factious clamour. You, the freemen of England, are the baſis of that excellent conſtitution which hath long flouriſhed the object of envy and admiration. To you belongs the in-eſtimable privilege of chuſing a delegate properly qualified to repreſent you in the high court of parliament. This is your birth-right, inherited from your anceſtors, obtained by their courage, and ſealed with their blood. It is not only your birth-right, which you ſhould maintain in defiance of all danger, but alſo a ſacred truſt, to be executed with the moſt ſcrupulous care and fidelity. The perſon whom you truſt ought not only to be endued with the moſt inflexible integrity, but ſhould likewiſe poſſeſs a fund of knowledge that may enable him to act as a part of the legiſlature. He muſt be well acquainted with the hiſtory, the conſtitution, and the laws of his country; he muſt underſtand the forms of buſineſs, the extent of the royal prerogative.

‘ prerogative, the privilege of parliament, the detail of government, the nature and regulation of the finances, the different branches of commerce, the politicks that prevail, and the connexions that subsist among the different powers of Europe; for on all these subjects the deliberations of a House of Commons occasionally turn: but these great purposes will never be answered by electing an illiterate savage, scarce qualified, in point of understanding, to act as a country justice of peace; a man who has scarce ever travelled beyond the excursion of a fox-chace; whose conversation never rambles farther than his stable, his kennel, and his barn-yard; who rejects decorum as degeneracy; mistakes rusticity for independence; ascertains his courage by leaping over gates and ditches, and founds his triumph on feats of drinking; who holds his estate by a factious tenure; professes himself the blind slave of a party, without knowing the principles that gave it birth, or the motives by which it is actuated; and thinks that all patriotism consists in railing indiscriminately at ministers, and obstinately opposing every measure of the administration. Such a man, with no evil intentions of his own, might be used as a dangerous tool in the hands of a desperate faction, by scattering the seeds of disaffection, embarrassing the wheels of government, and reducing the whole kingdom to anarchy.’

Here the knight was interrupted by the shouts and acclamations of the Vandalpeltites, who cried aloud, ‘ Hear him! hear him! Long life to the iron-cased orator.’ This clamour subsiding, he prosecuted his harangue to the following effect.

‘ Such a man as I have described may be dangerous from ignorance; but is neither so mischievous nor so detestable as the wretch who knowingly betrays his trust, and sues to be the hireling and prostitute of a weak and worthless minister; a sordid knave, without honour or principle; who belongs to no family, whose example can reproach him with degeneracy; who has no country to command his respect, no friends to engage his affection, no religion to regulate his morals, no conscience to restrain his

iniquity, and who worships no God but Mammon. An insinuating miscreant, who undertakes for the dirtiest work of the vilest administration; who practises national usury, receiving by wholesale the rewards of venality, and distributing the wages of corruption by retail.’

In this place our adventurer’s speech was drowned in the acclamations of the fox-hunters, who now triumphed in their turn, and hoicked the speaker, exclaiming, ‘ Well opened, Jowler—to ’un, to ’un again, Sweet-lips! hey, Merry, Whitefoot!’ After a short interruption, he thus resumed his discourse.

‘ When such a caitif presents himself to you, like the devil, with a temptation in his hand, avoid him as if he were in fact the devil—it is not the offering of disinterested love; for what should induce him, who has no affections, to love you, to whose persons he is an utter stranger? Alas! it is not a benevolence, but a bribe. He wants to buy you at one market, that he may sell you at another. Without doubt, his intention is to make an advantage of his purchase; and this aim he cannot accomplish, but by sacrificing, in some sort, your interest, your independency, to the wicked designs of a minister, as he can expect no gratification for the faithful discharge of his duty. But, even if he should not find an opportunity of selling you to advantage, the crime, the shame, the infamy, will still be the same in you, who, baser than the most abandoned prostitutes, have sold yourselves and your posterity for hire—for a paltry price, to be refunded with interest by some minister, who will indemnify himself out of your own pockets: for, after all, you are bought and sold with your own money—the miserable pittance you may now receive is no more than a pitcher-full of water thrown in to moisten the sucker of that pump which will drain you to the bottom. Let me therefore advise and exhort you, my countrymen, to avoid the opposite extremes of the ignorant clown and the designing courtier; and chuse a man of honesty, intelligence, and moderation, who will—’

The doctrine of moderation was a very unpopular subject in such an assembly;

fembly; and accordingly they rejected it as one man. They began to think the stranger wanted to set up for himself; a supposition that could not fail to incense both sides equally, as they were both zealously engaged in their respective causes. The whigs and the tories joined against this intruder, who being neither, was treated like a monster, or chimæra in politicks. They hissed, they hooted, and they hallooed; they annoyed him with missiles of dirt, sticks, and stones; they cursed, they threatened and reviled, till at length his patience was exhausted.

‘Ungrateful and abandoned miscreants!’ he cried, ‘I spoke to you as men and Christians, as free-born Britons and fellow-citizens; but I perceive you are a pack of venal, infamous scoundrels, and I will treat you accordingly.’ So saying, he brandished his lance; and riding into the thickest of the concourse, laid about him with such dexterity and effect, that the multitude was immediately dispersed, and he retired without farther molestation.

The same good fortune did not attend Squire Crabshaw in his retreat. The ludicrous singularity of his features, and the half-mown crop of hair that bristled from one side of his countenance, invited some wags to make merry at his expence. One of them clapped a furze-bush under the tail of Gilbert; who, feeling himself thus stimulated *à posteriori*, kicked and plunged, and capered, in such a manner, that Timothy could hardly keep the saddle. In this commotion he lost his cap and his periwig; while the rabble pelted him in such a manner, that, before he could join his master, he looked like a pillar, or rather a pillory of mud.

CHAP. X.

WHICH SHEWETH THAT HE WHO PLAYS AT BOWLS WILL SOMETIMES MEET WITH RUBBERS.

SIR Launcelot boiling with indignation at the venality and faction of the electors, whom he had harangued to so little purpose, retired with the most deliberate disdain towards one of the gates of the town, on the outside of which his curiosity was attracted by a

concourse of people, in the midst of whom stood Mr. Ferret, mounted upon a stool, with a kind of satchel hanging round his neck, and a phial displayed in his right hand; while he held forth to the audience in a very vehement strain of elocution.

Crabshaw thought himself happily delivered when he reached the suburbs, and proceeded without halting; but his master mingled with the crowd, and heard the orator express himself to this effect.

‘Very likely, you may undervalue me and my medicine, because I don’t appear upon a stage of rotten boards, in a shabby velvet coat and tye-periwig, with a foolish fellow in a motley coat, to make you laugh, by making wry faces; but I scorn to use these dirty arts for engaging your attention. These paultry tricks, *ad captandum vulgus*, can have no effect but on ideots; and if you are ideots, I don’t desire you should be my customers. Take notice, I don’t address you in the style of a mountebank, or a High German doctor; and yet the kingdom is full of mountebanks, empyricks, and quacks. We have quacks in religion, quacks in physick, quacks in law, quacks in politicks, quacks in patriotism, quacks in government; High German quacks, that have blistered, sweated, bled, and purged the nation into an atrophy. But this is not all; they have not only evacuated her into a consumption, but they have intoxicated her brain until she is become delirious; she can no longer pursue her own interest, or, indeed, rightly distinguish it: like the people of Nineveh, she can hardly tell her right-hand from her left; but, as a changeling, is dazzled and delighted by an *ignis fatuus*, a Will o’ the Wisp, an exhalation from the vilest materials in nature, that leads her astray through Westphalian bogs and deserts, and will one day break her neck over some barren rocks, or leave her sticking in some H——n pit or quagmire. For my part, if you have a mind to betray your country, I have no objection. In selling yourselves and your fellow-citizens, you only dispose of a pack of rascals who deserve to be sold.—If you sell one another, why should not I sell this here elixir of long life

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‘which,

which, if properly used, will protract your days till you shall have seen your country ruined? I shall not pretend to disturb your understandings, which are none of the strongest, with a hotch-potch of unintelligible terms, such as Aristotle's four principles of generation, unformed matter, privation, efficient and final causes. Aristotle was a pedantick blockhead, and still more knave than fool. The same censure we may safely put on that wise-acre Dioscorides, with his faculties of simples, his seminal, specific, and principal virtues; and that crazy commentator Galen, with his four elements, elementary qualities, his eight complexions, his harmonies, and discords. Nor shall I expatiate on the alkahest of that mad scoundrel Paracelsus, with which he pretended to reduce flints into salt; nor the *archæus*, or *spiritus rector*, of that visionary Van Helmont, his simple, elementary water, his *gas*, ferments, and transmutations; nor shall I enlarge upon the salt, sulphur, and oil, the *acidum vagum*, the mercury of metals, and the volatilized vitriol of other modern chymists; a pack of ignorant, conceited, knavish rascals, that puzzle your weak heads with such jargon, just as a Germanized m—r throws dust in your eyes, by logging in and ringing the changes on the balance of power, the protestant religion, and your allies on the continent; acting like the juggler, who picks your pockets while he dazzles your eyes, and amuses your fancy with twirling his fingers, and reciting the gibberish of *hocus pocus*; for, in fact, the balance of power is a mere chimera: as for the protestant religion, nobody gives himself any trouble about it; and allies on the continent we have none, or at least, none that would raise an hundred men to save us from perdition, unless we paid an extravagant price for their assistance. But to return to this here elixir of long life; I might embellish it with a great many high-sounding epithets; but I disdain to follow the example of every illiterate vagabond, that from idleness turns quack, and advertises his nostrum in the publick papers. I am neither a felonious dry salter returned from exile, an hospital stump-turner, a decayed stay-

maker, a bankrupt printer, or insolvent debtor released by act of parliament. I did not pretend to administer medicines without the least tincture of letters, or suborn wretches to perjure themselves in false affidavits of cures that were never performed; nor employ a set of led-captains to harangue in my praise at all publick places. I was bred regularly to the profession of chymistry, and have tried all the processes of alchemy; and I may venture to say, that this here elixir is, in fact, the *chryseon pepuromenon ek puris*, the visible, glorious, spiritual body, from whence all other beings derive their existence, as proceeding from their father the sun, and their mother the moon; from the sun, as from a living and spiritual gold, which is mere fire; consequently, the common and universal first-created mover, from whence all moveable things have their distinct and particular motions; and also from the moon, as from the wife of the sun, and the common mother of all sub-lunary things: and forasmuch as man is, and must be the comprehensive end of all creatures, and the microcosm, he is counselled in the Revelations to buy gold that is thoroughly fired, or rather pure fire, that he may become rich, and like the sun; as, on the contrary, he becomes poor when he abuses the arsenical poison; so that his silver, by the fire, must be calcined to a *caput mortuum*, which happens when he will hold and retain the menstruum, out of which he partly exists, for his own property, and doth not daily offer up the same in the fire of the sun, that the woman may be clothed with the sun, and become a sun, and thereby rule over the moon; that is to say, that he may get the moon under his feet. Now this here elixir, sold for no more than sixpence a phial, contains the essence of the alkahest, the *archæus*, the catholicon, the menstruum, the sun, moon; and, to sum up all in one word, is the true, genuine, unadulterated, unchangeable, immaculate, and specific *chryseon pepuromenon ek puris*.

The audience were variously affected by this learned oration. Some of those who favoured the pretensions of the whig candidate, were of opinion that he ought to be punished for his presumption

tion in reflecting so scurrilously on ministers and measures. Of this sentiment was our adventurer; though he could not help admiring the courage of the orator, and owning within himself that he had mixed some melancholy truths with his scurrility.

Mr. Ferret would not have stood so long in his rostrum unmolested, had not he cunningly chosen his station immediately without the jurisdiction of the town, whose magistrates therefore could not take cognizance of his conduct; but application was made to the constable of the other parish, while our rostrum-monger proceeded in his speech, the conclusion of which produced such an effect upon his hearers, that his whole cargo was immediately exhausted. He had just stepped down from his stool, when the constable, with his staff, arrived, and took him under his guidance. Mr. Ferret on this occasion attempted to interest the people in his behalf, by exhorting them to vindicate the liberty of the subject against such an act of oppression; but finding them deaf to the tropes and figures of his elocution, he addressed himself to our knight, reminding him of his duty to protect the helpless and the injured, and earnestly soliciting his interposition.

Sir Launcelot, without making the least reply to his entreaties, resolved to see the end of this adventure; and, being joined by his squire, followed the prisoner at a distance, measuring back the ground he had travelled the day before, until he reached another small borough, where Ferret was housed in the common prison.

While he sat a-horseback, deliberating on the next step he should take, he was accosted by the voice of Tom Clarke; who called, in a whimpering tone, through a window grated with iron, 'For the love of God, Sir Launcelot! do, dear Sir, be so good as to take the trouble to alight and come up stairs—I have something to communicate of consequence to the community in general, and you in particular—Pray, do, dear Sir Knight. I beg a boon in the name of St. Michael and St. George for England.'

Our adventurer, not a little surprized at this address, dismounted without hesitation, and being admitted to the common gaol, there found not only his old friend Tom, but also the uncle, sitting

on a bench with a woollen night-cap on his head, and a pair of spectacles on his nose, reading very earnestly in a book, which he afterwards understood was intitled, 'The Life and Adventures of Valentine and Orson.' The captain no sooner saw his great pattern enter, than he rose and received him with the salutation of, 'What cheer, brother?' and before the knight could answer, added these words: 'You see how the land lies—here have Tom and I been fast ashore these four and twenty hours; and this berth we have got by attempting to tow your galley, brother, from the enemy's harbour. Adds hobbs! if we had this here fellow whorson for a consort, with all our tackle in order, brother, we'd soon shew'em the topsail, slip our cable, and down with their barricadoes. But, howsoever, it don't signify talking—patience is a good stream-anchor, and will hold, as the saying is—but, damn my—as for the matter of my boltsprit.—Hearkye, hearkye, brother, damn'd hard to engage with three at a time, one upon my bow, one upon my quarter, and one right a-head, rubbing and drubbing, lying athwart hawse, raking fore and aft, battering and grappling, and lashing and clashing—adds heart, brother; crash went the boltsprit—down came the round-top—up with the dead-lights—I saw nothing but the stars at noon, lost the helm of my seven senses, and down I broached upon my broadside.'

As Mr. Clarke rightly conceived that his uncle would need an interpreter, he began to explain these hints by giving a circumstantial detail of his own and the captain's disaster.

He told Sir Launcelot, that notwithstanding all his persuasion and remonstrances, Captain Crowe insisted upon appearing in the character of a knight-errant; and with that view had set out from the publick-house on the morning that succeeded his vigil in the church; that upon the highway they had met with a coach, containing two ladies, one of whom seemed to be under great agitation; for, as they passed, she struggled with the other, thrust out her head at the window, and said something which he could not distinctly hear; that Captain Crowe was struck with admiration at her unequalled beauty; and he,

he (Tom) no sooner informed him who she was, than he resolved to set her at liberty, on the supposition that she was under restraint, and in distress: that he accordingly unsheathed his cutlafs, and riding after the coach, commanded the driver to bring to, on pain of death: that one of the servants believing the captain to be an highwayman, presented a blunderbuss, and in all probability would have shot him on the spot, had not he (the nephew) rode up, and assured them the gentleman was *non compos*; that, notwithstanding his intimation, all the three attacked him with the butt ends of their horse-whips, while the coach drove on; and although he laid about him with great fury, at last brought him to the ground by a stroke on the temple; that Mr. Clarke himself then interposed in defence of his kinsman, and was also severely beaten; that two of the servants, having applied to a justice of the peace residing near the field of battle, he had granted a warrant against the captain and his nephew, and, without examination, committed them as idle vagrants, after having seized their horses and their money, on pretence of their being suspected for highwaymen. 'But, as there was no just cause of suspicion,' added he, 'I am of opinion the justice is guilty of a trespass, and may be sued for *falsum imprisonamentum*, and considerable damages obtained; for you will please to observe, Sir, no justice has a right to commit any person till after due examination; besides, we were not committed for an assault and battery, *audita querela*, nor as wandering lunatics by the statute; who, to be sure, may be apprehended by a justice's warrant, and locked up, and chained, if necessary, or to be sent to their last legal settlement; but we were committed as vagrants and suspected highwaymen. Now we do not fall under the description of vagrants; nor did any circumstance appear to support the suspicion of robbery: for, to constitute robbery, there must be something taken; but here nothing was taken but blows, and they were upon compulsion. Even an attempt to rob, without any taking, is not felony, but a misdemeanor. To be sure, there is a taking in deed, and a taking in law; but still the robber must be in possession of a thing stolen; and we only

attempted to steal ourselves away—My uncle, indeed, would have released the young lady *vi et armis*, had his strength been equal to his inclination; and in so doing, I would have willingly lent my assistance, both from a desire to serve such a beautiful young creature, and also in regard to your honour, for I thought I heard her call upon your name.'

'Ha! how! what! whose name? say, speak—heaven and earth!' cried the knight, with marks of the most violent emotion. Clarke, terrified at his looks, replied, 'I beg your pardon a thousand times; I did not say positively she did speak those words; but I apprehended she did speak them. Words, which may be taken or interpreted by law in a general or common sense, ought not to receive a strained, or unusual construction; and ambiguous words——' 'Speak, or be dumb for ever!' exclaimed Sir Launcelot in a terrific tone, laying his hand on his sword, 'What young lady, ha! What name did she call upon?' Clarke, falling on his knees, answered, not without stammering, 'Miss Aurelia Darnel; to the best of my recollection, she called upon Sir Launcelot Greaves.'—'Sacred powers!' cried our adventurer, 'which way did the carriage proceed?'

When Tom told him that the coach quitted the post-road, and struck away to the right at full speed, Sir Launcelot was seized with a pensive fit; his head sunk upon his breast, and he mused in silence for several minutes, with the most melancholy expression on his countenance; then recollecting himself, he assumed a more composed and cheerful air, and asked several questions with respect to the arms on the coach, and the liveries worn by the servants. It was in the course of this interrogation that he discovered he had actually conversed with one of the footmen who had brought back Crabshaw's horse; a circumstance that filled him with anxiety and chagrin, as he had omitted to enquire the name of his master, and the place to which the coach was travelling; though, in all probability, had he made these inquiries, he would have received very little satisfaction, there being reason to think the servants were enjoined secrecy.

The knight, in order to meditate on this

this unexpected adventure, sat down by his old friend, and entered into a reverie, which lasted about a quarter of an hour, and might have continued longer, had it not been interrupted by the voice of Crabshaw; who bawled aloud, 'Look to it, my masters—as you brew you must drink—this shall be a dear day's work to some of you; for my part, I say nothing—the braying ass eats a little grass—one barber shaves not so close, but another finds a few stubble—you wanted to catch a capon, and you've stole a cat—he that takes up his lodgings in a stable, must be contented to lie upon litter.'

The knight, desirous of knowing the cause that prompted Timothy to apothegmatize in this manner, looked through the grate, and perceived the squire fairly set in the stocks, surrounded by a mob of people. When he called to him, and asked the reason of this disgraceful restraint, Crabshaw replied, 'There's no cake, but there's another of the same make—who never climbed, never fell—after clouds comes clear weather. 'Tis all along of your honour I've met with this preferment; no deservings of my own, but the interest of my master. Sir Knight, if you will slay the justice, hang the constable, release your squire, and burn the town, your name will be famous in story; but if you are content, I am thankful. Two hours are soon spent in such good company. In the mean time, look to'un gaoler, there's a frog in the stocks.'

Sir Launcelot, incensed at this affront offered to his servant, advanced to the prison-door, but found it fast locked; and when he called to the turnkey, he was given to understand that he himself was prisoner. Enraged at this intimation, he demanded at whose suit; and was answered through the wicket, 'At the suit of the king, in whose name I will hold you fast, with God's assistance.'

The knight's looks now began to lighten, he rolled his eyes around, and snatching up an oaken bench, which three ordinary men could scarce have lifted from the ground, he, in all likelihood, would have shattered the door in pieces, had not he been restrained by the interposition of Mr. Clarke, who intreated him to have a little pa-

tience, assuring him he would suggest a plan that would avenge himself amply on the justice, without any breach of the peace. 'I say, the justice,' added Tom, 'because it must be his doing. He is a little petulant sort of a fellow, ignorant of the law, guilty of numberless irregularities; and, if properly managed, may, for this here act of arbitrary power, be not only cast in a swingeing sum, but even turned out of the commission with disgrace.'

This was a very seasonable hint; in consequence of which the bench was softly replaced, and Captain Crowe deposited the poker, with which he had armed himself to second the efforts of Sir Launcelot. They now, for the first time, perceived that Ferret had disappeared; and, upon enquiry, found that he was in fact the occasion of the knight's detention and the squire's disgrace.

CHAP. XI.

DESCRIPTION OF A MODERN MAGISTRATE.

BEFORE the knight would take any resolution for extricating himself from his present embarrassment, he desired to be better acquainted with the character and circumstances of the justice by whom he had been confined, and likewise to understand the meaning of his own detention. To be informed in this last particular, he renewed his dialogue with the turnkey; who told him through the grate, that Ferret no sooner perceived him in the gaol, without his offensive arms, which he had left below, than he desired to be carried before the justice, where he had given information against the knight, as a violator of the publick peace, who strolled about the country with unlawful arms, rendering the highways unsafe, encroaching upon the freedom of elections, putting his majesty's liege subjects in fear of their lives, and, in all probability, harbouring more dangerous designs under an affected cloak of lunacy. Ferret, upon this information, had been released and entertained as an evidence for the king; and Crabshaw was put into the stocks, as an idle stroller.

Sir Launcelot being satisfied in these particulars, addressed himself to his fellow-prisoners, and begged they would communicate

communicate what they knew respecting the worthy magistrate, who had been so premature in the execution of his office. This request was no sooner signified, than a crew of naked wretches crowded around him; and, like a congregation of rooks, opened their throats all at once, in accusation of Justice Gobble. The knight was moved at this scene, which he could not help comparing in his own mind to what would appear upon a much more awful occasion, when the cries of the widow and the orphan, the injured and oppressed, would be uttered at the tribunal of an unerring Judge, against the villainous and insolent authors of their calamity.

When he had, with some difficulty, quieted their clamours, and confined his interrogation to one person of a tolerably decent appearance, he learned that Justice Gobble, whose father was a taylor, had for some time served as a journeyman hosier in London, where he had picked up some law-terms, by conversing with hackney-writers and attorneys clerks of the lowest order; that, upon the death of his master, he had insinuated himself into the good graces of the widow, who took him for her husband; so that he became a person of some consideration, and saved money apace; that his pride increasing with his substance, was reinforced by the vanity of his wife, who persuaded him to retire from business, that they might live genteelly in the country; that his father dying, and leaving a couple of houses in this town, Mr. Gobble had come down with his lady to take possession, and liked the place so well, as to make a more considerable purchase in the neighbourhood; that a certain peer being indebted to him in the large way of his business, and either unwilling, or unable to pay the money, had compounded the debt, by inserting his name in the commission; since which period his own insolence, and his wife's ostentation, had exceeded all bounds; that, in the exertion of his authority, he had committed a thousand acts of cruelty and injustice against the poorer sort of people, who were unable to call him to a proper account; that his wife domineered with a more ridiculous, though less pernicious usurpation, among the females of the place; that, in a word, she was the subject of con-

tinual mirth, and he the object of universal detestation.

Our adventurer, though extremely well disposed to believe what was said to the prejudice of Gobble, would not give entire credit to this description, without first enquiring into the particulars of his conduct. He therefore asked the speaker, what was the cause of his particular complaint. 'For my own part, Sir,' said he, 'I lived in repute, and kept a shop in this here town, well furnished with a great variety of articles. All the people in the place were my customers; but what I and many others chiefly depended upon, was the extraordinary sale at two annual customary fairs, to which all the country people in the neighbourhood resorted to lay out their money. I had employed all my stock, and even engaged my credit, to procure a large assortment of goods for Lammass Market; but having given my vote, in the election of a vestry-clerk, contrary to the interest of Justice Gobble, he resolved to work my ruin. He suppressed the annual fairs, by which a great many people, especially publicans, earned the best part of their subsistence. The country people resorted to another town. I was overstocked with a load of perishable commodities; and found myself deprived of the best part of my home-customers by the ill-nature and revenge of the justice, who employed all his influence among the common people, making use of threats and promises, to make them desert my shop, and give their custom to another person, whom he settled in the same business under my nose. Being thus disabled from making punctual payments, my commodities spoiling, and my wife breaking her heart, I grew negligent and careless, took to drinking, and my affairs went to wreck. Being one day in liquor, and provoked by the sneers and taunts of the man who had set up against me, I struck him at his own door; upon which I was carried before the justice, who treated me with such insolence, that I became desperate, and not only abused him in the execution of his office, but also made an attempt to lay violent hands upon his person. You know, Sir, when a man is both drunk and desperate, he cannot be

supposed to have any command of himself. I was sent hither to gaol. My creditors immediately seized my effects; and, as they were not sufficient to discharge my debts, a statute of bankruptcy was taken out against me; so that here I must lie until they think proper to sign my certificate, or the parliament shall please to pass an act for the relief of insolvent debtors.

The next person who presented himself in the crowd of accusers was a meagre figure, with a green apron; who told the knight that he had kept a public-house in town for a dozen years, and enjoyed a good trade; which was, in a great measure, owing to a skittle-ground, in which the best people of the place diverted themselves occasionally; that Justice Gobble being disoblged at his refusing to part with a gelding which he had bred for his own use, fitt of all shut up the skittle-ground; but finding the publican still kept his house open, he took care that he should be deprived of his licence, on pretence that the number of ale-houses was too great, and that this man had been bred to another employment. The poor publican, being thus deprived of his bread, was obliged to try the stay-making business, to which he had served an apprenticeship; but being very ill qualified for this profession, he soon fell to decay, and contracted debts; in consequence of which he was now in prison, where he had no other support but what arose from the labour of his wife, who had gone to service.

The next prisoner who preferred his complaint against the unrighteous judge was a poacher, at whose practices Justice Gobble had for some years connived, so as even to screen him from punishment, in consideration of being supplied with game gratis, till at length he was disappointed by accident. His lady had invited guests to an entertainment, and bespoke a hare, which the poacher undertook to furnish. He laid his snares accordingly over night, but they were discovered and taken away by the game-keeper of the gentleman to whom the ground belonged. All the excuses the poacher could make proved ineffectual in appeasing the resentment of the justice and his wife at being thus disconcerted. Measures were taken to detect the delinquent in the exercise of his il-

licit occupation; he was committed to safe custody; and his wife, with five bantlings, was passed to her husband's settlement in a different part of the country.

A stout, squat fellow, rattling with chains, had just taken up the ball of accusation, when Sir Launcelot was startled with the appearance of a woman, whose looks and equipage indicated the most piteous distress. She seemed to be turned of the middle age, was of a lofty carriage, tall, thin, weather-beaten, and wretchedly attired; her eyes were inflamed with weeping, and her looks displayed that wildness and peculiarity which denote distraction. Advancing to Sir Launcelot, she fell upon her knees; and clasping her hands together, uttered the following rhapsody, in the most vehement tone of affliction.

Thrice potent, generous, and august emperor, here let my knees cleave to the earth, until thou shalt do me justice on that inhuman castiff Goble. Let him disgorge my substance which he hath devoured; let him restore to my widowed arms my child, my boy, the delight of my eyes, the prop of my life, the staff of my sustenance, whom he hath torn from my embrace, stolen, betrayed, sent to captivity, and murdered! — Behold these bleeding wounds upon his lovely breast! See how they mangle his lifeless corse! Horror! give me my child, barbarians! his head shall lie upon his Suky's bosom—she will embalm him with her tears. — Ha! plunge him in the deep! shall my boy then float in a watery tomb! — Justice, most mighty emperor! justice upon the villain who hath ruined us all! — May Heaven's dreadful vengeance overtake him! May the keen storm of adversity strip him of all his leaves and fruit! May peace forsake his mind, and rest be banished from his pillow; so that all his days shall be filled with reproach and sorrow, and all his nights be haunted with horror and remorse! May he be stung by jealousy without cause, and maddened by revenge without the means of execution! May all his offspring be blighted and consumed, like the mildewed ears of corn, except one, that shall grow up to curse his old age, and bring his hoary head with
H sorrow

‘ sorrow to the grave, as he himself has proved a curse to me and mine!’

The rest of the prisoners, perceiving the knight extremely shocked at her misery and horrid imprecation, removed her by force from his presence, and conveyed her to another room; while our adventurer underwent a violent agitation, and could not, for some minutes, compose himself so well as to enquire into the nature of this wretched creature’s calamity.

The shopkeeper, of whom he demanded this satisfaction, gave him to understand that she was born a gentlewoman, and had been well educated; that she married a curate, who did not long survive his nuptials; and afterwards became the wife of one Oakley, a farmer in opulent circumstances; that, after twenty years cohabitation with her husband, he sustained such losses by the pestilence among the cattle, as he could not repair, and that this reverse of fortune was supposed to have hastened his death; that the widow being a woman of spirit, determined to keep up and manage the farm, with the assistance of an only son, a very promising youth, who was already contracted in marriage with the daughter of another wealthy farmer. Thus the mother had a prospect of retrieving the affairs of her family, when all her hopes were dashed and destroyed by a ridiculous pique which Mrs. Gobble conceived against the young farmer’s sweet-heart, Mrs. Susan Sedgemoor. This young woman chancing to be at a country assembly, where the grave-digger of the parish acted as master of the ceremonies, was called out to dance before Miss Gobble, who happened to be there present also with her mother. The circumstance was construed into an unpardonable affront by the justice’s lady, who abused the director in the most opprobrious terms for his insolence and ill-manners; and, retiring in a storm of passion, vowed revenge against the saucy minx who had presumed to vie in gentility with Miss Gobble. The justice entered into her resentment. The grave-digger lost his place; and Suky’s lover, young Oakley, was pressed for a soldier. Before his mother could take any steps for his discharge, he was hurried away to the East Indies by the industry and contrivance of the justice. Poor Suky wept and pined until she fell

into a consumption. The forlorn widow, being thus deprived of her son, was overwhelmed with grief to such a degree, that she could no longer manage her concerns. Every thing went backward; she ran in arrears with her landlord; and the prospect of bankruptcy aggravated her affliction, while it added to her incapacity. In the midst of these disastrous circumstances, news arrived that her son Greaves had lost his life in a sea-engagement with the enemy; and these tidings almost instantly deprived her of reason. Then the landlord seized for his rent, and she was arrested at the suit of justice Gobble, who had bought up one of her debts in order to distress her, and now pretended that her madness was feigned.

When the name of Greaves was mentioned, our adventurer started and changed colour; and, now the story was ended, asked, with marks of eager emotion, if the name of the woman’s first husband was not Wilford. When the prisoner answered in the affirmative, he rose up, and striking his breast, ‘ Good Heaven!’ cried he, ‘ the very woman who watched over my infancy, and even nourished me with her milk!—She was my mother’s humble friend.—Alas! poor Dorothy! how would your old mistress grieve to see her favourite in this miserable condition!’ While he pronounced these words, to the astonishment of the hearers, a tear stole softly down each cheek. Then he desired to know if the poor lunatic had any intervals of reason; and was given to understand that she was always quiet, and generally supposed to have the use of her senses, except when she was disturbed by some extraordinary noise, or when any person touched upon her misfortune, or mentioned the name of her oppressor; in all which cases she started out into extravagance and frenzy. They likewise imputed great part of the disorder to the want of quiet, proper food, and necessaries, with which she was but poorly supplied by the cold hand of chance-charity. Our adventurer was exceedingly affected by the distress of this woman, whom he resolved to relieve; and in proportion as his commiseration was excited, his resentment rose against the miscreant, who seemed to have insinuated himself into

the commission of the peace on purpose to harass and oppress his fellow-creatures.

Thus animated, he entered into consultation with Mr. Thomas Clarke concerning the steps he should take, first for their deliverance, and then for prosecuting and punishing the justice. In result of this conference, the knight called aloud for the gaoler, and demanded to see a copy of his commitment, that he might know the cause of his imprisonment, and offer bail; or, in case that he should be refused, move for a writ of Habeas Corpus. The gaoler told him the copy of the writ should be forthcoming; but after he had waited some time, and repeated the demand before witnesses, it was not yet produced. Mr. Clarke then, in a solemn tone, gave the gaoler to understand, that an officer refusing to deliver a true copy of the commitment-warrant was liable to the forfeiture of one hundred pounds for the first offence, and for the second to a forfeiture of twice that sum, besides being disabled from executing his office.

Indeed, it was no easy matter to comply with Sir Launcelot's demand; for no warrant had been granted, nor was it now in the power of the justice to remedy this defect, as Mr. Ferret had taken himself away privately, without having communicated the name and designation of the prisoner: a circumstance the more mortifying to the gaoler, as he perceived the extraordinary respect which Mr. Clarke and the captain paid to the knight, and was now fully convinced that he would be dealt with according to law. Disordered with these reflections, he imparted them to the justice, who had in vain caused search to be made for Ferret, and was now extremely well inclined to set the knight and his friends at liberty, though he did not at all suspect the quality and importance of our adventurer. He could not, however, resist the temptation of displaying the authority of his office, and therefore ordered the prisoners to be brought before his tribunal, that, in the capacity of a magistrate, he might give them a severe reproof, and proper caution with respect to their future behaviour.

They were accordingly led through the street in procession, guarded by the

constable and his gang, followed by Crabshaw, who had by this time been released from the stocks, and surrounded by a crowd of people attracted by curiosity. When they arrived at the justice's house, they were detained for some time in the passage; then a voice was heard, commanding the constable to bring in the prisoners, and they were introduced to the hall of audience, where Mr. Gobble sat in judgment, with a crimson-velvet night-cap on his head; and on his right-hand appeared his lady, puffed up with the pride and insolence of her husband's office, fat, frowzy, and not over-clean, well stricken in years, without the least vestige of an agreeable feature, having a rubicund nose, ferret eyes, and imperious aspect. The justice himself was a little, affected, pert prig, who endeavoured to solemnize his countenance by assuming an air of consequence, in which pride, impudence, and folly, were strangely blended. He aspired at nothing so much as the character of an able spokesman; and took all opportunities of holding forth at vestry and quarter-sessions, as well as in the administration of his office in private. He would not, therefore, let slip this occasion of exciting the admiration of his hearers; and, in an authoritative tone, thus addressed our adventurer.

'The laws of this land has provided—I says as how provision is made by the laws of this here land, in reverence to delinquents and malefactors, whereby the king's peace is upholden by we magistrates, who represents his majesty's person, better than in e'er a contagious nation under the sun; but, howsoever, that there king's peace, and this here magistrate's authority, cannot be adequately and identically upheld, if so be as how criminals escapes unpunished. Now, friend, you must be confidential in your own mind, as you are a notorious criminal, who have trespassed again the laws on divers occasions and importunities; if I had a mind to exercise the rigour of the law according to the authority wherewith I am vested, you and your companions in iniquity would be severely punished by the statue; but we magistrates has a power to litigate the severity of justice; and

‘ so I am contented that you should be mercifully delt withal, and even dismissed.’

To this harangue the knight replied, with solemn and deliberate accent, ‘ If I understand your meaning aright, I am accused of being a notorious criminal; but, nevertheless, you are contented to let me escape with impunity. If I am a notorious criminal, it is the duty of you, as a magistrate, to bring me to condign punishment; and if you allow a criminal to escape unpunished, you are not only unworthy of a place in the commission, but become accessory to his guilt, and, to all intents and purposes, *focius criminis*. With respect to your proffered mercy, I shall decline the favour; nor do I deserve any indulgence at your hands; for, depend upon it, I shall shew no mercy to you in the steps I intend to take for bringing you to justice. I understand that you have been long hackneyed in the ways of oppression, and I have seen some living monuments of your inhumanity—of that hereafter. I myself have been detained in prison without cause assigned. I have been treated with indignity, and insulted by gaolers and constables; led through the streets like a felon, as a spectacle to the multitude; obliged to dance attendance in your passage, and afterwards branded with the name of notorious criminal.—I now demand to see the information in consequence of which I was detained in prison, the copy of the warrant of commitment or detainer, and the face of the person by whom I was accused. I insist upon a compliance with these demands, as the privileges of a British subject; and, if it is refused, I shall seek redress before a higher tribunal.’

The justice seemed to be not a little disturbed at this peremptory declaration; which, however, had no other effect upon his wife but that of enraging her choler and enflaming her countenance. ‘ Sirrah! sirrah!’ cried she, ‘ do you dares to insult a worshipful magistrate on the bench?—Can you deny that you are a vagrain, and a dilatory sort of a person? Hant the man with the satchel made an affidavit of it?—If I was my husband, I’d lay you fast by the heels for your presumption; and ferk you with a pri-

‘ mineery into the bargain, unless you could give a better account of yourself—I would.’

Gobble, encouraged by this fillip, resumed his petulance, and proceeded in this manner:—‘ Heark ye, friend, I might, as Mrs. Gobble very justly observes, trounce you for your audacious behaviour; but I scorn to take such advantages: howsoever, I shall make you give an account of yourself and your companions; for I believe as how you are in a gang, and all in a story, and perhaps you may be found one day in a cord.—What are you, friend? What is your station and degree?’—‘ I am a gentleman,’ replied the knight.—‘ Aye, that is English for a sorry fellow,’ said the justice. ‘ Every idle vagabond, who has neither home nor habitation, trade nor profession, designs himself a gentleman. But I must know how you live?’—‘ Upon my means.’—‘ What are your means?’—‘ My estate.’—‘ Whence doth it arise?’—‘ From inheritance.’—‘ Your estate lies in brass, and that you have inherited from nature; but do you inherit lands and tenements?’—‘ Yes.’—‘ But they are neither here nor there, I doubt. Come, come, friend, I shall bring you about presently.’ Here the examination was interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Fillet the surgeon; who chancing to pass, and seeing a crowd about the door, went in to satisfy his curiosity.

CHAP. XII.

WHICH SHEWS THERE ARE MORE
WAYS TO KILL A DOG THAN
HANGING.

MR. Fillet no sooner appeared in the judgment-chamber of Justice Gobble, than Captain Crowe seizing him by the hand, exclaimed, ‘ Body o’ me! Doctor, thou’rt come up in the nick of time to lend us a hand in putting about. We’re a little in the stays here—but, howsoever, we’ve a good pilot who knows the coast, and can weather the point, as the saying is. As for the enemy’s vessel, she has had a shot or two already athwart her forefoot; the next, I do suppose, will strike the hull, and then you’ll

'you'll see her taken all a-back.' The doctor, who perfectly understood his dialect, assured him he might depend upon his assistance; and advancing to the knight, accosted him in these words:

'Sir Launcelot Greaves, your most humble servant—when I saw a crowd at the door, I little thought of finding you within, treated with such indignity—yet I can't help being pleased with an opportunity of proving the esteem and veneration I have for your person and character:—you will do me a particular pleasure in commanding my best services.'

Our adventurer thanked him for this instance of his friendship, which, he told him, he would use without hesitation; and desired he would procure immediate bail for him and his two friends, who had been imprisoned contrary to law, without any cause assigned.

During this short dialogue, the justice, who had heard of Sir Launcelot's family and fortune, though an utter stranger to his person, was seized with such pangs of terror and compunction as a grovelling mind may be supposed to have felt in such circumstances; and they seemed to produce the same unfavourable effects that are so humourously delineated by the inimitable Hogarth in the print of Felix on his tribunal, done in the Dutch style. Nevertheless, seeing Fillet retire to execute the knight's commands, he recollected himself so far as to tell the prisoners there was no occasion to give themselves any farther trouble, for he would release them without bail or mainprize. Then discarding all the insolence from his features, and assuming an aspect of the most humble adulation, he begged the knight ten thousand pardons for the freedoms he had taken, which were entirely owing to his ignorance of Sir Launcelot's quality. 'Yes, I'll assure you, Sir,' said the wife, 'my husband would have bit off his tongue rather than say black is the white of your eye, if so be he had known your capacity.—Thank God, we have been used to deal with gentlefolks, and many's the good pound we have lost by them; but what of that? Sure we know how to behave to our betters. Mr. Gobble, thanks be to God, can defy the whole world to prove that he ever said an uncivil word, or did a rude thing to a gen-

tleman, knowing him to be a person of fortune. Indeed, as to your poor gentry and riff-raff, your tag-rag and bobtail, or such vulgar, scoundrelly people, he has always behaved like a magistrate, and treated them with the rigour of authority.'—'In other words,' said the knight, 'he has tyrannized over the poor, and connived at the vices of the rich: your husband is little obliged to you for this confession, woman.'—'Woman!' cried Mrs. Gobble, impurpled with wrath, and fixing her hands on her sides, by way of defiance, 'I scorn your words. —Marry come up, woman! quotha; no more a woman than your worship.' Then bursting into tears, 'Husband,' continued she, 'if you had the soul of a louse, you would not suffer me to be abused at this rate; you would not sit still on the bench, and hear your spouse called such contemptible epitaphs.—Who cares for his title and his knightship? You and I, husband, knew a taylor that was made a knight; but, thank God, I have noblemen to stand by me with their privileges and beroguetifs.'

At this instant Mr. Fillet returned with his friend, a practitioner in the law, who freely offered to join in bailing our adventurer and the other two prisoners for any sum that should be required. The justice perceiving the affair began to grow more and more serious, declared that he would discharge the warrants, and dismiss the prisoners.

Here Mr. Clarke interposing, observed, that against the knight no warrant had been granted, nor any information sworn to; consequently, as the justice had not complied with the form of proceeding directed by statute, the imprisonment was *coram non judice*, void. 'Right, Sir,' said the other lawyer, 'if a justice commits a felon for trial without binding over the prosecutor to the assizes, he shall be fined.'—'And, again,' cried Clarke, 'if a justice issues a warrant for commitment where there is no accusation, action will lie against the justice.'—'Moreover,' replied the stranger, 'if a justice of peace is guilty of any misdemeanor in his office, information lies against him *in Banco Regis*, where he shall be punished by fine and imprisonment.'—'And besides,' resumed the accurate Tom, 'the

‘ the same court will grant an information against a justice of peace, on motion, for sending even a servant to the house of correction or common gaol without sufficient cause.’— ‘ True!’ exclaimed the other limb of the law; ‘ and, for contempt of law, attachment may be had against justices of peace in *Banco Regis*: a justice of the peace was fined a thousand marks for corrupt practices.’

With these words, advancing to Mr. Clarke, he shook him by the hand, with the appellation of brother; saying, ‘ I doubt the justice has got into a cursed *howel*.’ Mr. Gobble himself seemed to be of the same opinion: he changed colour several times during the remarks which the lawyers had made; and now, declaring that the gentlemen were at liberty, begged, in the most humble phrase, that the company would eat a bit of mutton with him, and after dinner the affair might be amicably compromised. To this proposal our adventurer replied, in a grave and resolute tone, ‘ If your acting in the commission as a justice of the peace concerned my own particular only, perhaps I should wave any farther enquiry, and resent your insolence no other way but by silent contempt. If I thought the errors of your administration proceeded from a good intention, defeated by want of understanding, I should pity your ignorance, and, in compassion, advise you to desist from acting a part for which you are so ill-qualified; but the preposterous conduct of such a man deeply affects the interest of the community, especially that part of it which, from it’s helpless situation, is the more entitled to our protection and assistance. I am, moreover, convinced that your misconduct is not so much the consequence of an uninformed head, as the poisonous issue of a malignant heart, devoid of humanity, inflamed with pride, and rankling with revenge. The common prison of this little town is filled with the miserable objects of your cruelty and oppression. Instead of protecting the helpless, restraining the hands of violence, preserving the public tranquillity, and acting as a father to the poor, according to the intent and meaning of that institution of which you are an unworthy mem-

ber, you have distressed the widow and the orphan, given a loose to all the insolence of office, embroiled your neighbours by fomenting suits and animosities, and played the tyrant among the indigent and forlorn. You have abused the authority with which you were invested, entailed a reproach upon your office; and, instead of being revered as a blessing, you are detested as a curse among your fellow-creatures. This, indeed, is generally the case of low fellows, who are thrust into the magistracy without sentiment, education, or capacity. Among other instances of your iniquity, there is now in prison an unhappy woman, infinitely your superior in the advantages of birth, sense, and education, whom you have, even without provocation, persecuted to ruin and distraction, after having illegally and inhumanly kidnapped her only child, and exposed him to a violent death in a foreign land. Ah, caitiff! if you were to forego all the comforts of life, distribute your means among the poor, and do the severest penance that ever priestcraft prescribed for the rest of your days, you could not atone for the ruin of that hapless family! a family through whose sides you cruelly and perfidiously stabbed the heart of an innocent young woman, to gratify the pride and diabolical malice of that wretched, low-bred woman, who now sits at your right-hand as the associate of power and presumption. Oh! if such a despicable reptile shall annoy mankind with impunity; if such a contemptible miscreant shall have it in his power to do such deeds of inhumanity and oppression, what avails the law? Where is our admired constitution, the freedom, the security of the subject, the boasted humanity of the British nation? Sacred Heaven! if there was no human institution to take cognizance of such atrocious crimes, I would listen to the dictates of eternal justice; and, arming myself with the right of nature, exterminate such villains from the face of the earth!’

These last words he pronounced in such a strain, while his eyes lightened with indignation, that Gobble and his wife underwent the most violent agita-

tion; the constable's teeth chattered in his head, the gaoler trembled, and the whole audience was overwhelmed with consternation.

After a short pause, Sir Launcelot proceeded in a milder strain: 'Thank Heaven, the laws of this country have exempted me from the disagreeable task of such an execution. To them we shall have immediate recourse, in three separate actions against you for false imprisonment; and any other person who has been injured by your arbitrary and wicked proceedings, in me shall find a warm protector, until you shall be expunged from the commission with disgrace, and have made such retaliation as your circumstances will allow for the wrongs you have done the community.'

In order to compleat the mortification and terror of the justice, the lawyer, whose name was Fenton, declared that, to his certain knowledge, these actions would be reinforced with divers prosecutions for corrupt practices, which had lain dormant until some person of courage and influence should take the lead against Justice Gobble; who was the more dreaded, as he acted under the patronage of Lord Sharpington. By this time fear had deprived the justice and his help-mate of the faculty of speech. They were, indeed, almost petrified with dismay, and made no effort to speak; when Mr. Fillet, in the rear of the knight, as he retired with his company, took his leave of them in these words: 'And now, Mr. Justice, *to dinner, with what appetite you may.*'

Our adventurer, though warmly invited to Mr. Fenton's house, repaired to a publick inn, where he thought he should be more at his ease; fully determined to punish and depose Gobble from his magistracy; to effect a general gaol-delivery of all the debtors whom he had found in confinement; and, in particular, to rescue poor Mrs. Oakley from the miserable circumstances in which she was involved.

In the mean time, he insisted upon entertaining his friends at dinner; during which many sallies of sea-wit and good-humour passed between Captain Crowe and Doctor Fillet; which last had just returned from a neighbouring village, whither he was summoned to fish a man's yard-arm which had snapped

in the slings. Their enjoyment, however, was suddenly interrupted by a loud scream from the kitchen; whither Sir Launcelot immediately sprung, with equal eagerness and agility. There he saw the landlady, who was a woman in years, embracing a man dressed in a sailor's jacket; while she exclaimed, 'It is thy own flesh and blood, so sure as I'm a living soul. Ah! poor Greaves, poor Greaves; many a poor heart has grieved for thee!' To this salutation the youth replied, 'I'm sorry for that, mistress. How does poor mother? How does Suky Sedge-more?'

The good woman of the house could not help shedding tears at these interrogations; while Sir Launcelot, interposing, said, not without emotion, 'I perceive you are the son of Mrs. Oakley. Your mother is in a bad state of health, but in me you will find a real parent.' Perceiving that the young man eyed him with astonishment, he gave him to understand that his name was Launcelot Greaves.

Oakley no sooner heard these words pronounced, than he fell upon his knees; and seizing the knight's hand, kissed it eagerly, crying, 'God for ever bless your honour; I am your name-son, sure enough!—But what of that? I can earn my bread without being beholden to any man.'

When the knight raised him up, he turned to the woman of the house, saying, 'I want to see mother; I'm afraid as how times are hard with her, and I have saved some money for her use.' This instance of filial duty brought tears into the eyes of our adventurer, who assured him his mother should be carefully attended, and want for nothing; but that it would be very improper to see her at present, as the surprise might shock her too much, considering that she believed him dead. 'Ey, indeed!' cried the landlady, 'we were all of the same opinion, being, as the report went, that poor Greaves Oakley was killed in battle.'—'Lord! mistress,' said Oakley, 'there wa'n't a word of truth in it, I'll assure you. What, d'ye think I'd tell a lye about the matter? Hurt I was, to be sure; but that don't signify; we gave 'em as good as they brought, and so parted. Well, if so be I can't see mother, I'll go and have some chat with Suky. What

'What d'ye look so glum for? She an't married, is she?'—'No, no,' replied the woman, 'not married, but almost heart-broken. Since thou wast gone, she has done nothing but sighed, and wept, and pined herself into a decay. I'm afraid thou hast come too late to save her life.'

Oakley's heart was not proof against this information. Bursting into tears, he exclaimed, 'O my dear, sweet, gentle Suky! Have I then lived to be the death of her whom I loved more than the whole world!' He would have gone instantly to her father's house, but was restrained by the knight and his company, who had now joined him in the kitchen.

The young man was seated at table; and gave them to understand, that the ship to which he belonged having arrived in England, he was indulged with a month's leave to see his relations; and that he had received about fifty pounds in wages and prize-money. After dinner, just as they began to deliberate upon the measures to be taken against Gobble, that gentleman arrived at the inn, and humbly craved admittance. Mr. Fillet, struck with a sudden idea, retired to another apartment with the young farmer; while the justice, being admitted to the company, declared that he came to propose terms of accommodation. He accordingly offered to ask pardon of Sir Launcelot in the publick papers, and pay fifty pounds to the poor of the parish, as an atonement for his misbehaviour, provided the knight and his friends would grant him a general release. Our adventurer told him, he would willingly wave all personal concessions; but, as the case concerned the community, he insisted upon his leaving off acting in the commission, and making satisfaction to the parties he had injured and oppressed. This declaration introduced a discussion, in the course of which the justice's petulance began to revive; when Fillet, entering the room, told them he had a reconciling measure to propose, if Mr. Gobble would for a few minutes withdraw. He rose up immediately, and was shewn into the room which Fillet had prepared for his reception. While he sat musing on this outward adventure, so big with disgrace and disappointment, young Oakley, according to the instructions he had received, appeared all at once before him,

pointing to a ghastly wound which the doctor had painted on his forehead. The apparition no sooner presented itself to the eyes of Gobble, than, taking it for granted it was the spirit of the young farmer whose death he had occasioned, he roared aloud, 'Lord! have mercy upon us!' and fell, insensible, on the floor. There being found by the company, to whom Fillet had communicated his contrivance, he was conveyed to bed, where he lay some time before he recovered the perfect use of his senses. Then he earnestly desired to see the knight; and assured him he was ready to comply with his terms, inasmuch as he believed he had not long to live. Advantage was immediately taken of this salutary disposition. He bound himself not to act as a justice of the peace in any part of Great-Britain under the penalty of five thousand pounds. He burned Mrs. Oakley's note; paid the debts of the shopkeeper; undertook to compound those of the publican, and to settle him again in business; and, finally, discharged them all from prison, paying the dues out of his own pocket. These steps being taken with peculiar eagerness, he was removed to his own house, where he assured his wife he had seen a vision that prognosticated his death; and had immediate recourse to the curate of the parish for spiritual consolation.

The most interesting part of the task that now remained was to make the widow Oakley acquainted with her good fortune, in such a manner as might least disturb her spirits, already but too much discomposed. For this purpose they chose the landlady; who, after having received proper directions how to regulate her conduct, visited her in person that same evening. Finding her quite calm, and her reflection quite restored, she began with exhorting her to put her trust in Providence, which would never forsake the cause of the injured widow and fatherless; she promised to assist and befriend her on all occasions, as far as her abilities would reach; she gradually turned the conversation upon the family of the Greaves; and by degrees informed her, that Sir Launcelot, having learned her situation, was determined to extricate her from all her troubles. Perceiving her astonished, and deeply affected at this intimation, she artfully shifted the discourse, recommended

mended resignation to the Divine Will, and observed, that this circumstance seemed to be an earnest of farther happiness. 'O I'm incapable of receiving more!' cried the disconsolate widow, with streaming eyes. 'Yet I ought not to be surprized at any blessing that flows from that quarter. The family of Greaves are always virtuous, humane, and benevolent. This young gentleman's mother was my dear lady and benefactress—he himself was suckled at these breasts. O he was the sweetest, comeliest, best-conditioned babe!—I loved not my own Greaves with greater affection—but he, alas! is now no more!'—'Have patience, good neighbour,' said the landlady of the White Hart; 'that is more than you have any right to affirm—all that you know of the matter is by common report, and common report is commonly false; besides, I can tell you I have seen a list of the men that were killed in Admiral P——'s ship when he fought the French in the East-Indies, and your son was not in the number.' To this intimation she replied, after a considerable pause, 'Don't, my good neighbour, don't feed me with false hope. My poor Greaves, too, certainly perished in a foreign land—yet he is happy—Had he lived to see me in this condition, grief would soon have put a period to his days.'—'I tell you, then,' cried the visitant, 'he is not dead. I have seen a letter that mentions his being well since the battle. You shall come along with me—you are no longer a prisoner, but shall live at my house comfortably, till your affairs are settled to your wish.'

The poor widow followed her in silent astonishment, and was immediately accommodated with necessaries.

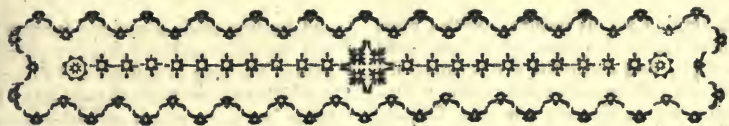
Next morning her hosts proceeded with her in the same cautious manner, until she was assured that her son had returned. Being duly prepared, she was blessed with the sight of poor

Greaves, and fainted away in his arms.

We shall not dwell upon this tender scene, because it is but of a secondary concern in the history of our knight-errant: let it suffice to say, their mutual happiness was unspeakable. She was afterwards visited by Sir Launcelot; whom she no sooner beheld, than springing forwards with all the eagerness of maternal affection, she clasped him to her breast, crying, 'My dear child! my Launcelot! my pride! my darling! my kind benefactor! This is not the first time I have hugged you in these arms! O you are the very image of Sir Everhard in his youth; but you have got the eyes, the complexion, the sweetness and complacency of my dear and ever-honoured lady!' This was not in the strain of hireling praise, but the genuine tribute of esteem and admiration: as such, it could not but be agreeable to our hero, who undertook to procure Oakley's discharge, and settle him in a comfortable farm on his own estate.

In the mean time, Greaves went with a heavy heart to the house of farmer Sedgemore, where he found Suky, who had been prepared for his reception, in a transport of joy, though very weak, and greatly emaciated. Nevertheless, the return of her sweetheart had such an happy effect on her constitution, that in a few weeks her health was perfectly restored.

This adventure of our knight was crowned with every happy circumstance that could give pleasure to a generous mind. The prisoners were released, and reinstated in their former occupations. The justice performed his articles from fear, and afterwards turned over a new leaf from remorse. Young Oakley was married to Suky, with whom he received a considerable portion. The new-married couple found a farm ready-stocked for them on the knight's estate; and the mother enjoyed a happy retreat in the character of the house-keeper at Greavesbury Hall.



THE
A D V E N T U R E S
O F
SIR LAUNCELOT GREAVES.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

CHAP. I.

IN WHICH OUR KNIGHT IS TANTALIZED WITH A TRANSIENT GLIMPSE OF FELICITY.

 HE success of our adventurer, which we have particularized in the last chapter, could not fail of enhancing his character, not only among those who knew him, but also among the people of the town, to whom he was not an utter stranger. The populace surrounded the house, and testified their approbation in loud huzzas. Captain Crowe was more than ever inspired with veneration for his admired patron, and more than ever determined to pursue his footsteps in the road of chivalry. Fillet, and his friend the lawyer, could not help conceiving an affection, and even a profound esteem, for the exalted virtue, the person, and the accomplishments of the knight, dashed as they were with a mixture of extravagance and insanity. Even Sir Launcelot himself was elevated to an extraordinary degree of self-complacency on the fortunate issue of his adventure; and became more and more persuaded that a knight-errant's profession might be exercised, even in England, to the advantage of the community. The only person of the company who seemed unanimated with the general satisfaction was Mr.

Thomas Clarke. He had, not without good reason, laid it down as a maxim, that knight-errantry and madness were synonymous terms; and that madness, though exhibited in the most advantageous and agreeable light, could not change its nature, but must continue a perversion of sense to the end of the chapter. He perceived the additional impression which the brain of his uncle had sustained from the happy manner in which the benevolence of Sir Launcelot had so lately operated; and began to fear it would be, in a little time, quite necessary to have recourse to a commission of lunacy, which might not only disgrace the family of the Crowes, but also tend to invalidate the settlement which the captain had already made in favour of our young lawyer.

Perplexed with these cogitations, Mr. Clarke appealed to our adventurer's own reflection. He expatiated upon the bad consequences that would attend his uncle's perseverance in the execution of a scheme so foreign to his faculties; and intreated him, for the love of God, to divert him from his purpose, either by arguments or authority; as, of all mankind, the knight alone had gained such an ascendancy over his spirits, that he would listen to his exhortations with respect and submission.

Our adventurer was not so mad, but that he saw and owned the rationality of these remarks. He readily undertook

to employ all his influence with Crowe to dissuade him from his extravagant design; and seized the first opportunity of being alone with the captain, to signify his sentiments on this subject. 'Captain Crowe,' said he, 'you are, then, determined to proceed in the course of knight-errantry?'—'I am,' replied the seaman, 'with God's help, d'ye see, and the assistance of wind and weather.'—'What, dost thou talk of wind and weather!' cried the knight, in an elevated tone of affected transport: 'without the help of Heaven; indeed, we are all vanity, imbecillity, weakness, and wretchedness; but if thou art resolved to embrace the life of an errant, let me not hear thee so much as whisper a doubt, a wish, a hope, or sentiment, with respect to any other obstacle which wind or weather, fire or water, sword or famine, danger or disappointment, may throw in the way of thy career.'—'When the duty of thy profession calls, thou must singly rush upon innumerable hosts of armed men; thou must storm the breach in the mouth of batteries loaded with death and destruction; while, every step thou movest, thou art exposed to the horrible explosion of subterranean mines, which, being sprung, will whirl thee aloft in air, a mangled corse, to feed the fowls of Heaven: thou must leap into the abyss of dismal caves and caverns, replete with poisonous toads and hissing serpents; thou must plunge into seas of burning sulphur; thou must launch upon the ocean in a crazy bark, when the foaming billows roll mountains high, when the lightning flashes, the thunder roars, and the howling tempest blows, as if it would commix the jarring elements of air and water, earth and fire, and reduce all nature to the original anarchy of chaos. Thus involved, thou must turn thy prow full against the fury of the storm, and stem the boisterous surge to thy destined port, though at the distance of a thousand leagues—thou must—'

'Avast! avast, brother!' exclaimed the impatient Crowe; 'you've got into the high latitudes, d'ye see!—If so be as you spank it away at that rate, adad, I can't continue in tow—we must cast off the rope, or 'ware timbers.—As for your 'oists and breeches,

and hurling aloft, d'ye see; your caved and caverns, whittling tuoads and serpents, burning brimstone and foaming billows, we must take our hap; I value 'em not a rotten ratline—but, as for sailing in the wind's eye, brother, you must give me leave—no offence, I hope—I pretend to be a thorough-bred seaman, d'ye see—and I'll be damned if you, or e'er an arrant that broke biseait, ever sailed in a three-mast vessel with five points of the wind, allowing for variation and lee-way.—No, no, brother, none of your tricks upon travellers—I a'n't now to learn my compass.'—'Tricks!' cried the knight, starting up, and laying his hand on the pommel of his sword, 'what! suspect my honour!'

Crowe, supposing him to be really incensed, interrupted him with great earnestness, saying, 'Nay! don't—What apize!—Adds buntlines!—I did'n't go to give you the lye, brother, smite my limbs: I only said as how to sail in the wind's eye was impossible.'—'And I say unto thee,' resumed the knight, 'nothing is impossible to a true knight-errant, inspired and animated by love.'—'And I say unto thee,' halloo'd Crowe, 'if so be as how love pretends to turn his hawse-holes to the wind, he's no seaman, d'ye see, but a snooty-nosed, lubberly boy, that knows not a cat from a capstan—a-don't.'

'He that does not believe that love is an infallible pilot, must not embark upon the voyage of chivalry; for, next to the protection of Heaven, it is from love that the knight derives all his prowess and glory. The bare name of his mistress invigorates his arm; the remembrance of her beauty infuses in his breast the most heroic sentiments of courage; while the idea of her chastity hedges him round like a charm, and renders him invulnerable to the sword of his antagonist. A knight without a mistress is a mere non-entity, or at least a monster in nature, a pilot without compass, a ship without rudder, and must be driven to and fro upon the waves of discomfiture and disgrace.'

'An that be all,' replied the sailor, 'I told you before as how I've got a sweetheart, as true a hearted girl as ever swung in canvas—What thof she may have started a hoop in rolling—'

—that

—that signifies nothing—I'll warrant her tight as a nut-shell.'

'She must, in your opinion, be a paragon either of beauty or virtue. Now, as you have given up the last, you must uphold her charms unequalled, and her person without a parallel.'—'I do, I do uphold she will sail upon a parallel as well as e'er a frigate that was rigged to the northward of fifty.'

'At that rate she must rival the attractions of her whom I adore; but that, I say, is impossible: the perfections of my Aurelia are altogether supernatural; and as two suns cannot shine together in the same sphere with equal splendor, so I affirm, and will prove with my body, that your mistress, in comparison with mine, is as a glow-worm to the meridian sun, a rush-light to the full-moon, or a stale mackerel's eye to a pearl of orient.'—'Harkye, brother, you might give good words, however: an we once fall a-jawing, d'ye see, I can heave out as much bilge-water as another; and since you besneam my sweet-heart Besselia, I can as well bedaub your mistress Aurelia, whom I value no more than old junk, pork-slush, or stinking stock-fish.'

'Enough, enough—such blasphemy shall not pass unchastised. In consideration of our having fed from the same table, and maintained together a friendly, though short intercourse, I will not demand the combat before you are duly prepared. Proceed to the first great town, where you can be furnished with horse and harnessing, with arms offensive and defensive; provide a trusty squire; assume a motto and device—declare yourself a son of chivalry; and proclaim the excellence of her who rules your heart. I shall fetch a compass; and wheresoever we may chance to meet, let us engage with equal arms in mortal combat; that shall decide and determine this dispute.'

So saying, our adventurer stalked with great solemnity into another apartment; while Crowe, being sufficiently irritated, snapped his fingers in token of defiance. Honest Crowe thought himself scurvily used by a man whom he had cultivated with such humility and veneration; and, after an incoherent ejaculation of sea-oaths, went in quest

of his nephew, in order to make him acquainted with this unlucky transaction.

In the mean time Sir Launcelot having ordered supper, retired into his own chamber, and gave a loose to the most tender emotions of his heart. He recollected all the fond ideas which had been excited in the course of his correspondence with the charming Aurelia. He remembered with horror the cruel letter he had received from that young lady, containing a formal renunciation of his attachment, so unsuitable to the whole tenour of her character and conduct. He revolved the late adventure of the coach, and the declaration of Mr. Clarke, with equal eagerness and astonishment; and was seized with the most ardent desire of unravelling a mystery so interesting to the predominant passion of his heart.—All these mingled considerations produced a kind of ferment in the œconomy of his mind, which subsided into a profound reverie, compounded of hope and perplexity.

From this trance he was waked by the arrival of his squire, who entered the room with the blood trickling over his nose, and stood before him without speaking. When the knight asked whose livery was that he wore: he replied, 'Tis your honour's own livery—I received it on your account, and hope as you will quit the score.' Then he proceeded to inform his master, that two officers of the army having come into the kitchen, insisted upon having for their supper the victuals which Sir Launcelot had bespoke; and that he, the squire, objecting to the proposal, one of them had seized the poker, and basted him with his own blood; that when he told them he belonged to a knight-errant, and threatened them with the vengeance of his master, they cursed and abused him, calling him Sancho Panza, and such dogs names; and bade him tell his master Don Quicksot, that, if he made any noise, they would confine him to his cage, and lie with his mistress Dulcinea. 'To be sure, Sir,' said he, 'they thought you as great a nincom-poop as your squire—trim-tram; like master, like man—but I hope as how you will give them a Rowland for their Oliver.'

'Miscreant!' cried the knight, 'you have provoked the gentlemen with your

* your impertinence, and they have chastised you as you deserve. I tell thee, Crabshaw, they have saved me the trouble of punishing thee with my own hands; and well it is for thee, sinner as thou art, that they themselves have performed the office; for, had they complained to me of thy insolence and rusticity, by Heaven! I would have made thee an example to all the impudent squires upon the face of the earth. Hence, then, avaunt, caitiff.—Let his majesty's officers, who perhaps are fatigued with hard duty in the service of their country, comfort themselves with the supper which was intended for me, and leave me, undisturbed, to my own meditations.

Timothy did not require a repetition of this command, which he forthwith obeyed, growling within himself, that thenceforward he should let every cuckold wear his own horns; but he could not help entertaining some doubts with respect to the courage of his master, who, he supposed, was one of those Hector's who have their fighting-days, but are not at all times equally prepared for the combat.

The knight, having taken a slight repast, retired to his repose; and had for some time enjoyed a very agreeable slumber, when he was startled by a knocking at his chamber-door. 'I beg your honour's pardon,' said the landlady, 'but there are two uncivil persons in the kitchen, who have well-nigh turned my whole house topsy-turvy. Not contented with laying violent hands on your honour's supper, they want to be rude to two young ladies who are just arrived, and have called for a post-chaise to go on. They are afraid to open their chamber-door to get out—and the young lawyer is like to be murdered for taking the ladies part.'

Sir Launcelot, though he refused to take notice of the insult which had been offered to himself, no sooner heard of the distress of the ladies, than he started up, huddled on his cloaths, and, girding his sword to his loins, advanced with a deliberate pace to the kitchen, where he perceived Thomas Clarke warmly engaged in altercation with a couple of young men dressed in regimentals, who, with a peculiar air of arrogance and ferocity, treated him with great insolence and contempt. Tom

was endeavouring to persuade them, that, in the constitution of England, the military was always subservient to the civil power; and that their behaviour to a couple of helpless young women was not only unbecoming gentlemen, but expressly contrary to the law, inasmuch as they might be sued for an assault on an action of damages.

To this remonstrance the two heroes in red replied, by a volley of dreadful oaths, intermingled with threats, which put the lawyer in some pain for his ears.

While one thus endeavoured to intimidate honest Tom Clarke, the other thundered at the door of the apartment to which the ladies had retired, demanding admittance, but received no other answer than a loud shriek. Our adventurer advancing to this uncivil champion, accosted him thus in a grave and solemn tone: 'Assuredly I could not have believed, except upon the evidence of my own senses, that persons who have the appearance of gentlemen, and bear his majesty's honourable commission in the army, could behave so wide of the decorum due to society, of a proper respect to the laws, of that humanity which we owe to our fellow-creatures, and that delicate regard for the fair sex which ought to prevail in the breast of every gentleman, and which, in particular, dignifies the character of a soldier. To whom shall that weaker, though more amiable part of the creation fly for protection, if they are insulted and outraged by those whose more immediate duty it is to afford them security and defence from injury and violence? What right have you, or any man upon earth, to excite riot in a publick inn, which may be deemed a temple sacred to hospitality; to disturb the quiet of your fellow-guests, some of them perhaps exhausted by fatigue, some of them invaded by distemper; to interrupt the king's lieges in their course of journeying upon their lawful occasions? Above all, what motive but wanton barbarity could prompt you to violate the apartment, and terrify the tender hearts of two helpless young ladies, travelling, no doubt upon some cruel emergency, which compels them, unattended, to encounter in the night the dangers of the highway?'

'Heark

'Heark ye, Don Bethlem,' said the captain, strutting up, and cocking his hat in the face of our adventurer, 'you may be as mad as e'er a straw-crowned monarch in Moorfields, for aught I care; but damme! don't you be saucy, otherwise I shall dub your worship with a good stick across your shoulders.'—'How! petulant boy,' cried the knight, 'since you are so ignorant of urbanity, I will give you a lesson that you shall not easily forget.' So saying, he unsheathed his sword, and called upon the soldier to draw in his defence.

The reader may have seen the physiognomy of a stock-holder at Jonathan's when the rebels were at Derby, or the features of a bard when accosted by a bailiff, or the countenance of an alderman when his banker stops payment; if he has seen either of these phenomena, he may conceive the appearance that was now exhibited by the visage of the ferocious captain, when the naked sword of Sir Launcelot glanced before his eyes. Far from attempting to produce his own, which was of unconscionable length, he stood motionless as a statue, staring with the most ghastly look of terror and astonishment. His companion, who partook of his panick, seeing matters brought to a very serious crisis, interposed with a crest-fallen countenance, assuring Sir Launcelot they had no intention to quarrel, and what they had done was entirely for the sake of the frolick.

'By such frolicks,' cried the knight, 'you become nuisances to society, bring yourselves into contempt, and disgrace the corps to which you belong. I now perceive the truth of the observation, that cruelty always resides with cowardice. My contempt is changed into compassion; and as you are probably of good families, I must insist upon this young man's drawing his sword, and acquitting himself in such a manner as may screen him from the most infamous censure which an officer can undergo.'—'Lack-a-day, Sir!' said the other, 'we are no officers, but prentices to two London haberdashers, travellers for orders: Captain is a good travelling name; and we have dressed ourselves like officers, to procure more respect upon the road.'

The knight said he was very glad,

for the honour of the service, to find they were impostors, though they deserved to be chastised for arrogating to themselves an honourable character which they had not spirit to sustain.

These words were scarce pronounced, when Mr. Clarke approaching one of the bravadoes who had threatened to crop his ears, bestowed such a benediction on his jaw, as he could not receive without immediate humiliation; while Timothy Crabshaw, smarting from his broken head and his want of supper, saluted the other with a Yorkshire hug, that laid him across the body of his companion. In a word, the two pseudo-officers were very roughly handled for their presumption in pretending to act characters for which they were so ill-qualified.

While Clarke and Crabshaw were thus laudably employed, the two young ladies passed through the kitchen so suddenly, that the knight had only a transient glimpse of their backs, and they disappeared before he could possibly make a tender of his services. The truth is, they dreaded nothing so much as their being discovered, and took the first opportunity of gliding into the chaise, which had been for some time waiting in the passage.

Mr. Clarke was much more disconcerted than our adventurer by their sudden escape. He ran with great eagerness to the door; and perceiving they were flown, returned to Sir Launcelot, saying, 'Lord blefs my soul, Sir! didn't you see who it was?'—'Hah! how!' exclaimed the knight, reddening with alarm, 'who was it?'—'One of them,' replied the lawyer, 'was Dolly, our old landlady's daughter at the Black Lion.—I knew her when first she lighted, notwithstanding her being neatly dressed in a green joseph, which, I'll assure you, Sir, becomes her remarkably well—I'd never desire to see a prettier creature. As for the other, she's a very genteel woman, but whether old or young, ugly or handsome, I can't pretend to say, for she was masked.—I had just time to salute Dolly, and ask a few questions—but all she could tell me was, that the masked lady's name was Miss Meadows; and that she, Dolly, was hired as her waiting-woman.'

When the name of Meadows was mentioned, Sir Launcelot, whose spirits had

had been in violent commotion, became suddenly calm and serene; and he began to communicate to Clarke the dialogue which had passed between him and captain Crowe; when the hostess, addressing herself to our errant, 'Well,' said she, 'I have had the honour to accommodate many ladies of the first fashion at the White Hart, both young and old, proud and lowly, ordinary and handsome; but such a miracle as Miss Meadows I never yet did see. Lord! let me never thrive, but I think she is of something more than a human creature!—O had your honour but set eyes on her, you would have said it was a vision from heaven, a cherubim of beauty—for my part, I can hardly think it was any thing but a dream—then so meek, so mild, so good-natured and generous! I say, blessed is the young woman who tends upon such a heavenly creature—and, poor dear young lady! she seems to be under grief and affliction, for the tears stole down her lovely cheeks, and looked, for all the world, like orient pearl.'

Sir Launcelot listened attentively to the description, which reminded him of his dear Aurelia; and, sighing bitterly, withdrew to his own apartment.

CHAP. II.

WHICH SHEWS,

THAT A MAN CANNOT ALWAYS SIP
WHEN THE CUP IS AT HIS LIP.

THOSE who have felt the doubts, the jealousies, the resentments, the humiliations, the hopes, the despair, the impatience, and, in a word, the infinite disquiets of love, will be able to conceive the sea of agitation on which our adventurer was tossed all night long, without repose or intermission. Sometimes he resolved to employ all his industry and address in discovering the place in which Aurelia was sequestered, that he might rescue her from the supposed restraint to which she had been subjected. But, when his heart beat high with the anticipation of this exploit, he was suddenly invaded, and all his ardour checked by the remembrance of that fatal letter, written and signed by her own hand, which had divorced him from all hope, and first unsettled his understanding. The emotions waked by this remembrance were so

strong, that he leaped from the bed; and, the fire being still burning in the chimney, lighted a candle, that he might once more banquet his spleen by reading the original billet, which, together with the ring he had received from Miss Darnel's mother, he kept in a small box, carefully deposited within his portmanteau. This being instantly unlocked, he unfolded the paper, and recited the contents in these words.

'SIR,

'OBLIGED as I am by the passion you profess, and the eagerness with which you endeavour to give me the most convincing proof of your regard, I feel some reluctance in making you acquainted with a circumstance which, in all probability, you will not learn without some disquiet. But the affair is become so interesting, I am compelled to tell you, that however agreeable your proposals may have been to those whom I thought it my duty to please by every reasonable concession, and howsoever you may have been flattered by the seeming complacency with which I have heard your addresses, I now find it absolutely necessary to speak in a decisive strain, to assure you that, without sacrificing my own peace, I cannot admit a continuation of your correspondence; and that your regard for me will be best shewn by your desisting from a pursuit, which is altogether inconsistent with the happiness of

'AURELIA DARNEL.'

Having pronounced aloud the words that composed this dismissal, he hastily replaced the cruel scroll; and being too well acquainted with the hand to harbour the least doubt of its being genuine, threw himself into his bed in a transport of despair, mingled with resentment; during the predominancy of which, he determined to proceed in the career of adventure, and endeavour to forget the unkindness of his mistress amidst the avocations of knight-errantry.

Such was the resolution that governed his thoughts. When he rose in the morning, he ordered Crabshaw to saddle Bronzomarte, and demanded a bill of his expence. Before these orders could be executed, the good woman of the house

house entering his apartment, told him, with marks of concern, that the poor young lady, Miss Meadows, had dropped her pocket-book in the next chamber; where it was found by the hostess, who now presented it unopened.

Our knight having called in Mrs. Oakley and her son as witnesses, unfolded the book without reading one syllable of the contents, and found in it five bank-notes, amounting to two hundred and thirty pounds. Perceiving at once that the loss of this treasure might be attended with the most embarrassing consequences to the owner, and reflecting that this was a case which demanded the immediate interposition and assistance of chivalry, he declared that he himself would convey it safely into the hands of Miss Meadows; and desired to know the road she had pursued, that he might set out in quest of her without a moment's delay. It was not without some difficulty that this information was obtained from the post-boy, who had been enjoined secrecy by the lady, and even gratified with a handsome reward for his promised discretion. The same method was used to make him disgorge his trust; he undertook to conduct Sir Launcelot, who hired a post-chaise for dispatch, and immediately departed, after having directed his squire to follow his track with the horses.

Yet, whatever haste he made, it is absolutely necessary, for the reader's satisfaction, that we should outstrip the chaise, and visit the ladies before his arrival. We shall, therefore, without circumlocution, premise, that Miss Meadows was no other than that paragon of beauty and goodness the all accomplished Miss Aurelia Darnel. She had, with that meekness of resignation peculiar to herself, for some years submitted to every species of oppression which her uncle's tyranny of disposition could plan, and his unlimited power of guardianship execute; till at length it rose to such a pitch of despotism as she could not endure. He had projected a match between his niece and one Philip Sycamore, Esq. a young man who possessed a pretty considerable estate in the north country; who liked Aurelia's person, but was enamoured of her fortune, and had offered to purchase Anthony's interest and alliance with certain conces-

sions which could not but be agreeable to a man of loose principles, who would have found it a difficult task to settle the accounts of his wardship.

According to the present estimate of matrimonial felicity, Sycamore might have found admittance as a future son-in-law to any private family of the kingdom. He was by birth a gentleman, tall, straight, and muscular; with a fair, sleek, unmeaning face, that promised more simplicity than ill-nature. His education had not been neglected, and he inherited an estate of five thousand a year. Miss Darnel, however, had penetration enough to discover and despise him, as a strange composition of rapacity and profusion, absurdity and good-sense, baseness and impudence, self-conceit and diffidence, awkwardness and ostentation, insolence and good-nature, rashness and timidity. He was continually surrounded and preyed upon by certain vermin called led-captains and buffoons, who shewed him in leading-strings like a sucking giant, rifled his pockets without ceremony, ridiculed him to his face, traduced his character, and exposed him in a thousand ludicrous attitudes for the diversion of the publick; while, all the time, he knew their knavery, saw their drift, detested their morals, and despised their understanding. He was so infatuated by indolence of thought, and communication with folly, that he would have rather suffered himself to be led into a ditch with company, than be at the pains of going over a bridge alone; and involved himself in a thousand difficulties, the natural consequences of an error in the first concoction, which, though he plainly saw it, he had not resolution enough to avoid.

Such was the character of Squire Sycamore, who professed himself the rival of Sir Launcelot Greaves in the good graces of Miss Aurelia Darnel. He had in this pursuit persevered with more constancy and fortitude than he ever exerted in any other instance. Being generally needy from extravagance, he was stimulated by his wants, and animated by his vanity, which was artfully instigated by his followers, who hoped to share the spoils of his success. These motives were reinforced by the incessant and eager exhortations of Anthony Darnel; who seeing his ward in

the last year of her minority, thought there was no time to be lost in securing his own indemnification, and snatching his niece for ever from the hopes of Sir Launcelot, whom he now hated with redoubled animosity. Finding Aurelia deaf to all his remonstrances, proof against ill-usage, and resolutely averse to the proposed union with Sycamore, he endeavoured to detach her thoughts from Sir Launcelot, by forging tales to the prejudice of his constancy and moral character; and, finally, by recapitulating the proofs and instances of his distraction, which he particularized with the most malicious exaggerations.

In spite of all his arts, he found it impracticable to surmount her objections to the purposed alliance, and therefore changed his battery. Instead of transferring her to the arms of his friend, he resolved to detain her in his own power by a legal claim, which would invest him with the uncontrouled management of her affairs. This was a charge of lunacy, in consequence of which he hoped to obtain a commission, to secure a jury to his wish, and be appointed sole committee of her person, as well as steward on her estate, of which he would then be heir-apparent.

As the first steps towards the execution of this honest scheme, he had subjected Aurelia to the superintendency and direction of an old duenna, who had been formerly the procuress of his pleasures; and hired a new set of servants, who were given to understand, at their first admission, that the young lady was disordered in her brain.

An impression of this nature is easily preserved among servants when the master of the family thinks his interest is concerned in supporting the imposture. The melancholy produced from her confinement, and the vivacity of her resentment under ill-usage, were, by the address of Anthony, and the prepossession of his domesticks, perverted into the effects of insanity; and the same interpretation was strained upon her most indifferent words and actions.

The tidings of Miss Darnel's disorder were carefully circulated in whispers, and soon reached the ears of Mr. Sycamore, who was not at all pleased with the information. From his knowledge of Anthony's disposition, he su-

spected the truth of the report; and, unwilling to see such a prize ravished, as it were, from his grasp, he, with the advice and assistance of his inyrmidons, resolved to set the captive at liberty, in full hope of turning the adventure to his own advantage: for he argued in this manner, 'If she is in fact *compotus mentis*, her gratitude will operate in my behalf, and even prudence will advise her to embrace the proffered asylum from the villainy of her uncle. If she is really disordered, it will be no great difficulty to deceive her into marriage, and then I become her trustee of course.'

The plan was well conceived, but Sycamore had not discretion enough to keep his own counsel. From weakness and vanity he blabbed the design, which in a little time was communicated to Anthony Darnel, and he took his precautions accordingly. Being infirm in his own person, and consequently unfit for opposing the violence of some desperadoes whom he knew to be the satellites of Sycamore, he prepared a private retreat for his ward at the house of an old gentleman, the companion of his youth, whom he had imposed upon with the fiction of her being disordered in her understanding, and amused with a story of a dangerous design upon her person. Thus cautioned and instructed, the gentleman had gone with his own coach and servants to receive Aurelia and her governante at a third house, to which she had been privately removed from her uncle's habitation; and in this journey it was that she had been so accidentally protected from the violence of the robbers by the interposition and prowess of our adventurer.

As he did not wear his helmet in that exploit, she recognized his features as he passed the coach; and, struck with the apparition, shrieked aloud. She had been assured by her guardian, that his design was to convey her to her own house; but perceiving, in the sequel, that the carriage struck off upon a different road, and finding herself in the hands of strangers, she began to dread a much more disagreeable fate, and to conceive doubts and ideas that filled her tender heart with horror and affliction. When she expostulated with the duenna, she was treated like a changeling, admonished

ed to be quiet, and reminded that she was under the direction of those who would manage her with a tender regard to her own welfare and the honour of her family. When she addressed herself to the old gentleman, who was not much subject to the emotions of humanity, and, besides, firmly persuaded that she was deprived of her reason; he made no answer, but laid his finger on his mouth, by way of enjoining silence.

This mysterious behaviour aggravated the fears of the poor, hapless young lady; and her terrors waxed so strong, that when she saw Tom Clarke, whose face she knew, she called aloud for assistance, and even pronounced the name of his patron, Sir Launcelot Greaves, which she imagined might stimulate him the more to attempt something for her deliverance.

The reader has already been informed in what manner the endeavours of Tom and his uncle miscarried. Miss Darnel's new keeper having in the course of his journey halted for refreshment at the Black Lion, of which being landlord, he believed the good woman and her family were entirely devoted to his will and pleasure; Aurelia found an opportunity of speaking in private to Dolly, who had a very prepossessing appearance. She conveyed a purse of money into the hands of this young woman; telling her, while the tears trickled down her cheeks, that she was a young lady of fortune, in danger, as she apprehended, of assassination. This hint, which she communicated in a whisper while the governante stood at the other end of the room, was sufficient to interest the compassionate Dolly in her behalf. As soon as the coach departed, she made her mother acquainted with the transaction; and as they naturally concluded that the young lady expected their assistance, they resolved to improve themselves worthy of her confidence.

Dolly having insisted in their design a trusty countryman, one of her own professed admirers, they set out together for the house of the gentleman in which the fair prisoner was confined, and waited for her in secret at the end of a pleasant park, in which they naturally concluded she might be indulged with the privilege of taking the air. The event justified their conception; on the very first day of their watch they saw her

approach, accompanied by her duenna. Dolly and her attendant immediately tied their horses to a stake, and retired into a thicket, which Aurelia did not fail to enter. Dolly forthwith appeared; and, taking her by the hand, led her to the horses, one of which she mounted in the utmost hurry and trepidation, while the countryman bound the duenna with a cord prepared for the purpose, gagged her mouth, and tied her to a tree, where he left her to her own meditations. Then he mounted before Dolly, and through unfrequented paths conducted his charge to an inn on the post-road, where a chaise was ready for their reception.

As he refused to proceed farther, lest his absence from his own home should create suspicion, Aurelia rewarded him liberally, but would not part with her faithful Dolly, who indeed had no inclination to be discharged; such an affection and attachment had she already acquired for the amiable fugitive, though she knew neither her story nor her true name. Aurelia thought proper to conceal both, and assumed the fictitious appellation of Meadows until she should be better acquainted with the disposition and discretion of her new attendant.

The first resolution she could take, in the present flutter of her spirits, was to make the best of her way to London, where she thought she might find an asylum in the house of a female relation, married to an eminent physician, known by the name of Kawdle. In the execution of this hasty resolve, she travelled at a violent rate from stage to stage, in a carriage drawn by four horses, without halting for necessary refreshment or repose, until she judged herself out of danger of being overtaken. As she appeared overwhelmed with grief and consternation, the good-natured Dolly endeavoured to alleviate her distress with diverting discourse; and, among other less interesting stories, entertained her with the adventures of Sir Launcelot and Captain Crowe, which she had seen and heard recited while they remained at the Black Lion; nor did she fail to introduce Mr. Thomas Clarke in her narrative, with such a favourable representation of his person and character, as plainly discovered that her own heart had received a rude shock from the irresistible force of his qualifications.

The history of Sir Launcelot Greaves was a theme which effectually fixed the attention of Aurelia, distracted as her ideas must have been by the circumstances of her present situation. The particulars of his conduct since the correspondence between him and her had ceased, she heard with equal concern and astonishment; for, how far soever she deemed herself detached from all possibility of future connection with that young gentleman, she was not made of such indifferent stuff, as to learn, without emotion, the calamitous disorder of an accomplished youth, whose extraordinary virtues she could not but revere.

As they had deviated from the post-road, taken precautions to conceal their route, and made such progress that they were now within one day's journey of London; the careful and affectionate Dolly, seeing her dear lady quite exhausted with fatigue, used all her natural rhetoric, which was very powerful, mingled with tears that flowed from the heart, in persuading Aurelia to enjoy some repose; and so far she succeeded in the attempt, that for one night the toil of travelling was intermitted. This recess from incredible fatigue was a pause that afforded our adventurer time to overtake them before they reached the metropolis, that vast labyrinth, in which Aurelia might have been forever lost to his enquiry.

It was in the afternoon of the day which succeeded his departure from the White Hart, that Sir Launcelot arrived at the inn, where Miss Aurelia Darnel had bespoke a dish of tea, and a post-chaise for the next stage. He had, by enquiry, traced her a considerable way, without ever dreaming who the person really was whom he thus pursued; and now he desired to speak with her attendant. Dolly was not a little surprized to see Sir Launcelot Greaves, of whose character she had conceived a very sublime idea from the narrative of Mr. Thomas Clarke; but she was still more surprized when he gave her to understand that he had charged himself with the pocket-book, containing the bank-notes which Miss Meadows had dropped in the house where they had been threatened with insult. Miss Darnel had not yet discovered her disaster, when her attendant, running into the apartment, presented the prize which she had received from our adventurer,

with his compliments to Miss Meadows, implying a request to be admitted into her presence, that he might make a personal tender of his best services.

It is not to be supposed that the amiable Aurelia heard, unmoved, such a message from a person whom her maid discovered to be the identical Sir Launcelot Greaves, whose story she had so lately related: but, as the ensuing scene requires fresh attention in the reader, we shall defer it till another opportunity, when his spirits shall be recruited from the fatigue of this chapter.

CHAP. XV.

EXHIBITING AN INTERVIEW,
WHICH, IT IS TO BE HOPED,
WILL INTEREST THE CURIOSITY
OF THE READER.

THE mind of the delicate Aurelia was strangely agitated by the intelligence which she received, with her pocket-book, from Dolly. Confounded as she was by the nature of her situation, she at once perceived that she could not, with any regard to the dictates of gratitude, refuse complying with the request of Sir Launcelot; but, in the first hurry of her emotion, she directed Dolly to beg, in her name, that she might be excused for wearing a masque at the interview which he desired, as she had particular reasons, which concerned her peace, for retaining that disguise. Our adventurer submitted to this preliminary with a good grace, as he had nothing in view but the injunctions of his order, and the duties of humanity; and he was admitted without farther preamble.

When he entered the room, he could not help being struck with the presence of Aurelia. Her stature was improved since he had seen her; her shape was exquisitely formed; and she received him with an air of dignity which impressed him with a very sublime idea of her person and character. She was no less affected at the sight of our adventurer, who, though cased in armour, appeared with his head uncovered; and the exercise of travelling had thrown such a glow of health and vivacity on his features, which were naturally elegant and expressive, that we will venture

sure to say, there was not in all England a couple that excelled this amiable pair in personal beauty and accomplishments. Aurelia shone with all the fabled graces of nymph or goddess; and to Sir Launcelot might be applied what the divine poet Ariosto says of the prince Zerbino:

‘ Natura il fece e poi ruppe la stampa.’

‘ When Nature stamp’d him, she the dye destroy’d.’

Our adventurer having made his obeisance to this supposed Miss Meadows, told her, that although he thought himself highly honoured in being admitted to her presence, and allowed to pay his respects to her, as superior beings are adored, unseen; yet his pleasure would receive a very considerable addition, if she would be pleased to withdraw that invidious veil, that he might have a glimpse of the divinity which it concealed. Aurelia immediately took off her masque, saying, with a faltering accent, ‘ I cannot be so ungrateful as to deny such a small favour to a gentleman who has laid me under the most important obligations.’

The unexpected apparition of Miss Aurelia Darnel, beaming with all the emanations of ripened beauty, blushing with all the graces of the most lovely confusion, could not but produce a violent effect upon the mind of Sir Launcelot Greaves. He was, indeed, overwhelmed with a mingled transport of astonishment, admiration, affliction, and awe. The colour vanished from his cheeks, and he stood gazing upon her, in silence, with the most emphatic expression of countenance.

Aurelia was infected by his disorder: she began to tremble, and the roses fluctuated on her face. ‘ I cannot forget,’ said she, ‘ that I owe my life to the courage and humanity of Sir Launcelot Greaves; and that he, at the same time, rescued from the most dreadful death a dear and venerable parent.’—‘ Would to Heaven she still survived!’ cried our adventurer with great emotion: ‘ she was the friend of my youth, the kind patroness of my felicity! My guardian angel forsook me when she expired! Her

‘ last injunctions are deep engraven on my heart!’

While he pronounced these words she lifted her handkerchief to her fair eyes; and, after some pause, proceeded, in a tremulous tone, ‘ I hope, Sir—I hope you have—I should be sorry—pardon me, Sir, I cannot reflect upon such an interesting subject unmoved—’ Here she fetched a deep sigh, that was accompanied with a flood of tears; while the knight continued to bend his eyes upon her with the utmost eagerness of attention.

Having recollected herself a little, she endeavoured to shift the conversation: ‘ You have been abroad since I had the pleasure to see you—I hope you were agreeably amused in your travels.’—‘ No, Madam,’ said our hero, drooping his head, ‘ I have been unfortunate.’ When she, with the most enchanting sweetness of benevolence, expressed her concern to hear he had been unhappy, and her hope that his misfortunes were not past remedy; he lifted up his eyes, and fixed them upon her again with a look of tender dejection: ‘ Cut off,’ said he, ‘ from the possession of what my soul held most dear, I wished for death, and was visited by distraction!—I have been abandoned by my reason—my youth is for ever blasted.’

The tender heart of Aurelia could bear no more—her knees began to totter; the lustre vanished from her eyes, and she fainted in the arms of her attendant. Sir Launcelot, aroused by this circumstance, assisted Dolly in seating her mistress on a couch, where she soon recovered, and saw the knight on his knees before her. ‘ I am still happy,’ said he, ‘ in being able to move your compassion, though I have been held unworthy of your esteem.’—‘ Do me justice,’ she replied; ‘ my best esteem has been always inseparably connected with the character of Sir Launcelot Greaves.’—‘ Is it possible?’ cried our hero; ‘ then surely I have no reason to complain. If I have moved your compassion, and possess your esteem, I am but one degree short of supreme happiness—that, however, is a giantick step.—O Miss Darnel! when I remember that dear, that melancholy moment.’—So saying, he gently touched her hand, in order to press it to his lips, and perceived on her finger the

Very

very individual ring which he had presented in her mother's presence, as an interchanged testimony of plighted faith. Starting at the well-known object, the sight of which conjured up a strange confusion of ideas, 'This,' said he, 'was once the pledge of something still more cordial than esteem.' Aurelia, blushing at this remark, while her eyes lightened with unusual vivacity, replied, in a severer tone, 'Sir, you best know how it lost it's original signification.'—'By Heaven! I do not, Madam!' exclaimed our adventurer. 'With me it was ever held a sacred idea throned within my heart, cherished with such fervency of regard, with such reverence of affection, as the devout anchorite more unreasonably pays to those sainted reliques that constitute the object of his adoration.'—'And, like those reliques,' answered Miss Darnel, 'I have been insensible of my votary's devotion. A saint I must have been, or something more, to know the sentiments of your heart by inspiration.'—'Did I forbear,' said he, 'to express, to repeat, to enforce, the dictates of the purest passion that ever warmed the human breast, until I was denied access, and formally discarded by that cruel dismissal?'—'I must beg your pardon, Sir,' cried Aurelia, interrupting him hastily, 'I know not what you mean.'—'That fatal sentence,' said he, 'if not pronounced by your own lips, at least written by your own fair hand, which drove me out an exile for ever from the paradise of your affection.'—'I would not,' she replied, 'do Sir Launcelot Greaves the injury to suppose him capable of imposition; but you talk of things to which I am an utter stranger. I have a right, Sir, to demand of your honour, that you will not impute to me your breaking off a connection, which—I would—rather wish—had never—' 'Heaven and earth! what do I hear?' cried our impatient knight, 'have I not the baleful letter to produce? What else but Miss Darnel's explicit and express declaration could have destroyed the sweetest hope that ever cheered my soul; could have obliged me to resign all claim to that felicity for which alone I wished to live; could have filled my bosom with unutterable sorrow and despair; could have even di-

vested me of reason, and driven me from the society of men, a poor, forlorn, wandering lunatick, such as you see me now prostrate at your feet; all the blossoms of my youth withered, all the honours of my family decayed?'

Aurelia looking wistfully at her lover, 'Sir,' said she, 'you overwhelm me with amazement and anxiety! you are imposed upon, if you have received any such letter: you are deceived, if you thought Aurelia Darnel could be so insensible, ungrateful, and—inconstant.'

This last word she pronounced with some hesitation, and a downcast look, while her face underwent a total suffusion, and the knight's heart began to palpitate with all the violence of emotion. He eagerly imprinted a kiss upon her hand, exclaiming, in interrupted phrase, 'Can it be possible?—Heaven grant—Sure this is no illusion!—O, Madam! shall I call you my Aurelia? My heart is bursting with a thousand fond thoughts and prefaces. You shall see that dire paper which hath been the source of all my woes—it is the constant companion of my travels—last night I nourished my chagrin with the perusal of it's horrid contents.'

Aurelia expressed great impatience to view the cruel forgery, for such she assured him it must be: but he could not gratify her desire till the arrival of his servant with the portmanteau. In the mean time, tea was called. The lovers were seated; he looked and languished, she flushed and faltered; all was doubt and delirium, fondness and flutter. Their mutual disorder communicated itself to the kind-hearted sympathizing Dolly, who had been witness to the interview, and deeply affected with the disclosure of the scene. Unspeakable was her surprize when she found her mistress, Miss Meadows, was no other than the celebrated Aurelia Darnel, whose eulogium she had heard so eloquently pronounced by her sweetheart Mr. Thomas Clarke; a discovery which still more endeared her lady to her affection. She had wept plentifully at the progress of their mutual explanation; and was now so disconcerted, that she scarce knew the meaning of the orders she had received: she set the kettle on the table, and placed the tea-board on

on the fire. Her confusion, by attracting the notice of her mistress, helped to relieve her from her own embarrassing situation. She, with her own delicate hands, rectified the mistake of Dolly; who still continued to sob, and said, 'Yaw may think, my lady' 'Darnel, as haw I 'aive yeaten hool-cheese; but it y'an't soa—I fe think, 'vor mai peart, as haw I 'aive bean bewitched.'

Sir Launcelot could not help smiling at the simplicity of Dolly, whose goodness of heart and attachment Aurelia did not fail to extol, as soon as her back was turned. It was in consequence of this commendation, that, the next time she entered the room, our adventurer, for the first time, considered her face, and seemed to be struck with her features. He asked her some questions, which she could not answer to his satisfaction; applauded her regard for her lady, and assured her of his friendship and protection. He now begged to know the cause that obliged his Aurelia to travel at such a rate, and in such an equipage; and she informed him of those particulars which we have already communicated to the reader.

Sir Launcelot glowed with resentment when he understood how his dear Aurelia had been oppressed by her perfidious and cruel guardian. He bit his nether-lip, rolled his eyes around, started from his seat, and striding across the room, 'I remember,' said he, 'the dying words of her who now is a saint in heaven——"That violent man, my brother-in-law, who is Aurelia's sole guardian, will thwart her wishes with every obstacle that brutal resentment and implacable malice can contrive."—What followed, it would ill become me to repeat; but she concluded with these words—"The rest we must leave to the dispensations of Providence."—Was it not Providence that sent me hither, to guard and protect the injured Aurelia?' Then turning to Miss Darnel, whose eyes streamed with tears, he added, 'Yes, divine creature! Heaven, careful of your safety, and in compassion to my sufferings, hath guided me hither in this mysterious manner, that I might defend you from violence, and enjoy this transition from madness to deliberation, from despair to felicity.'

So saying, he approached this amiable

mourner, this fragrant flower of beauty, glittering with the dew-drops of the morning; this sweetest, and gentlest, loveliest ornament of human nature! He gazed upon her with looks of love ineffable; he sat down by her; he pressed her soft hand in his; he began to fear that all he saw was the flattering vision of a disordered brain. He looked and sighed; and turning up his eyes to heaven, breathed, in broken murmurs, the chaste raptures of his soul. The tenderness of this communication was too painful to be long endured. Aurelia industriously interposed other subjects of discourse, that his attention might not be dangerously overcharged, and the afternoon passed insensibly away.

Though he had determined, in his own mind, never more to quit this idol of his soul, they had not yet concerted any plan of conduct, when their happiness was all at once interrupted by a repetition of cries, denoting horror; and a servant coming in, said, he believed some rogues were murdering a traveller on the highway. The supposition of such distress operated like gunpowder on the disposition of our adventurer; who, without considering the situation of Aurelia, and indeed without seeing, or being capable to think on her, or any other subject, for the time being, ran directly to the stable, and mounting the first horse which he found saddled, issued out in the twilight, having no other weapon but his sword. He rode full speed to the spot whence the cries seemed to proceed; but they sounded more remote as he advanced. Nevertheless he followed them to a considerable distance from the road, over fields, ditches, and hedges; and at last came so near, that he could plainly distinguish the voice of his own squire, Timothy Crabshaw, bellowing for mercy, with hideous vociferation. Stimulated by this recognition, he redoubled his career in the dark, till at length his horse plunged into a hole, the nature of which he could not comprehend; but he found it impracticable to disengage him. It was with some difficulty that he himself clambered over a ruined wall, and regained the open ground. Here he groped about, in the utmost impatience of anxiety, ignorant of the place, mad with vexation for the fate of his unfortunate squire, and
between

between whiles invaded with a pang of concern for Aurelia, left among strangers, unguarded, and alarmed. In the midst of this emotion, he bethought himself of hallooing aloud, that, in case he should be in the neighbourhood of any inhabited place, he might be heard and assisted. He accordingly practised this expedient, which was not altogether without effect; for he was immediately answered by an old friend, no other than his own steed Bronzomarte, who, hearing his master's voice, neighed strenuously at a small distance. The knight being well acquainted with the sound, heard it with astonishment; and, advancing in the right direction, found his noble charger fastened to a tree. He forthwith untied and mounted him; then, laying the reins upon his neck, allowed him to chuse his own path, in which he began to travel with equal steadiness and expedition. They had not proceeded far when the knight's ears were again saluted by the cries of Crabshaw; which Bronzomarte no sooner heard than he pricked up his ears, neighed, and quickened his pace, as if he had been sensible of the squire's distress; and hastened to his relief. Sir Launcelot, notwithstanding his own disquiet, could not help observing and admiring this generous sensibility of his horse: he began to think himself some hero of romance mounted upon a winged steed, inspired with reason, directed by some humane inchanter, who pitied virtue in distress. All circumstances considered, it is no wonder that the commotion in the mind of our adventurer produced some such delirium. All night he continued the chase; the voice, which was repeated at intervals, still retreating before him, till the morning began to appear in the east; when, by divers piteous groans, he was directed to the corner of a wood, where he beheld his miserable squire stretched upon the grass, and Gilbert feeding by him altogether unconcerned, the helmet and the lance suspended at the saddle-bow, and the portmanteau safely fixed upon the crupper.

The knight, riding up to Crabshaw, with equal surprize and concern, asked what had brought him there; and Timothy, after some pause, during which he surveyed his master with a rueful aspect, answered, 'The devil! —'

'One would imagine, indeed, you had

'some such conveyance,' said Sir Launcelot. 'I have followed your cries since last evening I know not how, nor whither, and never could come up with you till this moment. But, say, what damage have you sustained; that you lie in that wretched posture, and groan so dismally?' — 'I can't guess;' replied the squire 'if it beanto that mai hoole carcase is drilled into oilet-hools, and my flesh pinched into a jelly.' — 'How! wherefore?' cried the knight, 'who were the miscreants that treated you in such a barbarous manner? Do you know the ruffians?' — 'I know nothing at all,' answered the peevish squire, 'but that I was tormented by vive hundred and visty thousand legions of devils, and there's an end con't!' — 'Well, you must have a little patience, Crabshaw — there's a salve for every sore.' — 'Yaw' — 'mought as well tell ma, for every zow there's a zir-reverence.' — 'For a man in your condition, methinks you talk very much at your ease.' — 'Try if you can get up and mount Gilbert, that you may be conveyed to some place where you can have proper assistance. — So — well done! — chearly!' —

Timothy actually made an effort to rise; but fell down again, and uttered a dismal yell. Then his master exhorted him to take advantage of a park-wall by which he lay, and raise himself gradually upon it. Crabshaw, eyeing him askance, said, by way of reproach, for his not alighting and assisting him in person, 'Thatch you'r house with t——d, and you'll have more teachers than reachers!' — Having pronounced this inelegant adage, he made shift to stand upon his legs; and now, the knight lending a hand, was mounted upon Gilbert; though not without a world of Oh's! and Ah's! and other ejaculations of pain and impatience.

As they jogged on together, our adventurer endeavoured to learn the particulars of the disaster which had befallen the squire; but all the information he could obtain amounted to a very imperfect sketch of the adventure. By dint of a thousand interrogations, he understood, that Crabshaw had been, in the preceding evening, encountered by three persons on horseback with Venetian masques on their faces, which he mistook





mistook for their natural features, and was terrified accordingly: that they not only presented pistols to his breast, and led his horse out of the highway, but pricked him with goads, and pinched him, from time to time, till he screamed with the torture: that he was led through unfrequented places across the country, sometimes at an easy trot, sometimes at full gallop; and tormented all night by those hideous dæmons, who vanished at day-break, and left him lying on the spot where he was found by his master.

This was a mystery which our hero could by no means unriddle: it was the more unaccountable, as the squire had not been robbed of his money, horses, and baggage. He was even disposed to believe that Crabshaw's brain was disordered, and the whole account he had given no more than a chimera. This opinion, however, he could no longer retain, when he arrived at an inn on the post-road, and found, upon examination, that Timothy's lower extremities were covered with blood, and all the rest of his body speckled with livid marks of contusion. But he was still more chagrined when the landlord informed him that he was thirty miles distant from the place where he had left Aurelia; and that his way lay through cross-roads, which were almost impassable at that season of the year. Alarmed at this intelligence, he gave directions that his squire should be immediately conveyed to bed in a comfortable chamber, as he complained more and more; and indeed was seized with a fever, occasioned by the fatigue, the pain, and terror, he had undergone. A neighbouring apothecary being called, and giving it as his opinion that he could not for some days be in a condition to travel, his master deposited a sum of money in his hands, desiring he might be properly attended till he should hear farther. Then mounting Bronzomarte, he set out with a guide for the place he had left, not without a thousand fears and perplexities, arising from the reflection of having left the jewel of his heart with such precipitation.

CHAP. IV.

WHICH IT IS TO BE HOPED THE
READER WILL FIND AN AGREE-

ABLE MELODY OF MIRTH AND
MADNESS, SENSE AND ABSUR-
DITY.

IT was not without reason that our adventurer afflicted himself; his fears were but too prophetic. When he alighted at the inn, which he had left so abruptly the preceding evening, he ran directly to the apartment where he had been so happy in Aurelia's company; but her he saw not—all was solitary. Turning to the woman of the house, who had followed him into the room, 'Where is the lady?' cried he, in a tone of impatience. Mine hostess, screwing up her features into a very demure aspect, said she saw so many ladies, she could not pretend to know who he meant. 'I tell thee, woman,' exclaimed the knight, in a louder accent, 'thou never sawest such another—I mean, that miracle of beauty—'

'Very like,' replied the dame, as she retired to the room door. 'Husband, here's one as axes concerning a miracle of beauty; hi, hi, hi. Can you give him any information about this miracle of beauty?—O la! hi, hi, hi.' Instead of answering this question, the inn-keeper advancing, and surveying Sir Launcelot, 'Friend,' said he, 'you are the person that carried off my horse out of the stable.'—'Tell me not of a horse—Where is the young lady?'—'Now I will tell you of the horse, and I'll make you find him too, before you and I part.'—'Wretched animal! how darest thou dally with my impatience?—Speak, or despair.'—'What is become of Miss Meadows?—Say, did she leave this place of her own accord, or was she—hah!—speak—answer; or, by the powers above—' 'I'll answer you flat—the you call Miss Meadows is in very good hands—so you may make yourself easy on that score.'—'Sacred Heaven! Explain your meaning, miscreant, or I'll make you a dreadful example to all the insolent publicans of the realm.' So saying, he seized him with one hand; and dashing him on the floor, set one foot on his belly, and kept him trembling in that prostrate attitude. The ostler and waiter flying to the assistance of their master, our adventurer unsheathed his sword, declaring he would dismiss their souls from their bodies, and exterminate the whole family

family from the face of the earth, if they would not immediately give him the satisfaction he required.

The hostess being by this time terrified almost out of her senses, fell on her knees before him, begging he would spare their lives, and promising to declare the whole truth. He would not, however, remove his foot from the body of her husband, until she told him, that in less than half an hour after he had sallied out upon the supposed robbers, two chaises arrived, each drawn by four horses; that two men armed with pistols alighting from one of them, laid violent hands upon the young lady; and, notwithstanding her struggling and shrieking, forced her into the other carriage, in which was an infirm gentleman, who called himself her guardian; that the maid was left to the care of a third servant, to follow with a third chaise, which was got ready with all possible dispatch, while the other two proceeded at full speed on the road to London. It was by this communicative lacquey the people of the house were informed that the old gentleman, his master, was Squire Darnel, the young lady his niece and ward, and our adventurer a needy sharper, who wanted to make a prey of her fortune.

The knight, fired even almost to frenzy by this intimation, spurned the carcase of his host; and his eye gleaming terror, rushed into the yard, in order to mount Bronzomarte and pursue the ravisher, when he was diverted from his purpose by a new incident.

One of the postilions, who had driven the chaise in which Dolly was conveyed, happened to arrive at that instant; when, seeing our hero, he ran up to him cap in hand, and presenting a letter, accosted him in these words: 'Please your noble honour, if your honour be Sir Launcelot Greaves of the West Riding, here's a letter from a gentlewoman, that I promised to deliver in to your honour's own hands.'

The knight, snatching the letter with the utmost avidity, broke it up, and found the contents couched in these terms.

'HONOURED SIR,

'THE man az gi'en me leave to lat 'yaw knaw my dear leady is going to Loondon with her unkle

'Squaire Darnel—Be not conzarned, 'honoured Sir, vor I'se take it on mai laife to let yaw knaw wheare we be zettled, if zo be I can vind wheare you loadge in Loondon. The man zays 'yaw may put it in the pooblic prints. 'I houp the bareheir will be honest enuff to deliver this scrowl; and that 'your honour will pardon your umbil 'servannt to cummand,

'DOROTHY COWSLIP.'

'P. S. Please my kaind sarvice to 'laayer Clarke. Squire Darnel's man 'is very civil for sartain; but I've no 'thoughts on him I'll assure yaw.— 'Marry hap, worfe ware may have a 'better chap, as the zaying goes.'

Nothing could be more seasonable than the delivery of this billet; which he had no sooner perused than his reflection returned, and he entered into a serious deliberation with his own heart. He considered that Aurelia was by this time far beyond a possibility of being overtaken, and that by a precipitate pursuit he should only expose his own infirmities. He confided in the attachment of his mistress, and in the fidelity of her maid, who would find opportunities of communicating her sentiments by means of this lacquey, of whom he perceived by the letter she had already made a conquest. He therefore resolved to bridle his impatience, to proceed leisurely to London; and instead of taking any rash step which might induce Anthony Darnel to remove his niece from that city, remain in seeming quiet until she should be settled, and her guardian returned to the country. Aurelia had mentioned to him the name of Doctor Kawdle, and from him he expected in due time to receive the most interesting information.

These reflections had an instantaneous effect upon our hero, whose rage immediately subsided, and whose visage gradually resumed its natural cast of courtesy and good humour. He forthwith gratified the postilion with such a remuneration as sent him dancing into the kitchen, where he did not fail to extol the generosity and immense fortune of Sir Launcelot Greaves.

Our adventurer's next step was to see Bronzomarte properly accommodated; then he ordered a refreshment for himself,

self, and retired into an apartment, where mine host, with his wife, and all the servants, waited on him, to beseech his honour to forgive their impertinence, which was owing to their ignorance of his honour's quality, and the false information they had received from the gentleman's servant. He had too much magnanimity to retain the least resentment against such inconsiderable objects. He not only pardoned them without hesitation, but assured the landlord he would be accountable for the horse; which, however, was that same evening brought home by a countryman, who had found him pounded, as it were, within the walls of a ruined cottage. As the knight had been greatly fatigued, without enjoying any rest for eight and forty hours, he resolved to indulge himself with one night's repose, and then return to the place where he had left his squire indisposed; for by this time even his concern for Timothy had recurred.

On a candid scrutiny of his own heart, he found himself much less unhappy than he had been before his interview with Aurelia; for, instead of being, as formerly, tormented with the pangs of despairing love, which had actually unsettled his understanding, he was now happily convinced that he had inspired the tender breast of Aurelia with mutual affection; and though she was invidiously snatched from his embrace in the midst of such endearments as had wound up his soul to ecstasy and transport, he did not doubt of being able to rescue her from the power of an inhuman kinsman, whose guardianship would soon of course expire; and in the mean time he rested with the most perfect dependence on her constancy and virtue.

As he next day crossed the country, ruminating on the disaster that had befallen his squire, and could now compare circumstances coolly, he easily comprehended the whole scheme of that adventure, which was no other than an artifice of Anthony Darnel and his emissaries to draw him from the inn, where he proposed to execute his design upon the innocent Aurelia. He took it for granted that the uncle, having been made acquainted with his niece's elopement, had followed her track by the help of such information as he received from one stage to another; and

that, receiving more particulars at the White Hart touching Sir Launcelot, he had formed the scheme in which Crabshaw was an involuntary instrument towards the seduction of his master.

Amusing himself with these and other cogitations, our hero in the afternoon reached the place of his destination; and entering the inn where Timothy had been left at sick quarters, chanced to meet the apothecary retiring precipitately, in a very unfavourable pickle, from the chamber of his patient. When he enquired about the health of his squire, this retainer to medicine, wiping himself all the while with a napkin, answered, in manifest confusion, that he apprehended him to be in a very dangerous way, from an inflammation of the *pia mater*, which had produced a most furious delirium. Then he proceeded to explain, in technical terms, the method of cure he had followed; and concluded with telling him the poor squire's brain was so outrageously disordered, that he had rejected all administration, and just thrown an urinal in his face.

The knight's humanity being alarmed at this intelligence, he resolved that Crabshaw should have the benefit of farther advice; and asked if there was not a physician in the place. The apothecary, after some interjections of hesitation, owned there was a doctor in the village, an odd sort of a humourist; but he believed he had not much to do in the way of his profession, and was not much used to the forms of prescription. He was counted a scholar, to be sure; but as to his medical capacity—he would not take upon him to say—‘No matter,’ cried Sir Launcelot; ‘he may strike out some lucky thought for the benefit of the patient, and I desire you will call him instantly.’

While the apothecary was absent on this service, our adventurer took it in his head to question the landlord about the character of this physician, which had been so unfavourably represented; and received the following information.

‘For my part, measter, I knows ‘ nothing amiss of the doctor—he’s a ‘ quiet sort of an inoffensive man; uses ‘ my house sometimes, and pays for what ‘ he has, like the rest of my customers. ‘ They says he deals very little in ‘ physick stuff, but cures his patients ‘ with fasting and water-gruel, where- ‘ by he can’t expect the pothecary to be

‘ his friend. You knows, master, one must live, and let live, as the saying is. I must say, he, for the value of three guineas, set up my wife’s constitution in such a manner, that I have saved within these two years, I believe, forty pounds in apothecary’s bills. But what of that? Every man must eat, tho’f at another’s expence; and I should be in a deadly hole myself, if all my customers should take it in their heads to drink nothing but water-gruel, because it is good for the constitution. Thank God, I have as good a constitution as e’er a man in England; but for all that, I and my whole family bleed and purge, and take a diet-drink twice a year, by way of serving the apothecary, who is a very honest man, and a very good neighbour.’

Their conversation was interrupted by the return of the apothecary with the doctor, who had very little of the faculty in his appearance. He was dressed remarkably plain; seemed to be turned of fifty; had a careless air, and a sarcastical turn in his countenance. Before he entered the sick man’s chamber, he asked some questions concerning the disease; and when the apothecary, pointing to his own head, said, ‘ It lies all here;’ the doctor, turning to Sir Launcelot, replied, ‘ If that be all, there’s nothing in it.’

Upon a more particular enquiry about the symptoms, he was told that the blood was seemingly visciduous, and salt upon the tongue; the urine remarkably acrosaline; and the fæces atrabilious and foetid. When the doctor said he would engage to find the same phenomena in every healthy man of the three kingdoms, the apothecary added, that the patient was manifestly comatous, and moreover afflicted with griping pains and borborygmata. ‘ A f—t for your borborygmata!’ cried the physician. ‘ What has been done?’ To this question he replied, that venesection had been three times performed; that a vesicatory had been applied *inter scapulas*; that the patient had taken occasionally of a cathartick apozem; and, between whiles, alexipharmick boluses and neutral draughts. ‘ Neutral, indeed!’ said the doctor; ‘ so neutral, that I’ll be crucified if ever they declare either for the patient or the disease.’ So saying, he brushed into Crabshaw’s chamber,

followed by our adventurer, who was almost suffocated at his first entrance. The day was close; the window-shutters were fastened; a huge fire blazed in the chimney; thick harateen curtains were close drawn round the bed, where the wretched squire lay extended under an enormous load of blankets. The nurse, who had all the exteriors of a bawd given to drink, sat stewing in this apartment like a damned soul in some infernal bagnio; but rising when the company entered, made her curtsies with great decorum. ‘ Well,’ said the doctor, ‘ how does your patient, nurse?’ — ‘ Blessed be God for it, I hope in a fair way—to be sure, his apozem has had a blessed effect—five and twenty stools since three o’clock in the morning. But then a’would not suffer the blisters to be put upon his thighs. Good lack! a’has been mortally obstropolous, and out of his senses all this blessed day.’ ‘ You lye!’ cried the squire; ‘ I a’n’t out of my seven senses, tho’f I’m half mad with vexation.’

The doctor having withdrawn the curtain, the hapless squire appeared very pale and ghastly; and having surveyed his master with a rueful aspect, addressed him in these words: ‘ Sir Knight, I beg a boon; be pleased to tie a stone about the neck of the apothecary, and a halter about the neck of the nurse, and throw the one into the next river, and the other over the next tree; and in so doing you will do a charitable deed to your fellow-creatures; for he and she do the devil’s work in partnership, and have sent many score of their betters home to him before their time.’ — ‘ Oh! he begins to talk sensibly.’ — ‘ Have a good heart!’ said the physician. ‘ What is your disorder?’ — ‘ Physick.’ — ‘ What do you chiefly complain of?’ — ‘ The doctor.’ — ‘ Does your head ache?’ — ‘ Yea, with impertinence.’ — ‘ Have you a pain in your back?’ — ‘ Yes, where the blister lies.’ — ‘ Are you sick at stomach?’ — ‘ Yes, with hunger.’ — ‘ Do you feel any shiverings?’ — ‘ Always at sight of the apothecary.’ — ‘ Do you perceive any load in your bowels?’ — ‘ I would the apothecary’s conscience was as clear.’ — ‘ Are you thirsty?’ — ‘ Not thirsty enough to drink barley-water.’ — ‘ Be pleased to look into his fauces,’ said the

the apothecary; 'he has got a rough tongue, and a very foul mouth, I'll assure you.'—'I have known that the case with some limbs of the faculty, where they stood more in need of correction than of physick.'—'Well, my honest friend, since you have already undergone the proper purgations in due form, and say you have no other disease than the doctor, we will set you on your legs again without farther question. Here, nurse, open that window, and throw these phials into the street. Now, lower the curtain, without shutting the casement, that the man may not be stifled in his own steam. In the next place, take off two-thirds of these coals, and one-third of these blankets. How do'st feel now, my heart?'—'I should feel heart-whole if so be as yow would throw the noorse a'ter the bottles, and the pothecary a'ter the noorse; and order me a pound of chops for my dinner; for I be so hongry, I could eat a horse behind the saddle.'

The apothecary, seeing what passed, retired of his own accord, holding up his hands, in sign of astonishment. The nurse was dismissed in the same breath. Crabshaw rofe, dressed himself without assistance, and made a hearty meal on the first eatable that presented itself to view. The knight passed the evening with the physician; who, from his first appearance, concluded he was mad; but, in the course of the conversation, found means to resign that opinion, without adopting any other in lieu of it, and parted with him under all the impatience of curiosity. The knight, on his part, was very well entertained with the witty sarcasms and erudition of the doctor, who appeared to be a sort of cynick philosopher, tinged with misanthropy, and at open war with the whole body of apothecaries; whom, however, it was by no means his interest to disoblige.

Next day, Crabshaw being, to all appearance, perfectly recovered, our adventurer reckoned with the apothecary, paid the landlord, and set out on his return for the London road, resolving to lay aside his armour at some distance from the metropolis; for, ever since his interview with Aurelia, his fondness for chivalry had been gradually abating. As the torrent of his despair had disordered the current of

his sober reflection; so now, as that despair subsided, his thoughts began to flow deliberately in their ancient channel. All day long he regaled his imagination with plans of connubial happiness, formed on the possession of the incomparable Aurelia; determined to wait with patience until the law should supersede the authority of her guardian, rather than adopt any violent expedient which might hazard the interest of his passion.

He had for some time travelled in the turnpike road, when his reverie was suddenly interrupted by a confused noise; and when he lifted up his eyes, he beheld, at a little distance, a rabble of men and women variously armed, with flails, pitch-forks, poles, and musquets, acting offensively against a strange figure on horseback, who, with a kind of lance, laid about him with incredible fury. Our adventurer was not so totally abandoned by the spirit of chivalry, to see without emotion a single knight in danger of being overpowered by such a multitude of adversaries. Without staying to put on his helmet, he ordered Crabshaw to follow him in the charge against those plebeians: then couching his lance, and giving Bronzomarte the spur, he began his career with such impetuosity, as overturned all that happened to be in his way; and intimidated the rabble to such a degree, that they retired before him like a flock of sheep, the greater part of them believing he was the devil in *propria persona*. He came in the very nick of time to save the life of the other errant, against whom three loaded musquets were actually levelled at the very instant that our adventurer began his charge. The unknown knight was so sensible of the seasonable interposition, that, riding up to our hero, 'Brother,' said he, 'this is the second time you have help'd me off when I was bump ashore. Befs Mizzen, I must say, is no more than a leaky bum-boat, in comparison of the glorious galley you want to man. I desire that henceforth we may cruise in the same latitudes, brother; and I'll be damned if I don't stand by you as long as I have a stick standing, or can carry a rag of canvas.'

By this address our knight recognized the novice Captain Crowe, who had found means to accommodate himself with a very strange suit of armour.

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By way of helmet, he wore one of the caps used by the light-horse, with straps buckled under his chin, and contrived in such a manner as to conceal his whole visage except the eyes. Instead of cuirass, mail, greaves, and other pieces of compleat armour, he was cased in a postilion's leathern jerkin, covered with thin plates of tinned iron: his buckler was a pot-lid, his lance a hop-pole shod with iron, and a basket-hilt broadsword, like that of Hudibras, depending by a broad buff belt that girded his middle. His feet were defended by jack-boots, and his hands by the gloves of a trooper. Sir Launcelot would not lose time in examining particulars, as he perceived some mischief had been done, and that the enemy had rallied at a distance; he therefore commanded Crowe to follow him, and rode off with great expedition; but he did not perceive his squire was taken prisoner; nor did the captain recollect that his nephew, Tom Clarke, had been disabled and secured in the beginning of the fray. The truth is, the poor captain had been so belaboured about the pate, that it was a wonder he remembered his own name.

CHAP. V.

CONTAINING ADVENTURES OF
CHIVALRY, EQUALLY NEW AND
SURPRIZING.

THE knight, Sir Launcelot, and the novice Crowe, retreated, with equal order and expedition, to the distance of half a league from the field of battle; where the former halting, proposed to make a lodgement in a very decent house of entertainment, distinguished by the sign of St. George of Cappadocia encountering the dragon, an achievement in which temporal and spiritual chivalry were happily reconciled. Two such figures alighting at the inn-gate, did not pass through the yard unnoticed and unadmired by the guests and attendants; some of whom fairly took to their heels, on the supposition that these outlandish creatures were the avant couriers or heralds of a French invasion. The fears and doubts, however, of those who ventured to stay, were soon dispelled, when our hero accosted them in the English tongue, and,

with the most courteous demeanor, desired to be shewn into an apartment.

Had Captain Crowe been spokesman, perhaps their suspicions would not have so quickly subsided; for he was, in reality, a very extraordinary novice, not only in chivalry, but also in his external appearance, and particularly in those dialects of the English language which are used by the *terrestrial* animals of this kingdom. He desired the ostler to take his horse in tow, and bring him to his moorings in a safe riding. He ordered the waiter, who shewed them into a parlour, to bear-a-hand, ship his oars, mind his helm, and bring alongside a short allowance of brandy or grog; that he might cant a slug into his bread-room; for there was such a heaving and pitching, that he believed he should shift his ballast. The fellow understood no part of this address but the word *brandy*, at mention of which he disappeared. Then Crowe, throwing himself into an elbow-chair, 'Stop my hawse-holes,' cried he, 'I can't think what's the matter, brother; but, egad, my head sings and simmers like a pot of chowder. My eye-sight yaws to and again, d'ye see? then there's such a walloping and whuffling in my hold—smite my—Lord have mercy upon us!—Here, you swab! ne'er mind a glass—hand me the noggin.'

The latter part of this address was directed to the waiter, who had returned with a quartern of brandy; which Crowe snatching eagerly, started into his bread-room at one cant. Indeed, there was no time to be lost, inasmuch as he seemed to be on the verge of fainting away when he swallowed this cordial, by which he was instantaneously revived.

He then desired the servant to unbuckle the straps of his helmet; but this was a task which the drawer could not perform, even though assisted with the good offices of Sir Launcelot; for the head and jaws were so much swelled with the discipline they had undergone, that the straps and buckles lay buried, as it were, in pits formed by the tumefaction of the adjacent parts.

Fortunately for the novice, a neighbouring surgeon passed by the door on horseback; a circumstance which the waiter, who saw him from the window, no sooner disclosed, than the knight had recourse

recourse to his assistance. This practitioner having viewed the whole figure, and more particularly the head of Crowe, in silent wonder, proceeded to feel his pulse; and then declared, that as the inflammation was very great, and going on with violence to it's *akme*, it would be necessary to begin with copious phlebotomy, and then to empty the intestinal canal. So saying, he began to strip the arm of the captain; who perceiving his aim, 'Avast, brother!' cried he; 'you go the wrong way to work—you may as well rummage the after-hold when the damage is in the fore-castle. I shall right again when my jaws are unhooped.'

With these words he drew a clasp-knife from his pocket; and advancing to a glass, applied it so vigorously to the leather straps of his head-piece, that the Gordian knot was cut without any other damage to his face than a moderate scarification, which, added to the tumefaction of features, naturally strong, and a whole week's growth of a very bushy beard, produced, on the whole, a most hideous caricatura. After all, there was a necessity for the administration of the surgeon, who found divers contusions on different parts of the skull, which even the tin cap had not been able to protect from the weapons of the rusticks.

These being shaved and dressed *secundum artem*, and the operator dismissed with a proper acknowledgmet, our knight detached one of the post-boys to the field of action, for intelligence concerning Mr. Clarke and Squire Timothy; and, in the interim, desired to know the particulars of Crowe's adventures since he parted from him at the White Hart.

A connected relation, in plain English, was what he had little reason to expect from the novice; who, nevertheless, exerted his faculties to the uttermost, for his satisfaction. He gave him to understand, that in steering his course to Birmingham, where he thought of fitting himself with tackle, he had fallen in by accident, at a publick-house, with an itinerant tinker, in the very act of mending a kettle—that seeing him do his business like an able workman, he had applied to him for advice; and the tinker, after having considered the subject, had undertaken to make him such a suit of armour as neither sword nor

lance should penetrate—that they adjourned to the next town, where the leather coat, the plates of tinned iron, the lance, and the broad-sword, were purchased, together with a copper saucepan, which the artist was now at work upon, in converting it to a shield; but, in the mean time, the captain, being impatient to begin his career of chivalry, had accommodated himself with a pot-lid, and taken to the highway, notwithstanding all the entreaties, tears, and remonstrances, of his nephew Tom Clarke; who could not, however, be prevailed upon to leave him in the dangerous voyage he had undertaken—that this being but the second day of his journey, he descried five or six men on horseback, bearing up full in his teeth; upon which he threw his sails a-back, and prepared for action—that he hailed them at a considerable distance, and bade them bring-to; when they came along-side, notwithstanding his hail, he ordered them to clew up their courses, and furl their topsails, otherwise he would be foul of their quarters—that hearing this salute, they luffed all at once, till their cloth shook in the wind; then he hallooed, in a loud voice, that his sweetheart, Bessie Mizzen, wore the broad pendant of beauty; to which they must strike their topsails, on pain of being sent to the bottom—that after having eyed him for some time with astonishment, they clapped on all their sails, some of them running under his stern, and others athwart his fore-foot, and got clear off—that, not satisfied with running a-head, they all of a sudden tacked about; and one of them boarding him on the lee-quarter, gave him such a drubbing about his upperworks, that the lights danced in his lanterns: that he returned the salute with his hop-pole so effectually, that his aggressor broached-to in the twinkling of an handspike; and then he was engaged with all the rest of the enemy, except one, who sheered off, and soon returned with a mosquito fleet of small craft, who had done him considerable damage; and, in all probability, would have made a prize of him, hadn't he been brought off by the knight's gallantry. He said, that in the beginning of the conflict, Tom Clarke rode up to the foremost of the enemy, as he did suppose, in order to prevent hostilities; but before he got up to him near enough

to hold discourse, he was pooped with a sea that almost sent him to the bottom, and then towed off he knew not whither.

Crowe had scarce finished his narration, which consisted of broken hints and unconnected explosions of sea-terms, when a gentleman of the neighbourhood, who acted in the commission of the peace, arrived at the gate, attended by a constable, who had in custody the bodies of Thomas Clarke and Timothy Crabshaw, surrounded by five men on horseback, and an innumerable posse of men, women, and children, on foot. The captain, who always kept a good look-out, no sooner descried this cavalcade and procession, than he gave notice to Sir Launcelot, and advised that they should croud away with all the cloth they could carry. Our adventurer was of another opinion; and determined, at any rate, to procure the enlargement of the prisoners.

The justice, ordering his attendants to stay without the gate, sent his compliments to Sir Launcelot Greaves, and desired to speak with him for a few minutes. He was immediately admitted; and could not help staring at sight of Crowe; who, by this time, had no remains of the human physiognomy; so much was the swelling increased and the skin discoloured. The gentleman, whose name was Mr. Elmy, having made a polite apology for the liberty he had taken, proceeded to unfold his business. He said, information had been lodged with him, as a justice of the peace, against two armed men on horseback, who had stopped five farmers on the king's highway, put them in fear and danger of their lives, and even assaulted, maimed, and wounded divers persons, contrary to the king's peace, and in violation of the statute: that, by the description, he supposed the knight and his companion to be the persons against whom the complaint had been lodged; and understanding his quality from Mr. Clarke, whom he had known in London, he was come to wait upon him, and, if possible, effect an accommodation.

Our adventurer, having thanked him for the polite and obliging manner in which he proceeded, frankly told him the whole story, as it had been just related by the captain; and Mr. Elmy had no reason to doubt the truth of the nar-

rative, as it confirmed every circumstance which Clarke had before reported. Indeed, Tom had been very communicative to this gentleman, and made him acquainted with the whole history of Sir Launcelot Greaves, as well as with the whimsical resolution of his uncle Captain Crowe. Mr. Elmy now told the knight, that the persons whom the captain had stopped were farmers, returning from a neighbouring market; a set of people naturally boorish, and at that time elevated with ale to an uncommon pitch of insolence: that one of them in particular, called Prickle, was the most quarrelsome fellow in the whole county; and so litigious, that he had maintained above thirty law-suits, in eight and twenty of which he had been condemned in costs. He said, the others might be easily influenced in the way of admonition; but there was no way of dealing with Prickle, except by the form and authority of the law: he therefore proposed to hear evidence in a judicial capacity; and his clerk being in attendance, the court was immediately opened in the knight's apartment.

By this time Mr. Clarke had made such good use of his time in explaining the law to his audience, and displaying the great wealth and unbounded liberality of Sir Launcelot Greaves, that he had actually brought over to his sentiments the constable, and the commonalty, tag, rag, and bob-tail; and even staggered the majority of the farmers, who at first had breathed nothing but defiance and revenge. Farmer Stake being first called to the bar, and sworn touching the identity of Sir Launcelot Greaves and Captain Crowe, declared, that the said Crowe had stopped him on the king's highway, and put him in bodily fear: that he afterwards saw the said Crowe, with a pole or weapon, value three-pence, breaking the king's peace, by committing assault and battery against the heads and shoulders of his majesty's liege subjects, Geoffrey Prickle, Hodge Dolt, Richard Bumpkin, Mary Fang, Catherine Rubble, and Margery Litter; and that he saw Sir Launcelot Greaves, baronet, aiding, assisting, and comforting the said Crowe, contrary to the king's peace, and against the form of the statute.

Being asked if the defendant, when he stopped them, demanded their money, or threatened violence; he answered,

swered, he could not say, inasmuch as the defendant spoke in an unknown language. Being interrogated if the defendant did not allow them to pass without using any violence, and if they did not pass unmolested; the deponent replied in the affirmative. Being required to tell for what reason they returned, and if the defendant, Crowe, was not assaulted before he began to use his weapon; the deponent made no answer. The depositions of farmer Bumpkin and Muggins, as well as of Madge Litter and Mary Fang, were taken to much the same purpose; and his worship earnestly exhorted them to an accommodation; observing, that they themselves were, in fact, the aggressors, and that Captain Crowe had done no more than exerted himself in his own defence.

They were all pretty well disposed to follow his advice, except Farmer Prickle, who entering the court with a bloody handkerchief about his head, declared that the law should determine it at next size; and, in the mean time, insisted that the defendants should find immediate bail, or go to prison, or be set in the stocks. He affirmed that they had been guilty of an *affray*, in appearing with armour and weapons, not usually worn, to the terror of others, which is in itself a breach of the peace; but that they had, moreover, with force of arms, that is to say, with swords, staves, and other warlike instruments, by turns, made an assault and *affray*, to the terror and disturbance of him and divers subjects of our lord the king then and there being, and to the evil and pernicious example of the liege people of the said lord the king, and against the peace of our said lord the king, his crown and dignity.

The peasant had purchased a few law-terms at a considerable expence, and he thought he had a right to turn his knowledge to the annoyance of all his neighbours. Mr. Elmy, finding him obstinately deaf to all proposals of accommodation, held the defendants to very moderate bail, the landlord and the curate of the parish freely offering themselves as sureties. Mr. Clarke, with Timothy Crabshaw, against whom nothing appeared, were now set at liberty; when the former, advancing to his worship, gave information against Geoffrey Prickle; and declared upon

oath, that he had seen him assault Captain Crowe without any provocation; and when he, the deponent, interposed to prevent farther mischief, the said Prickle had likewise assaulted and wounded him the deponent, and detained him for some time in false imprisonment without warrant or authority.

In consequence of this information, which was corroborated by divers evidences selected from the mob at the gate, the tables were turned upon Farmer Prickle, who was given to understand that he must either find bail or be forthwith imprisoned. This *honest* boor, who was in opulent circumstances, had made such popular use of the benefits he possessed, that there was not an housekeeper in the parish who would not have rejoiced to see him hanged. His dealings and connections, however, were such, that none of the other four would have refused to bail him, had not Clarke given them to understand, that, if they did, he would make them all principals and parties, and have two separate actions against each. Prickle happened to be at variance with the inn-keeper; and the curate durst not disoblige the vicar, who at that very time was suing the farmer for the small tythes. He offered to deposit a sum equal to the recognizance of the knight's bail; but this was rejected, as an expedient contrary to the practice of the courts. He sent for the attorney of the village, to whom he had been a good customer, but the lawyer was hunting evidence in another county. The exciseman presented himself as a surety; but he not being an housekeeper, was not accepted. Divers cottagers, who depended on Farmer Prickle, were successively refused, because they could not prove that they had paid scot and lot and parish taxes.

The farmer finding himself thus forlorn, and in imminent danger of visiting the inside of a prison, was seized with a paroxysm of rage; during which he inveighed against the bench; reviled the two adventurers errant; declared, that he believed, and would lay a wager of twenty guineas, that he had more money in his pocket than e'er a man in the company; and, in the space of a quarter of an hour, swore forty oaths, which the justice did not fail to number. 'Before we proceed to other mat-

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ters,

'ters,' said Mr. Elmy, 'I order you
'to pay forty shillings for the oaths
'you have sworn, otherwise I will cause
'you to be set in the stocks without farther ceremony.'

Prickle, throwing down a couple of guineas, with two execrations more to make up the sum, declared that he could afford to pay for swearing as well as ever a justice in the county; and repeated his challenge of the wager; which our adventurer now accepted, protesting at the same time that it was not a step taken from any motive of pride, but entirely with a view to punish an insolent plebian, who could not otherwise be chastised without a breach of the peace. Twenty guineas being deposited on each side in the hands of Mr. Elmy, Prickle, with equal confidence and dispatch, produced a canvas bag, containing two hundred and seventy pounds; which, being spread upon the table, made a very formidable shew, that dazzled the eyes of the beholders, and induced many of them to believe he had ensured his conquest.

Our adventurer asking if he had anything farther to offer, and being answered in the negative, drew forth, with great deliberation, a pocket-book, in which there was a considerable parcel of bank-notes, from which he selected three of one hundred pounds each, and exhibited them upon the table, to the astonishment of all present. Prickle, mad with his overthrow and loss, said it might be necessary to make him prove the notes were honestly come by; and Sir Launcelot started up in order to take vengeance upon him for this insult, but was withheld by the arms and remonstrances of Mr. Elmy, who assured him that Prickle desired nothing so much as another broken head, to lay the foundation of a new prosecution.

The knight, calmed by this interposition, turned to the audience, saying, with the most affable deportment, 'Good people, do not imagine that I intend to pocket the spoils of such a contemptible rascal. I shall beg the favour of this worthy gentleman to take up these twenty guineas, and distribute them as he shall think proper among the poor of the parish; but, by this benefaction, I do not hold myself acquitted for the share I had in the bruises some of you have received in this unlucky fray; and

'therefore I give the other twenty guineas to be divided among the sufferers, to each according to the damage he or she shall appear to have sustained; and I shall consider it as an additional obligation if Mr. Elmy will likewise superintend this retribution.'

At the close of this address, the whole yard and gate-way rung with acclamation; while honest Crowe, whose generosity was not inferior even to that of the accomplished Greaves, pulled out his purse, and declared, that as he had begun the engagement, he would at least go share and share alike in new-caulking their seams and repairing their timbers. The knight, rather than enter into a dispute with his novice, told him he considered the twenty guineas as given by them both in conjunction, and that they would confer together on that subject hereafter.

This point being adjusted, Mr. Elmy assumed all the solemnity of the magistrate, and addressed himself to Prickle in these words: 'Farmer Prickle, I am both sorry and ashamed to see a man of your years and circumstances so little respected that you cannot find sufficient bail for forty pounds; a sure testimony that you have neither cultivated the friendship nor deserved the good-will of your neighbours. I have heard of your quarrels and your riots, your insolence and litigious disposition, and often wished for an opportunity of giving you a proper taste of the law's correction. That opportunity now offers—you have, in the hearing of all these people, poured forth a torrent of abuse against me, both in the character of a gentleman and of a magistrate; your abusing me personally, perhaps I should have overlooked with the contempt it deserves; but I should ill vindicate the dignity of my office as a magistrate, by suffering you to insult the bench with impunity. I shall therefore imprison you for contempt, and you shall remain in gaol until you can find bail on the other prosecutions.'

Prickle, the first transports of his anger having subsided, began to be pricked with the thorns of compunction. He was, indeed, extremely mortified at the prospect of being sent to gaol so disgracefully. His countenance fell; and, after a hard internal struggle, while the clerk was employed in writing the mittimus,

mittimus, he said, he hoped his worship would not send him to prison. He begged pardon of him and our adventurers for having abused them in his passion; and observed, that as he had received a broken head, and paid two-and-twenty guineas for his folly, he could not be said to have escaped altogether without punishment, even if the plaintiff should agree to exchange releases.

Sir Launcelot seeing this stubborn rustick effectually humbled, became an advocate in his favour with Mr. Elmy and Tom Clarke, who forgave him at his request; and a mutual release being executed, the farmer was permitted to depart. The populace were regaled at our adventurer's expence; and the men, women, and children, who had been wounded or bruised in the battle, to the number of ten or a dozen, were desired to wait upon Mr. Elmy in the morning, to receive the knight's bounty. The justice was prevailed upon to spend the evening with Sir Launcelot and his two companions, for whom supper was bespoke; but the first thing the cook prepared, was a poultice for Crowe's head, which was now enlarged to a monstrous exhibition. Our knight, who was all kindness and complacency, shook Mr. Clarke by the hand, expressing his satisfaction at meeting with his old friends again; and told him softly, that he had compliments for him from Mrs. Dolly Cowslip, who now lived with his Aurelia.

Clarke was confounded at this intelligence; and, after some hesitation, 'Lord bless my soul!' cried he, 'I'll be shot, then, if the pretended Miss Meadows wasn't the same as Miss Darnel!' He then declared himself extremely glad that poor Dolly had got into such an agreeable situation, passed many warm encomiums on her goodness of heart and virtuous inclinations, and concluded with appealing to the knight whether she did not look very pretty in her green Joseph. In the mean time he procured a plaister for his own head, and helped to apply the poultice to that of his uncle, who was sent to bed betimes, with a moderate dose of sack-whey to promote perspiration. The other three passed the evening to their mutual satisfaction; and the justice in particular grew enamoured of the knight's character, dashed as it was with extravagance.

Let us now leave them to the enjoyment of a sober and rational conversation, and give some account of other guests who arrived late in the evening, and here fixed their night-quarters.—But as we have already trespassed on the reader's patience, we shall give him a short respite until the next chapter makes it's appearance.

CHAP. VI.

IN WHICH THE RAYS OF CHIVALRY
SHINE WITH RENOVATED LUS-
TRE.

OUR hero little dreamed that he had a formidable rival in the person of the knight, who arrived about eleven at the sign of the St. George, and, by the noise he made, gave intimation of his importance. This was no other than Squire Sycamore, who having received advice that Miss Aurelia Darnel had eloped from the place of her retreat, immediately took the field in quest of that lovely fugitive, hoping that, should he have the good fortune to find her in her present distress, his good offices would not be rejected. He had followed the chase so close, that immediately after our adventurer's departure, he alighted at the inn from whence Aurelia had been conveyed, and there he learned the particulars which we have related above.

Mr. Sycamore had a great deal of the childish romantick in his disposition; and, in the course of his amours, is said to have always taken more pleasure in the pursuit than in the final possession. He had heard of Sir Launcelot's extravagance, by which he was in some measure infected; and he dropped an insinuation that he could eclipse his rival even in his own lunatick sphere. This hint was not lost upon his companion, counsellor, and buffoon, the facetious Davy Dawdle, who had some humour, and a great deal of mischief in his composition. He looked upon his patron as a fool, and his patron knew him to be both knave and fool; yet the two characters suited each other so well, that they could hardly exist asunder. Davy was an artful sycophant, but he did not flatter in the usual way; on the contrary, he behaved *en cavalier*, and treated Sycamore, on whose bounty

he subsisted, with the most sarcastick familiarity. Nevertheless, he seasoned his freedom with certain qualifying ingredients that subdued the bitterness of it; and was now become so necessary to the squire, that he had no idea of enjoyment with which Dawdle was not some how or other connected. There had been a warm dispute betwixt them about the scheme of contesting the prize with Sir Launcelot in the lists of chivalry. Sycamore had insinuated, that if he had a mind to play the fool, he could wear armour, wield a lance, and manage a charger, as well as Sir Launcelot Greaves. Dawdle, snatching the hint, 'I had some time ago,' said he, 'contrived a scheme for you, which I was afraid you had not address enough to execute—It would be no difficult matter, in imitation of the Batchelor Sampson Carrasco, to go in quest of Greaves as a knight-errant, defy him as a rival, and establish a compact by which the vanquished should obey the injunctions of the victor.' — 'That is my very idea,' cried Sycamore. 'Your idea,' replied the other; 'had you ever an idea of your own conception?' Thus the dispute began, and was maintained with great vehemence; until, other arguments failing, the squire offered to lay a wager of twenty guineas. To this proposal Dawdle answered by the interjection, '*Pish!*' which inflamed Sycamore to a repetition of the defiance. 'You are in the right,' said Dawdle, 'to use such an argument, as you know is by me unanswerable; a wager of twenty guineas will at any time overthrow and confute all the logick of the most able syllogist who has not got a shilling in his pocket.'

Sycamore looked very grave at this declaration; and, after a short pause, said, 'I wonder, Dawdle, what you do with all your money!' — 'I am surprised you should give yourself that trouble—I never ask what you do with yours.' — 'You have no occasion to ask; you know pretty well how it goes.' — 'What, do you upbraid me with your favours?—tis mighty well, Sycamore.' — 'Nay, Dawdle, I did not intend to affront.' — 'Z——s, affront! what d'ye mean?' — 'I'll assure you, Davy, you don't know me, if you think I could be so ungenerous as to—' — 'I al-

ways thought, whatever faults or foibles you might have, Sycamore, that you was not deficient in generosity—though, to be sure, it is often very absurdly displayed.' — 'Aye, that's one of my greatest foibles; I can't refuse even a scoundrel when I think he is in want.—Here, Dawdle, take that note.' — 'Not I, Sir,—what d'ye mean?—What right have I to your notes.' — 'Nay, but Dawdle—come.' — 'By no means—it looks like the abuse of good-nature—all the world knows you are good-natured to a fault.' — 'Come, dear Davy, you shall—you must oblige me.' — Thus urged, Dawdle accepted the bank-note with great reluctance, and restored the idea to the right owner.

A suit of armour being brought from the garret or armoury of his ancestors, he gave orders for having the pieces scoured and furnished up; and his heart dilated with joy when he reflected upon the superb figure he should make when cased in compleat steel, and armed at all points for the combat.

When he was fitted with the other parts, Dawdle insisted on buckling on his helmet, which weighed fifteen pounds; and the head-piece being adjusted, made such a clatter about his ears with a cudgel, that his eyes had almost started from their sockets. His voice was lost within the vizor; and his friend affected not to understand his meaning when he made signs with his gauntlets, and endeavoured to close with him, that he might wrest the cudgel from his hand. At length he desisted, saying, 'I'll warrant the helmet sound by it's ringing!' and taking it off, found the squire in a cold sweat. He would have achieved his first exploit on the spot, had his strength permitted him to assault Dawdle; but, what with want of air, and the discipline he had undergone, he had well-nigh swooned away; and before he retrieved the use of his members, he was appeased by the apologies of his companion, who protested he meant nothing more than to try if the helmet was free of cracks, and whether or not it would prove a good protection for the head it covered.

His excuses were accepted; the armour was packed up; and next morning Mr. Sycamore set out from his own house, accompanied by Dawdle, who undertook to perform the part of his squire

Squire at the approaching combat. He was also attended by a servant on horse-back, who had charge of the armour, and another who blew the trumpet. They no sooner understood that our hero was housed at the George, than the trumpeter sounded a charge, which alarmed Sir Launcelot and his company, and disturbed honest Captain Crowe in the middle of his first sleep. Their next step was to pen a challenge; which, when the stranger departed, was by the trumpeter delivered with great ceremony into the hands of Sir Launcelot, who read it in these words.

‘ TO THE KNIGHT OF THE CRES-
‘ CENT, GREETING.

‘ WHEREAS I am informed you
‘ have the presumption to lay
‘ claim to the heart of the peerless Au-
‘ relia Darnel, I give you notice, that I
‘ can admit no rivalry in the affection
‘ of that paragon of beauty; and I ex-
‘ pect that you will either resign your
‘ pretensions, or make it appear in single
‘ combat, according to the law of arms
‘ and the institutions of chivalry, that
‘ you are worthy to dispute her favour
‘ with him of the Griffin.

‘ POLYDORE.’

Our adventurer was not a little surprized at this address; which, however, he pocketed in silence, and began to reflect, not without mortification, that he was treated as a lunatic by some person who wanted to amuse himself with the infirmities of his fellow-creatures. Mr. Thomas Clarke, who saw the ceremony with which the letter was delivered, and the emotions with which it was read, hied him to the kitchen for intelligence, and there learned that the stranger was Squire Sycamore. He forthwith comprehended the nature of the billet; and in the apprehension that bloodshed would ensue, resolved to alarm his uncle, that he might assist in keeping the peace. He accordingly entered the apartment of the captain, who had been waked by the trumpet; and now peevishly asked the meaning of that damned piping, as if all hands were called upon deck. Clarke having imparted what he knew of the transaction, together with his own conjectures, the captain said, he

did not suppose as how they would engage by candle-light; and that, for his own part, he should turn out in the lar-board watch long enough before any signals could be hove out for forming the line. With this assurance the lawyer retired to his nest, where he did not fail to dream of Mrs. Dolly Cowslip; while Sir Launcelot passed the night awake, in ruminating on the strange challenge he had received. He had got notice that the sender was Mr. Sycamore, and hesitated with himself whether he should not punish him for his impertinence; but when he reflected on the nature of the dispute, and the serious consequences it might produce, he resolved to decline the combat, as a trial of right and merit founded upon absurdity. Even in his maddest hours he never adopted those maxims of knight-errantry which related to challenges. He always perceived the folly and wickedness of defying a man to mortal fight because he did not like the colour of his beard, or the complexion of his mistress; or of deciding, by homicide, whether he or his rival deserved the preference, when it was the lady's prerogative to determine which should be the happy lover. It was his opinion, that chivalry was an useful institution while confined to it's original purposes of protecting the innocent, assisting the friendless, and bringing the guilty to condign punishment; but he could not conceive how these laws should be answered by violating every suggestion of reason, and every precept of humanity.

Captain Crowe did not examine the matter so philosophically. He took it for granted, that in the morning the two knights would come to action, and slept sound on that supposition. But he rose before it was day, resolved to be somehow concerned in the fray; and understanding that the stranger had a companion, let him down immediately for his own antagonist. So impatient was he to establish this secondary contest, that by day-break he entered the chamber of Dawdle, to which he was directed by the waiter, and roused him with a hilloah that might have been heard at the distance of half a league. Dawdle, startled by this terrific sound, sprung out of bed, and stood upright on the floor, before he opened his eyes upon the object by which he had been so dreadfully alarmed. But when he beheld

beheld the head of Crowe so swelled and swathed, so livid, hideous, and grisly, with a broad-sword by his side, and a case of pistols in his girdle, he believed it was the apparition of some murdered man; his hair bristled up, his teeth chattered, and his knees knocked; he would have prayed, but his tongue denied it's office. Crowe, seeing his perturbation, 'Mayhap, friend,' said he, 'you take me for a buccaneer; but I am no such person. —My name is Captain Crowe—I come not for your silver nor your gold, your rigging nor your stowage; but hearing as how your friend intends to bring my friend Sir Launcelot Greaves to action, d'ye see! I desire, in the way of friendship, that, while they are engaged, you and I, as their seconds, may lie board and board for a few glasses, to divert one another, d'ye see!' Dawdle hearing this request, began to retrieve his faculties; and throwing himself into the attitude of Hamlet when the ghost appears, exclaimed, in theatrical accent—

'Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
'Art thou a spirit of grace, or goblin
'damn'd?'

As he seemed to bend his eye on vacancy, the captain began to think that he really saw something preternatural, and stared wildly around. Then addressing himself to the terrified Dawdle, 'Damn'd!' said he, 'for what should I be damn'd?' If you are afraid of goblins, brother, put your trust in the Lord, and he'll prove a sheet-anchor to you.' The other having by this time recollected himself perfectly, continued, notwithstanding, to spout tragedy; and, in the words of Macbeth, pronounced—

'What man dare, I dare:
'Approach thou like the rugged Russian
'bear,
'The arm'd rhinoceros, or Hyrcanian
'tyger;
'Take any shape but that, and my firm
'nerves
'Shall never tremble.'——

'Ware names, Jack!' cried the impatient mariner; 'if so be as how you'll bear a hand and rig yourself, and take a short trip with me into the offing,

'we'll overhaul this here affair in the
'turning of a capstan.'

At this juncture they were joined by Mr. Sycamore, in his night-gown and slippers. Disturbed by Crowe's first salute, he had sprung up, and now expressed no small astonishment at first sight of the novice's countenance. After having gazed alternately at him and Dawdle, 'Who have we got here?' said he; 'Raw-head and Bloody-bones?' When his friend, slipping on his cloaths, gave him to understand that this was a friend of Sir Launcelot Greaves, and explained the purport of his errand, he treated him with more civility. He assured him that he should have the pleasure to break a spear with Mr. Dawdle, and signified his surprise that Sir Launcelot had made no answer to his letter. It being by this time clear daylight, and Crowe extremely interested in this affair, he broke, without ceremony, into the knight's chamber, and told him abruptly that the enemy had brought to, and waited for his coming up, in order to begin the action. 'I've hailed his comfort,' said he, 'a shambling, chattering fellow: he took me first for a hobgoblin; then called me names, a tyger, a wrynosco'foss, and a Persian bear; but egad, if I come athwart him, I'll make him look like the bear and ragged staff before we part—I wool!'

This intimation was not received with that alacrity which the captain expected to find in our adventurer; who told him, in a peremptory tone, that he had no design to come to action, and desired to be left to his repose. Crowe forthwith retired crest-fallen, and muttered something which was never distinctly heard.

About eight in the morning Mr. Dawdle brought him a formal message from the knight of the Griffin, desiring he would appoint the lists, and give security of the field. To which request he made answer, in a very composed and solemn accent, 'If the person who sent you thinks I have injured him, let him, without disguise, or any such ridiculous ceremony, explain the nature of the wrong, and then I shall give such satisfaction as may suit my conscience and my character. If he hath bestowed his affection upon any particular object, and looks upon me

as a favoured rival, I shall not wrong the lady so much as to take any step that may prejudice her choice, especially a step that contradicts my own reason as much as it would outrage the laws of my country. If he who calls himself knight of the Griffin is really desirous of treading in the paths of true chivalry, he will not want opportunities of signalizing his valour in the cause of virtue. Should he, notwithstanding this declaration, offer violence to me in the course of my occasions, he will always find me in a posture of defence: or, should he persist in repeating his importunities, I shall, without ceremony, chastise the messenger. His declining the combat was interpreted into fear by Mr. Sycamore, who now became more insolent and ferocious, on the supposition of our knight's timidity. Sir Launcelot, meanwhile, went to breakfast with his friends; and having put on his armour, ordered the horses to be brought forth. Then he paid the bill; and walking deliberately to the gate, in presence of Squire Sycamore and his attendants, vaulted, at one spring, into the saddle of Bronzomarte, whose neighing and curveting proclaimed the joy he felt in being mounted by his accomplished master.

Though the knight of the Griffin did not think proper to insult his rival personally, his friend Dawdle did not fail to crack some jokes on the figure and horsemanship of Crowe, who again declared he should be glad to fall in with him upon the voyage: nor did Mr. Clarke's black patch and rueful countenance pass unnoticed and unridiculed. As for Timothy Crabshaw, he beheld his brother squire with the contempt of a veteran, and Gilbert paid him his compliments with his heels at parting: but when our adventurer and his retinue were clear of the inn, Mr. Sycamore ordered his trumpeter to sound a retreat, by way of triumph over his antagonist.

Perhaps he would have contented himself with this kind of victory, had not Dawdle farther inflamed his envy and ambition by launching out in praise of Sir Launcelot. He observed, that his countenance was open and manly; his joints strong knit, and his form unexceptionable; that he trod like Hercules, and vaulted into the saddle like

a winged Mercury: nay, he even hinted, it was, lucky for Sycamore that the knight of the Crescent happened to be so pacifically disposed. His patron sickened at these praises, and took fire at the last observation. He affected to undervalue personal beauty, though the opinion of the world had been favourable to himself in that particular: he said he was at least two inches taller than Greaves; and as to shape and air, he would make no comparisons; but with respect to riding, he was sure he had a better seat than Sir Launcelot, and would wager five hundred to fifty guineas that he would unhorse him at the first encounter. 'There is no occasion for laying wagers,' replied Mr. Dawdle; 'the doubt may be determined in half an hour—Sir Launcelot is not a man to avoid you at full gallop.' Sycamore, after some hesitation, declared he would follow and provoke him to battle, on condition that Dawdle would engage Crowe; and this condition was accepted: for, though Davy had no stomach to the trial, he could not readily find an excuse for declining it; besides, he had discovered the captain to be a very bad horseman, and resolved to eke out his own scanty valour with a border of ingenuity. The servants were immediately ordered to unpack the armour; and, in a little time, Mr. Sycamore made a very formidable appearance. But the scene that followed is too important to be huddled in at the end of a chapter; and therefore we shall reserve it for a more conspicuous place in these memoirs.

CHAP. VII.

CONTAINING THE ATCHIEVEMENTS OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE GRIFFIN AND CRESCENT.

MR. Sycamore, (alias, the Knight of the Griffin, so denominated from a griffin painted on his shield) being armed at all points, and his friend Dawdle provided with a certain implement, which he flattered himself would ensure a victory over the novice Crowe; they set out from the George, with their attendants, in all the elevation of hope; and pranced along the highway that led towards London; that being the road which our adventurer pursued. As they

they were extremely well mounted, and proceeded at a round pace, they in less than two hours came up with Sir Launcelot and his company: and Sycamore sent another formal defiance to the knight by his trumpeter; Dawdle having, for good reasons, declined that office.

Our adventurer hearing himself thus addressed, and seeing his rival, who had passed him, posted to obstruct his progress, armed cap-a-pee, with his lance in the rest, determined to give the satisfaction that was required, and desired that the regulations of the combat might be established. The Knight of the Griffin proposed, that the vanquished party should resign all pretensions to Miss Aurelia Darnel in favour of the victor; that while the principals were engaged, his friend Dawdle should run a tilt with Captain Crowe; that Squire Crabshaw and Mr. Sycamore's servant should keep themselves in readiness to assist their respective masters occasionally, according to the law of arms; and that Mr. Clarke should observe the motions of the trumpeter, whose province was to sound the charge to battle.

Our knight agreed to these regulations, notwithstanding the earnest and pathetic remonstrances of the young lawyer; who, with tears in his eyes, conjured all the combatants, in their turns, to refrain from an action that might be attended with bloodshed and murder; and was contrary to the laws both of God and man. In vain he endeavoured to move them by tears and entreaties, by threatening them with prosecutions in this world, and pains and penalties in the next: they persisted in their resolution; and his uncle would have began hostilities on his carcase, had he not been prevented by Sir Launcelot, who exhorted Clarke to retire from the field, that he might not be involved in the consequences of the combat. He relished this advice so well, that he had actually moved off to some distance; but his apprehensions and concern for his friends co-operating with an insatiable curiosity, detained him in sight of the engagement.

The two knights having fairly divided the ground, and the same precautions being taken by the seconds on another part of the field, Sycamore began to be invaded with some scruples, which were probably engendered by

the martial appearance and well known character of his antagonist. The confidence which he had derived from the reluctance of Sir Launcelot now vanished, because it plainly appeared, that the knight's backwardness was not owing to personal timidity; and he foresaw that the prosecution of this joke might be attended with very serious consequences to his own life and reputation. He therefore desired a parley, in which he observed his affection for Miss Darnel was of such a delicate nature, that should the discomfiture of his rival contribute to make her unhappy, his victory must render him the most miserable wretch upon earth. He proposed, therefore, that her sentiments and choice should be ascertained before they proceeded to extremity.

Sir Launcelot declared that he was much more afraid of combating Aurelia's inclination than of opposing the knight of the Griffin in arms; and that if he had the least reason to think Mr. Sycamore, or any other person, was distinguished by her preference, he would instantly give up his suit as desperate. At the same time, he observed, that Sycamore had proceeded too far to retract; that he had insulted a gentleman; and not only challenged, but even pursued him, and blocked up his passage in the public highway; outrages which he (Sir Launcelot) would not suffer to pass unpunished. Accordingly, he insisted on the combat, on pain of treating Mr. Sycamore as a craven, and a recreant. This declaration was reinforced by Dawdle; who told him, that should he now decline the engagement, all the world would look upon him as an infamous poltroon.

These two observations gave a necessary fillip to the courage of the challenger. The parties took their stations: the trumpet sounded to charge, and the combatants began their career with great impetuosity. Whether the gleam of Sir Launcelot's arms affrighted Mr. Sycamore's steed, or some other object had an unlucky effect on his eye-sight, certain it is he started at about midway, and gave his rider such a violent shake, as discomposed his attitude, and disabled him from using his lance to the best advantage. Had our hero continued his

his career, with his lance couched, in all probability Sycamore's armour would have proved but a bad defence to his carcase; but Sir Launcelot perceiving his rival's spear unrested, had just time to throw up the point of his own, when the two horses closed with such a shock, that Sycamore, already wavering in the saddle, was overthrown, and his armour crashed around him as he fell.

The victor, seeing him lie without motion, alighted immediately, and began to unbuckle his helmet, in which office he was assisted by the trumpeter. When the head-piece was removed, the hapless knight of the Griffin appeared in the pale livery of death, though he was only in a swoon, from which he soon recovered by the effect of the fresh air, and the aspersions of cold water, brought from a small pool in the neighbourhood. When he recognized his conqueror doing the offices of humanity about his person, he closed his eyes from vexation; told Sir Launcelot that his was the fortune of the day, though he himself owed his mischance to the fault of his own horse; and observed that this ridiculous affair would not have happened, but for the mischievous instigation of that scoundrel Dawdle, on whose ribs he threatened to revenge this mishap.

Perhaps Captain Crowe might have saved him the trouble, had the wag honourably adhered to the institutions of chivalry, in his conflict with our novice: but on this occasion his ingenuity was more commendable than his courage. He had provided at the inn a blown bladder, in which several smooth pebbles were inclosed; and this he sily fixed on the head of his pole, when the captain obeyed the signal of battle. Instead of bearing the brunt of the encounter, he turned out of the straight line, so as to avoid the lance of his antagonist, and rattled his bladder with such effect, that Crowe's horse pricking up his ears, took to his heels, and fled across some ploughed land with such precipitation that the rider was obliged to quit his spear, and lay fast hold on the mane, that he might not be thrown out of the saddle. Dawdle, who was much better mounted, seeing his condition, rode up to the unfortunate novice, and be-

laboured his shoulders without fear of retaliation.

Mr. Clarke seeing his kinsman so roughly handled, forgot his fears, and flew to his assistance; but, before he came up, the aggressor had retired; and now perceiving that fortune had declared against his friend and patron, very honourably abandoned him in his distress, and went off at full speed for London.

Nor was Timothy Crabshaw without his share in the noble achievements of this propitious day. He had by this time imbibed such a tincture of errantry, that he firmly believed himself and his master equally invincible; and this belief operating upon a perverse disposition, rendered him as quarrelsome in his sphere as his master was mild and forbearing. As he sat on horseback, in the place assigned to him and Sycamore's lacquey, he managed Gilbert in such a manner as to invade with his heels the posteriors of the other's horse; and this insult produced some altercation, which ended in mutual assault. The footman handled the butt-end of his horse-whip with great dexterity about the head of Crabshaw, who declared afterwards, that it sung and simmered like a kettle of cod-fish: but the squire, who understood the nature of long lashes, as having been a carter from his infancy, found means to twine his thong about the neck of his antagonist, and pull him off his horse half strangled, at the very instant his master was thrown by Sir Launcelot Greaves.

Having thus obtained the victory, he did not much regard the punctilios of chivalry; but taking it for granted he had a right to make the most of his advantage, resolved to carry off the *spolia opima*. Alighting with great agility, 'Brother,' cried he 'I think as 'haw yawrs bean't a butcher's horse, 'a doan't carry calves well—I'll make 'yaw know your churning days, I wool! '—what yaw look as if yaw was crow-troden, you do—now, you shall pay 'the score you have been running on 'my pate, you shall, brother.'

So saying, he rifled his pockets, stripped him of his hat and coat, and took possession of his master's portmanteau. But he did not long enjoy his plunder; for the lacquey complin-

ing to Sir Launcelot of his having been despoiled, the knight commanded his squire to refund, not without menaces of subjecting him to the severest chastisement for his injustice and rapacity. Timothy repented, with great vehemence, that he had won the spoils in fair battle, at the expence of his head and shoulders, which he immediately uncovered, to prove his allegation: but his remonstrance having no effect upon his master, 'Waunds!' cried he, 'an I mun gee thee back the pig, I'll gee thee back the poke also; 'I'm a drubbing still in thy debt.'

With these words he made a most furious attack upon the plaintiff with his horse-whip; and before the knight could interpose, re-paid the lacquey with interest. As an appurtenance to Sycamore and Dawdle, he ran the risque of another assault from the novice Crowe, who was so transported with rage at the disagreeable trick which had been played upon him by his fugitive antagonist, that he could not, for some time, pronounce an articulate sound, but a few broken interjections, the meaning of which could not be ascertained. Snatching up his pole, he ran towards the place where Mr. Sycamore sat on the grass, supported by the trumpeter; and would have finished what our adventurer had left undone, if the Knight of the Crescent, with admirable dexterity, had not warded off the blow which he aimed at the Knight of the Griffin, and signified his displeasure in a resolute tone: then he collared the lacquey, who was just disengaged from the chastising hand of Crabshaw; and swinging his lance with his other hand, encountered the squire's ribs by accident.

Timothy was not slow in returning the salutation with the weapon which he still wielded; Mr. Clarke, running up to the assistance of his uncle, was opposed by the lacquey, who seemed extremely desirous of seeing the enemy revenge his quarrel, by falling foul of one another. Clarke, thus impeded, commenced hostilities against the footman, while Crowe grappled with Crabshaw; a battle-royal ensued, and was maintained with great vigour, and some bloodshed on all sides, until the authority of Sir Launcelot, reinforced by some weighty remonstrances, applied to the squire, put an end to the

conflict. Crabshaw immediately desisted; and ran roaring to communicate his grievances to Gilbert, who seemed to sympathize very little with his distresses. The lacquey took to his heels; Mr. Clarke wiped his bloody nose, declaring he had a good mind to put the aggressor in the Crown-office; and Captain Crowe continued to ejaculate unconnected oaths, which, however, seemed to imply that he was almost sick of his new profession. 'D—n my eyes, if you call this—start my timbers, brother—look ye, d'ye see—a lousy, lubberly, cowardly son of a —among the breakers, d'ye see—lost my steerage way—split my binnacle; hawl away—O! damn all arrantry—give me a tight vessel, d'ye see, brother—mayhap you may'nt—snatch my —sea-room and a spanking gale—odds heart! I'll hold a whole year's—smite my limbs; it don't signify talking.'

Our hero consoled the novice for his disaster, by observing, that if he had got some blows, he had lost no honour. At the same time he observed that it was very difficult, if not impossible, for a man to succeed in the paths of chivalry who had passed the better part of his days in other occupations; and hinted, that as the cause which had engaged him in this way of life no longer existed, he was determined to relinquish a profession, which, in a peculiar manner, exposed him to the most disagreeable incidents. Crowe chewed the cud upon this insinuation, while the other personages of the drama were employed in catching the horses, which had given their riders the slip. As for Mr. Sycamore, he was so bruised by his fall, that it was necessary to procure a litter for conveying him to the next town; and the servant was dispatched for this convenience, Sir Launcelot staying with him until it arrived.

When he was safely deposited in the carriage, our hero took leave of him in these terms. 'I shall not insist upon your submitting to the terms you yourself proposed before this encounter. I give you free leave to use all your advantages, in an honourable way, for promoting your suit with the young lady of whom you profess yourself enamoured. Should you have recourse to sinister practices, you will find Sir Launcelot Greaves ready to demand an account of your conduct,

conduct, not in the character of a lunnatic knight-errant, but as a plain English gentleman, jealous of his honour, and resolute in his purpose.'

To this address Mr. Sycamore made no reply; but, with a sullen aspect, ordered the carriage to proceed; and it moved accordingly to the right, our hero's road to London lying in the other direction.

Sir Launcelot had already exchanged his armour for a riding-coat, hat, and boots; and Crowe parting with his skull-cap and leathern jerkin, regained, in some respects, the appearance of a human creature. Thus metamorphosed, they pursued their way at an easy pace; Mr. Clarke endeavouring to amuse them with a learned dissertation on the law, tending to demonstrate that Mr. Sycamore was, by his behaviour of that day, liable to three different actions, besides a commission of lunacy; and that Dawdle might be prosecuted for having practised subtle craft to the annoyance of his uncle, over and above an action for assault and battery; 'Because, for why? The said Crowe having run away, as might be easily proved, before any blows were given, the said Dawdle, by pursuing him even to the high-road, putting him in fear, and committing battery on his body, became, to all intents and purposes, the aggressor; and an indictment would lie *in Banco Regis*.'

The captain's pride was so shocked at these observations, that he exclaimed, with equal rage and impatience, 'You lye, you dog, *in Bilkum Regis*—you lye, I say, you lubber, I did not run away; nor was I in fear, d'ye see. It was my son of a bitch of a horse that would not obey the helm, d'ye see, whereby I cou'dn't use my metal, d'ye see.—As for the matter of fear, you and fear may kiss my—so don't go and heave your stink-pots at my character, d'ye see! or—agad I'll trim thee fore and aft with a—I wool.' Tom protested he meant nothing but a little speculation, and Crowe was appeased.

In the evening they reached the town of Bugden, without any farther adventure, and passed the night in great tranquillity.

Next morning, even after the horses were ordered to be saddled, Mr. Clarke, without ceremony, entered the apart-

ment of Sir Launcelot, leading in a female, who proved to be the identical Mrs. Dolly Cowslip. This young woman advancing to the knight, cried, 'O, Sir Launcelot! my dear lady, my dear lady!'—but was hindered from proceeding by a flood of tears, which the tender-hearted lawyer mingled with a plentiful shower of sympathy.

Our adventurer starting at this exclamation, 'O Heavens!' cried he, 'where is my Aurelia? Speak! where did you leave that jewel of my soul? Answer me in a moment—I am all terror and impatience!'

Dolly having recollected herself, told him that Mr. Darnel had lodged his niece in the New Buildings by May Fair; that on the second night after their arrival, a very warm expostulation had passed between Aurelia and her uncle, who next morning dismissed Dolly, without permitting her to take leave of her mistress; and that same day moved to another part of the town, as she afterwards learned of the landlady, though she could not inform her whither they were gone. That when she was turned away, John Clump, one of the footmen, who pretended to have a kindness for her, had faithfully promised to call upon her, and let her know what passed in the family; but as he did not keep his word, and she was an utter stranger in London, without friends or settlement, she had resolved to return to her mother, and travelled so far on foot since yesterday morning.

Our knight, who had expected the most dismal tidings from her lamentable preamble, was pleased to find his prefiguring fears disappointed; though he was far from being satisfied with the dismissal of Dolly, from whose attachment to his interest, joined to her influence over Mr. Clump, he had hoped to reap such intelligence as would guide him to the haven of his desires. After a minute's reflection, he saw it would be expedient to carry back Mrs. Cowslip, and lodge her at the place where Mr. Clump had promised to visit her with intelligence; for, in all probability, it was not for want of inclination that he had not kept his promise.

Dolly did not express any aversion to the scheme of returning to London, where she hoped once more to rejoin her dear lady, to whom, by this time, she

was attached by the strongest ties of affection; and her inclination in this respect was assisted by the consideration of having the company of the young lawyer, who, it plainly appeared, had made strange havock in her heart; though it must be owned, for the honour of this blooming damsel, that her thoughts had never once deviated from the paths of innocence and virtue. The more Sir Launcelot surveyed this agreeable maiden, the more he felt himself disposed to take care of her fortune; and, from this day, he began to ruminate on a scheme which was afterwards consummated in her favour. — In the mean time, he laid injunctions on Mr. Clarke to conduct his addresses to Mrs. Cowslip according to the rules of honour and decorum, as he valued his countenance and friendship. His next step was to procure a saddle-horse for Dolly, who preferred this to any other sort of carriage, and thereby gratified the wish of her admirer, who longed to see her on horseback in her green Joseph.

The armour, including the accoutrements of the novice and the squire, were left in the care of the inn-keeper; and Timothy Crabshaw was so metamorphosed by a plain livery-frock, that even Gilbert with difficulty recognized his person. As for the novice Crowe, his head had almost resumed its natural dimensions; but then his whole face was so covered with a livid suffusion, his nose appeared so flat, and his lips so tumified, that he might very well have passed for a Caffre or Æthiopian. Every circumstance being now adjusted, they departed from Bugden in a regular cavalcade, dined at Hatfield, and in the evening arrived at the Bull and Gate inn in Holborn, where they established their quarters for the night.

CHAP. VIII.

IN WHICH OUR HERO DESCENDS
INTO THE MANSIONS OF THE
DAMNED.

THE first step which Sir Launcelot took in the morning that succeeded his arrival in London, was to settle Mrs. Dolly Cowslip in lodgings, at the house where John Clump had promised to visit her; as he did not doubt, that

though the visit was delayed, it would some time or other be performed, and in that case he might obtain some intelligence of Aurelia. Mr. Thomas Clarke was permitted to take up his habitation in the same house, on his earnestly desiring he might be intrusted with the office of conveying information and instruction between Dolly and our adventurer. The knight himself resolved to live retired until he should receive some tidings relating to Miss Darnel that would influence his conduct; but he proposed to frequent places of publick resort *incognito*, that he might have some chance of meeting, by accident, with the mistress of his heart.

Taking it for granted that the oddities of Crowe would help to amuse him in his hours of solitude and disappointment, he invited that original to be his guest, at a small house which he determined to hire, ready-furnished, in the neighbourhood of Golden Square. The captain thanked him for his courtesy, and frankly embraced his offer, though he did not much approve of the knight's choice in point of situation. He said he would recommend him to a special good upper-deck, hard by St. Catherine's, in Wapping; where he would be delighted with the prospect of the street forwards, well frequented by passengers, carts, drays, and other carriages; and having backwards an agreeable view of Alderman Parson's great brew-house, with two hundred hogs feeding almost under the window. As a farther inducement, he mentioned the vicinity of the Tower guns, which would regale his hearing on days of salutation; nor did he forget the sweet sound of mooring and unmooring ships in the river, and the pleasing objects on the other side of the Thames, displayed in the oozy docks and cabbage-gardens of Rotherhithe. Sir Launcelot was not insensible to the beauties of this landscape; but his pursuit lying another way, he contented himself with a less enchanting situation, and Crowe accompanied him out of pure friendship.

At night Mr. Clarke arrived at our hero's house with tidings that were by no means agreeable. He told him that Clump had left a letter for Dolly, informing her that his master, Squire Darnel, was to set out early in the morning

morning for Yorkshire; but he could give no account of her lady, who had the day before been conveyed, he knew not whither, in a hackney-coach, attended by her uncle and an ill-looking fellow, who had much the appearance of a bailiff or turnkey; so that he feared she was in trouble.

Sir Launcelot was deeply affected by this intimation. His apprehension was even roused by a suspicion that a man of Darnel's violent temper and unprincipled heart might have practised upon the life of his lovely niece; but, upon recollection, he could not suppose that he had recourse to such infamous expedients; knowing, as he did, that an account of her would be demanded at his hands, and that it would be easily proved he had conveyed her from the lodging in which she resided.

His first fears now gave way to another suggestion; that Anthony, in order to intimidate her into a compliance with his proposals, had trumped up a spurious claim against her; and, by virtue of a writ, confined her in some prison or spunging-house. Possessed with this idea, he desired Mr. Clarke to search the sheriff's office in the morning, that he might know whether any such writ had been granted; and he himself resolved to make a tour of the great prisons belonging to the metropolis, to enquire if perchance she might not be confined under a borrowed name. Finally, he determined, if possible, to apprise her of his place of abode by a paragraph in all the daily papers, signifying that Sir Launcelot Greaves had arrived at his house near Golden Square.

All these resolutions were punctually executed: no such writ had been taken out in the sheriff's office; and, therefore, our hero set out on his gaol expedition, accompanied by Mr. Clarke, who had contracted some acquaintance with the commanding officers in these garrisons, in the course of his clerkship and practice as an attorney. The first day they spent in prosecuting their enquiry through the Gate House, Fleet, and Marshalsea. The next they allotted to the King's Bench, where they understood there was a great variety of prisoners. There they proposed to make a minute scrutiny, by the help of Mr. Norton, the deputy-marshal, who was Mr. Clarke's intimate friend, and had nothing at all of the gaoler either in his

appearance or in his disposition, which was remarkably humane and benevolent towards all his fellow-creatures.

The knight having bespoke dinner at a tavern in the Borough, was, together with Captain Crowe, conducted to the prison of the King's Bench, which is situated in St. George's Fields, about a mile from the end of Westminster Bridge; and appears like a neat, little, regular town, consisting of one street, surrounded by a very high wall, including an open piece of ground, which may be termed a garden, where the prisoners take the air, and amuse themselves with a variety of diversions. Except the entrance, where the turnkeys keep watch and ward, there is nothing in the place that looks like a gaol, or bears the least colour of restraint. The street is crowded with passengers. Tradesmen of all kinds here exercise their different professions. Hawkers of all sorts are admitted to call and vend their wares, as in any open street of London. Here are butchers stands, chandlers shops, a surgery, a tap-house well-frequented, and a publick kitchen, in which provisions are dressed for all the prisoners *gratis*, at the expence of the publican. Here the voice of misery never complains; and, indeed, little else is to be heard but the sounds of mirth and jollity. At the farther end of the street, on the right-hand, is a little paved court, leading to a separate building, consisting of twelve large apartments, called state-rooms, well furnished and fitted up for the reception of the better sort of crown-prisoners; and, on the other side of the street, facing a separate division of the ground called the Common Side, is a range of rooms occupied by prisoners of the lowest order, who share the profits of a begging-box, and are maintained by this practice, and some established funds of charity. We ought also to observe, that the gaol is provided with a neat chapel; in which a clergyman, in consideration of a certain salary, performs divine service every Sunday.

Our adventurer having searched the books, and perused the description of all the female prisoners who had been for some weeks admitted into the gaol, obtained not the least intelligence of his concealed charmer, but resolved to alleviate his disappointment by the gratification of his curiosity.

Under the auspices of Mr. Norton, he made a tour of the prison; and in particular visited the kitchen, where he saw a number of spits loaded with a variety of provision, consisting of butcher's meat, poultry, and game. He could not help expressing his astonishment with uplifted hands, and congratulating himself in secret upon his being a member of that community which had provided such a comfortable asylum for the unfortunate. His ejaculation was interrupted by a tumultuous noise in the street; and Mr. Norton declaring he was sent for to the lodge, consigned our hero to the care of one Mr. Felton, a prisoner of a very decent appearance, who paid his compliments with a good grace, and invited the company to repose themselves in his apartment, which was large, commodious, and well furnished. When Sir Launcelot asked the cause of that uproar, he told him, that it was the prelude to a boxing-match between two of the prisoners, to be decided in the ground or garden of the place.

Captain Crowe expressing an eager curiosity to see the battle, Mr. Felton assured him there would be no sport, as the combatants were both reckoned dunghills. 'But in half an hour,' said he, 'there will be a battle of some consequence between two of the demagogues of the place, Dr. Crabclaw and Mr. Tapley; the first a physician, and the other a brewer. You must know, gentlemen, that this microcosm, or republic in miniature, is, like the great world, split into factions. Crabclaw is the leader of one party, and the other is headed by Tapley; both are men of warm and impetuous tempers; and their intrigues have embroiled the whole place, inasmuch that it was dangerous to walk the street on account of the continual skirmishes of their partisans. At length, some of the more sedate inhabitants having met and deliberated upon some remedy for these growing disorders, proposed that the dispute should be at once decided by single combat between the two chiefs, who readily agreed to the proposal. The match was accordingly made for five guineas; and this very day and hour appointed for the trial, on which considerable sums of money are depending. As for Mr. Norton, it is

'not proper that he should be present, or seem to countenance such violent proceedings; which, however, it is necessary to connive at, as convenient vents for the evaporation of those humours, which being confined, might accumulate and break out with greater fury, in conspiracy and rebellion.'

The knight owned he could not conceive by what means such a number of licentious people, amounting, with their dependants, to above five hundred, were restrained within the bounds of any tolerable discipline, or prevented from making their escape, which they might at any time accomplish, either by stealth or open violence, as it could not be supposed that one or two turnkeys, continually employed in opening and shutting the door, could resist the efforts of a whole multitude.

'Your wonder, good Sir,' said Mr. Felton, 'will vanish, when you consider it is hardly possible that the multitude should co-operate in the execution of such a scheme; and that the keeper perfectly well understands the maxim, *divide et impera*. Many prisoners are restrained by the dictates of gratitude towards the deputy-marshal, whose friendship and good offices they have experienced; some, no doubt, are actuated by motives of discretion. One party is an effectual check upon the other; and I am firmly persuaded that there are not ten prisoners within the place that would make their escape if the doors were laid open. This is a step which no man would take unless his fortune was altogether desperate, because it would oblige him to leave his country for life, and expose him to the most imminent risk of being re-taken, and treated with the utmost severity. The majority of the prisoners live in the most lively hope of being released by the assistance of their friends, the compassion of their creditors, or the favour of the legislature. Some, who are cut off from all these proposals, are become naturalized to the place, knowing they cannot subsist in any other situation. I myself am one of these. After having resigned all my effects for the benefit of my creditors, I have been detained these nine years in prison because one person refuses to sign my certificate. I have long outlived

‘outlived all my friends from whom I could expect the least countenance or favour: I am grown old in confinement; and lay my account with ending my days in gaol, as the mercy of the legislature in favour of insolvent debtors is never extended to uncertified bankrupts taken in execution. By dint of industry, and the most rigid œconomy, I make shift to live independant in this retreat. To this scene my faculty of subsisting, as well as my body, is peculiarly confined. Had I an opportunity to escape, where should I go? All my views of fortune have been long blasted. I have no friends nor connexions in the world. I must therefore starve in some sequestered corner, or be re-captivated, and confined for ever to close prison, deprived of the indulgences which I now enjoy.’

Here the conversation was broke off by another uproar, which was the signal to battle between the doctor and his antagonist. The company immediately adjourned to the field, where the combatants were already undressed, and the stakes deposited. The doctor seemed of the middle age and middle stature, active and alert, with an atrabilious aspect, and a mixture of rage and disdain expressed in his countenance. The brewer was large, raw-boned, and round as a butt of beer; but very fat, unwieldy, short-winded; and phlegmatick. Our adventurer was not a little surprized when he beheld, in the character of seconds, a male and a female stripped naked from the waist upwards, the latter ranging on the side of the physician; but the commencement of the battle prevented his demanding of his guide an explanation of this phenomenon. The doctor, retiring some paces backwards, threw himself into the attitude of a battering-ram, and rushed upon his antagonist with great impetuosity, foreseeing that, should he have the good fortune to overturn him in the first assault, it would not be an easy task to raise him up again, and put him in a capacity of offence. But the momentum of Crabclaw’s head, and the concomitant efforts of his knuckles, had no effect upon the ribs of Tapley, who stood firm as the Acroceraunian promontory; and stepping forward with his projected fist, something smaller and softer than a

sledge-hammer, struck the physician to the ground. In a trice, however, by the assistance of his female second, he was on his legs again; and grappling with his antagonist, endeavoured to tip him the fall; but, instead of accomplishing his purpose, he received a cross-buttock; and the brewer throwing himself upon him as he fell, had well-nigh smothered him on the spot. The Amazon flew to his assistance; and Tapley shewing no inclination to get up, she smote him on the temple till he roared. The male second, hastening to the relief of his principal, made application to the eyes of the female, which were immediately surrounded with black circles; and she returned the salute with a blow which brought a double stream of blood from his nostrils, greeting him at the same time with the opprobrious appellation of a lousy son of a b—h. A combat more furious than the first would have ensued, had not Felton interposed with an air of authority, and insisted on the man’s leaving the field; an injunction which he forthwith obeyed, saying, ‘Well, damme, Felton, you’re my friend and commander; I’ll obey your order—but the b—h will be foul of me before we sleep—’ Then Felton advancing to his opponent, ‘Madam,’ said he, ‘I’m very sorry to see a lady of your rank and qualifications expose yourself in this manner—for God’s sake, behave with a little more decorum, if not for the sake of your own family, at least for the credit of your sex in general.’—‘Hark ye, Felton,’ said she, ‘decorum is founded upon a delicacy of sentiment and deportment which cannot consist with the disgraces of a gaol and the series of indignity.—But I see the dispute is now terminated, and the money is to be drank; if you’ll dine with us, you shall be welcome; if not, you may die in your sobriety, and be damned.’

By this time the doctor had given out, and allowed the brewer to be the better man; yet he would not honour the festival with his presence, but retired to his chamber, exceedingly mortified at his defeat. Our hero was reconducted to Mr. Felton’s apartment, where he sat some time without opening his mouth, so astonished he was at what he had seen and heard.

‘ I perceive, Sir,’ said the prisoner, ‘ you are surprized at the manner in which I accosted that unhappy woman; and perhaps you will be more surprized when you hear that, within these eighteen months, she was actually a person of fashion, and her opponent (who by the bye is her husband) universally respected as a man of honour and a brave officer.’—‘ I am, indeed,’ cried our hero, ‘ overwhelmed with amazement and concern, as well as stimulated by an eager curiosity to know the fatal causes which have produced such a deplorable reverse of character and fortune. But I will restrain my curiosity till the afternoon, if you will favour me with your company at a tavern in the neighbourhood, where I have bespoken dinner; a favour which I hope Mr. Norton will have no objection to your granting, as he himself is to be of the party.’ The prisoner thanked him for his kind invitation; and they adjourned immediately to the place, taking up the deputy-marshal in their passage, through the lodge or entrance of the prison.

CHAP. IX.

CONTAINING FARTHER ANECDOTES
RELATING TO THE CHILDREN
OF WRETCHEDNESS.

DINNER being cheerfully discussed, and our adventurer expressing an eager desire to know the history of the male and female who had acted as squires or seconds to the champions of the King’s Bench, Felton gratified his curiosity to this effect—

‘ All that I know of Captain Clewline, previous to his commitment, is, that he was commander of a sloop of war, and bore the reputation of a gallant officer; that he married the daughter of a rich merchant in the city of London, against the inclination, and without the knowledge of her father, who renounced her for this act of disobedience: that the captain consoled himself for the rigour of the parent with the possession of the lady, who was not only remarkably beautiful in person, but highly accomplished in her mind, and amiable in her disposition. Such,

a few months ago, were those two persons whom you saw acting in such a vulgar capacity. When they first entered the prison, they were undoubtedly the handsomest couple mine eyes ever beheld, and their appearance won universal respect, even from the most brutal inhabitants of the gaol.

‘ The captain having unwarily involved himself as a security for a man to whom he had lain under obligations, became liable for a considerable sum; and his own father-in-law being the sole creditor of the bankrupt, took this opportunity of wreaking vengeance upon him for having espoused his daughter. He watched an opportunity until the captain had actually stepped into the post-chaise with his lady for Portsmouth, where his ship lay, and caused him to be arrested in the most publick and shameful manner. Mrs. Clewline had like to have sunk under the first transports of her grief and mortification; but these subsiding, she had recourse to personal solicitation. She went with her only child in her arms, (a lovely boy) to her father’s door; and being denied admittance, kneeled down in the street, imploring his compassion in the most pathetic strain; but this hard-hearted citizen, instead of recognizing his child, and taking the poor mourner to his bosom, insulted her from the window with the most bitter reproach; saying, among other shocking expressions, “ Strumpet, take yourself away with your brat, otherwise I shall send for the beadle, and have you to Bride-well !”

‘ The unfortunate lady was cut to the heart by this usage, and fainted in the street; from whence she was conveyed to a publick-house, by the charity of some passengers. She afterwards attempted to soften the barbarity of her father by repeated letters, and by interesting some of his friends to interceed with him in her behalf; but all her endeavours proving ineffectual, she accompanied her husband to the prison of the King’s Bench, where she must have felt, in the severest manner, the fatal reverse of circumstance to which she was exposed.

‘ The captain being disabled from going to sea, was superseded; and he

‘ saw

saw all his hopes blasted in the midst of an active war, at a time when he had the fairest prospects of fame and fortune. He saw himself reduced to extreme poverty, cooped up, with the tender partner of his heart, in a wretched hovel, amidst the refuse of mankind, and on the brink of wanting the common necessities of life. The mind of man is ever ingenious in finding resources. He comforted his lady with vain hopes of having friends who would effect his deliverance; and repeated assurances of this kind so long, that she at length began to think they were not altogether void of foundation.

Mrs. Clewline, from a principle of duty, recollected all her fortitude, that she might not only bear her fate with patience, but even contribute to alleviate the woes of her husband, whom her affection had ruined. She affected to believe the suggestions of his pretended hope; she interchanged with him assurances of better fortune; her appearance exhibited a calm, while her heart was torn with anguish. She assisted him in writing letters to former friends, the last consolation of the wretched prisoner; she delivered these letters with her own hand; and underwent a thousand mortifying repulses, the most shocking circumstances of which she concealed from her husband. She performed all the menial offices in her own little family, which was maintained by pawning her apparel; and both the husband and wife in some measure sweetened their cares, by prattling and toying with their charming little boy, on whom they doated with an enthusiasm of fondness. Yet even this pleasure was mingled with the most tender and melancholy regret. I have seen the mother hang over him with the most affecting expression of this kind in her aspect, the tears contending with the smiles upon her countenance, while she exclaimed: "Alas, my poor prisoner! little did your mother once think she should be obliged to nurse you in a gaol." The captain's paternal love was dashed with impatience: he would snatch up the boy in a transport of grief, press him to his breast, devour him as it were with kisses, throw up his eyes to heaven in the most emphatick

silence; then convey the child hastily to his mother's arms, pull his hat over his eyes, stalk out into the common walk; and, finding himself alone, break out into tears and lamentation. Ah! little did this unhappy couple know what farther griefs awaited them! The small-pox broke out in the prison, and poor Tommy Clewline was infected. As the eruption appeared unfavourable, you may conceive the consternation with which they were overwhelmed. Their distress was rendered inconceivable by indigence; for, by this time, they were so destitute, that they could neither pay for common attendance, nor procure proper advice. I did, on that occasion, what I thought my duty towards my fellow-creatures. I wrote to a physician of my acquaintance, who was humane enough to visit the poor little patient: I engaged a careful woman-prisoner as a nurse, and Mr. Norton supplied them with money and necessities. These helps were barely sufficient to preserve them from the horrors of despair, when they saw their little darling panting under the rage of a loathsome, pestilential malady, during the excessive heat of the dog-days; and struggling for breath in the noxious atmosphere of a confined cabin, where they scarce had room to turn on the most necessary occasions. The eager curiosity with which the mother eyed the doctor's looks as often as he visited the boy; the terror and trepidation of the father, while he desired to know his opinion; in a word, the whole tenor of their distress, baffled all description.

At length, the physician, for the sake of his own character, was obliged to be explicit; and returning with the captain to the common walk, told him, in my hearing, that the child could not possibly recover. This sentence seemed to have petrified the unfortunate parent, who stood motionless, and seemingly bereft of sense. I led him to my apartment, where he sat a full hour in that state of stupefaction: then he began to groan hideously; a shower of tears burst from his eyes; he threw himself on the floor, and uttered the most piteous lamentation that ever was heard. Meanwhile,

' Mrs. Norton being made acquainted
 ' with the doctor's prognostick, visit-
 ' ed Mrs. Clewline, and invited
 ' her to the lodge. Her prophetick
 ' fears immediately took the alarm.
 ' "What!" cried she, starting up,
 ' with a frantick wildness in her looks,
 ' "Then our case is desperate—I shall
 ' lose my dear Tommy!—The poor
 ' prisoner will be released by the hand
 ' of Heaven!—Death will convey
 ' him to the cold grave?" The
 ' dying innocent, hearing this excla-
 ' mation, pronounced these words:
 ' "Tommy won't leave you, my dear
 ' mamma—If death comes to take
 ' Tommy, pappas shall drive him a-
 ' way with his sword!" This ad-
 ' dress deprived the wretched mother
 ' of all resignation to the will of Pro-
 ' vidence; she tore her hair, dashed
 ' herself on the pavement, shrieked
 ' aloud, and was carried off in a de-
 ' plorable state of distraction.

' That same evening the lovely babe
 ' expired, and the father grew fran-
 ' tick. He made an attempt on his
 ' own life; and being with difficulty
 ' restrained, his agitation sunk into a
 ' kind of sullen insensibility, which
 ' seemed to absorb all sentiment, and
 ' gradually vulgarized his faculty of
 ' thinking. In order to dissipate the
 ' violence of his sorrow, he continual-
 ' ly shifted the scene from one compa-
 ' ny to another, contracted abundance
 ' of low connections, and drowned
 ' his cares in repeated intoxication.
 ' The unhappy lady underwent a
 ' long series of hysterical fits, and
 ' other complaints, which seemed to
 ' have a fatal effect on her brain as
 ' well as constitution. Cordials were
 ' administered to keep up her spirits;
 ' and she found it necessary to protract
 ' the use of them, to blunt the edge
 ' of grief by overwhelming reflection,
 ' and remove the sense of uneasiness,
 ' arising from a disorder in her sto-
 ' mach. In a word, she became an
 ' habitual dram-drinker; and this
 ' practice exposed her to such com-
 ' munication, as debauched her reason,
 ' and perverted her sense of decorum
 ' and propriety. She and her hus-
 ' band gave a loose to vulgar excess,
 ' in which they were enabled to in-
 ' dulge, by the charity and interest of
 ' some friends, who obtained half-pay
 ' for the captain.

' They are now metamorphosed in-
 ' to the shocking creatures you have
 ' seen; he into a riotous plebeian,
 ' and she into a ragged trull. They
 ' are both drunk every day, quarrel
 ' and fight one with another, and of-
 ' ten insult their fellow-prisoners. Yet
 ' they are not wholly abandoned by
 ' virtue and humanity. The captain
 ' is scrupulously honest in all his deal-
 ' ings; and pays off his debts punc-
 ' tually every quarter, as soon as he
 ' receives his half-pay. Every prison-
 ' er in distress is welcome to share
 ' his money while it lasts; and his
 ' wife never fails, while it is in her
 ' power, to relieve the wretched; so
 ' that their generosity, even in this
 ' miserable disguise, is universally re-
 ' spected by their neighbours. Some-
 ' times the recollection of their for-
 ' mer rank comes over them like a
 ' qualm, which they dispel with
 ' brandy, and then humourously rally
 ' one another on their mutual degene-
 ' racy. She often stops me in the
 ' walk; and, pointing to the captain,
 ' says, "My husband, though he is
 ' become a black-guard gaol-bird,
 ' must be allowed to be a handsome
 ' fellow still." On the other hand,
 ' he will frequently desire me to
 ' take notice of his rib, as she chances
 ' to pass.—"Mind that draggled-
 ' tailed, drunken drab," he will say.
 ' "What an antidote it is!—yet, for
 ' all that, Felton, she was a fine wo-
 ' man when I married her.—Poor
 ' Bess! I have been the ruin of her,
 ' that is certain; and deserve to be
 ' damned for bringing her to this
 ' pass!"

' Thus they accommodate them-
 ' selves to each other's infirmities, and
 ' pass their time, not without some
 ' taste of plebeian enjoyment—but,
 ' name their child, they never fail to
 ' burst into tears, and still feel a re-
 ' turn of the most poignant sorrow.'

Sir Launcelot Greaves did not hear
 this story unmoved. Tom Clark's
 cheeks were bedewed with the drops
 of sympathy; while, with much sob-
 bing, he declared his opinion, that an
 action would lie against the lady's
 father.

Captain Crowe having listened to
 the story with uncommon attention,
 expressed his concern that an honest
 seaman should be so taken in—stays;
 but

but he imputed all his calamities to the wife: 'For why?' said he, a sea-faring man may have a sweet-heart in every port; but he should steer clear of a wife, as he would avoid a quick-sand.—You see, brother, how this here Clewline lags astern in the wake of a sniveling b—; otherwise he would never make a west in his ensign for the loss of a child—Odds heart! he could have done no more if he had sprung a top-mast, or started a timber.'

The knight declaring that he would take another view of the prison in the afternoon, Mr. Felton insisted upon his doing him the honour to drink a dish of tea in his apartment, and Sir Launcelot accepted his invitation. Thither they accordingly repaired, after having made another circuit of the gaol; and the tea-things were produced by Mrs. Felton, when she was summoned to the door; and, in a few minutes, returning, communicated something in a whisper to her husband. He changed colour, and repaired to the stair-case, where he was heard to talk aloud in an angry tone.

When he came back, he told the company he had been teased by a very importunate beggar. Addressing himself to our adventurer, 'You took notice,' says he, 'of a fine lady flaunting about our walk in all the frippery of the fashion.—She was lately a gay young widow, that made a great figure at the court-end of the town; she distinguished herself by her splendid equipage, her rich liveries, her brilliant assemblies, her numerous routs, and her elegant taste in dress and furniture. She is nearly related to some of the best families in England; and, it must be owned, mistress of many fine accomplishments. But being deficient in true delicacy, she endeavoured to hide that defect by affectation. She pretended to a thousand antipathies which did not belong to her nature. A breast of veal threw her into mortal agonies. If she saw a spider, she screamed; and, at sight of a mouse, she fainted away. She could not, without horror, behold an entire joint of meat; and nothing but fricassees and other made-dishes, were seen upon her table.' She caused all her floors to be lined with

green baize, that she might trip along them with more ease and pleasure. Her footmen wore clogs, which were deposited in the hall; and both they and her chairmen were laid under the strongest injunctions to avoid porter and tobacco. Her jointure amounted to eight hundred pounds *per annum*, and she made shift to spend four times that sum. At length it was mortgaged for nearly the entire value; but, far from retrenching, she seemed to increase in extravagance, until her effects were taken in execution, and her person here deposited in safe custody.

When one considers the abrupt transition she underwent, from her spacious apartments to an hovel scarce eight feet square; from sumptuous furniture to bare benches; from magnificence to meanness; from affluence to extreme poverty; one would imagine she must have been totally overwhelmed by such a sudden gush of misery. But this was not the case: she has, in fact, no delicate feelings. She forthwith accommodated herself to the exigency of her fortune; yet she still affects to keep state amidst the miseries of a gaol; and this affectation is truly ridiculous. She lies a-bed till two o'clock in the afternoon. She maintains a female attendant, for the sole purpose of dressing her person. Her cabin is the least cleanly in the whole prison. She has learned to eat bread and cheese, and drink porter; but she always appears once a day dressed in the pink of the fashion. She has found means to run in debt at the chandler's shop, the baker's, and the tap-house, though there is nothing got in this place but with ready-money. She has even borrowed small sums from divers prisoners, who were themselves on the brink of starving. She takes pleasure in being surrounded with duns; observing, that by such people a person of fashion is to be distinguished. She writes circular letters to her former friends and acquaintance; and by this method has raised pretty considerable contributions; for she writes in a most elegant and irresistible style. About a fortnight ago she received a supply of twenty guineas; when, instead of paying her little

‘gail-debts, or withdrawing any part of her apparel from pawn, she laid out the whole sum in a fashionable suit and laces; and next day borrowed of me a shilling to purchase a neck of mutton for her dinner.—She seems to think her rank in life intitles her to this kind of assistance. She talks very pompously of her family and connections; by whom, however, she has been long renounced. She has no sympathy nor compassion for the distressed of her fellow-creatures; but she is perfectly well-bred: she bears a repulse the best of any woman I ever knew; and her temper has never been once ruffled since her arrival at the King’s Bench.—She now entreated me to lend her half a guinea, for which, she said, she had the most pressing occasion, and promised, upon her honour, it should be repaid to-morrow; but I lent a deaf ear to her request, and told her, in plain terms, that her honour was already bankrupt.’

Sir Launcelot, thrusting his hand mechanically into his pocket, pulled out a couple of guineas, and desired Felton to accommodate her with that trifle in his own name; but he declined the proposal, and refused to touch the money. ‘God forbid,’ said he, ‘that I should attempt to thwart your charitable intention; but this, my good Sir, is no object—she has many resources. Neither should we number the clamorous beggar among those who really feel distress; he is generally gorged with bounty misapplied. The liberal hand of charity should be extended to modest want, that pines in silence, encountering cold, nakedness, and hunger, and every species of distress. Here you may find the wretch of keen sensations blasted by accident in the blossom of his fortune, shivering in the solitary recess of indigence, disdaining to beg, and even ashamed to let his misery be known. Here you may see the parent, who has known happier times, surrounded by his tender offspring, naked and forlorn, demanding food which his circumstances cannot afford.

‘That man of decent appearance and melancholy aspect, who lifted his hat as you passed him in the yard, is a person of unblemished character. He was a reputable tradesman in the

city, and failed through inevitable losses. A commission of bankruptcy was taken out against him by his sole creditor, a Quaker, who refused to sign his certificate. He has lived these three years in prison, with a wife and five small children. In a little time after his commitment, he had friends who offered to pay ten shillings in the pound of what he owed, and to give security for paying the remainder in three years, by instalments. The honest Quaker did not charge the bankrupt with any dishonest practices; but he rejected the proposal with the most mortifying indifference, declaring, that he did not want his money. The mother repaired to his house; and kneeling before him with her five lovely children, implored mercy with tears and exclamations. He stood this scene unmoved; and even seemed to enjoy the prospect, wearing the looks of complacency while his heart was steeled with rancour. “Woman,” said he, “these be hopeful babes, if they were duly nurtured. Go thy ways in peace; I have taken my resolution.” Her friends maintained the family for some time. But it is not in human charity to persevere: some of them died; some of them grew unfortunate; some of them fell off; and now the poor man is reduced to the extremity of indigence, from whence he has no prospect of being retrieved. The fourth part of what you would have bestowed upon the lady would make this poor man and his family sing with joy.’

He had scarce pronounced these words, when our hero desired the man might be called; and in a few minutes he entered the apartment with a low obeisance. ‘Mr. Coleby,’ said the knight, ‘I have heard how cruelly you have been used by your creditor, and beg you will accept this trifling present, if it can be of any service to you in your distress.’ So saying, he put five guineas into his hand. The poor man was so confounded at such an unlooked-for acquisition, that he stood motionless and silent, unable to thank the donor; and Mr. Felton conveyed him to the door, observing that his heart was too full for utterance. But, in a little time, his wife bursting into the room with her five children, looked around,

around, and going up to Sir Launcelot, without any direction, exclaimed, 'This is the angel sent by Providence to succour me and my poor innocents!' Then falling at his feet, she pressed his hand, and bathed it with her tears—he raised her up with that complacency which was natural to his disposition. He kissed all her children, who were remarkably handsome, and neatly kept, though in homely apparel; and, giving her his direction, assured her she might always apply to him in her distresses.

After her departure, he produced a bank-note of twenty pounds, and would have deposited it in the hands of Mr. Felton, to be distributed in charities among the objects of the place; but he desired it might be left with Mr. Norton, who was the proper person for managing his benevolence; and he promised to assist the deputy with his advice in laying it out.

CHAP. X.

IN WHICH CAPTAIN CROWE IS
SUBLIMED INTO THE REGIONS
OF ASTROLOGY.

THREE whole days had our adventurer prosecuted his enquiry about the amiable Aurelia, whom he sought in every place of publick and of private entertainment or resort, without obtaining the least satisfactory intelligence; when he received one evening, from the hands of a porter, who instantly vanished, the following billet:

'IF you would learn the particulars of Miss Darnel's fate, fail not to be in the fields by the Foundling Hospital, precisely at seven o'clock this evening, when you shall be met by a person who will give you the satisfaction you desire, together with his reason for addressing you in this mysterious manner.'

Had this intimation concerned any other subject, perhaps the knight would have deliberated with himself in what manner he should take a hint so darkly communicated: but his eagerness to retrieve the jewel he had lost divested him of all his caution. The time of assignation was already at hand; and

neither the captain nor his nephew could be found to accompany him, had he been disposed to make use of their attendance. He, therefore, after a moment's hesitation, repaired to the place appointed, in the utmost agitation and anxiety, lest the hour should be elapsed before his arrival.

Crowe was one of those defective spirits who cannot subsist for any length of time on their own bottoms. He wanted a familiar prop, upon which he could disburden his cares, his doubts, and his humours; an humble friend, who would endure his caprices, and with whom he could communicate free of all reserve and restraint. Though he loved his nephew's person, and admired his parts, he considered him often as a little petulant jackanapes, who presumed upon his superior understanding; and as for Sir Launcelot, there was something in his character that overawed the seaman, and kept him at a disagreeable distance. He had, in this dilemma, cast his eyes upon Timothy Crabshaw, and admitted him to a considerable share of familiarity and fellowship. These companions had been employed in snoaking a social pipe at an alehouse in the neighbourhood when the knight made his excursion; and returning to the house about supper-time, found Mr. Clarke in waiting.

The young lawyer was alarmed when he heard the hour of ten without seeing our adventurer, who had been used to be extremely regular in his economy; and the captain and he supped in profound silence. Finding, upon enquiry among the servants, that the knight went out abruptly, in consequence of having received a billet, Tom began to be visited with the apprehension of a duel; and sat the best part of the night by his uncle, sweating with the expectation of seeing our hero brought home a breathless corpse; but no tidings of him arriving, he, about two in the morning, repaired to his own lodging, resolved to publish a description of Sir Launcelot in the newspapers, if he should not appear next day.

Crowe did not pass the time without uneasiness. He was extremely concerned at the thought of some mischief having befallen his friend and patron; and he was terrified with the apprehensions, that in case Sir Launcelot was murdered, his spirit might come and give

give him notice of his fate. Now he had an insuperable aversion to all correspondence with the dead; and taking it for granted that the spirit of his departed friend could not appear to him except when he should be alone, and a-bed in the dark, he determined to pass the remainder of the night without going to bed. For this purpose his first care was to visit the garret, in which Timothy Crabshaw lay fast asleep, snoring with his mouth wide open. Him the captain with difficulty roused, by dint of promising to regale him with a bowl of rum-punch in the kitchen, where the fire, which had been extinguished, was soon rekindled. The ingredients were fetched from a public-house in the neighbourhood; for the captain was too proud to use his interest in the knight's family, especially at these hours, when all the rest of the servants had retired to their repose; and he and Timothy drank together until day-break, the conversation turning upon hobgoblins, and God's revenge against murder.

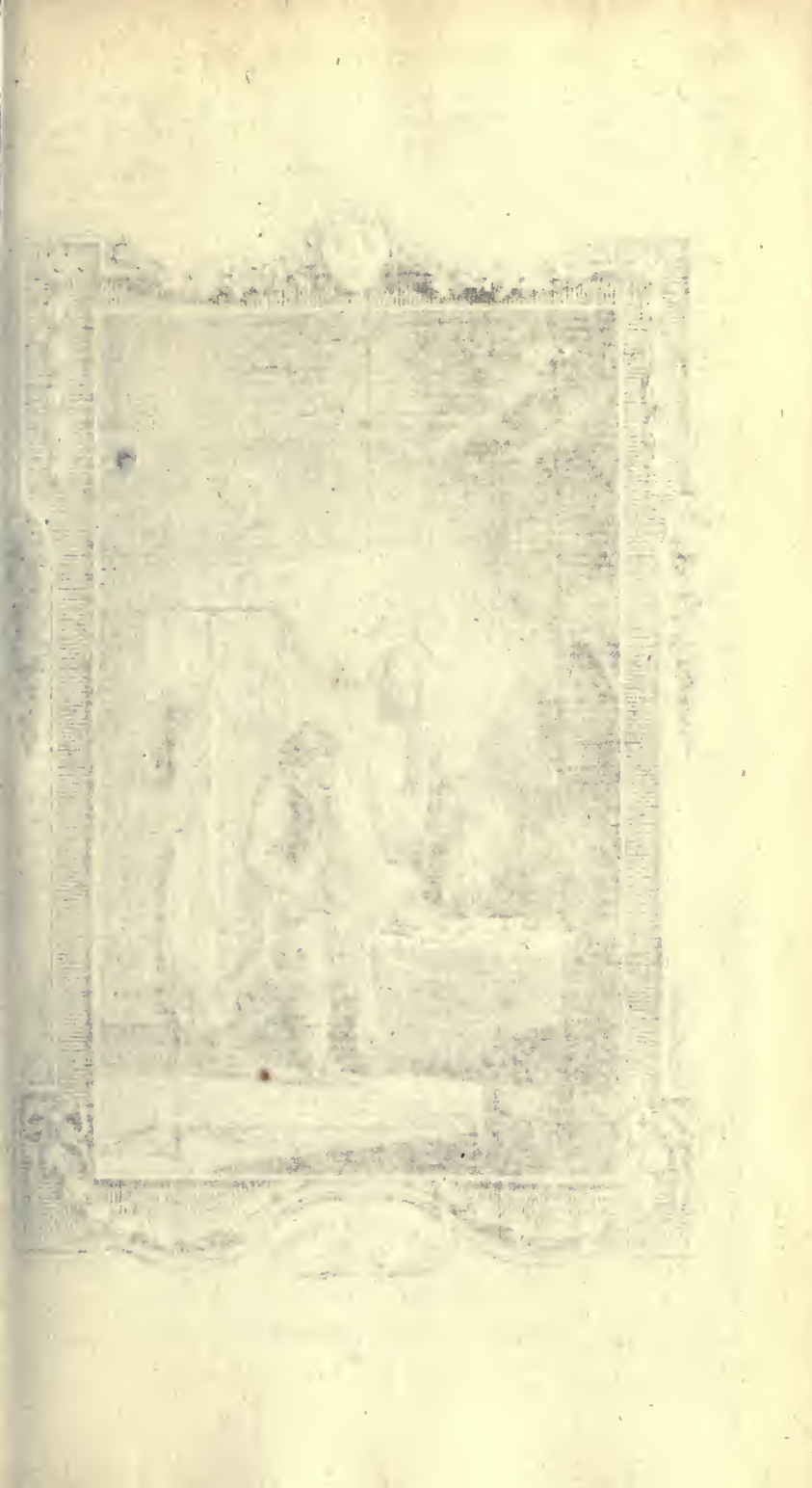
The cook-maid lay in a little apartment contiguous to the kitchen; and whether disturbed by these horrible tales of apparitions, or titillated by the savoury steams that issued from the punch-bowl, she made a virtue of necessity, or appetite; and dressing herself in the dark, suddenly appeared before them, to the no small perturbation of both. Timothy, in particular, was so startled, that, in his endeavours to make an hasty retreat towards the chimney-corner, he overturned the table; the liquor was spilt, but the bowl was saved by falling on a heap of ashes. Mrs. Cook having reprimanded him for his foolish fear, declared she had got up betimes in order to scour her saucepans; and the captain proposed to have the bowl replenished, if materials could be procured. This difficulty was overcome by Crabshaw; and they sat down, with their new associate, to discuss the second edition.

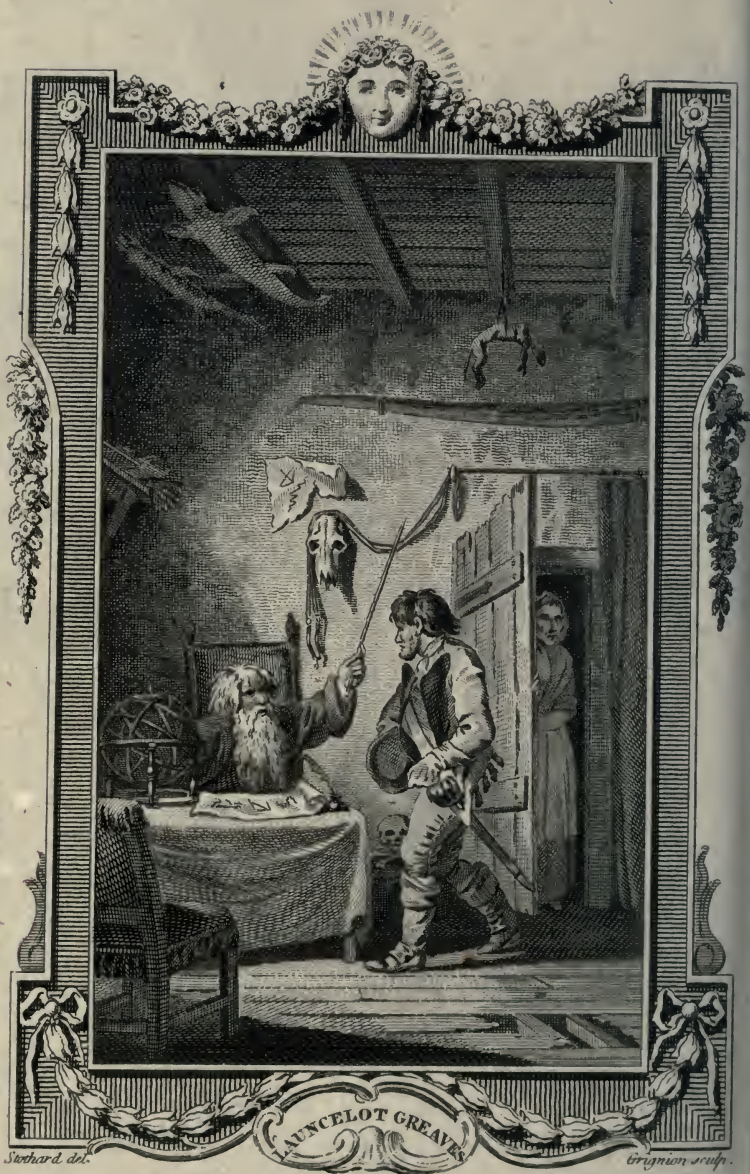
The knight's sudden disappearing being brought upon the carpet, their female companion gave it as her opinion, that nothing would be so likely to bring this affair to light, as going to a cunning-man, whom she had lately consulted about a silver spoon that was mislaid; and who told her all the things that she ever did, and ever would hap-

pen to her through the whole course of her life.

Her two companions pricked up their ears at this intelligence; and Crowe asked if the spoon had been found. She answered in the affirmative; and said, the cunning-man described to a hair the person that should be her true lover and her wedded husband; that he was a sea-faring man; that he was pretty well stricken in years; a little passionate or so; and that he went with his fingers clinched-like, as it were. The captain began to sweat at this description, and mechanically thrust his hands into his pockets; while Crabshaw, pointing to him, told her, he believed she had got the right sow by the ear. Crowe grumbled, that mayhap, for all that, he should not be brought up by such a grappling neither. Then he asked if this cunning-man dealt with the devil; declaring, in that case he would keep clear of him; for why? because he must have sold himself to Old Scratch; and being a servant of the devil, how could he be a good subject to his majesty? Mrs. Cook assured him the conjuror was a good Christian, and that he gained all his knowledge by conversing with the stars and planets. Thus satisfied, the two friends resolved to consult him as soon as it should be light; and being directed to the place of his habitation, set out for it by seven in the morning.

They found the house forsaken; and had already reached the end of the lane in their return, when they were accosted by an old woman, who gave them to understand, that if they had occasion for the advice of a fortune-teller, as she did suppose they had, from their stopping at the house where Dr. Grubble lived, she would conduct them to a person of much more eminence in that profession. At the same time she informed them, that the said Grubble had been lately sent to Bridewell; a circumstance which, with all his art, he had not been able to foresee. The captain, without any scruple, put himself and his companion under convoy of this beldame, who, through many windings and turnings, brought them to the door of a ruinous house, standing in a blind alley; which door having opened with a key drawn from her pocket, she introduced them into a parlour, where they saw no other furniture than a naked bench, and some





some frightful figures on the bare walls, drawn, or rather scrawled, with charcoal.

Here she left them locked in, until she should give the doctor notice of their arrival; and they amused themselves with decyphering these characters and hieroglyphicks. The first figure that engaged their attention was that of a man hanging upon a gibbet, which both considered as an unfavourable omen, and each endeavoured to avert from his own person. Crabshaw observed, that the figure so suspended was clothed in a sailor's jacket and trowsers; a truth which the captain could not deny; but, on the other hand, he affirmed, that the said figure exhibited the very nose and chin of Timothy, together with the hump on one shoulder. A warm dispute ensued; and being maintained with much acrimonious altercation, might have dissolved the new cemented friendship of those two originals, had it not been interrupted by the old sybil, who, coming into the parlour, intimated that the doctor waited for them above. She likewise told them that he never admitted more than one at a time. This hint occasioned a fresh contest: the captain insisted upon Crabshaw's making sail a-head, in order to look-out afore; but Timothy persisted in refusing this honour, declaring he did not pretend to lead, but he would follow, as in duty bound. The old gentlewoman abridged the ceremony, by leading out Crabshaw with one hand, and locking up Crowe with the other.

The former was dragged up stairs like a bear to the stake, not without reluctance and terror; which did not at all abate at the sight of the conjuror, with whom he was immediately shut up by his conductress, after she had told him, in a whisper, that he must deposit a shilling in a little black coffin, supported by a human skull and thigh-bones crossed, on a stool covered with black bays that stood in one corner of the apartment. The squire having made this offering with fear and trembling, ventured to survey the objects around him, which were very well calculated to augment his confusion. He saw divers skeletons hung by the head, the stuffed skin of a young alligator, a calf with two heads, and several snakes suspended from the ceiling, with the

jaws of a shark, and a starved weasel. On another funeral table he beheld two spheres, between which lay a book open, exhibiting outlandish characters and mathematical diagrams. On one side stood an ink-stand with paper; and behind this desk appeared the conjuror himself in sable vestments; his head so overshadowed with hair, that, far from contemplating his features, Timothy could distinguish nothing but a long white beard, which, for ought he knew, might have belonged to a four-legged goat, as well as to a two-legged astrologer.

This apparition, which the squire did not eye without manifest discomposure, extending a white wand, made certain evolutions over the head of Timothy; and having muttered an ejaculation, commanded him, in a hollow tone, to come forward and declare his name. Crabshaw, thus adjured, advanced to the altar; and whether from design, or (which is more probable) from confusion, answered, 'Samuel Crowe.' The conjuror taking up the pen, and making a few scratches on the paper, exclaimed, in a terrific accent, 'How! miscreant! attempt to impose upon the stars?—You look more like a *crab* than a *crow*, and was born under the sign of Cancer.' The squire, almost annihilated by this exclamation, fell upon his knees, crying, 'I pray yaw, my Lord Conjuror's worship, pardon my ignorance, and don't go to bind me oover to the Red Sea, like—I fe a poor Yorkshire tyke, and wou'd no more cheat the stars than I would cheat my own vather, as the saying is—a must be a good hand at *trapping* that catches the stars a *napping*—But, as your honour's worship observed, my name is Tim Crabshaw, of the East Raiding, groom and squair to Sir Launcelot Greaves, baron knight, and arrant knight, who ran mad for a wench, as your worship's conjuration well knoweth. The person below is Captain Crowe; and we coom, by Margery Cook's recommendation, to seek after my master, who is gone away, or made away, the Lord knows how and where.'

Here he was interrupted by the conjuror, who exhorted him to sit down and compose himself till he should cast a figure. Then he scrawled the paper; and

and waving his wand, repeated abundance of gibberish concerning the number, the names, the houses, and revolutions of the planets, with their conjunctions, oppositions, signs, circles, cycles, trines, and trigons. When he perceived that this artifice had it's proper effect in disturbing the brain of Crabshaw, he proceeded to tell him, from the stars, that his name was Crabshaw, or Crabscaw; that he was born in the East Riding of Yorkshire, of poor, yet honest parents, and had some skill in horses; that he served a gentleman whose name began with the letter G——, which gentleman had run mad for love, and left his family; but whether he would return alive or dead, the stars had not yet determined.

Poor Timothy was thunder-struck to find the conjuror acquainted with all these circumstances; and begged to know if he mought be so bauld as to ax a question or two about his awn fortune. The astrologer pointing to the little coffin, our squire understood the hint, and deposited another shilling. The sage had recourse to his book, erected another scheme, performed once more his airy evolutions with the wand; and having recited another mystical preamble, expounded the book of fate in these words.

'You shall neither die by war nor water, by hunger or by thirst, nor be brought to the grave by old age or distemper; but, let me see—aye, the stars will have it so—you shall be—exalted—hah!—aye, that is—hanged for horse-stealing.'—'O, good my lord conjuror!' roared the squire, 'I'd as lief give forty shillings as be hanged.'—'Peace, firrah!' cried the other, 'would you contradict or reverse the immutable decrees of fate? Hanging is your destiny; and hanged you shall be—and comfort yourself with the reflection, that as you are not the first, so neither will you be the last to swing on Tyburn-tree.' This comfortable assurance composed the mind of Timothy, and in a great measure reconciled him to the prediction. He now proceeded, in a whining tone, to ask, whether he should suffer for the first fact; whether it would be for a horse or a mare, and of what colour; that he might know when his hour was come. The conjuror gravely answered,

that he would steal a dappled gelding on a Wednesday, be cast at the Old Bailey on a Thursday, and suffer on a Friday; and he strenuously recommended it to him to appear in the cart with a nosegay in one hand, and the Whole Duty of Man in the other. 'But if in case it should be in the winter,' said the squire, 'when a nosegay can't be had?'—'Why, then,' replied the conjuror, 'an orange will do as well.'

These material points being adjusted to the entire satisfaction of Timothy; he declared he would bestow another shilling to know the fortune of an old companion, who truly did not deserve so much at his hands; but he could not help loving him better than ever a friend he had in the world. So saying, he dropped a third offering in the coffin, and desired to know the fate of his horse Gilbert. The astrologer having again consulted his art, pronounced that Gilbert would die of the staggers, and his carcase be given to the hounds; a sentence which made a much deeper impression upon Crabshaw's mind than did the prediction of his own untimely and disgraceful fate. He shed a plentiful shower of tears, and his grief broke forth in some passionate expressions of tenderness. At length he told the astrologer he would go and send up the captain, who wanted to consult him about Margary Cook, because as how she had informed him, that Dr. Grubbe had described just such another man as the captain for her true love; and he had no great stomach to the match, if so be as the stars were not bent upon their coming together.

Accordingly the squire being dismissed by the conjuror, descended to the parlour with a rueful length of face; which being perceived by the captain, he demanded, 'What cheer, ho?' with some signs of apprehension. Crabshaw making no return to this salute, he asked if the conjuror had taken an observation, and told him anything. Then the other replied, he had told him more than he desired to know. 'Why, an that be the case,' said the seaman, 'I have no occasion to go aloft this trip, brother.'

This evasion would not serve his turn, Old Tisiphone was at hand, and led him up, growling, into the hall of audience, which he did not examine without trepidation. Having been directed

rected to the coffin, where he presented half a crown, in hope of rendering the fates more propitious, the usual ceremony was performed; and the doctor addressed him in these words: 'Approach, Raven.' The captain advancing, 'You an't much mistaken, brother,' said he, 'heave your eye into the binnacle, and box your compass, you'll find I'm a Crowe, not a Raven; tho', indeed, they be both fowls of a feather, as the saying is.'—'I know it,' cried the conjuror, 'thou art a northern crow—a sea crow; not a crow of prey, but a crow to be preyed upon—a crow to be plucked—to be flayed—to be basted—to be broiled by Margery upon the gridiron of matrimony.' The novice changing colour at this denunciation, 'I do understand your signals, brother,' said he; 'and if it be set down in the log-book of fate that we must grapple, why then 'ware timbers. But as I know how the land lies, d'ye see, and the current of my inclination sets me off, I shall haul up close to the wind, and mayhap we shall clear Cape Margery. But, howsoever, we shall leave that reef in the fore-top-sail:—I was bound upon another voyage, d'ye see—to look and to see, and to know, if so be as how I could pick up any intelligence along-shore concerning my friend Sir Launcelot, who slipped his cable last night, and has lost company, d'yefee.'—'What!' exclaimed the cunning man, 'art thou a crow, and can'st not smell carrion? If thou wouldst grieve for Greaves, behold his naked carcase lies unburied, to feed the kites, the crows, the gulls, the rooks, and ravens.'—'What, broach'd to?'—'Dead! as a boil'd lobster.'—'Odd's heart, friend, these are the heaviest tidings I have heard these seven long years—there must have been deadly odds when he lowered his top-sails—Smite my eyes! I had rather the Musti had foundered at sea, with myself and all my generation on board—Well fare thy soul, flower of the world! Had honest Sam Crowe been within hail—but what signifies palavering.' Here the tears of unaffected sorrow flowed plentifully down the furrows of the seaman's cheeks—then his grief giving way to his indignation, 'Hark ye, brother conjuror,' said he, 'you can

'spy foul weather before it comes; damn your eyes! why did not you give us warning of this here squall? Blast my limbs! I'll make you give an account of this here damned, horrid, confounded murder, d'ye see. —mayhap you yourself was concerned, d'ye see.—For my own part, brother, I put my trust in God, and steer by the compass, and I value not your paw-wawing, and your conjuration of a rope's end, d'ye see.'—

The conjuror was by no means pleased either with the matter or the manner of this address: he therefore began to soothe the captain's choler, by representing that he did not pretend to omniscience; which was the attribute of God alone; that human art was fallible and imperfect; and all that it could perform, was to discover certain partial circumstances of any particular object to which it's enquiries were directed: that being questioned by the other man concerning the cause of his master's disappearing, he had exercised his skill upon the subject, and found reason to believe that Sir Launcelot was assassinated; that he should think himself happy in being the instrument of bringing the murderers to justice, though he foresaw they would of themselves save him that trouble, for they would quarrel about dividing the spoil, and one would give information against the other.

The prospect of this satisfaction appeased the resentment, and in some measure mitigated the grief of Captain Crowe, who took his leave without much ceremony; and being joined by Crabshaw, proceeded with a heavy heart to the house of Sir Launcelot, where they found the domesticks at breakfast, without exhibiting the least symptom of concern for their absent master. Crowe had been wise enough to conceal from Crabshaw what he had learned of the knight's fate. This fatal intelligence he reserved for the ear of his nephew Mr. Clarke, who did not fail to attend him in the forenoon.

As for the squire, he did nothing but ruminate in rueful silence upon the dappled gelding, the nossegay, and the predicted fate of Gilbert: him he forthwith visited in the stable, and saluted with the kiss of peace. Then he bemoaned his fortune with tears; and, by the sound of his own lamentation, was lulled asleep among the litter.

C H A P. XI.

IN WHICH THE CLOUDS THAT COVER THE CATASTROPHE BEGIN TO DISPERSE.

WE must now leave Captain Crowe, and his nephew Mr. Clarke, arguing with great vehemence about the fatal intelligence obtained from the conjuror, and penetrate at once the veil that concealed our hero. Know, then, reader, that Sir Launcelot Greaves repairing to the place described in the billet which he had received, was accosted by a person disguised in a cloak, who began to amuse him with a feigned story of Aurelia; to which, while he listened with great attention, he found himself suddenly surrounded by armed men, who seized and pinioned down his arms, took away his sword, and conveyed him by force into a hackney-coach provided for the purpose. In vain he expostulated on this violence with three persons who accompanied him in the vehicle: he could not extort one word by way of reply; and, from their gloomy aspects, he began to be apprehensive of assassination. Had the carriage passed through any frequented place, he would have endeavoured to alarm the inhabitants; but it was already clear of the town, and his conductors took care to avoid all villages and inhabited houses.

After having travelled about two miles, the coach stopped at a large iron gate; which being opened, our adventurer was led in silence through a spacious house into a tolerably decent apartment, which he understood was intended for his bed-chamber. In a few minutes after his arrival, he was visited by a man of no very prepossessing appearance, who endeavoured to smoothe his countenance, which was naturally stern; welcomed our adventurer to his house, exhorted him to be of good cheer, assuring him he should want for nothing, and desired to know what he would chuse for supper.

Sir Launcelot, in answer to this civil address, begged he would explain the nature of his confinement, and the reasons for which his arms were tied like those of the worst malefactor: the other postponed till to-morrow the explanation he demanded; but, in the

mean time, unbound his fetters, and, as he declined eating, left him alone to his repose. He took care, however, in retiring, to double-lock the door of the room, whose windows were grated on the outside with iron.

The knight being thus abandoned to his own meditations, began to ruminate on the present adventure with equal surprize and concern; but the more he revolved circumstances, the more was he perplexed in his conjectures. According to the state of the mind, a very subtle philosopher is often puzzled by a very plain proposition; and this was the case of our adventurer. What made the strongest impression upon his mind, was a notion that he was apprehended on suspicion of treasonable practices, by a warrant from the secretary of state, in consequence of some false, malicious information; and that his prison was no other than the house of a messenger, set apart for the accommodation of suspected persons. In this opinion he comforted himself by recollecting his own conscious innocence, and reflecting that he should be intitled to the privilege of *habeas corpus*, as the act including that inestimable jewel was happily not suspended at this time.

Consoled by this self-assurance, he quietly resigned himself to slumber; but before he fell asleep, he was very disagreeably undeceived in his conjecture. His ears were all at once saluted with a noise from the next room, conveyed in distinct bounces against the wainscot; then an hoarse voice exclaimed, 'Bring up the artillery—let Brundorf's brigade advance—detach my black hussars to ravage the country—let them be new-booted—take particular care of the spur-leathers—make a desert of Lusatia—bombard the suburbs of Pera—go, tell my brother Henry to pass the Elbe at Meissen with forty battalions and fifty squadrons—So ho, you Major General Donder, why don't you finish your second parallel?—send hitler the engineer Schittenbach—I'll lay all the shoes in my shop, the breach will be practicable in four and twenty hours—don't tell me of your works—you and your works may be damn'd!'

'Assuredly,' cried another voice from a different quarter, 'he that thinks to be saved by works is in a state of utter reprobation—I myself was a pro-

phane

‘phane weaver, and trusted to the rottenness of works—I kept my journey-men and prentices at constant work, and my heart was set upon the riches of this world, which was a wicked work—but now I have got a glimpse of the new light—I feel the operations of grace—I am of the new birth—I abhor good works—I detest all working but the working of the Spirit—Avaunt, Satan!—O! how I thirst for communication with our sister Jolly!’

‘The communication is already open with the Marche,’ said the first; but as for thee, thou caitiff, who hast presumed to disparage my works, I’ll have thee rammed into a mortar with a double charge of powder, and thrown into the enemy’s quarters.’

This dialogue operated like a train upon many other inhabitants of the place; one swore he was within three vibrations of finding the longitude, when this noise confounded his calculation; a second, in broken English, complained he was distorted in the moment of de profection; a third, in the character of his holiness, denounced interdiction, excommunication, and anathemas; and swore by St. Peter’s keys, they should howl ten thousand years in purgatory, without the benefit of a single mass. A fourth began to halloo in all the vociferation of a fox-hunter in the chace; and, in an instant, the whole house was in an uproar.

The clamour, however, was of a short duration. The different chambers being opened successively, every individual was effectually silenced by the sound of one cabalistical word, which was no other than *waistcoat*: a charm which at once cowed the King of P—, dispossessed the fanatic, dumb-founded the mathematician, disinayed the alchemist, deposed the pope, and deprived the squire of all utterance.

Our adventurer was no longer in doubt concerning the place to which he had been conveyed; and the more he reflected on his situation, the more he was overwhelmed with the most perplexing chagrin. He could not conceive by whose means he had been immured in a mad-house; but he heartily repented of his knight errantry, as a frolick which might have very serious consequences with respect to his future life and fortune. After mature

deliberation, he resolved to demean himself with the utmost circumspection, well knowing that every violent transport would be interpreted into an undeniable symptom of insanity. He was not without hope of being able to move his gaoler by a due administration of that which is generally more efficacious than all the flowers of elocution; but when he rose in the morning, he found his pockets had been carefully examined, and emptied of all his papers and cash.

The keeper entering, he enquired about these particulars; and was given to understand, that they were all safely deposited for his use, to be forth coming at a proper season: but, at present, as he should want for nothing, he had no occasion for money. The knight acquiesced in this declaration, and eat his breakfast in quiet.

About eleven, he received a visit from the physician, who contemplated his looks with great solemnity; and having examined his pulse, shook his head, saying, ‘Well, Sir, how d’ye do?—come, don’t be dejected—every thing is for the best—you are in very good hands, Sir, I assure you; and I dare say will refuse nothing that may be thought conducive to the recovery of your health.’

‘Doctor,’ said our hero, ‘if it is not an improper question to ask, I should be glad to know your opinion of my disorder.’—‘O! Sir, as to that,’ replied the physician, ‘your disorder is a—kind of a—Sir, ’tis very common in this country—a sort of a—’ ‘Do you think my distemper is madness, doctor?’—‘O Lord! Sir—not absolute madness—no—not madness—you have heard, no doubt, of what is called a weakness of the nerves, Sir—though that is a very inaccurate expression; for this phrase, denoting a morbid excess of sensation, seems to imply, that sensation itself is owing to the loose cohesion of those material particles which constitute the nervous substance, inasmuch as the quantity of every effect must be proportionable to it’s cause; now, you’ll please to take notice, Sir, if the case were really what these words seem to import, all bodies whose particles do not cohere with too great a degree of proximity, would be nervous; that is, ended with sensation—

‘ Sir, I shall order some dooling things, to keep you in due temperature ; and you’ll do very well—Sir, your humble servant.’

So saying, he retired ; and our adventurer could not but think it was very hard that one man should not dare to ask the most ordinary question without being reputed mad, while another should talk nonsense by the hour, and yet be esteemed as an oracle.

The master of the house finding Sir Launcelot so tame and tractable, indulged him after dinner with a walk in a little private garden, under the eye of a servant who followed him at a distance : here he was saluted by a brother prisoner, a man, seemingly turned of thirty, tall and thin, with staring eyes, a hook nose, and a face covered with pimples.

The usual compliments having passed, the stranger, without farther ceremony, asked if he would oblige him with a chew of tobacco, or could spare him a mouthful of any sort of cordial, declaring he had not tasted brandy since he came to the house. The knight assured him it was not in his power to comply with his request ; and began to ask some questions relating to the character of their landlord, which the stranger represented in very unfavourable colours. He described him as a ruffian, capable of undertaking the darkest schemes of villainy. He said, his house was a repository of the most flagrant iniquities ; that it contained fathers kidnapped by their children, wives confined by their husbands, gentlemen of fortune sequestered by their relations, and innocent persons immured by the malice of their adversaries. He affirmed this was his own case ; and asked, if our hero had never heard of Dick Distich, the poet and satirist. ‘ Ben Bullock and I,’ said he, ‘ were confident against the world in arms—did you never see his Ode to me, beginning with, “ Fair, blooming youth ? ” We were sworn brothers, admired and praised, and quoted each other, Sir : we denounced war against all the world, actors, authors, and critics ; and having drawn the sword, threw away the scabbard—we pushed through thick and thin, hacked and hewed helter-skelter, and became as formidable to the writers of the age as the Boetian band of Thebes. My

friend Bullock, indeed, was once rolled in the kennel ; but soon—

‘ He vig’rous rose, and from th’ effluvia strong
‘ Imbib’d new life, and scour’d and stunk along.’

‘ Here is a satire, which I wrote in an alehouse when I was drunk—I can prove it by the evidence of the landlord and his wife : I fancy you’ll own I have some right to say, with my friend Horace—

“ *Qui me commoritur, melius non tangere clamo ;
“ Flebit et insignis toto cantabitur urbe.*”—

The knight, having perused the papers, declared his opinion, that the verses were tolerably good ; but at the same time observed, that the author had reviled, as ignorant dunces, several persons who had writ with reputation, and were generally allowed to have genius : a circumstance that would detract more from his candour than could be allowed to his capacity.

‘ Damn their genius !’ cried the satirist, ‘ a pack of impertinent rascals ! I tell you, Sir, Ben Bullock and I had determined to crush all that were not of our own party—besides, I said before, this piece was written in drink.’—‘ Was you drunk too when it was printed and published ?’—‘ Yes ; the printer shall make affidavit that I was never otherwise than drunk or maudlin, till my enemies, on pretence that my brain was turned, conveyed me to this infernal mansion.’

‘ They seem to have been your best friends,’ said the knight, ‘ and have put the most tender interpretation on your conduct ; for, waving the plea of insanity, your character must stand as that of a man who hath some small share of genius, without an atom of integrity. Of all those whom Pope lashed in his Dunciad, there was not one who did not richly deserve the imputation of dullness ; and every one of them had provoked the satirist by a personal attack. In this respect the English poet was much more honest than his French pattern Boileau, who stigmatized several men of acknowledged genius ; such as Quinault, Perrault, and the celebrated Lulli ; for which reason every man

‘ of

‘ of a liberal turn must, in spite of all
 ‘ his poetical merit, despise him as a
 ‘ rancorous knave. If this disingenu-
 ‘ ous conduct cannot be forgiven in a
 ‘ writer of his superior genius, who
 ‘ will pardon it in you, whose name is
 ‘ not half emerged from obscurity?’

‘ Hearke, friend,’ replied the bard,
 ‘ keep your pardon and your counsel
 ‘ for those who ask it; or, if you will
 ‘ force them upon people, take one piece
 ‘ of advice in return. If you don’t
 ‘ like your present situation, apply for
 ‘ a committee without delay; they’ll
 ‘ find you too much of a fool to have the
 ‘ least tincture of madness; and you’ll
 ‘ be released without farther scruple:
 ‘ in that case I shall rejoice in your de-
 ‘ liverance; you will be freed from con-
 ‘ finement, and I shall be happily de-
 ‘ prived of your conversation.’

So saying, he flew off at a tangent,
 and our knight could not help smiling
 at the peculiar virulence of his disposi-
 tion. Sir Launcelot then endeavoured
 to enter into conversation with his at-
 tendant, by asking how long Mr. Dis-
 tich had resided in the house; but he
 might as well have addressed himself to
 a Turkish mute: the fellow either pre-
 tended ignorance, or refused an answer
 to every question that was proposed.
 He would not even disclose the name of
 his landlord, nor inform him where-
 abouts the house was situated.

Finding himself agitated with impa-
 tience and indignation, he returned to
 his apartment; and the door being
 locked upon him, began to review, not
 without horror, the particulars of his
 fate. ‘ How little reason,’ said he to
 himself, ‘ have we to boast of the blef-
 ‘ sings enjoyed by the British subject, if
 ‘ he holds them on such a precarious
 ‘ tenure: if a man of rank and property
 ‘ may be thus kidnapped, even in the
 ‘ midst of the capital; if he may be
 ‘ seized by ruffians, insulted, robbed, and
 ‘ conveyed to such a prison as this, from
 ‘ which there seems to be no possibility
 ‘ of escape; should I be indulged with
 ‘ pen, ink, and paper, and appeal to
 ‘ my relations, or to the magistrates of
 ‘ my country, my letters would be in-
 ‘ tercepted by those who superintend
 ‘ my confinement. Should I try to
 ‘ alarm the neighbourhood, my cries
 ‘ would be neglected as those of some
 ‘ unhappy lunatick under necessary cor-

rection. Should I employ the force
 ‘ which Heaven has lent me, I might
 ‘ imbrue my hands in blood; and, after
 ‘ all, find it impossible to escape through
 ‘ a number of successive doors, locks,
 ‘ bolts, and centinels. Should I en-
 ‘ deavour to tamper with the servant,
 ‘ he might discover my design, and then
 ‘ I should be abridged of the little com-
 ‘ fort I enjoy. People may inveigh
 ‘ against the Bastile in France, and the
 ‘ Inquisition in Portugal; but I would
 ‘ ask, if either of these be in reality so
 ‘ dangerous or dreadful as a private
 ‘ mad-house in England, under the di-
 ‘ rection of a ruffian? The Bastile is
 ‘ a state-prison, the Inquisition is a
 ‘ spiritual tribunal; but both are under
 ‘ the direction of government. It sel-
 ‘ dom, if ever, happens, that a man
 ‘ entirely innocent is confined in either;
 ‘ or, if he should, he lays his account
 ‘ with a legal trial before established
 ‘ judges. But in England, the most
 ‘ innocent person upon earth is liable
 ‘ to be immured for life under the pre-
 ‘ text of lunacy; sequestered from his
 ‘ wife, children, and friends; robbed
 ‘ of his fortune; deprived even of
 ‘ necessaries; and subjected to the
 ‘ most brutal treatment from a low-
 ‘ bred barbarian, who raises an ample
 ‘ fortune on the misery of his fellow-
 ‘ creatures, and may, during his whole
 ‘ life, practise this horrid oppression
 ‘ without question or controul.’

This uncomfortable reverie was in-
 terrupted by a very unexpected sound
 that seemed to issue from the other side
 of a thick party-wall. It was a strain
 of vocal musick, more plaintive than
 the widowed turtle’s moan, more sweet
 and ravishing than Philomel’s love-
 warbled song. Through his ear it in-
 stantly pierced into his heart; for at
 once he recognized it to be the voice of
 his adored Aurelia. Heavens! what
 was the agitation of his soul, when he
 made this discovery! How did every
 nerve quiver! How did his heart throb
 with the most violent emotion! He ran
 round the room in distraction, foaming
 like a lion in the toil—then he placed
 his ear close to the partition, and listened
 as if his whole soul was exerted in his
 sense of hearing. When the sound
 ceased to vibrate on his ear, he threw
 himself on the bed; he groaned with
 anguish, he exclaimed in broken accents;
 and,

and, in all probability, his heart would have burst, had not the violence of his sorrow found vent in a flood of tears.

These first transports were succeeded by a fit of impatience, which had well-nigh deprived him of his senses in good earnest. His surprize at finding his lost Aurelia in such a place, the seeming impossibility of relieving her, and his unspeakable eagerness to contrive some scheme for profiting by the interesting discovery he had made, concurred in brewing up a second extasy, during which he acted a thousand extravagancies, which it was well for him the attendants did not observe. Perhaps it was well for the servant that he did not enter while the paroxysm prevailed; had this been the case, he might have met with the fate of Lychas, whom Hercules in his frenzy destroyed.

Before the cloth was laid for supper, he was calm enough to conceal the disorder of his mind: but he complained of the head-ache, and desired he might be next day visited by the physician; to whom he resolved to explain himself in such a manner as should make an impression upon him, provided he was not altogether destitute of conscience and humanity.

C H A P. XII.

THE KNOT THAT PUZZLES HUMAN WISDOM, THE HAND OF FORTUNE SOMETIMES WILL UNTIE, FAMILIAR AS HER GARTER.

WHEN the doctor made his next appearance in Sir Launcelot's apartment, the knight addressed him in these words: 'Sir, the practice of medicine is one of the most honourable professions exercised among the sons of men; a profession which hath been revered at all periods, and in all nations, and even held sacred in the most polished ages of antiquity. The scope of it is to preserve the being, and confirm the health of our fellow-creatures; of consequence, to sustain the blessings of society, and crown life with fruition. The character of a physician, therefore, not only supposes natural sagacity and acquired erudition, but it also implies every delicacy of sentiment, every tenderness of nature, and every vir-

tue of humanity. That these qualities are centered in you, doctor, I would willingly believe; but it will be sufficient for my purpose, that you are possessed of common integrity. To whose concern I am indebted for your visits, you best know: but if you understand the art of medicine, you must be sensible, by this time, that with respect to me your prescriptions are altogether unnecessary—Come, Sir, you cannot—you don't believe that my intellects are disordered. Yet, granting me to be really under the influence of that deplorable malady, no person has a right to treat me as a lunatic, or to sue out a commission, but my nearest kindred.—That you may not plead ignorance of my name and family, you shall understand that I am Sir Launcelot Greaves, of the county of York, Baronet; and that my nearest relation is Sir Reginald Meadows, of Cheshire, the eldest son of my mother's sister—that gentleman, I am sure, had no concern in seducing me, by false pretences, under the clouds of night, into the fields, where I was surprized, overpowered, and kidnapped by armed ruffians. Had he really believed me insane, he would have proceeded according to the dictates of honour, humanity, and the laws of his country. Situated as I am, I have a right, by making application to the lord-chancellor, to be tried by a jury of honest men—But of that right I cannot avail myself while I remain at the mercy of a brutal miscreant, in whose house I am inclosed, unless you contribute your assistance. Your assistance, therefore, I demand, as you are a gentleman, a Christian, and a fellow subject; who, though every other motive should be overlooked, ought to interest himself in my case as a common concern; and concur, with all your power, towards the punishment of those who dare commit such outrages against the liberty of your country.'

The doctor seemed to be a little disconcerted; but, after some recollection, resumed his air of sufficiency and importance, and assured our adventurer, he would do him all the service in his power; but, in the mean time, advised him to take the potion he had prescribed.

The knight's eyes lightning with indignation,

dignation, 'I am now convinced,' cried he, 'that you are an accomplice in the villainy that has been practised upon me; that you are a fordid wretch, without principle or feeling, a disgrace to the faculty, and a reproach to human nature—yes, sirrah, you are the most perfidious of all assassins—you are the hireling minister of the worst of all villains; who, from motives even baser than malice, envy, and revenge, rob the innocent of all the comforts of life, brand them with the imputation of madness, the most cruel species of slander, and wantonly protract their misery, by leaving them in the most shocking confinement; a prey to reflections infinitely more bitter than death—but I will be calm—do me justice at your peril. I demand the protection of the legislature—if I am refused—remember, a day of reckoning will come—you and the rest of the miscreants who have combined against me, must, in order to cloak your treachery, have recourse to murder; an expedient which I believe you very capable of embracing, or a man of my rank and character cannot be much longer concealed—Tremble, caitiff, at the thoughts of my release—in the mean time, be gone, lest my just resentment impel me to dash out your brains upon that marble—Away—'

The honest doctor was not so firmly persuaded of his patient's lunacy as to reject his advice; which he made what haste he could to follow, when an unexpected accident intervened.

That this may be properly introduced, we must return to the knight's brace of trusty friends, Captain Crowe and Lawyer Clarke, whom we left in sorrowful deliberation upon the fate of their patron. Clarke's genius being rather more fruitful in resources than that of the seaman, he suggested an advertisement, which was accordingly inserted in the daily papers; importing that, 'Whereas a gentleman of considerable rank and fortune had suddenly disappeared, on such a night, from his house near Golden Square, in consequence of a letter delivered to him by a porter; and there is great reason to believe some violence hath been offered to his life: any person capable of giving such information as may tend to clear up this dark transaction,

'shall, by applying to Mr. Thomas Clarke, attorney, at his lodgings in Upper Brook Street, receive proper security for the reward of one hundred guineas, to be paid to him upon his making the discovery required.'

The porter who delivered the letter appeared accordingly, but could give no other information except that it was put into his hand, with a shilling, by a man muffled up in a great coat, who stopped him for the purpose, in his passing through Queen Street. It was necessary that the advertisement should produce an effect upon another person, who was no other than the hackney-coachman who drove our hero to the place of his imprisonment. This fellow had been enjoined secrecy, and, indeed, bribed to hold his tongue, by a considerable gratification; which, it was supposed, would have been effectual, as the man was a matter-coachman in good circumstances, and well known to the keeper of the mad-house, by whom he had been employed on former occasions of the same nature. Perhaps his fidelity to his employer, reinforced by the hope of many future jobs of that kind, might have been proof against the offer of fifty pounds; but double that sum was a temptation he could not resist. He no sooner read the intimation in the Daily Advertiser over his morning's pot at an alehouse, than he entered into consultation with his own thoughts; and having no reason to doubt that this was the very fare he had conveyed, he resolved to earn the reward, and abstain from all such adventures in time coming. He had the precaution, however, to take an attorney along with him to Mr. Clarke, who entered into a conditional bond; and, with the assistance of his uncle, deposited the money, to be forthcoming when the conditions should be fulfilled. These previous measures being taken, the coachman declared what he knew, and discovered the house in which Sir Launcelot had been immured. He, moreover, accompanied our two adherents to a judge's chamber, where he made oath to the truth of his information; and a warrant was immediately granted to search the house of Bernard Shackle, and set at liberty Sir Launcelot Greaves, if there found.

Fortified with this authority, they engaged a constable with a formidable posse; and embarking them in coaches, repaired,

repaired, with all possible expedition, to the house of Mr. Shackle, who did not think proper to dispute their claim; but admitted them, though not without betraying evident symptoms of consternation. One of the servants directing them, by his master's order, to Sir Launcelot's apartment, they hurried up stairs in a body, occasioning such a noise as did not fail to alarm the physician, who had just opened the door to retire when he perceived their irruption. Captain Crowe conjecturing he was guilty, from the confusion that appeared in his countenance, made no scruple of seizing him by the collar as he endeavoured to retreat; while the tender-hearted Tom Clarke, running up to the knight with his eyes brimful of joy and affection, forgot all the forms of distant respect, and throwing his arms around his neck, blubbered in his bosom.

Our hero did not receive this proof of his attachment unmoved. He strained him in his embrace, honoured him with the title of his deliverer, and asked him by what miracle he had discovered the place of his confinement. The lawyer began to unfold the various steps he had taken, with equal minuteness and self-complacency; when Crowe, dragging the doctor still by the collar, shook his old friend by the hand, protesting he was never so overjoyed since he got clear of a Sallee Rover on the coast of Barbary; and that two glasses ago he would have started all the money he had in the world, in the hold of any man who would have shewn Sir Launcelot safe at his moorings. The knight, having made a proper return to this sincere manifestation of good-will, desired him to dismiss that worthless fellow, meaning the doctor; who, finding himself released, withdrew with some precipitation.

Then our adventurer, attended by his friends, walked with a deliberate pace to the outward gate, which he found open; and getting into one of the coaches, was entertained by the way to his own house with a detail of every measure which had been pursued for his release.

In his own parlour he found Mrs. Dolly Cowslip, who had been waiting with great fear and impatience for the issue of Mr. Clarke's adventure. She now fell upon her knees, and bathed the knight's hands with tears of joy;

while the face of this young woman, recalling the idea of her mistress, roused his heart to strong emotions, and stimulated his mind to the immediate achievement he had already planned. As for Crabshaw, he was not the last to signify his satisfaction at his master's return. After having kissed the hem of his garment, he retired to the stable, where he communicated these tidings to his friend Gilbert, whom he saddled and bridled; the same office he performed for Bronzomarte; then putting on his squire-like attire and accoutrements, he mounted one, and led the other to the knight's door; before which he paraded, uttering, from time to time, repeated shouts, to the no small entertainment of the populace, until he received orders to house his companions. Thus commanded, he led them back to their stalls, resumed his livery, and rejoined his fellow-servants, who were resolved to celebrate the day with banquets and rejoicings.

Their master's heart was not sufficiently at ease to share in their festivity. He held a consultation with his friends in the parlour, whom he acquainted with the reasons he had to believe Miss Darnel was confined in the same house which had been his prison; a circumstance which filled them with equal pleasure and astonishment. Dolly, in particular, weeping plentifully, conjured him to deliver her dear lady without delay. Nothing now remained but to concert the plan for her deliverance. As Aurelia had informed Dolly of her connection with Mrs. Kawdle, at whose house she proposed to lodge before she was overtaken on the road by her uncle, this particular was now imparted to the council, and struck a light which seemed to point out the direct way to Miss Darnel's enlargement.

Our hero, accompanied by Mrs. Cowslip and Tom Clarke, set out immediately for the house of Dr. Kawdle, who happened to be abroad; but his wife received them with great courtesy. She was a well-bred, sensible, genteel woman, and strongly attached to Aurelia by the ties of affection as well as of consanguinity. She no sooner learned the situation of her cousin, than she expressed the most impatient concern for her being set at liberty; and assured Sir Launcelot, she would concur in any scheme he should propose for that purpose.

pose. There was no room for hesitation or choice; he attended her immediately to the judge, who, upon proper application, issued another search-warrant for Aurelia Darnel. The constable and his posse were again retained, and Sir Launcelot Greaves once more crossed the threshold of Mr. Bernard Shackles. Nor was the search-warrant the only implement of justice with which he had furnished himself for this visit. In going thither, they agreed upon the method in which they should introduce themselves gradually to Miss Darnel, that her tender nature might not be too much shocked by their sudden appearance.

When they arrived at the house, therefore, and produced their credentials, in consequence of which a female attendant was directed to shew the lady's apartment, Mrs. Dolly first entered the chamber of the accomplished Aurelia; who, lifting up her eyes, screamed aloud, and flew into the arms of her faithful Cowslip. Some minutes elapsed before Dolly could make shift to exclaim, — 'Am coom to live and daai with my beloved leady!' — 'Dear Dolly!' cried her mistress, 'I cannot express the pleasure I have in seeing you again — Good Heaven! what solitary hours of keen affliction have I passed since we parted! — But, tell me, how did you discover the place of my retreat? — Has my uncle relented? — Do I owe your coming to his indulgence?'

Dolly answered in the negative; and by degrees gave her to understand, that her cousin, Mrs. Kawdle, was in the next room. That lady immediately appeared, and a very tender scene of recognition passed between the two relations. It was she who, in the course of conversation, perceiving that Aurelia was perfectly composed, declared the happy tidings of her approaching deliverance. When the other eagerly insisted upon knowing to whose humanity and address she was indebted for this happy turn of fortune, her cousin declared the obligation was due to a young gentleman of Yorkshire, called Sir Launcelot Greaves. At mention of that name, her face was overspread with a crimson glow, and her eyes beamed redoubled splendor. 'Cousin,' said she, with a sigh, 'I know not what to say — that gentleman — Sir Launcelot Greaves, was surely born — Lord bless

me! I tell you, cousin, he has been my guardian angel —'

Mrs. Kawdle, who had maintained a correspondence with her by letters, was no stranger to the former part of the connection subsisting between those two lovers, and had always favoured the pretensions of our hero, without being acquainted with his person. She now observed, with a smile, that as Aurelia esteemed the knight her guardian angel, and he adored her as a demi-deity, nature seemed to have intended them for each other; for such sublime ideas exalted them both above the sphere of ordinary mortals. She then ventured to intimate, that he was in the house, impatient to pay his respects in person. At this declaration the colour vanished from her cheeks, which, however, soon underwent a total suffusion. Her heart panted, her bosom heaved, and her gentle frame was agitated by transports rather violent than unpleasing. She soon, however, recollected herself, and her native serenity returned; when, rising from her seat, she declared she would see him in the next apartment, where he stood in the most tumultuous suspense, waiting for permission to approach her person. Here he broke in upon him, arrayed in an elegant white undress, the emblem of her purity, beaming forth the emanations of amazing beauty, warmed and improved with a glow of gratitude and affection. His heart was too big for utterance; he ran towards her with rapture; and, throwing himself at her feet, imprinted a respectful kiss upon her lily hand. 'This, divine Aurelia,' cried he, 'is a foretaste of that ineffable bliss which you was born to bestow! — Do I then live to see your smile again? To see you restored to liberty, your mind at ease, and your health unimpaired!' — 'You, have lived,' said she, 'to see my obligations to Sir Launcelot Greaves accumulated in such a manner, that a whole life spent in acknowledgment will scarce suffice to demonstrate a due sense of his goodness.' — 'You greatly over-rate my services, which have been rather the duties of common humanity, than the efforts of a generous passion, too noble to be thus evinced — but let not my unseasonable transports detain you a moment longer on this detested scene — Give

‘ me leave to hand you into the coach, and commit you to the care of this good lady, attended by this honest young gentleman, who is my particular friend.’ So saying, he presented Mr. Thomas Clarke, who had the honour to salute the fair hand of the ever-amiable Aurelia.

The ladies being safely coached under the escort of the lawyer, Sir Launcelot assured them, he should wait on them in the evening at the house of Dr. Kawdle; whither they immediately directed their course. Our hero, who remained with the constable and his gang, enquired for Mr. Bernard Shackle, upon whose person he intended to serve a writ of conspiracy, over and above a prosecution for robbery, in consequence of his having disincumbered the knight of his money, and other effects, on the first night of his confinement. Mr. Shackle had discretion enough to avoid this encounter, and even to anticipate the indictment for felony, by directing one of his servants to restore the cash and papers; which our adventurer accordingly received before he quitted the house.

In the prosecution of his search after Shackle, he chanced to enter the chamber of the bard, whom he found in dishabille, writing at a table, with a bandage over one eye, and his head covered with a night-cap of baize. The knight having made an apology for this intrusion, desired to know if he could be of any service to Mr. Distich, as he was now at liberty to use the little influence he had for the relief of his fellow-sufferers—The poet having eyed him for some time askance, ‘ I told you,’ said he, ‘ your stay in this place would be of short duration—I have sustained a small disaster in my left eye, from the hands of a rascally cordwainer, who pretends to believe himself the King of Prussia; and I am now in the very act of galling his majesty with keen iambicks—If you can help me to a roll of tobacco and a bottle of geneva, so—if you are not so inclined, your humble servant, I shall share in the joy of your deliverance.’

The knight declined gratifying him in these particulars, which, he apprehended, might be prejudicial to his health; but offered his assistance in re-

dresssing his grievances, provided he laboured under any cruel treatment or inconvenience. ‘ I comprehend the full extent of your generosity,’ replied the satyrist; ‘ you are willing to assist me in every thing, except the only circumstances in which assistance is required—God b’w’ye—If you see Ben Bullock, tell him I wish he would not dedicate any more of his works to me—Damn the fellow, he has changed his note, and begins to snivel—For my part, I stick to my former maxim, defy all the world, and will die hard, even if death should be preceded by damnation.’

The knight finding him incorrigible, left him to the slender chance of being one day comforted by the dram-bottle; but resolved, if possible, to set on foot an accurate enquiry into the œconomy and transactions of this private inquisition, that ample justice might be done in favour of every injured individual confined within it’s walls.

In the afternoon he did not fail to visit his Aurelia; and all the protestations of their mutual passion were once more interchanged. He now produced the letter which had caused such fatal disquiet in his bosom; and Miss Darnel no sooner eyed the paper, than she recollected it was a formal dismissal, which she had intended and directed for Mr. Sycamore. This the uncle had intercepted, and cunningly inclosed in another cover, addressed to Sir Launcelot Greaves, who was now astonished beyond measure to see the mystery so easily unfolded. The joy that now diffused itself in the hearts of our lovers is more easily conceived than described; but, in order to give a stability to this mutual satisfaction, it was necessary that Aurelia should be secured from the tyranny of her uncle, whose power of guardianship would not otherwise for some months expire.

Dr. Kawdle and his lady having entered into their deliberations on this subject, it was agreed that Miss Darnel should have recourse to the protection of the lord-chancellor; but such application was rendered unnecessary by the unexpected arrival of John Clump, with the following letter to Mrs. Kawdle, from the steward of Anthony Darnel, dated at Aurelia’s house in the country.

‘ MADAM,

“MADAM,

“IT hath pleased God to afflict Mr. Darnel with a severe stroke of the dead palsy—He was taken yesterday, and now lies insensible, seemingly at the point of death. Among the papers in his pocket I found the inclosed, by which it appears that my honoured young lady Miss Darnel is confined in a private mad-house. I am afraid Mr. Darnel’s fate is a just judgment of God upon him for his cruelty to that excellent person. I need not exhort you, Madam, to take, immediately upon the receipt of this, such measures as will be necessary for the enlargement of my poor young lady. In the mean time, I shall do what is needful for the preservation of her property in this place, and send you an account of any farther alteration that may happen; being very respectfully, Madam, your most obedient, humble servant,

“RALPH MATTOCKS.”

Clump had posted up to London with this intimation on the wings of love; and being covered with clay from the heels to the eyes upwards, he appeared in such an unfavourable light at Dr. Kawdle’s door, that the footman refused him admittance. Nevertheless, he pushed him aside, and fought his way up stairs into the dining-room, where the company was not a little astonished at such an apparition. The fellow himself was no less amazed at seeing Aurelia, and his own sweetheart Mrs. Dolly Cowslip. He forthwith fell upon his knees, and in silence held out the letter, which was taken by the doctor, and presented to his wife, according to the direction. She did not fail to communicate the contents, which were far from being unwelcome to the individuals who composed this little society. Mr. Clump was honoured with the approbation of his young lady, who commended him for his zeal and expedition; bestowed upon him a handsome gratuity in the mean time, and desired to see him again when he should be properly refreshed after the fatigue he had undergone.

Mr. Thomas Clarke being consulted on this occasion, gave it as his opinion, that Miss Darnel should, without delay, chuse another guardian for the few

months that remained of her minority. The opinion was confirmed by the advice of some eminent lawyers, to whom immediate recourse was had; and Dr. Kawdle being the person pitched upon for this office, the necessary forms were executed with all possible dispatch.

The first use the doctor made of his guardianship, was to sign a power, constituting Mr. Ralph Mattocks his attorney, *pro tempore*, for managing the estate of Miss Aurelia Darnel; and this was forwarded to the steward by the hands of Clump, who set out with it for the seat of Darnel Hill, though not without a heavy heart, occasioned by some intimation he had received concerning the connection between his dear Dolly and Mr. Clarke the lawyer.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

WHICH, IT IS TO BE HOPED, WILL BE, ON MORE ACCOUNTS THAN ONE, AGREEABLE TO THE READER.

SIR Launcelot having vindicated the liberty, confirmed the safety, and secured the heart of his charming Aurelia, now found leisure to unravel the conspiracy which had been executed against his person; and, with that view, commenced a law-suit against the owner of the house where he and his mistress had been separately confined. Mr. Shackle was, notwithstanding all the submissions and atonement which he offered to make, either in private or in publick, indicted on the statute of kidnapping, tried, convicted, punished by a severe fine, and standing in the pillory. A judicial writ *ad inquirendum* being executed, the prisons of his inquisition were laid open, and several innocent captives enlarged.

In the course of Shackle’s trial, it appeared, that the knight’s confinement was a scheme executed by his rival Mr. Sycamore, according to the device of his counsellor, Dawdle, who, by this contrivance, had reconciled himself to his patron, after having deserted him in the day of battle. Our hero was so incensed at the discovery of Sycamore’s treachery and ingratitude, that he went in quest of him immediately, to take vengeance on his person, accompanied by Captain Crowe, who wanted to ba-

Jance accounts with Mr. Dawdle. But those gentlemen had wisely avoided the impending storm, by retiring to the continent, on pretence of travelling for improvement.

Sir Launcelot was not now so much of a knight-errant as to leave Aurelia to the care of Providence, and pursue the traitors to the farthest extremities of the earth. He practised a much more easy, certain, and effectual method of revenge, by instituting a process against them; which, after writs of *capias*, *alias et pluries*, had been repeated, subjected them both to outlawry. Mr. Sycamore and his friend being thus deprived of the benefit of the law by their own neglect, would likewise have forfeited their goods and chattels to the king, had not they made such submissions as appeased the wrath of Sir Launcelot and Captain Crowe; then they ventured to return, and, by dint of interest, obtained a reversal of the outlawry. But this grace they did not enjoy till long after our adventurer was happily established in life.

While the knight waited impatiently for the expiration of Aurelia's minority, and in the mean time consoled himself with the imperfect happiness arising from her conversation, and those indulgences which the most unblemished virtue could bestow; Captain Crowe projected another plan of vengeance against the conjuror, whose lying oracles had cost him such a world of vexation. The truth is, the captain began to be tired of idleness, and undertook this adventure to keep his hand in use. He imparted his design to Crabshaw, who had likewise suffered in spirit from the predictions of the said offender, and was extremely well disposed to assist in punishing the false prophet. He now took it for granted that he should not be hanged for stealing a horse; and thought it very hard to pay so much money for a deceitful prophecy, which, in all likelihood, would never be fulfilled.

Actuated by these motives, they set out together for the house of consultation; but they found it shut up and abandoned; and, upon enquiry in the neighbourhood, learned that the conjuror had moved his quarters that very day on which the captain had recourse to his art. This was actually the case: he knew the fate of Sir Launcelot would soon come to light, and he did not chuse

to wait the consequence. He had other motives for decamping. He had run a score at the publick-house, which he had no mind to discharge; and wanted to disengage himself from his female associate, who knew too much of his affairs to be kept at a proper distance. All these purposes he had answered by retreating softly, without beat of drum, while his sybil was abroad running down prey for his devouring. He had not, however, taken his measures so cunningly, but that this old hag discovered his new lodgings, and, in revenge, gave information to the publican. This creditor took out a writ accordingly; and the bailiff had just secured his person as Captain Crowe and Timothy Crabshaw chanced to pass by the door, in their way homewards, through an obscure street near the Seven Dials.

The conjuror having no subterfuge left, but a great many particular reasons for avoiding an explanation with the justice, like the man between the devil and the deep sea, of two evils chose the least; and, beckoning to the captain, called him by his name. Crowe, thus addressed, replied with a 'Hilloah!' and looking towards the place from whence he was hailed, at once recognized the necromancer. Without farther hesitation, he sprang across the street; and collaring Albusmazar, exclaimed, 'Aha! old boy, is the wind in that corner?—I thought we should grapple one day—now will I bring you up by the head, though all the devils in hell were blowing abaft the beam.'

The bailiff seeing his prisoner so roughly handled before, and at the same time assaulted behind by Crabshaw, who cried, 'Shew me a liar, and I'll shew you a thief—who is to be hanged now?'—I say, the bailiff, fearing he should lose the benefit of his jobb, began to put on his contentious face; and, declaring the doctor was his prisoner, swore he could not surrender him without a warrant from the lord chief justice. The whole group, adjourning into the parlour, the conjuror desired to know of Crowe whether Sir Launcelot was found. Being answered, 'Ey, ey; safe enough to see you made fast in the bilboes, brother!' he told the captain he had something of consequence to communicate for his advantage;

stage;

tage; and proposed that Crowe and Crabshaw should bail the action, which lay only for a debt of three pounds.

Crowe stormed, and Crabshaw grinned, at this modest proposal; but when they understood that they could only be bound for his appearance, and reflected that they need not part with him until his body should be surrendered unto justice, they consented to give bail; and the bond being executed, conveyed him directly to the house of our adventurer.

The boisterous Crowe introduced him to Sir Launcelot with such an abrupt, unconnected detail of his offence, as the knight could not understand without Timothy's annotations. These were followed by some questions put to the conjuror; who, laying aside his black gown, and plucking off his white beard, exhibited to the astonished spectators the very individual countenance of the empyrical politician Ferret, who had played our hero such a slippery trick after the electioneering adventure.

‘I perceive,’ said he, ‘you are preparing to expostulate, and upbraid me for having given a false information against you to the country justice. I look upon mankind to be in a state of nature, a truth which Hobbes hath stumbled upon by accident. I think every man has a right to avail himself of his talents, even at the expence of his fellow-creatures; just as we see the fish, and other animals of the creation, devouring one another—I found the justice but one degree removed from idiotism; and knowing that he would commit some blunder in the execution of his office, which would lay him at your mercy, I contrived to make his folly the instrument of my escape—I was dismissed without being obliged to sign the information I had given; and you took ample vengeance for his tyranny and impertinence. I came to London, where my circumstances obliged me to live in disguise. In the character of a conjuror, I was consulted by your follower Crowe, and your squire Crabshaw. I did little or nothing but echo back the intelligence they brought me, except prognosticating that Crabshaw would be hanged; a prediction to which I found myself so irresistibly impelled, that I am per-

suaded it was the real effect of inspiration—I am now arrested for a paultry sum of money; and, moreover, liable to be sent to Bridewell as an impostor—Let those answer for my conduct whose cruelty and insolence have driven me to the necessity of using such subterfuges—I have been oppressed and persecuted by the government for speaking truth—your omnipotent laws have reconciled contradictions. That which is acknowledged to be truth, in fact, is construed falsehood in law; and great reason we have to boast of a constitution founded on the basis of absurdity—But, waving these remarks, I own I am unwilling to be either imprisoned for debt, or punished for imposture—I know how far to depend upon generosity, and what is called benevolence; words to amuse the weak-minded—I build upon a surer bottom—I will bargain for your assistance—it is in my power to put twelve thousand pounds in the pocket of Samuel Crowe, that there sea-ruffian, who by his good-will would hang me to the yard’s-arm—’

There he was interrupted by the seaman, ‘Damn your rat’s eyes! none of your—hang thee! fish my top-masts! If the rope was fairly reeved, and the tackle sound, d’ye see—’ Mr. Clarke, who was present, began to stare; while the knight assured Ferret, that if he was really able and willing to serve Captain Crowe in any thing essential, he should be amply rewarded. In the mean time he discharged the debt, and assigned him an apartment in his own house. That same day, Crowe, by the advice of Sir Launcelot and his nephew, entered into conditional articles with the cynick, to allow him the interest of fifteen hundred pounds for life, provided by his means the captain should obtain possession of the estate of Hobby Hole, in Yorkshire, which had belonged to his grandfather, and of which he was heir of blood.

This bond being executed, Mr. Ferret discovered that he himself was the lawful husband of Bridget Maple, aunt to Samuel Crowe, by a clandestine marriage; which, however, he convinced them he could prove by undeniable evidence. This being the case, she, the said Bridget Maple, *alias* Ferret, was a *covert femme*; consequently, could not transact

transact any deed of alienation without his concurrence; *ergo*, the docking of the intail of the estate of Hobby Hole was illegal and of none effect. This was a very agreeable declaration to the whole company, who did not fail to congratulate Captain Crowe on the prospect of his being restored to his inheritance. Tom Clarke, in particular, protested, with tears in his eyes, that it gave him unspeakable joy; and his tears trickled the faster, when Crowe, with an arch look, signified, that, now he was pretty well victualled for life, he had some thoughts of embarking on the voyage of matrimony.

But that point of happiness to which, as the north pole, the course of these adventures hath been invariably directed, was still unattained; we mean, the indissoluble union of the accomplished Sir Launcelot Greaves and the enchanting Miss Darnel. Our hero now discovered in his mistress a thousand charms, which hitherto he had no opportunity to contemplate. He found her beauty excelled by her good sense, and her virtue superior to both. He found her untainted by that giddiness, vanity, and affectation, which distinguish the fashionable females of the present age. He found her uninfected by the rage for diversion and dissipation; for noise, tumult, gewgaws, glitter, and extravagance. He found her not only raised, by understanding and taste, far above the amusement of little vulgar minds, but even exalted by uncommon genius and refined reflection, so as to relish the more sublime enjoyments of rational pleasure. He found her possessed of that vigour of mind which constitutes true fortitude, and vindicates the empire of reason. He found her heart incapable of disguise or dissimulation; frank, generous, and open; susceptible of the most tender impressions; glowing with a keen sense of honour, and melting with humanity. A youth of his sensibility could not fail of being deeply affected by such attractions. The nearer he approached the center of happiness, the more did the velocity of his passion increase. Her uncle still remained insensible, as it were, in the arms of death. Time seemed to linger in its lapse, till the knight was inflamed to the most eager degree of impatience. He communicated his distress to Aure-

lia; he pressed her, with the most pathetic remonstrances, to abridge the torture of his suspense. He interested Mrs. Kawdle in his behalf; and, at length, his importunity succeeded. The banns of marriage were regularly published; and the ceremony was performed in the parish-church, in the presence of Dr. Kawdle and his lady, Captain Crowe, Lawyer Clarke, and Mrs. Dolly Cowslip.

The bride, instead of being disguised in tawdry stuffs of gold or silver, and sweating under a harness of diamonds, according to the elegant taste of the times, appeared in a negligee of plain blue sattin, without any other jewels than her eyes, which far outshone all that ever was produced by the mines of Golconda. Her hair had no other extraneous ornament than a small sprig of artificial roses; but the dignity of her air, the elegance of her shape, the sweetness and sensibility of her countenance, added to such warmth of colouring, and such exquisite symmetry of features, as could not be excelled by human nature, attracted the eyes, and excited the admiration of all the beholders. The effect they produced in the heart of Sir Launcelot, was such a rapture as we cannot pretend to describe. He made his appearance on this occasion in a white coat and blue sattin vest, both embroidered with silver; and all who saw him could not but own that he alone seemed worthy to possess the lady whom Heaven had destined for his consort. Captain Crowe had taken off a blue suit of cloaths, strongly guarded with bars of broad gold lace, in order to honour the nuptials of his friend; he wore upon his head a bag-wig *à la pigeon*, made by an old acquaintance in Wapping; and to his side he had girded a huge plate-hilted sword, which he had bought of a recruiting-serjeant. Mr. Clarke was dressed in pompadour, with gold buttons; and his lovely Dolly in a smart checked lutestring, a present from her mistress.

The whole company dined, by invitation, at the house of Dr. Kawdle; and here it was that the two most deserving lovers on the face of the earth attained to the consummation of all earthly felicity. The captain and his nephew had a hint to retire in due time. Mrs. Kawdle conducted the amiable Aurelia, trembling, to the marriage-bed;

bed; our hero, glowing with a bridegroom's ardour, claimed the husband's privilege: Hymen lighted up his brightest torch at Virtue's lamp; and every star shed it's happiest influence on their heaven-directed union.

Instructions had been already dispatched to prepare Greavesbury Hall for the reception of it's new mistress; and for that place the new-married couple set out next morning, according to the plan which had been previously concerted. Sir Launcelot and Lady Greaves, accompanied by Mrs. Kawdle, and attended by Dolly, travelled in their own coach, drawn by six dappled horses. Dr. Kawdle, with Captain Crowe, occupied the doctor's post-chariot, provided with four bays: Mr. Clarke had the honour to bestride the loins of Bronzomarte; Mr. Ferret was mounted upon an old hunter; Crabshaw stuck close to his friend Gilbert; and two other horsemen completed the retinue. There was not an aching heart in the whole cavalcade, except that of the young lawyer, which was by turns invaded with hot desires and chilling scruples. Though he was fond of Dolly to distraction, his regard to worldly reputation, and his attention to worldly interest, were continually raising up bars to a legal gratification of his love. His pride was startled at the thought of marrying the daughter of a poor country publican; and he moreover dreaded the resentment of his uncle Crowe, should he take any step of this nature without his concurrence. Many a wishful look did he cast at Dolly, the tears standing in his eyes, and many a woeful sigh did he utter.

Lady Greaves immediately perceived the situation of his heart; and, by questioning Mrs. Cowslip, discovered a mutual passion between these lovers. She consulted her dear knight on the subject, and he catechised the lawyer, who pleaded guilty. The captain being sounded as to his opinion, declared he would be steered in that, as well as every other course of life, by Sir Launcelot and his lady, whom he verily revered as beings of an order superior to the ordinary race of mankind. This favourable response being obtained from the sailor, our hero took an opportunity on the road, one day after dinner, in presence of the whole company, to accost the lawyer in these words:

‘ My good friend Clarke, I have your happiness very much at heart—Your father was an honest man, to whom my family had manifold obligations. I have had these many years a personal regard for yourself, derived from your own integrity of heart and goodness of disposition—I see you are affected, and shall be brief—Besides this regard, I am indebted to your friendship for the liberty—what shall I say?—for the inestimable happiness I now enjoy, in possessing the most excellent—But I understand that significant glance of my Aurelia—I will not offend her delicacy—The truth is, my obligation is very great, and it is time I should evince my gratitude—If the stewardship of my estate is worth your acceptance, you shall have it immediately, together with the house and farm of Cockerton in my neighbourhood. I know you have a passion for Mrs. Dolly; and believe she looks upon you with the eyes of tender prepossession—Don't blush, Dolly—Besides your agreeable person, which all the world must approve, you can boast of virtue, fidelity, and friendship. Your attachment to Lady Greaves, neither she or I shall ever forget—If you are willing to unite your fate with Mr. Clarke, your mistress gives me leave to assure you, she will stock the farm at her own expense; and we will celebrate the wedding at Greavesbury Hall.’

By this time the hearts of these grateful lovers had overflowed. Dolly was sitting on her knees, bathing her lady's hand with her tears; and Mr. Clarke appeared in the same attitude by Sir Launcelot. The uncle, almost as much affected as the nephew by the generosity of our adventurer, cried aloud, ‘ I pray God, that you and your glorious consort may have smooth seas and gentle gales whithersoever you are bound—As for my kinsman, Tom, I'll give him a thousand pounds to set him fairly afloat; and if he prove not a faithful tender to you his benefactor, I hope he will founder in this world, and be damned in that which is to come.’ Nothing now was wanting to the completion of their happiness but the consent of Dolly's mother at the Black Lion, who they did not suppose could have any objection to such an advantageous match for her daughter;

ter; but in this particular they were mistaken.

In the mean time, they arrived at the village where the knight had exercised the duties of chivalry; and there he received the gratulation of Mr. Fillet, and the attorney, who had offered to bail him before Justice Gobble. Mutual civilities having passed, they gave him to understand that Gobble and his wife were turned methodists. All the rest of the prisoners whom he had delivered came to testify their gratitude, and were hospitably entertained. Next day they halted at the Black Lion, where the good woman was overjoyed to see Dolly so happily preferred; but when Sir Launcelot unfolded the proposed marriage, she interrupted him with a scream. 'Christ Jesus forbid!—Marry and amien! Match with her own brother!'

At this exclamation Dolly fainted; her lover stood with his ears erect, and his mouth wide open; Crowe stared, while the knight and his lady expressed equal surprize and concern. When Sir Launcelot intreated Mrs. Cowslip to explain this mystery, she told him, that about sixteen years ago, Mr. Clarke, senior, had brought Dolly, then an infant, to her house, when she and her late husband lived in another part of the country; and as she had then been lately delivered of a child which did not live, he hired her as a nurse to the little foundling. He owned she was a love-begotten babe, and from time to time paid handsomely for the board of Dolly, who, he desired, might pass for her own daughter. In his last illness he assured her, he had taken care to provide for the child; but since his death she had received no account of any such provision. She, moreover, informed his honour, that Mr. Clarke had deposited in her hands a diamond-ring, and a sealed paper, never to be opened without his order, until Dolly should be demanded in marriage by the man she should like; and not then, except in the presence of the clergyman of the parish. 'Send for the clergyman this instant!' cried our hero, reddening; and fixing his eyes on Dolly; 'I hope all will yet be well.'

The vicar arriving, and being made acquainted with the nature of the case, the landlady produced the paper; which being opened, appeared to be an authen-

tick certificate, that the person commonly known by the name of Dorothy Cowslip, was in fact Dorothea Greaves, daughter of Jonathan Greaves, Esq. by a young gentlewoman who had been some years deceased.

'The remaining part of the mystery I myself can unfold (exclaimed the knight, while he ran and embraced the astonished Dolly, as his kinswoman.) Jonathan Greaves was my uncle, and died before he came of age; so that he could make no settlement on his child, the fruit of a private amour, founded on a promise of marriage of which this ring was a token. Mr. Clarke, being his confident, disposed of the child; and at length finding his constitution decay, revealed the secret to my father, who, in his will, bequeathed one hundred pounds a year to this agreeable foundling; but as they both died while I was abroad, and some of the memorandums touching this transaction probably were mislaid, I never till now could discover where or how my pretty cousin was situated. I shall recompense the good woman for her care and fidelity, and take pleasure in bringing this affair to a happy issue.'

The lovers were now overwhelmed with transports of joy and gratitude, and every countenance was lighted up with satisfaction. From this place, to the habitation of Sir Launcelot, the bells were rung in every parish, and the corporation, in their formalities, congratulated him in every town through which he passed. About five miles from Greavesbury Hall he was met by above five thousand persons of both sexes and every age, dressed out in their gayest apparel, headed by Mr. Ralph Mattocks from Darnel Hill, and the rector from the knight's own parish. They were preceded by musick of different kinds, ranged under a great variety of flags and ensigns; and the women, as well as the men, bedizened with fancy-knots and marriage-favours. At the end of the avenue, a select bevy of comely virgins, arrayed in white, and a separate band of choice youths, distinguished by garlands of laurel and holly interweaved, fell into the procession, and sung in chorus a rustick epithalamium composed by the curate. At the gate they were received by the venerable housekeeper, Mrs. Oakley, whose

whose features were so brightened by the occasion, that, with the first glance, she made a conquest of the heart of Captain Crowe; and this connection was improved afterwards into a legal conjunction.

Meanwhile, the houses of Greavebury Hall and Darnel Hill were set open for the entertainment of all comers, and both echoed with the sounds of festivity. After the ceremony of giving and receiving visits had been performed by Sir Launcelot Greaves and his lady, Mr. Clarke was honoured with the hand of the agreeable Miss Dolly Greaves; and the captain was put in possession of his paternal estate. The perfect and uninterrupted felicity of the knight and his endearing consort, diffused itself through the whole adjacent country, as far as their example and influence could extend. They were admired, esteemed, and applauded, by every person of taste, sentiment, and benevolence; at the same time beloved, re-

vered, and almost adored by the common people, among whom they suffered not the merciless hand of indigence or misery to seize one single sacrifice.

Ferret, at first, seemed to enjoy his easy circumstances; but the novelty of this situation soon wore off, and all his misanthropy returned. He could not bear to see his fellow-creatures happy around him; and signified his disgust to Sir Launcelot, declaring his intention of returning to the metropolis, where he knew there would be always food sufficient for the ravenous appetite of his spleen. Before he departed, the knight made him partake of his bounty, though he could not make him taste of his happiness, which soon received a considerable addition in the birth of a son, destined to be the heir and representative of two worthy families, whose mutual animosity the union of his parents had so happily extinguished.

F I N I S.

LETTERS
OF
A PERUVIAN PRINCESS:

WITH
THE SEQUEL:

TRANSLATED FROM

THE FRENCH OF MADAME DE GRAFIGNY,

BY FRANCIS ASHWORTH, ESQ.

IN TWO VOLUMES.



L O N D O N :

Printed for HARRISON and Co. No. 18, Paternoster-Row.

M DCC LXXXII.

LETTERS

OF

PERUVIAN PRINCESSES

WITH

THE HISTORY OF

THEIR REIGN

AND THE HISTORY OF THE

PERUVIAN PRINCIPLES

IN TWO VOLUMES



LONDON

Printed by J. B. Nichols, in Strand

1794



A P O L O G Y.

THIS elegant little work has already been several times translated under different titles, and with different degrees of success. Few of these editions have, however, included the whole of ZILIA's Letters; and still fewer the SEQUEL, containing those of AZA. So that there will, perhaps, be little hazard in asserting, that this is the first time the whole has been compleatly brought together in our language.

If the English reader should not discover, in perusing these Letters, a peculiar delicacy of sentiment, and propriety and elegance of expression, qualities which they have ever been justly and universally allowed on the continent, the defect must be attributed, not to Madame De Grafigny, the ingenious author, but to want of ability, for there has certainly been no want of endeavour, in

LONDON, Sept. 28, 1782.

THE TRANSLATOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WHEN truth strays from probability, though it usually loses its credit in the eye of reason, it is for a short time only; but let it contradict prejudice ever so slightly, and seldom shall it find grace before that tribunal.

What, then, ought not the editor of this work to fear, in presenting to the publick the Letters of a young Peruvian, whose stile and thoughts so little agree with the mean idea which an unjust prejudice has caused us to form of her nation!

Enriched by the precious spoils of Peru, we ought, at least, to regard the inhabitants of that part of the world as a magnificent people; and the sentiment of respect is not very remote from the idea of magnificence.

But so prejudiced are we always in our own favour, that we rate the merit of other nations not only in proportion as their manners resemble ours, but in proportion as their language approaches nearer to our idiom.

We despise the Indians, and hardly allow a rational soul to those unhappy people: yet their history is in every one's hands, and abounds with monuments of the sagacity of their minds, and the solidity of their philosophy.

The Apologist of humanity, and of beautiful nature*, has traced the outlines of the Indian manners in a dramattick poem, the subject of which divides the glory with the execution.

With so much light given us into the characters of these people, there should seem but little room to fear that Original Letters, exhibiting only what we already know of the lively and natural vivacity of the Indians, are in danger of appearing as fictions. But is there any armour capable of resisting the shafts of prejudice? And what shall shield from the severity of its decrees? Happily, however, its empire is not without bounds, or we should never have submitted this work to its decision.

It seems unnecessary to apprise the reader, that the first Letters of Zilia were translated by herself: every one will easily judge, that, being composed in a language, and traced in a manner, with which we are equally unacquainted, this collection could never have reached us, if the same hand had not written them in our own tongue.

For the translation of these letters, we are indebted to Zilia's leisure in her retreat. Her complaisance in communicating them to the Chevalier Deterville, and the permission he at length obtained to keep them, were the circumstances which brought them to our hands.

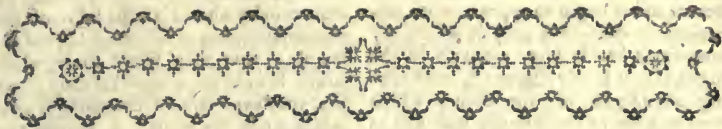
It will easily be discovered, from the faults of grammar, and negligence of stile, that we have been scrupulously careful not to lose any thing of the genuine spirit that reigns throughout this work. We have

been content with suppressing (especially in the first letters) a great number of Oriental * terms and comparisons, which had escaped Zilia, though she knew the French tongue perfectly well when she translated them; and have only preserved a very few, to shew the necessity of retrenching the rest.

We have also thought it possible to give a more intelligible turn to certain metaphysical strokes, which might have appeared obscure; but this has always been effected without changing the thought itself. These are the only liberties which the editor has taken with this very singular work.

* Though, agreeable with the French, we here use the word *Oriental*, the Peruvians, with respect to us, are certainly an *Occidental* people.

LETTERS



L E T T E R S

OF A

PERUVIAN PRINCESS.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

L E T T E R I.

TO AZA.



Z A! my dear Aza! the cries of thy tender Zilia, like a morning vapour, exhale and are dissipated before they reach the sun of their affections; in vain

I call for thy assistance; in vain I expect from thy love to be released from the chains of slavery. Alas! perhaps the misfortunes I am yet ignorant of are the most terrible! perhaps thy woes surpass even my own!

The city of the Sun, delivered to the fury of a barbarous people, should deluge my eyes with tears; but my grief, my fears, my despair, are for thee alone.

Dear soul of my life, how wert thou employed in that dreadful tumult? Was thy courage fatal or useless to thee? Cruel alternative! distracting anxiety! O my dear Aza, mayest thou yet live in safety, and may I, if it be needful, sink under the ills which oppress me!

Since that terrible moment (which should have been snatched from the chain of time, and replunged into the eternal ideas) since the moment of horror wherein these impious savages bore me away from the worship of the sun, from myself, from thy love! retained in close captivity, deprived of all communica-

tion, ignorant of the language of these fierce barbarians; I experience only the effects of misfortune, without being able to discover the cause. Plunged in an abyss of obscurity, my days resemble the gloomiest and most fearful nights.

Far from being affected by my complaints, my ravishers are unmoved even with my tears; equally deaf to my language, and to the voice of my despair.

What people are there so savage as to be proof against the cries of anguish? What dreary desert could produce human beings insensible to the voice of groaning Nature? O the monsters! dreadful masters of the thunder*, and of the power to exterminate; cruelty is the sole guide of their actions. Aza! how wilt thou escape their fury? Where art thou? What is thy destiny? If my life be dear to thee, let me not remain ignorant of thy situation.

Alas! how is mine changed. Whence can it arise, that days, in themselves, so like each other, should, with respect to me, have such fatal differences? Time continues to roll on, darkness to succeed light, nothing in nature appears different; but I, of late so supremely blest! lo, I am fallen into the horror of despair! nor was there any interval to prepare me for the fearful change.

Thou knowest, O delight of my heart! that on that terrible day, that day for ever dreadful, the triumph of

* Alluding to the cannon.

our union was to have shone forth. Scarce did it begin to appear, when impatient to execute a project which my tenderness had inspired me with in the night, I ran to my Quipos*, and taking advantage of the silence which then reigned in the temple, hastened to knot them, in hopes that by their assistance I might render immortal the history of our love and our felicity.

As I proceeded in my work, the undertaking appeared less difficult: the clue of innumerable threads by degrees grew under my fingers a faithful painting of our actions and our sentiments; as it was heretofore the interpreter of our thoughts during the long intervals of our absence from each other. Wholly taken up with my employment, I forgot how time passed, when a confused noise awakened my spirits, and put my heart in a flutter. I thought the happy moment was arrived, and that the hundred gates were opening to give a free passage to the sun of my days†: precipitately I hid my Quipos under my robe, and hastened to meet thee.

But how horrible was the spectacle that appeared before my eyes! The fearful idea will never be effaced from my memory.

The pavement of the temple stained with blood; the image of the sun trodden under foot; our affrighted virgins flying before a troop of furious soldiers, who massacred all that opposed their passage; our Mamas‡ expiring under their wounds, their garments still burning with the fire of the thunder; the groans of dismay, the cries of rage, spreading dread and horror on every side, brought me at last to a sense of my misery.

Being returned to myself, I found that by a natural, and almost involuntary motion, I was got behind the altar, which I embraced. There I saw the barbarians pass by: I dared not give free passage to my panting breath, lest it should cost me my life. I re-

marked, however, that the effects of their cruelty abated at the sight of the precious ornaments which overspread the temple: that they seized those whose lustre struck them most sensibly; and that they even tore off the plates of gold which lined the walls. I judged that theft was the motive of their barbarity; and that, to avoid death, my only way was to conceal myself from their sight. I designed to have got out of the temple, to have been conducted to thy palace, to have demanded succour of the Capa Inca§, and an asylum for myself and my companions: but no sooner did I attempt to stir, than I was arrested. Oh, my dear Aza! then did I tremble: these impious men dared to lay their hands upon the daughter of the sun.

Torn from the sacred abode, dragged ignominiously out of the temple, I saw for the first time the threshold of the celestial gate, which I ought not to have passed but with the ensigns of royalty||. Instead of the flowers which should have been strewed under my feet, I saw the ways covered with blood and carnage: instead of the honours of the throne, which I was to have partaken of with thee, I found myself a slave under the laws of tyranny, shut up in an obscure prison. The space that I occupy in the universe is bounded by the extent of my being. A mat, bathed with tears, receives my body fatigued with the torments of my soul: but, dear support of my life, how light will all these evils be to me, if I can but learn that thou yet breathest!

In the midst of this horrible desolation, I know not by what happy chance I have preserved my Quipos. I have them in possession, my dear Aza; they are the treasure of my heart, as they serve to interpret both thy love and mine: the same knots which shall inform thee of my existence, changing their form under thy hands, will instruct me also in thy destiny. Alas! by what way shall I convey them to

* The Quipos consists of a great number of strings of different colours, which the Peruvians used instead of writing, to reckon the pay of their troops, and the number of their people. Some authors pretend, that they made use of them also for transmitting to posterity the memorable actions of their Incas.

† In the temple of the Sun were a hundred gates, which the Inca only had power to have opened.

‡ A kind of governesses over the virgins of the Sun.

§ The general name of the reigning Inca.

|| The virgins consecrated to the Sun entered the temple almost as soon as born, and never came out till the day of their marriage.

thee? By what address can they be restored to me again? I am ignorant at present: but the same understanding which taught us their use, will suggest to us the means to deceive our tyrants. Whoever the faithful Chaqui * may be that shall bring thee this precious deposit, I shall envy his happiness. He will see thee, my dear Aza; and I would give all the days allotted me by the sun to enjoy thy presence even for a moment.

LETTER II.

TO THE SAME.

MAY the tree of virtue, my dear Aza, for ever spread it's shade over the pious citizen who received under my window the mysterious tissue of my thoughts, and delivered it into thy hands! May Pacha-camac † prolong his years, as the recompence of his address in conveying to me divine pleasures with thy answer.

The treasures of love are open to me; I draw from thence a delicious joy that intoxicates my soul. While I unravel the secrets of thy heart, my own bathes itself in a sea of perfumes. Thou livest, and the chains that were to unite us are not broken. So much felicity was the object of my desires, but not of my hopes!

While I abandoned every thought of myself, my fears for thee deprived me of all pleasure. Thou restorest to me all that I had lost. I taste deep draughts of the sweet satisfaction of pleasing thee, of being praised by thee, of being approved by him I love. But, dear Aza, while I swim in these delights, I do not forget that I owe to thee what I am. As the rose draws it's brilliant colours from the rays of the sun, so the charms which please thee in my spirit and sentiments, are the benefits of thy luminous genius; nothing is mine, but my tenderness.

If thou hadst been only an ordinary man, I should have remained in that ignorance to which my sex is condemned; but thou, not the slave of custom, hast broken the barrier, in order

to elevate me to thyself. Thou didst not suffer a being like thy own to be confined to the humble advantage of only giving life to thy posterity: it was thy pleasure that our Amutas ‡ should adorn my understanding with their sublime intelligences. But, O light of my life! could I have resolved to abandon my tranquil ignorance, and engage in the painful occupation of study, had it not been for the desire of pleasing thee? Without a desire to merit thy esteem, thy confidence, thy respect, by virtues which fortify love, and which love renders voluptuous, I had been only the object of thy eyes; absence would already have erased me from thy remembrance.

But, alas! if thou lovest me still, why am I in bondage? When I look on the walls of my prison, my joy disappears, horror seizes me, and my apprehensions are renewed. They have not robbed thee of liberty, yet thou comest not to my succour: thou hast been informed of my situation, and it is not changed. No, my dear Aza! among those savage people, whom thou callest Spaniards, thou art not so free as thou imaginest thyself. I see as many signs of slavery in the honours which they render thee, as in my own captivity.

Thy goodness seduces thee; thou thinkest the promises which those barbarians make thee by their interpreters sincere, because thy own words are inviolable; but I, who understand not their language, and whom they think unworthy to be deceived, behold their actions.

Thy subjects take them for gods, and join their party. O, my dear Aza! wretched are the people who are determined by fear! Extricate thyself from thy error, and suspect the false goodness of these foreigners. Abandon thy empire, since the Inca Viracocha has predicted it's destruction §.

Redeem thy life and thy liberty, at the price of thy power, thy grandeur, and thy treasures: the gifts of nature alone will then remain to thee, and our days shall pass in safety.

Rich in the possession of our hearts, great by our virtues, powerful by our

* Messenger.

† The Creator God, more powerful than the Sun.

‡ Indian philosophers.

§ Viracocha was looked upon as a God, and the Peruvians firmly believed, that at his death he predicted that the Spaniards should dethrone one of his descendants.

moderation, we shall in a cottage enjoy the heaven, the earth, and our mutual tenderneſs.

Thou wilt be more a king in reigning over my ſoul, than in doubting of the affection of a people without number: my ſubmiſſion to thy will, ſhall cauſe thee to enjoy, without tyranny, the undisputed right of commanding. While I obey thee, I will make thy empire reſound with the voice of my happineſs; thy diadem ſhall be always the work of my hands*, and thou ſhalt loſe nothing of royalty but the cares and fatigues.

How often, dear ſoul of my life! haſt thou complained of the duties of thy rank? How have the ceremonies which accompanied thy viſits, made thee envy the lot of thy ſubjects? Thy wiſh was to live for me only. Art thou now afraid to loſe ſo many constraints? Shall I no more be that Zilia whom thou preferredſt to thy empire? I cannot entertain the thought. My heart is not changed, and why ſhould there be a change in thine?

I love the ſame Aza who reigned in my heart the firſt moment I ſaw him; he is for ever before me: continually do my thoughts recal that happy day, when thy father, my ſovereign lord, gave thee for the firſt time a ſhare of that power, reſerved for him only, of entering the inner part of the temple†. Fancy ſtill figures to me the agreeable ſpectacle of our virgins; who, being there aſſembled, received a new luſtre from the admirable order that reigns among them: juſt as in a garden the arrangement of the fineſt flowers adds a brilliancy to their beauty.

Thou appearedſt in the miſt of uſ like a riſing-ſun, whoſe tender light prepares the ſerenity of a fine day. The fire of thy eyes overſpread our cheeks with the bluſhes of modeſty, and our looks were held captive in ſweet conſuſion: thy eyes, at the ſame time, ſhot forth a brilliant joy; for never before had they met ſo many beauties together. The Capa Inca was the only man we had till then ſeen. Aſtoniſhment and ſilence reigned on every ſide. I know not what were the thoughts of my companions; but the ſentiments that occu-

pied my own heart, who can expreſs? For the firſt time I felt the united ſenſe of trouble, inquietude, and pleaſure. Confuſed with the agitations of my ſoul, I was about to hide myſelf from thy ſight: when thou turnedſt thy ſteps towards me, and I was detained by reſpect. O my dear Aza, the remembrance of this firſt moment of my happineſs will ever be dear to me! The ſound of thy voice, like the melody of our hymns, conveyed into my veins that ſoft tremor, and holy reſpect, which is inſpired by the preſence of the divinity.

Trembling, diſmayed, my timidity had taken from me even the uſe of ſpeech: but, emboldened at laſt by the ſoftneſs of thy words, I dared to lift up my eyes towards thee, and met thine. No! death itſelf ſhall never efface from my memory the tender movements of our ſouls at this meeting, and how in an inſtant they were blended together!

Were it poſſible to doubt our original, my dear Aza, this ray of light would have deſtroyed our uncertainty. What other principle, but that of fire, could have tranſmitted this lively intelligence of hearts, which was communicated, expanded, and felt, with ſuch inexpréſſible rapidity?

I was too ignorant of the effects of love, not to be deceived by it. With an imagination full of the ſublime theology of our Caciputas‡, I took the fire which animated me for a divine agitation; I thought thee the organ through which the Sun had manifeſted to me his will, that he choſe me for his ſelectéd ſpouſe! I ſighed in rapture—but, after thy departure, examining my heart, I found there nothing but thy image.

What a change, my dear Aza, did thy preſence make in me! All objects appeared new, and it ſeemed as if I now ſaw my fellow-virgins for the firſt time. How did their beauty brighten! I could not bear their preſence; but, retiring aſide, gave way to the anxiety of my ſoul: when one of them came to awaken me out of my reverie, by giving me freſh matter to heighten it; ſhe informed me, that, being thy neareſt

* The diadem of the Incas was a kind of fringe wrought by the virgins of the Sun.

† The reigning Inca alone had a right to enter into the temple of the Sun.

‡ Priests of the Sun.

relation, I was destined to be thy wife, as soon as my age would permit that union.

I was ignorant of the laws of thy empire*, but after I had seen thee, my heart was too much enlightened not to have the idea of happiness in an union with thee. Far, however, from knowing the whole extent of this union, and accustomed to the sacred name of Spouse of the Sun, my hopes were bounded to the seeing of thee daily, the adoring of thee, and offering my vows to thee as to that divinity.

Thou, my amiable Aza, thou thyself filledst up the measure of my delight, by informing me that the august rank of thy wife would associate me to thy heart, to thy throne, to thy glory, to thy virtues; that I should incessantly enjoy those so precious conversations, those conversations so short in proportion to our desires, which would adorn my mind with the perfections of thy soul, and add to my felicity the delicious hope of being hereafter a happiness to thee.

O my dear Aza, how flattering to my heart was that impatience of thine, so often expressed on account of my youth, which retarded our union! How long did the course of two years appear to thee, and yet how short was their duration! Alas, the fortunate moment was arrived! What fatality rendered it so distressful? What deity thus punished innocence and virtue? what infernal power separated us from ourselves? Horror seizes me!—my heart is rent—my tears bedew my work. Aza! my dear Aza!

LETTER III.

TO THE SAME.

IT is thou, dear light of my soul, it is thou who callest me back to life. Would I preserve it, were I not assured that death, by a single stroke of his unsparing scythe, should level us both? The moment approached when that spark of divine fire, with which the sun animates our being, was about to ex-

pire. Laborious nature had already prepared to give a new form to the portion of matter with which she had composed me. I was dying; thou wast losing for ever half of thyself; when my love restored that life which I now sacrifice to thee. But how can I inform thee of the surprizing things that have happened to me? How shall I call back ideas that were confused even when I received them, and which the time that is since passed renders still less intelligible?

Scarcely, my dear Aza, had I entrusted our faithful Chaqui with the last tissue of my thoughts, when I heard a great motion in our habitation: about midnight two of my ravishers came to hurry me out of my gloomy retreat, with as much violence as they had employed in snatching me from the temple of the Sun.

Though the night was very dark, they made me travel so far, that, sinking under the fatigue, they were obliged to carry me into a house, which I could perceive, notwithstanding the obscurity, it was exceeding difficult to get into.

I was thrust into a place more strait and inconvenient than my prison had been. Ah, my dear Aza! could I persuade thee of what I do not comprehend myself, if thou wert not assured that a lye never sullied the lips of a child of the Sun†?

This house, which I judged to be very great, by the quantity of people it contained, was not fixed to the ground, but, being as it were suspended, kept in a continual balancing motion.

O light of my mind, Ticaiviracocha should have filled my soul like thine with his divine science, to have enabled me to comprehend this prodigy. All that I know of it is, that this dwelling was not built by a being friendly to mankind; for, some moments after I had entered it, the continual motion, joined to a noxious swell, made me so violently ill, that I am surprized I did not die of the malady. This was only the beginning of my pains.

A pretty long time passed, and I had no considerable suffering; when, one

* The laws of the Peruvians obliged the Incas to marry their sisters; and when they had none, to take the first princess of the blood of the Incas that was a virgin of the Sun.

† It is asserted, that no Peruvian ever told a falsehood.

morning, I was awakened out of my sleep by a noise more hideous than that of Yalpa. Our habitation received such shocks as the earth will experience, when the moon by her fall shall reduce the universe to dust*. The cries of human voices, joined to this wild uproar, rendered it still more terrible. My senses, seized with a secret horror, conveyed to my soul nothing but the idea of destruction; not of myself alone, but of all nature. I thought the peril universal; I trembled for thy life: my dread, at length, had attained the utmost excess, when I saw a company of furious men, with bloody countenances and apparel, rush tumultuously into my chamber. I could not support the horrid spectacle; my strength and understanding abandoned me: still am I ignorant of the consequence of this strange event. But when I recovered, I found myself in a handsome bed, surrounded by several savages; who were not, however, any of the cruel Spaniards.

Canst thou figure to thyself my surprise, when I found myself in a new dwelling, among new men, without being able to comprehend how this change could be brought about? I shut my eyes, the better to recollect myself, and to be assured whether I was yet alive, or whether my soul had not quitted my body to pass into unknown regions†.

I confess to thee, dear idol of my heart, that, fatigued with an odious life, disheartened at suffering torments of every kind, pressed down under the weight of my horrible destiny, I regarded with indifference the end of my being which I felt approaching: I constantly refused all the sustenance that was offered me, and in a few days was on the verge of the fatal term which I beheld without regret.

The decay of my strength annihilated my sentiment: my enfeebled imagination had already ceased to receive any images but those of a slight design traced by a trembling hand: already the objects which had most affected me, excited in me only that vague sensation which we feel when we indulge to an

indeterminate reverie: almost I was no more. This state, my dear Aza, is not so uneasy as it is conceived. At a distance it terrifies us, because we think of it with all our powers: when it arrives, enfeebled by the gradations of pain which conduct us to it, the decisive moment appears only as a moment of repose. A natural propensity which carries us towards futurity, even that futurity which will no more exist for us, reanimated my spirit, and transported it into my palace. I thought I arrived there at the instant when thou hadst received the news of my death. I represented to myself thy pale disfigured image, such as appears the gentle lily when scorched by the burning heat of noon. Is it possible that the most tender love should be sometimes barbarous? I rejoiced at thy grief, and augmented it by mournful adieus. I found a sweetness, perhaps a pleasure, in diffusing the poison of regret over thy days; and the same love which rendered me cruel, tore my heart by the horror of thy pains. At last, awakened as from a profound sleep, penetrated with thy agony, trembling for thy life, I cried out for help, and again beheld the light.

Shall I see thee again, thou dear arbiter of my existence? Alas! who can assure me of it? I know not where I am: perhaps it is far distant from thee! But should we even be separated by the immense spaces inhabited by the children of the sun, the light cloud of my thoughts shall hover incessantly about thee.

LETTER IV.

TO THE SAME.

WHATEVER the love of life be, my dear Aza, pains diminish, despair extinguishes it. The contempt in which nature seems to hold our being, by abandoning it to despair, shocks us at first; soon the impossibility of working our deliverance, proves such an humiliating circumstance, that it leads us to a disgust of ourselves.

I no longer live in or for myself;

* The Peruvians maintain that the end of the world will be brought about by the fall of the moon upon the earth.

† The Peruvians believe that the soul, after death, goes into unknown places, there to be recompensed or punished according to its deserts.

every instant in which I breathe, is a sacrifice which I make to thy love, and from day to day it becomes more painful. If time bring some solace to the ills that consume me, far from clearing up the mystery of my fate, it seems to render it more obscure. All that surrounds me is unknown, all is new, all engages my curiosity, and nothing can satisfy it. In vain I employ every effort in my power to understand or be understood; both are alike impossible. Wearied with so many fruitless pains, I thought to dry the source of them, by depriving my eyes of the impressions they receive from surrounding objects. I persisted for some time in keeping them shut; but the voluntary darkness to which I condemned myself, served only to relieve my delicacy. Offended continually at the presence of these men, whose officious kindnesses are so many torments, my soul was not the less agitated: shut up in myself, my inquietudes were not the less sharp, and the desire to express them was still more violent. On the other hand, the impossibility of making myself understood, spread an anguish over my organs, which is not less insupportable than the pains which a more apparent reality would occasion. How cruel is this situation!

Alas! I thought I had begun to understand some words of the savage Spaniards; I perceived in it some resemblance of our august language, and flattered myself that in a short time I should be able to explain myself with them. Far from finding the same advantage among my new tyrants, they express themselves with so much rapidity, that I cannot even distinguish the inflexions of their voice. All circumstances make me judge that they are not of the same nation; and, by the difference of their manners and apparent character, one easily discovers that Pacha-camac has distributed to them in great disproportion the elements of which he formed human kind. The grave and fierce air of the first shews that they are composed of the same matter as the hardest metals. These seem to have slipped out of the hands of the Creator the moment he had collected together only air and fire for their formation. The scornful looks, the gloomy

and tranquil mien of the former, sufficiently marked them as a people cruel in cold blood, and the inhumanity of their actions has too well proved this observation. The smiling countenance of the latter, the sweetness of their looks, a certain alacrity in all their actions, which seems to be an alacrity of good-will, would decide me in their favour, if I did not remark contradictions in their conduct which suspend my judgment.

Two of these savages seldom quit the side of my bed; one, whom by his air of grandeur I guess to be the Cacique*, seems to shew me, in his way, a great deal of respect: the other gives me part of the assistance which my malady requires; but his goodness is severe, his succours are cruel, and his familiarity imperious.

The moment when, recovered from my fit, I found myself in their power, this latter (for I have noticed him well) more bold than the rest, attempted to take me by the hand, which I drew away with inexpressible confusion. He seemed surprized at my resistance, and without any regard to my perturbation, took hold of it again immediately. Feeble, dying, and speaking only such words as were not understood, could I prevent him? He held it, my dear Aza, as long as he thought proper; and since that time, I am obliged to give it him myself several times every day, in order to avoid such disputes as must always terminate to my disadvantage.

This kind of ceremony seems to me a superstition of these people†: they imagine they find something there which indicates the nature of a distemper. But it must doubtless be their own nation that feel the effect of it; for I perceive none. I suffer continually by an inward fire that consumes me, and have scarce strength enough left to knot my Quipos. In this occupation I employ as much time as my weakness will permit me. The knots, which strike my senses, seem to give more reality to my thoughts; the kind of resemblance which I imagine they have with words, causes an illusion which deceives my pain; I think I speak to thee, tell thee of my love, assure thee of my vows and my tenderness: the sweet error is my

* Cacique, is a kind of governor of a province.

† The Indians have no knowledge of physick.

support, and my life. If the excess of my burden obliges me to interrupt my work, I groan at thy absence. Thus entirely abandoned to my tenderness, there is not one of my moments which belongs not to thee.

Alas! what other use can I make of them? O, my dear Aza! if thou wert not the master of my soul; if the chains of love did not bind me inseparably to thee; plunged in an abyss of obscurity, could I turn my thoughts from the light of life? Thou art the sun of my days; thou enlightenest them, thou prolongest them, and they are thine. Thou cherishest me, and I suffer myself to live. What wilt thou do for me? Thou lovest me, and I have my reward.

LETTER V.

TO THE SAME.

WHAT have I suffered, my dear Aza, since I consecrated to thee my last knots! The loss of my Quipos was yet wanting to compleat my anguish: but when my officious persecutors perceived that work to augment my disorder, they deprived me of the use of them.

At last they have restored to me the treasure of my tenderness; but with many tears did I purchase it. Only this expression of my sentiments had I remaining, the mere sorrowful consolation of painting my grief to thee: could I lose that, and not despair?

My strange destiny has snatched from me even the relief which the unhappy find in speaking of their pains. We are disposed to imagine there is pity when we are heard, and from the participation of sorrow arises some consolation: I cannot make myself understood, and am surrounded with gaiety.

I cannot even enjoy that new kind of entertainment to which the inability of communicating my thoughts reduces me. Surrounded by importunate people, whose attentive looks disturb the tranquil solicitude of my soul, I forget the fairest gift with which nature

has presented us, the power to render our ideas impenetrable without the concurrence of our will. I am sometimes fearful that these curious savages discover the disadvantageous reflections with which I am inspired by the singularity of their conduct.

One moment destroys the opinion which another had given me of their character: for if I am guided by the frequent opposition of their wills to mine, I cannot doubt but they believe me their slave, and that their power is tyrannical.

Not to reckon up an infinite number of other contradictions, they refuse me, my dear Aza, even the necessary aliments for the sustenance of life, and the liberty of chusing what place I would lie in; they keep me, by a kind of violence, in the bed which is become insupportable to me.

On the other hand, if I reflect on the extreme concern they have shewn for the preservation of my life, and the respect with which the services they render me are accompanied, I am tempted to believe that they take me for a being superior to the human species.

Not one of them appears before me without bending his body, more or less, as we do in worshipping the sun. The Cacique seems to attempt to imitate the ceremonial of the Incas on the days of Raymi*: he kneels down at my bed-side, and continues a considerable time in that painful posture. Sometimes he keeps silent; and, with his eyes cast down, seems to think profoundly. I see in his countenance that respectful confusion which the great name † inspires us with when spoken aloud. If he finds an opportunity of taking hold of my hand, he puts his mouth to it with the same veneration that we express for the sacred diadem ‡.

Sometimes he utters a great number of words, which are not at all like the ordinary language of his nation: the sound of them is more soft, more distinct, and more harmonious. He joins to this that air of concern which is the forerunner of tears, those sighs which express the necessities of the soul, the

* The Raymi was the principal feast of the Sun, when the Incas and priests adored him on their knees.

† The great name was Pacha-camac, which they spoke but seldom, and always with great tokens of admiration.

‡ They kissed the diadem of Manco-capac, in the same manner as the Roman Catholics kiss the relics of their saints.

most plaintive action, and all that usually accompanies the desire of obtaining favours. Alas! my dear Aza, if he knew me well, if he was not in an error with regard to my being, what prayer could he address to me?

Must they not be an idolatrous nation? I have not yet seen any adoration paid by them to the Sun: perhaps they make women the object of their worship. Before the great Manco-capac* brought down to earth the will of the Sun, our ancestors deified whatever struck them with dread or pleasure: perhaps these savages feel these two sentiments with regard to women.

But if they adore me, would they add to my misfortunes the hideous constraint in which they keep me? No, they would endeavour to please me; they would obey the tokens of my will: I should be free, and released from this odious habitation; I should go in search of the master of my soul, one of whose looks would efface the memory of all my misfortunes.

LETTER VI.

TO THE SAME.

WHAT an horrible surprize, my dear Aza! how are our woes augmented! how deplorable is our condition! our evils are without remedy; I have only to tell thee of them, and to die.

At last they have permitted me to get up, and with haste I availed myself of the liberty. I drew myself to a small window, which I opened with all the precipitation that my curiosity inspired. What did I see! Dear love of my life, I shall not find expressions to paint the excess of my astonishment, and the incurable despair that seized me, when I discovered round me nothing but that terrible element, the very sight of which makes me tremble.

My first glance did but too well inform me what occasioned the troublesome motion of our dwelling. I am in one of those floating houses which the Spaniards made use of to arrive at our unhappy country, and of which a very imperfect description had been given me.

Conceive, dear Aza, what melancholy ideas entered my soul with this fatal discovery. I am convinced they are carrying me from thee; I breathe no more the same air, nor do I inhabit the same element. Thou wilt ever be ignorant where I am—whether I love thee—whether I exist. Even the dissolution of my being will not appear to these people an event considerable enough to be conveyed to thee. Dear arbiter of my days, of what value will my life be to thee hereafter? Permit me to render to the Divinity an insupportable benefit, which I can no more enjoy. I shall not see thee again, and I will live no longer.

In losing what I love, the universe is to me annihilated: it is now only a vast desert, which I fill with the cries of my love. Hear them, dear object of my tenderness; be moved with them, and permit me to die!

What error seduces me? My dear Aza, it is not thou who makest me live: it is fearful nature, which, shuddering with horror, lends this voice, more powerful than her own, to retard an end which to her is always formidable.—But it is over—the most effectual means shall deliver me from her regrets.

Let the sea for ever swallow up in it's bosom my unhappy tenderness, my life, and my despair!

Receive, most unfortunate Aza! receive the last sentiments of my heart, which never admitted but thy image, was willing to live but for thee, and dies full of thy love. I love thee—I think it—I feel it still—and I tell it thee for the last time!—

LETTER VII.

TO THE SAME.

AZA, thou hast not lost all: I breathe, and thou reignest still in my heart. The vigilance of those who watch me defeated my fatal design, and I have only the shame left of having attempted it's execution. It would be too long to inform thee of the circumstances of an enterprize that failed on the instant it was projected. Should I have dared ever to lift up my eyes to thee,

* The first legislator of the Indians.

if thou hadst been a witness of my distraction?

My reason, subjected to despair, was no longer a succour to me: my life seemed to me of no value: I had forgot thy love.

How cruel is a cool temper after fury! How different are the points of sight on the same objects! In the horror of despair, ferocity is taken for courage; and the fear of suffering, for firmness of mind. Let a look, a surprize, call us back to ourselves, and we find that weakness was the sole principle of our heroism; that repentance is the fruit of it, and contempt it's only recompence.

The knowledge of my fault is it's most severe punishment. Abandoned to the bitterness of repentance, buried under the veil of shame, I hold myself at a distance, and fear that my body occupies too much space: I would hide it from the light. My tears flow in abundance; my grief is calm; and, though I am quite absorbed in it, not a sigh issues from my bosom. Can I do too much to expiate my crime? It was treason against thee.

In vain, for two days together, these beneficent savages have endeavoured to make me a partaker of the joy that transports them. I am in continual doubt what can be the cause of this felicity; but, did I even comprehend it, I should not think myself worthy to share in their festivals. Their dances, their chearful exclamations, a red liquor like maize* of which they drink abundantly, their eagerness to view the Sun wherever they can perceive him, would fully convince me that their rejoicings are in honour of that divine luminary, were the conduct of the Cacique conformable to that of his people.

But, far from partaking in the general joy, since the fault I committed, he interests himself only in my regrets. His zeal is more respectful, his cares are more assiduous, and his attention is more exact and unwearied.

He perceived that the continual presence of his savages served only to increase my affliction; he has delivered me from their troublesome officiousness,

and I have now no support but from himself.

Wouldst thou believe it, my dear Aza, there are some moments in which I feel a kind of pleasure in these mute dialogues; the fire of his eyes recalls to my remembrance the image of what I have seen in thine: the similitude is such that it seduces my heart. Alas! that this illusion is transient, and that the regrets which succeed it are durable! they will end only with my life, since I live for thee alone.

LETTER VIII.

TO THE SAME.

WHEN a single object unites all our thoughts, my dear Aza, we interest ourselves no farther in events than as we find them assimilated to our own case. If thou wast not the only mover of my soul, could I have passed, as I have just done, from the horror of despair to the most flattering hope? The Cacique had before several times in vain attempted to entice me to that window which I now cannot behold without shuddering. At last, prevailed on by fresh solicitations, I suffered myself to be conducted to it. Oh, my dear Aza, how well was I recompensed for my condescension!

By a most incomprehensible miracle, on my looking through a kind of hollow cane, he shewed me the earth at a distance; whereas, without the help of this wonderful machine, my sight could not have reached it.

At the same time, he made me understand by signs, (which begin to grow familiar to me) that we were going to that land, the sight of which was the only cause of those rejoicings which I took for a sacrifice to the Sun.

I became immediately sensible of all the benefit of this discovery: hope, like a ray of light, glanced instantly to the bottom of my soul.

They are certainly carrying me to this land which they have shewn me, and which is evidently a part of thy empire, since the sun there sheds his beneficent

* Maize is a plant with which the Indians make a very strong and salutary liquor, which they offer to the Sun on festival days, and drink to excess when the sacrifice is over.

rays*. I am no longer in the fetters of the cruel Spaniards: who, then, shall hinder my returning under thy laws?

Yes, my dear Aza! I go to be reunited to what I love: my love, my reason, my desires, all assure me of it. I fly into thy arms; a torrent of joy overflows my soul; the past is vanished; my misfortunes are ended, they are remembered no more: futurity alone employs me, and is my sole good.

Aza, my dear hope! I have not lost thee: I shall see thy countenance, thy robes, thy shadow; I shall love thee, and tell thee of it with my own mouth! Can any torments efface such a felicity!

LETTER IX.

TO THE SAME.

HOW long are the days, my dear Aza, when we compute their passage! Time, like space, is known only by it's limits. Our hopes seem to me the hopes of time; if they quit us, or are not distinctly marked, we perceive no more of their duration than of the air which fills the vast expanse.

From the fatal moment of our separation, my heart and soul, worn with misfortune, continued sunk in that total absence, that oblivion which is the vacuum of nature, the image of nothing. The days have passed away without my regarding them, for not a hope drew my attention to their length; but now hope marks every instant of them; their duration seems infinite; and, what most surprises me, in recovering the tranquillity of my spirits, I perceive that I recover at the same time a facility of thinking.

Since my imagination has been alive to joy, a crowd of thoughts present themselves, and employ it even to fatigue: projects of pleasure and happiness alternately succeed each other; new ideas find an easy reception, and some are even imprinted without my search, and before I discover it.

Within these two days I have comprehended several words of the Cacique's language, with which I was

before unacquainted. But they are only terms applicable to objects; not expressive of my thoughts, nor sufficient to make me understand those of others. They give me some lights, however, which were necessary for my satisfaction.

I know that the name of the Cacique is Deterville; that of our floating house, a Ship; and that of the country we are going to, France.

The latter at first alarmed me, as I did not remember to have heard any province of thy kingdom so called: but reflecting on the infinite number of countries under thy dominion, the names of which I have forgot, my fears quickly subsided. Could they long continue, with that solid assurance which the sight of the Sun incessantly gives me? No, my dear Aza, that divine luminary enlightens only his children. To doubt this, would be criminal in me. I am returning into thy empire; I am on the point of seeing thee; I fly to my felicity!

Amidst the transports of my joy, gratitude prepares me a most delicious pleasure. Thou wilt load with honour and riches the beneficent Cacique who shall restore us to each other: he shall bear into his own country the remembrance of Zilia; the recompence of his virtue shall render him still more virtuous, and his happiness shall be thy glory.

Nothing can compare, my dear Aza, to the kindness he shews me. Far from treating me as his slave, he seems to be mine. He is now altogether as complaisant to me, as he was contradictory during my sickness. My person, my inquietudes, my amusements, seem to make up his whole employment, and to engage all his care. I admit his offices with less confusion, since custom and reflection have informed me that I was in an error with regard to the idolatry of which I suspected him.

Not that he forbears to repeat much the same demonstrations which I mistook for worship: but the tone, the air, and manner he makes use of, persuade me that it is only a diversion after the manner of his country.

He begins by making me pronounce distinctly some words in his language,

* The Peruvians know not our hemisphere, and believe that the Sun enlightens only the land of his children.

and he is not ignorant that the Gods never speak. As soon as I have repeated after him, '*Oui, je vous aime!*' (Yes, I love you!) or else, '*Je promets d'être à vous!*' (I promise to be yours!) joy expands over over his countenance; he kisses my hands with transport, and with an air of gaiety quite contrary to that gravity which accompanies divine adoration.

Satisfied as I am on the score of religion, I am not quite so with regard to the country from whence he comes. His language and his apparel are so different from ours, that they frequently stagger my confidence: uneasy reflections sometimes cloud over my dear hope; I pass successively from fear to joy, and from joy to inquietude.

Fatigued with the confusion of my thoughts, sick of the uncertainties that torment me, I had resolved to think no more on the subject: but what can abate the anxiety of a soul deprived of all communication, that acts only on itself, and is excited to reflect by such important interests! I cannot express my impatience, my dear Aza; I search for information with an eagerness that devours me, and yet continually find myself in the most profound obscurity. I know that the privation of a single sense may in some respects deceive; and yet I see with surprize, that the use of all mine drag me on from error to error. Can the intelligence of tongues be a key to the soul? O my dear Aza, how many grievous truths do I see through my misfortunes! But far from me be these anxious thoughts: we touch the land; the light of my days shall in a moment dissipate the darkness which surrounds me.

LETTER X.

TO THE SAME.

I Am at last arrived at this land, the object of my desires: but, my dear Aza, I do not yet see any thing that confers the happiness I had promised myself. Every object strikes, surprizes, astonishes, and leaves on me only a vague impression, and stupid perplexity, of which I do not attempt to di-

vest myself. My errors destroy my judgment; I remain in a state of uncertainty, and almost doubt of every thing I behold.

Scarcely had we quitted the floating house, before we entered a town built on the sea-shore. The people, who followed us in crowds, appeared to be of the same nation as the Cacique; and the houses bore no resemblance to those of the cities of the Sun; but if ours surpass in beauty by the richness of their ornaments, these are to be preferred on account of the prodigies with which they are filled.

On entering the room assigned me by Deterville, my heart leaped with pleasure: I saw, fronting the door, a young person dressed like a virgin of the Sun, and ran to her with extended arms. But how great was my surprize to find nothing but an impenetrable substance, where I saw a human figure move in a very extended space!

Astonishment held me immovable, with my eyes fixed upon this object, when Deterville made me observe his own figure on the side of that which engaged all my attention: I touched him, I spoke to him, and I saw him at the same time very near and very far from me.

These prodigies confound reason, and blind the judgment. What ought we to think of the inhabitants of this country? Should we fear, or should we love them? I will not take upon me to come to any determination upon so nice a subject.

The Cacique made me understand, that the figure which I saw was my own! But what information does that give me? Does it make the wonder less great? Am I the less mortified to find nothing but error and ignorance in my mind? With grief I see it, my dear Aza, the least knowing in this country are wiser than all our Amutas.

The Cacique has given me a young and very sprightly China*; and it affords me great pleasure to see a woman again, and to be served by her. Many others of my sex wait upon me; but I had rather they would let it alone, for their presence awakens my fears. One may see, by their manner of looking on me, that they have never been at Cuzco†.

* A female servant, or waiting-woman.

† The capital of Peru.

However, as my spirit floats continually in a sea of uncertainties, I can judge of nothing. My heart, alone unshaken, desires, expects, waits for one happiness only, without which all the rest is but pain and vexation.

LETTER XI.

TO THE SAME.

THOUGH I have taken all the pains in my power to gain some light with respect to my present situation, I am no better informed at this instant than I was three days ago. All that I have been able to discover is, that the other savages of this country appear as good and as humane as the Cacique. They sing and dance as if they had lands to cultivate every day*. Were I to form a judgment from the opposition of their customs to those of our country, I should not have the least hope: but I remember that thy august father subjected to his obedience provinces very remote, the people of which had nothing in common with us. Why may not this be one of those provinces? The Sun seems pleased to enlighten it, and his beams are more bright and pure than I ever beheld them†. This inspires me with confidence, and I am uneasy only to think how long it must be before I can be fully informed of what regards our interests; for, my dear Aza, I am fully persuaded, that the knowledge of the language of the country will be sufficient to teach me the truth, and allay my inquietudes.

I omit no opportunity of learning it, and avail myself of every moment, when Deterville leaves me at liberty, to obtain the instructions of my China. Little service, indeed, they do me; for, as I cannot make her understand my thoughts, we can maintain no conversation, and I learn only the names of such objects as strike both our sights. The signs of the Cacique are sometimes more useful to me; custom has rendered them a sort of language betwixt us which serves at least to express our

wills. He conducted me yesterday into a house, where, without this knowledge, I should have behaved very improperly.

We entered into a larger and better furnished apartment than that which I inhabit, and a great many people were there assembled. The general astonishment shewn at my appearance displeased me; and the excessive laughter which some young women endeavoured to stifle, but which burst out again when they cast their eyes on me, gave me such uneasiness of mind, that I should have taken it for shame, if I could have found myself conscious of any fault: but, finding nothing within me but a repugnance to stay in such company, I was about to return, when I was detained by a sign from Deterville.

I found that I should commit a fault by going away, and I took great care not to deserve the behaviour with which I felt myself treated without cause. As I fixed my attention, during my stay, upon those women, I thought I discovered that the singularity of my dress occasioned the surprize of some, and the mirth of others. I pitied their weakness; and endeavoured to persuade them, by my looks, that my soul did not so much differ from theirs as my dress.

A young man, whom I should have taken for a Curaca‡, if he had not been dressed in black, took me by the hand with an air of affability, and led me to a woman, whom, by her haughty mien, I took for the Pallas§ of the country. He spoke several words to her, which I remember by having heard Deterville pronounce the same a thousand times. 'What a beauty!—What fine eyes!'—'Aye,' answered another man, 'she has the graces and the shape of a nymph.'

Except the women, who said nothing, they all repeated nearly the same words: I do not yet know their signification; but surely they express agreeable ideas, for the countenance is always smiling when they are pronounced.

The Cacique seems extremely well satisfied with what they say. He keeps

* The lands in Peru are cultivated in common, and the days they are about this work are always days of rejoicing.

† The sun never shines clear in Peru.

‡ The Curacas were petty sovereigns of a country, who had the privilege of wearing the same dress as the Incas.

§ A general name of the Indian princesses.

close to me; or if he steps a little from me to speak to any one, his eyes are constantly upon me, and he shews me by signs what I am to do. For my part, I observe him very attentively, as I would not offend against the customs of a people who know so little of ours.

I fear, my dear Aza, I shall hardly enable thee to comprehend how extraordinary the manners of these savages appear to me. They have so impatient a vivacity, that words do not suffice them for expression; but they speak as much by the motion of their bodies as by the sound of their voice. What I see of their continual agitation, has fully convinced me how little meaning there was in that behaviour of the Cacique which caused me so much uneasiness, and upon which I made so many false conjectures.

Yesterday he kissed the hands of the Pallas, and of all the other women: nay, what I never saw before, he even kissed their cheeks. The men came to embrace him: some took him by the hand; others pulled him by the cloaths; all with a sprightliness of which we have no idea.

To judge of their minds by the vivacity of their gestures, I am sure that our measured expressions, the sublime comparisons which so naturally convey our tender sentiments and affectionate thoughts, would to them appear insipid. They would take our serious and modest air for stupidity, and the gravity of our gait for mere awkwardness. Wouldst thou believe it, my dear Aza! if thou wert here, I could be pleased to live amongst them. A certain air of affability, spread over all they do, renders them amiable; and, if my soul was more happy, I should find a pleasure in the diversity of objects that successively pass before my eyes: but the little reference they have to thee effaces the charm of novelty; thou alone art my good, and my pleasure.

LETTER XII.

TO THE SAME.

I Have been long, my dear Aza, without being able to bestow a moment on my favourite occupation: yet I have many extraordinary things to communicate to thee, and avail myself

of this first short leisure to begin the information.

The next day after I had visited the Pallas, Deterville caused a very fine habit, of the fashion of the country, to be brought me. After my little China had put it on according to her fancy, she led me to that ingenious machine which doubles objects; and though now habituated to its effects, I could not help being surprized at seeing my figure stand as if I was over-against myself.

My new dress did not displease me. Perhaps I should have more regretted that which I took off, if it had not made every body troublesome by their staring at me.

The Cacique came into my chamber just as the girl was adding some trinkets to my dress: he stopped at the door, and looked at me for some time without speaking. So profound was his reverence, that he stepped aside to let the China go out, and inadvertently put himself in her place. His eyes were fixed upon me; and he examined all my person with such serious attention, as not a little discomposed me, though I knew not the reason of what he did.

However, to shew him my acknowledgment for his new benefactions, I offered him my hand; and being unable to express my sentiments, I thought I could not say any thing more agreeable to him than some of those words which he had amused himself with teaching me to repeat; and I even endeavoured to give them the exact tone which he had used in their pronunciation.

What effect they instantaneously had on him, I know not; but his eyes sparkled, his cheeks reddened, he approached me trembling, and seemed to have a desire to snatch me into his arms: then stopping suddenly, he pressed my hand, and pronounced, in a passionate tone—'No—respect—her virtue'—and many other words which I understood no better than these. Then throwing himself upon his seat, on the other side of the room, he leaned his head upon his hand, and sat moping with all the symptoms of afflictive pain.

I was alarmed at his condition, not doubting but I had given him some uneasiness: I drew near him, to testify my sorrow; but he gently pushed me away without looking at me, and I dared not say any thing more. I was in the
greatest

greatest confusion when the servants came in to bring us victuals; he then rose, and we eat together in our usual manner, his pain seeming to have no other consequence than a little grief; yet he was not less kind and good to me, which seemed to me unaccountable.

I dared not lift up my eyes upon him, or make use of the signs which commonly served us for conversation: but our meal was at a time so different from the usual hour of repast, that I could not help shewing some tokens of surprize. All that I could understand of his answer was, that we were soon to change our dwelling. In effect, the Cacique, after going in and out several times, came and took me by the hand. I let him lead me, still musing with myself on what had passed, and considering whether the change of our place was not a consequence of it.

Scarcely was I got without the outward door of the house, when he helped me up a pretty high step, and I advanced into a chamber so low, that one could not stand upright in it: but there was room enough for the Cacique, the China, and myself, all to sit at ease. This little apartment was agreeably decorated; it had a window on each side that sufficiently enlightened it, but it was not spacious enough to walk in.

While I was considering it with surprize, and endeavouring to divine what could be Deterville's reason for shutting us up so close, (O, my dear Aza! how familiar prodigies are in this country!) I felt this machine, or cabin, I know not what to call it, move and change it's place. This motion made me think of the floating-house. The Cacique saw my perturbation; and, as he is attentive to my least uneasiness, amused me by making me look out of one of the windows. I saw, not without extreme surprize, that this machine, suspended pretty near the earth, moved by a secret power which I could not comprehend.

Deterville then shewed me that several Hamas*, of a species unknown to us, went before us, and drew us after them. O light of my days! these people must have a genius more than human, that enables them to invent things so

useful and singular: but there must be also in this nation some great defects that moderate it's power, otherwise it must needs be mistress of the whole world.

For four days we were shut up in this wonderful machine, leaving it only at night to take our rest in the first house we came to; and then I always quitted it with regret. I confess, my dear Aza, that, notwithstanding my tender inquietudes, I have tasted pleasures; during this journey, that were before unknown to me. Shut up in the temple from my most tender infancy, I was unacquainted with the beauties of the universe, and every thing that I see ravishes and enchants me.

The immense fields, which are incessantly changed and renewed, hurry on the attentive mind with more rapidity than we pass over them.

The eyes, without being fatigued, rove at once over an infinite variety of admirable objects; and at the same time are at rest. One seems to find no other bounds to the sight than those of the world itself; which error flatters us, gives us a satisfactory idea of our own grandeur, and seems to bring us nearer to the Creator of these wonders.

At the close of a fine day, the heavens present to us a spectacle not less admirable than that of the earth. Transparent clouds assembled round the sun, tinged with the most lively colours, shew us mountains of shade and light in every part; and the majestick disorder attracts our admiration till we forget our own existence.

The Cacique has had the complaisance to let me every day step out of the rolling cabin, in order to contemplate at leisure the wonders which he saw me admire.

How delicious are the woods, my dear Aza! If the beauties of heaven and earth transport us far from ourselves by an involuntary rapture, those of the forests bring us back again by an inward incomprehensible bias, the secret of which is in nature only. When we enter these delightful places, an universal charm overflows all the senses, and confounds their use. We think we see the cooling breeze before we feel it. The different shades in the colour of leaves soften the light that penetrates

* A general name for beasts.

them, and seem to strike the sentiment as soon as the sight. An agreeable, but indeterminate odour, leaves it difficult for us to discern whether it affects the taste or the smell. Even the air, without being perceived, conveys to our bodies a pure pleasure, which seems to give us another sense, though it does not mark out the organ of it.

O, my dear Aza! how would thy presence embellish these pure delights! how have I desired to share them with thee! Wert thou the witness of my tender thoughts, I should make thee find, in the sentiments of my heart, charms still more powerful than all those of the beauties of the universe.

LETTER XIII.

TO THE SAME.

AT last, my dear Aza, I am got into a city called Paris: our journey is at an end; but, according to all appearances, so are not my troubles.

More attentive than ever, since my arrival at this place, to all that passes, my discoveries produce only torment, and presage nothing but misfortunes. I find thy idea in the least curious of my desires, but cannot meet with it in any of the objects I behold.

As well as I can judge by the time we spent in passing through this city, and by the great number of inhabitants with whom the streets are filled, it contains more people than could be got together in two or three of our countries.

I reflect on the wonders that have been told me of Quito, and endeavour to find here some strokes of the picture which I conceive of that great city: but, alas! what a difference!

This place contains bridges, rivers, trees, fields: it seems to be an universe, rather than a particular seat of habitation. I should endeavour in vain to give thee a just idea of the height of the houses; they are so prodigiously elevated, that it is more easy to believe nature produced them as they are, than to comprehend how men could build them.

Here it is that the family of the Cacique resides. Their house is almost as magnificent as that of the Sun: the furniture, and some parts of the walls, are of gold; and the rest is adorned with a various mixture of the finest colours, which prettily enough represent the beauties of nature.

At my arrival, Deterville made me understand that he was conducting me to his mother's apartment. We found her reclined upon a bed of almost the same form with that of the Incas, and of the same metal*. After having held out her hand to the Cacique, who kissed it, bowing almost to the ground, she embraced him; but with a kindness so cold, a joy so constrained, that if previous information had not been given me, I should have been unable to discover the sentiments of nature in the caresses of this mother.

After a moment's conversation, the Cacique made me draw near. She cast on me a haughty look; and, without answering her son, continued gravely to turn round her finger a thread which hung to a small piece of gold.

Deterville quitted us, to meet a stately, bulky man, who had advanced some steps towards him. He embraced both him, and a woman who was employed in the same manner as the Pallas.

As soon as the Cacique had appeared in the chamber, a young maiden of about my age ran to us, and followed him with a timid eagerness that seemed remarkable. Joy shone upon her countenance, yet not so as to efface the marks of a sorrow that seemed to affect her. Deterville embraced her last, but with a tenderness so natural, that my heart was touched with it. Alas! my dear Aza, what would be our transports, if, after so many misfortunes, fate should reunite us?

During this time I kept near the Pallas, whom I durst neither quit, nor look at, through awe†. Some severe glances, with which she from time to time regarded me, completed my confusion, and put me under a constraint that affected my very thoughts.

At last, the young damsel, as if she perceived my disorder, when she quitted Deterville, came and took me by the

* The beds, chairs, and tables of the Incas were of massy gold.

† The Peruvian damsels, though of the blood-royal, shew a most profound respect to married women.

hand, and led me to a window, where we both sat down. Though I did not understand any thing she said to me, her eyes, full of goodness, spoke to me the universal language of beneficent hearts; they inspired me with a confidence and friendship which I would willingly have expressed to her. But not being able to utter the sentiments of my mind, I pronounced all I knew of her language.

She smiled more than once, looking on Deterville with the most captivating sweetness. I was pleasing myself with this conversation, when the Pallas spoke some words aloud, looking sternly on my new friend; whose countenance immediately falling, she thrust away my hand, which she before held in hers, and took no farther notice of me.

Some time after, an old woman of gloomy appearance entered the room, went up towards the Pallas, then came and took me by the arm, led me to a chamber at the top of the house, and left me there alone.

Though this moment could not be esteemed the most unfortunate of my life, yet, my dear Aza, I could not pass it without much concern. I expected, at the end of my journey, some relief to my fatigues, and that in the Cacique's family I should at least meet with the same kindness as from him. The cold reception of the Pallas, the sudden change of behaviour in the damsel, the rudeness of this woman in forcing me from a place where I had rather have remained; the inattention of Deterville, who offered not to oppose the violence shewn me; in a word, all circumstances that might augment the pains of an unhappy mind, presented themselves at once with their most rueful aspects! I thought myself abandoned by all the world, and was bitterly deploring my sad destiny, when I beheld my China coming in. Her presence, in my situation, seemed to me an essential blessing: I ran to her, embraced her with tears, and was the more melted when I saw her partake in my affliction. When a mind is reduced to pity itself, the compassion of another is inestimable. The marks of this young woman's affection softened my anguish: I related to her my griefs, as if she could understand me; I asked her a thousand questions, as if it had been in her power to answer them. Her

tears spoke to my heart, and mine continued to flow, but with less bitterness than before.

I thought, at least, that I should see Deterville at the hour of refreshment; but they brought me up victuals; and I saw him not. Since I have lost thee, dear idol of my heart, this Cacique is the only human creature that has shewn me an uninterrupted course of goodness; so that the custom of seeing him became a kind of necessity. His absence redoubled my sorrow. After expecting him long in vain, I laid me down; but sleep had not yet sealed my eyes, before I saw him enter my chamber, followed by the young woman whose brisk disdain had so sensibly afflicted me.

She threw herself upon my bed, and by a thousand caresses seemed desirous to repair the ill-treatment she had given me.

The Cacique sat down by my bedside, and seemed to receive as much pleasure in seeing me again as I enjoyed in perceiving I was not abandoned. They talked together with their eyes fixed upon me, and were unbounded in their marks of the most tender affection.

Their conversation insensibly became more serious. Though I did not understand their discourse, it was easy for me to discover that it was founded on confidence and friendship. I was cautious not to interrupt them: but, as soon as they returned to my bedside, I endeavoured to obtain from the Cacique some information respecting those particulars which had appeared to me the most extraordinary since my arrival.

All that I could understand from his answers was, that the name of the young woman before me was Celina; that she was his sister; that the great man, whom I had seen in the chamber of the Pallas, was his elder brother; and the other young woman, that brother's wife.

Celina became more dear to me, when I understood she was the Cacique's sister; and the company of both was so agreeable, that I did not perceive it was day-light before they left me.

After their departure, I spent the rest of the time, destined to repose, in thus conversing with thee. This is my happiness, my only joy! It is to thee alone, dear soul of my thoughts, that

I unbosom my heart; thou shalt ever be the sole depositary of my secrets, my passions, and my sentiments!

LETTER XIV.

TO THE SAME.

IF I did not continue, my dear Aza, to spare from my sleep the time that I give to thee, I should no more enjoy those delicious moments in which I exist for thee only. They have made me resume my virgin habits, and oblige me to remain all day in a room full of people, who are changed and renewed every moment, without seeming to diminish.

This involuntary dissipation, in spite of myself, often causes a suspension of my tender thoughts: but if, for some moments, I lose that lively attention which unites our hearts, I always find thee again in the advantageous comparisons I make of thee with whatever surrounds me.

In the different countries that I have passed through, I have not seen any savages so haughtily familiar as these. The women in particular seem to have a kind of disdainful civility that disgusts human nature, and would perhaps inspire me with as much contempt for them as they shew for others, if I knew them better.

One of them occasioned an affront to be given me yesterday, which still distresses me. At a time when the assembly was most numerous, after she had been speaking to several persons without perceiving me, whether by chance, or that somebody made her take notice of me, I know not; but as soon as she cast her eyes upon me, she burst out a laughing, quitted her place precipitately, came to me, made me rise, and after having turned me backwards and forwards as often as her vivacity prompted, and handled every part of my dress with a scrupulous attention, she beckoned to a young man to draw near, and again began with him the examination of my figure.

Though I manifested a dislike to the liberty which both of them took, as the

richness of the woman's dress made me take her for a Pallas, and the magnificence of the young man, who was all over plated with gold, made him look like an Anqui*, I dared not oppose their will: but this rash savage, emboldened by the familiarity of the Pallas, and perhaps by my submission, having had the impudence to put his hand upon my neck, I pushed it away with a surprise and indignation that sufficiently discovered that I understood good-breeding much better than himself.

On my crying out, Deterville came up; and, after he had spoke a few words to the young savage, the latter, clapping one hand upon his shoulder, set up such a laugh as quite distorted his features.

The Cacique disengaged himself; and, blushing, spoke to him in so cold a tone, that the young man's gaiety vanished: he seemed quite confounded, and retired without coming near us again.

O my dear Aza, with what a veneration am I inspired, by the manners of this country, for those of the children of the Sun! How does the temerity of the young Anqui bring back to my remembrance thy tender respect, thy amiable reserve, and the charms of delicacy that reigned in our conversations! I perceived it the first moment I saw thee, dear delight of my soul, and I shall think of it during the remainder of my life. Thou alone unitest in thyself all the perfections which nature has shed upon mankind; as my heart has collected within it all the sentiments of tenderness and admiration that will attach me to thee till death.

LETTER XV.

TO THE SAME.

THE more I see the Cacique and his sister, my dear Aza, the more difficulty I have to persuade myself that they are of this nation: they alone know what virtue is, and respect it.

The simple manners, the native goodness, and the modest gaiety of Celina, would make one imagine she

* An Anqui is a prince of the blood. There must be leave from the Inca for a Peruvian to wear gold on his apparel, and he gives this permission only to the princes of the blood-royal.

had been bred up among our virgins: the honest sweetness, the serious tenderness of her brother, would easily persuade me that he was born of the blood of the Incas. They both treat me with the humanity we should shew them, if similar misfortunes had brought them among us.

I doubt not but the Cacique is a good tributary*.

He never enters my apartment, but he makes me a present of some of the wonderful things with which this country abounds. Sometimes they consist of pieces of that machine which doubles objects, enclosed in little frames of curious matter. At other times he brings me little stones of surprizing lustre, with which it is the custom here to adorn almost all parts of the body: they hang them to their ears, put them on the stomach, the neck, the knees, and even the shoes; all which has a very agreeable effect.

But what I am most amused with are certain small utensils of a very hard metal, and most singular use. Some are employed in the works which Celina teaches me to make: others, of a cutting form, serve to divide all sorts of stuffs, of which we make as many bits as we please without trouble, and in a very ingenious, diverting manner.

I have an infinite number of other rarities still more extraordinary; which not being in use with us, I cannot find words in our tongue to give thee an idea of them.

I keep all these gifts carefully for thee, my dear Aza: besides the pleasure thy surprize will give me when thou seest them, they undoubtedly belong to thee. If the Cacique was not subject to thy obedience, would he pay me a tribute which he knows to be due only to thy supreme rank? The respect he has always shewn me, made me think from the first that my birth was known to him; and the presents he now honours me with convince me, that he knows I am to be thy spouse, since he treats me already as a Mama Oella†.

This conviction revives me, and in some measure calms my inquietudes. I conceive, that nothing but the power of expressing my wish prevents my

being informed of the Cacique's reasons for detaining me, and to be delivered by him into thy hands: but, till that is possible, I have many pains to suffer.

The temper of Madame (so they call Deterville's mother) is not near so amiable as that of her children. Far from treating me with the same goodness, she on all occasions discovers a coldness and disdain that mortifies me, though I can neither prevent it, nor discover the cause; and yet, by a contradiction of sentiment that I still less comprehend, she requires to have me constantly with her.

This gives me insupportable torture; for constraint reigns always in her presence, and it is by stealth only that Celina and her brother convey to me the tokens of their friendship. They do not themselves dare to speak freely before her; and therefore usually spend part of the night in my chamber, which is the only time we can be said to enjoy the pleasure of seeing each other. Though I cannot partake in their conversation, their presence is always agreeable to me: and it is not from any want of attention in them that I am not completely happy. Alas! my dear Aza, they are ignorant that I cannot bear to be remote from thee, and that I only conceive myself to live, when my whole thoughts are occupied by the pleasing remembrance of thee and my tender regards.

LETTER XVI.

TO THE SAME.

I Have so few Quipos left, my dear Aza, that I am almost afraid to use them. When I would begin to knot them, the dread of seeing their end witholds me, as if I could multiply by sparing them. I am going to lose the pleasure of my soul, the support of my life: nothing can relieve the weight of thy absence, which must now bow me down.

I felt a delicate pleasure in preserving the remembrance of the most secret emotions of my heart, to offer thee it's homage. My design was to preserve

* The Caciques and Curacas were obliged to furnish the dress and provisions of the Inca and the queen. They never came into the presence of either, without offering them some tribute of the curiosities of the province they commanded.

† This is the name assumed by the Peruvian queens when they ascend the throne.

the memory of the principal customs of this singular nation, to amuse thy leisure in more happy times. Alas! I have now little hope of executing my intention.

If I find at present so much difficulty in arranging my ideas, how shall I hereafter recollect them without foreign assistance! It is true they offer me the means; but the execution is so difficult, that I think it will be impossible for me to attain it.

The Cacique has brought me one of his country savages, who comes daily to give me lessons in their language, and to shew me a method of giving a sort of existence to ideas. This is effected by drawing with a feather small figures, which they call Letters, on a thin matter called Paper. These figures have names, and those names, put together, represent the sound of words. But these names and sounds seem to me so little distinct from each other, that though I should, in time succeed in learning them, I am persuaded it will not be without a vast deal of labour. This poor savage uses incredible pains to teach me, and I take still more to learn: yet I make so little progress, that I would renounce the enterprize, were there any other probable means of informing myself of thy fate, and making thee acquainted with mine.

There is no other, my dear Aza; therefore my whole delight is now in this new and singular study. I would live alone: all that I see displeases me; and the necessity imposed on me of being always in Madame's apartment, gives me great torment.

At first, by exciting the curiosity of others, I amused my own: but, where the eyes only are to be used, they are soon satisfied. All the women are alike, have still the same manners, and, I think, they constantly speak the same words. The appearances are more varied among the men; some of them look as if they thought; but, in general, I suspect this nation not to be what it appears; for affectation seems to be it's ruling character.

If the demonstrations of zeal and earnestness, with which the most trifling duties of society are here graced, were natural, these people, my dear Aza, must certainly have in their hearts

more goodness and humanity than ours: and how can this be possible?

If they had as much serenity in the soul as upon the countenance; if the propensity to joy, which I remark in all their actions, was sincere; would they chuse for their amusement such spectacles as those which they have conducted me to see?

They took me to a place, where I saw represented, almost as in thy palace, the actions of men who are no more*. But though we revive only the memory of the most wise and virtuous, I believe only madmen and villains are renewed here. The performers raved and stormed as if they were wild; and one of them carried his fury so high as to kill himself. The fine woman, whom seemingly they persecuted, wept incessantly; and exhibited such tokens of despair, that there was no necessity for the words she made use of to shew the excess of her anguish.

Could one think, my dear Aza, that a whole people, whose outside is so humane, should be pleased at the representation of those misfortunes or crimes which either overwhelmed or degraded creatures like themselves?

But, perhaps, they have occasion here for the horror of vice, to conduct them to virtue. This thought rushes upon me unsought; and if it be true, how I pity such a nation! Ours, more favoured by nature, cherishes goodness for it's own charms: we want only models of virtue to make us virtuous; as nothing is requisite but to love thee, in order to become amiable.

LETTER XVII.

TO THE SAME.

I Know not, my dear Aza, what farther to think of the genius of this nation. It runs through the extremes with such rapidity, that it requires more ability than I possess to fit in judgment on it's character.

They have shewn me a spectacle entirely opposite to the former: that, cruel and horrible, made reason revolt, and degraded humanity; this, amusing and agreeable, imitates nature, and dignifies good sense. It was composed

* The Incas had a kind of drama represented, the subjects of which were taken from the most brilliant actions of their predecessors.

of a great many more men and women than the former: they also represented some actions of human life; but whether they expressed pain or pleasure, joy, or sorrow, the whole was effected by singing and dancing.

The intelligence of sounds, my dear Aza, must be universal; for I found it no more difficult to be affected with the different passions that were represented, than if they had been expressed in our language: and this seems to me very natural.

Human speech is doubtless of man's invention, because it differs according to the difference of nations. Nature, more powerful, and more attentive to the necessities and pleasures of her creatures, has furnished them with general means of expressing their wishes, which are well signified by the sounds I heard.

If it be true that sharp sounds express better the necessity of help, in violent fear or acute pain, than words understood in one part of the world and which have no signification in another; it is no less certain, that the tenderest sighs touch our hearts with a more sensible compassion than any words, the odd arrangement of which not unfrequently produces a direct contrary effect.

Do not lively and light sounds inevitably excite in our soul a gaiety, which the recital of a diverting story, or a pleasing jest, however happily introduced, can only imperfectly raise?

Are there expressions in any language capable of communicating genuine pleasure with so much success as the natural sports of animals? Dancing seems an humble imitation of them, and inspires a similar sentiment.

In short, my dear Aza, every thing in this last spectacle was conformable to nature and to humanity. Can any benefit be conferred on man, equal to that of inspiring him with joy?

I felt it myself, and was involuntarily transported by it; when an accident that happened to Celina interrupted the felicity I had begun to enjoy.

As we came out, we stepped a little aside from the crowd, and leaned on each other to prevent our falling. Deterville was some paces before us, leading his sister-in-law, when a young savage, of an agreeable figure, came up to Celina, whispered a few words to her, gave her a bit of paper which

she had scarce strength to take, and retired.

Celina, who was so terrified at his approach as to make me partake of her perturbation, turned her head languishingly towards him when he quitted us. She seemed so weak, that, fearing she was attacked by some sudden indisposition, I was about to call Deterville to her assistance: but she instantly prevented me; and, by putting her finger on her mouth, enjoined me to be silent. I chose rather to bear my anxiety than to disobey her injunction.

The same evening, when Deterville and his sister entered my chamber, Celina presented him the paper she had received. By the little I could comprehend of their conversation, I should have imagined she loved the young person who gave it her, were it possible to be frightened at the presence of those we love.

I have made other remarks, my dear Aza, which I would have imparted to thee; but, alas! my Quipos are all used; the last threads are in my hands; I am tying the last knots: and that which seemed to me a chain of communication betwixt my heart and thine, is now only the sorrowful object of my regret. Illusion quits me; alarming reality succeeds; my wandering thoughts, bewildered in the immense void of absence, will hereafter be annihilated with the rapidity of time. Dear Aza, they seem to separate us again, and snatch me anew from thy love. I lose thee! I quit thee! I shall see thee no more! Aza, dear hope of my heart! how distant, indeed, are we now to be removed from each other!

LETTER XVIII.

TO THE SAME.

HOW much of my time has been effaced, my dear Aza! The sun has run half his course since I last enjoyed the artificial happiness of believing I conversed with thee. How tedious has this double absence appeared! What courage did I want to support it! I lived in futurity only, and the present time seemed unworthy to be computed. All my thoughts were nothing but desires, my reflections but so many

many projects, and my sentiments but a series of hopes.

Scarce have I learned to form these figures, and yet I will endeavour to render them the interpreters of my passion.

I feel myself reanimated by this delightful employment: restored to myself, I begin to live again. Aza, how dear art thou! What pleasure do I take in telling thee so, in painting these sentiments, and giving them all possible means of existence! I would trace them upon the hardest metal, upon the walls of my chamber, upon my garments, upon every thing that surrounds me, and express them in all languages.

How fatal, alas! has been the knowledge of the language I now use! How fallacious was the hope that prevailed on me to learn it! Scarce had I become acquainted with it, when a new universe opened to my sight; objects took a different form; and every ray of information I gained, served only to discover some new misfortune.

My mind, my heart, my eyes, the sun himself has deceived me. He enlightens the whole world, of which thy empire, and the various kingdoms that own thy supremacy, are only a portion. Do not think, my dear Aza, that they have imposed upon me in these incredible facts; alas! they have but too well proved them!

Far from being among people subjected to thy rule, I am not only under foreign dominion, but so prodigiously remote from thy empire, that our nation had still been unknown to this people, if the avarice of the Spaniards had not made them surmount the most hideous dangers, to reach us.

Will not love do as much as the thirst of riches? If thou lovest me, if thou desirest me, if thou yet thinkest of the unhappy Zilia, I have every thing to expect from thy tenderness and generosity. Let them only shew me the road that leads to thee, and the perils to be surmounted, or the fatigues to be borne, shall be so many pleasures to my passionate heart.

LETTER XIX.

TO THE SAME.

I Am yet so very imperfect in the art of writing, that it takes me up abundance of time to form only a few

lines. Often it happens, my dear Aza, that, after having written much, I cannot myself divine what I have endeavoured to express. This perplexity confounds my ideas, and makes me forget what I had with pain revolved in my memory. I begin again, succeed no better, and yet I go on.

The task would be less difficult, had I only expressions of tenderness to convey: the vivacity of my sentiments would then surmount every difficulty.

But I would also give thee an account of every thing that passed during the long intervals of my silence. I would not have thee ignorant of any single action; and yet so unimportant, so little uniform have they for a long time been, that I can by no means distinguish one from another.

The principal event of my life has been Deterville's departure.

As long ago as they call here Six Months, he has been gone to war for the interest of his sovereign. When he departed, I was quite ignorant of his language; but, from the lively grief he discovered at leaving his sister and me, I perceived that we were going to lose him for a long time.

I shed many tears; a thousand fears filled my heart, lest the kindness of Celina should wear off. I lost in him the most solid hope of seeing thee again. To whom could I have applied in any new misfortune? Nobody understood my language.

It was not long before I felt the effects of this absence. Madame, his mother, whose contempt I had but too justly perceived, (and who had kept me so much in her presence merely to indulge the vanity she conceived on account of my birth, and the power she had over me) caused me to be shut up with Celina in a house of virgins, where we now reside. The life that we lead here is so eternally the same, that it produces few considerable events.

This retreat would not displease me, had it not deprived me (just as I began to be initiated) of the instructions I wanted to conduct my design of reaching thee. The virgins who live here are so extremely ignorant, that they cannot satisfy my most trifling enquiries.

The worship which they render to the divinity of the country requires that they should renounce all his benefits,
all

all intelligence of the mind, all the sentiments of the heart; and, I think, if we may judge from their discourse, even reason itself.

Though shut up like our virgins, they have one advantage which is not to be found in the temple of the Sun. The walls are open here in several places, and secured only by cross-bars of iron, placed almost close together. By these places, which are called Parlours, they have the liberty of conversing with persons without.

It is through one of these convenient places that I continue to receive my instructions in writing. I speak to nobody but the master who gives them me; and his ignorance in every thing but his art, is by no means likely to rescue me out of mine. Celina seems no better informed than the rest: in the answers she gives to my questions, I observe a certain perplexity, which can only proceed from awkward dissimulation or profound ignorance. Whichever it be, her conversation is always confined to the affairs of her own heart, and to those of her family.

The young Frenchman who spoke to her as we came out from the singing entertainment, is her lover, as I supposed.

But Madame Deterville, who will not permit their union, forbids her seeing him; and, the more effectually to prevent it, will not suffer her to speak to any person without.

Not that the choice is unworthy of her; but this vain and unnatural mother, taking advantage of a barbarous custom established among the great in this country, obliges Celina to put on the virgin's habit, in order to increase the fortune of her eldest son.

From the same motive she has obliged Deterville to enter into a particular order, from which he cannot be disengaged after he has pronounced certain words called Vows.

Celina, with all her power, opposes the sacrifice they would make of her: and her resolution is supported by her lover's letters, which I receive from my writing-master, and deliver to her. Yet grief has so changed her disposition, that, far from shewing me that kindness I experienced before I became acquainted with her language, she spreads such a gloom over all our conversation, as renders my sorrow insupportable.

Her troubles, of which she makes me the perpetual confidante, I hear without disgust; I bewail them without art, and console her with friendship: but when my tenderness, awakened by the picture of hers, forces me to seek ease for my oppressed heart, by only pronouncing thy name, impatience and contempt are immediately depicted in her countenance, and she disputes thy understanding, thy virtues, and even thy love.

My very China, (I have no other name for her, this having so pleased, that it has been continued) my China, who seemed to love me, who obeyed me in every thing, takes the liberty of advising me to think no more of thee, and leaves me when I insist on her silence. Celina then comes in, and I am obliged to conceal my resentment.

This tyrannical constraint aggravates all my misfortunes. I have nothing left but the painful satisfaction of covering my paper with expressions of tenderness; this is the only faithful witness of the true sentiments of my heart.

Alas! perhaps my pains are ineffectual; perhaps thou wilt never know that I lived for thee alone! This horrible idea enfeebles my courage, yet does it not interrupt my resolution of continuing to write to thee. I preserve my illusion, that I may preserve my life for thee. I banish that cruel reason which would inform me. If I hoped not to see thee again, my dear Aza, I should assuredly perish; for life, without thee, is only a torment to Zilia.

LETTER XX.

TO THE SAME.

INTENT only about the afflictions of my heart, I have hitherto, my dear Aza, said nothing to thee respecting those of my understanding: yet these are not the less cruel because I have omitted them. I experience a distress of a nature unknown among us, and which nothing but the equivocal genius of this nation could invent.

The government of this empire, quite opposite to that of thine, must necessarily be defective. With us, the Capa Inca is obliged to provide for the subsistence of his people: here, the sovereigns sub-

sist only on the labours of their subjects; hence it is that most of the crimes and misfortunes of these people proceed from unsatisfied necessities.

The misfortunes of the nobles, in general, arise from the difficulties they are under to reconcile their apparent magnificence with their real misery.

The common people support their condition by what is called Commerce, or industry; the least evil arising from which is insincerity.

Part of the people, in order to live, are obliged to depend on the humanity of others; and this is so slender, that scarce have those wretches sufficient to preserve their existence.

Without gold, it is impossible to acquire any part of that land which nature has given in common to all; without possessing what they call Wealth, it is impossible to have gold; and, by a false consequence, repugnant to reason and to natural light, this senseless people, thinking it a disgrace to receive from any other than the sovereign the means of life, and the support of dignity, give that sovereign an opportunity of showering down his liberalities on so small a number of his subjects, in comparison with those who are miserable, that there would be as much folly in pretending to any share in them, as there would be ignominy in obtaining deliverance by death from the impossibility of living without shame.

The knowledge of these woeful truths excited in my heart, at first, only pity for the miserable wretches, and indignation against the laws. But, alas! how many cruel reflections does the contemptuous manner in which I hear them speak of those who are not rich, occasion me to make on myself! I have neither gold, nor land, nor address, and yet I necessarily make a part of the citizens of this place. O Heaven! in what class must I rank myself?

Though I am a stranger to all sense of shame, which does not arise from the commission of a crime; and though I perceive the folly of blushing for causes independent of my power and of my will; I cannot avoid suffering from the reflection of what others may think of me. This pain would be insupportable, did I not flatter myself that thy generosity would one day enable me to recompense those who, in spite of myself,

humble me by benefits with which I once thought myself honoured.

Not that Celina omits any thing in her power to calm my inquietudes in this respect: but what I see, what I learn of this country, gives me a general diffidence of their words. Their virtues, my dear Aza, have no more reality than their riches. The moveables, which I thought were of gold, have only a thin covering of that metal, their true substance being wood. In like manner, what they call Politeness has all the outward forms of virtue, and lightly veils over their faults: but, with a little attention, the artifice of this is discovered, as well as their false riches.

I owe part of this knowledge to a sort of writing they call Books. Though I find it very difficult to comprehend what they contain, they have been of great use to me: I extract notions from them; Celina explains to me what she knows, and I form such ideas as I think just.

Some of these books teach me what men have done, and others what they have thought. I cannot explain to thee, my dear Aza, the exquisite pleasure I should take in reading them, if I understood them better; nor the extreme desire I have to be acquainted with some of those divine men who compose them. As they are to the soul what the sun is to the earth, I should in them find all the lights, all the helps I want: but I see no hope of ever receiving that satisfaction. Though Celina reads pretty often, she is not sufficiently intelligent to satisfy me. As if she had never reflected that books were made by men, she is ignorant of their very names, and seems not to have considered whether such persons ever lived.

I will convey to thee, my dear Aza, all that I can collect from their miraculous works: I will explain them in our language, and shall taste supreme felicity in giving a new pleasure to the dear object of my love.

Alas! shall I ever be able to perform my promise?

LETTER XXI.

TO THE SAME.

IN future, my dear Aza, I shall not want matter to entertain thee: they have let me speak to a Cucipata, whom they

they call a religious man, who knows every thing, and has promised to leave me ignorant of nothing. As polite as a great lord, as learned as an Amutas, he knows as well the customs of the world as the tenets of his religion. His conversation, more useful than books, has given me a satisfaction which I had not tasted since my misfortunes separated me from thee.

He came to teach me the religion of France, and to exhort me to embrace it: which I would willingly have done, had I been well assured that the picture he gave me of it was a true one.

According to what he tells me of the virtues it prescribes, they are drawn from the law of nature, and are not less pure than ours: but I have not sufficient penetration to perceive here that agreement which the manners and customs of a nation should have with their religion; on the contrary, I find such a want of connection betwixt them, that my reason absolutely refuses to believe my instructor.

With respect to the origin and principles of this religion, they do not appear to me either more incredible, or more incompatible with good sense, than the history of Manco-capac and the Lake Titicaca: I should therefore have been ready to embrace it, if the Cucipata had not indignantly despised the worship which we render to the Sun. Partiality of any kind destroys confidence.

I might have applied to his arguments what he opposed to mine: but if the laws of humanity forbid to strike another, because it is doing him an injury; there is more reason why one should not hurt the soul of another by a contempt of his opinions. I contented myself with explaining to him my sentiments, but did not attempt to contradict his.

Besides, a still dearer concern induced me to change the subject of our conversation. I interrupted him as soon as possible, to ask how far distant the city of Paris was from that of Cuzco; and whether it was possible to get from one to the other. The Cucipata satisfied me kindly; and though the distance he told me there was betwixt the two cities was enough to make me despair; though he represented the difficulty of performing this voyage as almost insurmount-

able; it was sufficient for me to know that the thing was possible, in order to confirm my courage, and inspire me with confidence to communicate my design to the good father.

He seemed astonished; and endeavoured to divert me from my project with such tender words, that I was myself affected at hearing the dangers to which I should be exposed: but my resolution was unshaken; and I prayed the Cucipata, in the warmest manner, to instruct me in the means of returning to my own country. He avoided entering into particulars; and only told me that Deterville, from his high birth and personal merit, being in great credit, might do what he would for me; and that, having an uncle of great influence at the court of Spain, he could more easily than any other person procure me news from our unhappy country.

The better to reconcile me to waiting his return, (which he assured me was near at hand) he added, that, after the obligations I owed to this generous friend, I could not honourably dispose of myself without his consent. I agreed with the Cucipata, and heard with pleasure his encomium of those inestimable qualities which distinguish Deterville from others of his rank. The weight of acknowledgment is very light, my dear Aza, when we receive favours only from the hands of virtue.

This learned man likewise informed me how chance had conducted the Spaniards to thy unfortunate empire, and convinced me that the thirst of gold was the sole cause of their cruelty. He then explained in what manner the rights of war had occasioned me to fall into the hands of Deterville, by a fight in which he was victorious, after having taken several ships from the Spaniards, and among them that in which I was embarked.

In short, my dear Aza, if he has confirmed my misfortunes, he has at least drawn me out of that cruel uncertainty in which I lived with regard to these extraordinary events. This is no small consolation to my mind, and for the rest I wait the return of Deterville. He is humane, noble, virtuous, and on his generosity I may depend. If he restores me to thee, what a benefit! what joy! what happiness!

LETTER XXII.

TO THE SAME.

I Relied, my dear Aza, upon making me a friend of the learned Cucipata; but his second visit has destroyed the good opinion I had formed of him at the first: in short, we have already disagreed.

If he at first appeared gentle and sincere, I now found nothing but rudeness and falshood in every thing he said to me.

My mind being satisfied with regard to the object of my tenderness, I begged him to satisfy my curiosity respecting the wonderful men who make books: I began by enquiring what rank they held in the world, what veneration was paid to them; in short, what were the honours and triumphs decreed to them for so many benefits bestowed on society.

I know not what pleasantry the Cucipata discovered in my questions; but he smiled at each of them, and answered me only by such broken sentences, that it was not difficult to perceive he deceived me.

Ought I, indeed, to believe that persons who know and paint so well the subtle delicacies of virtue, should not have more, nay, should sometimes have less of it in their hearts than other men? Can I believe that interest is the guide of a labour more than human; and that so many pains are rewarded only with raileries, or at best with a little money?

Can I persuade myself that, in so haughty a nation, men who are indisputably above others by the light of their understanding, are reduced to the woeful necessity of selling their thoughts, as people sell for bread the meanest productions of the earth?

Falshood, my dear Aza, does not less displease me, when under the transparent mask of pleasantry, than when under the thick veil of deceit: that of the father provoked me, and I deigned not to give him an answer.

Being unable to satisfy myself in this respect, I changed the conversation to the project of my voyage; but, instead of dissuading me from it with the same gentleness as before, he opposed such strong and convincing reasons against the measure, that I had only my passion

for thee to combat them with, which I made no scruple of avowing.

At first he assumed a gay air; and, seeming to doubt the truth of my words, answered only by jokes, which, insipid as they were, failed not to prove offensive. I laboured to convince him of my sincerity; but, in proportion as the expressions of my heart proved it's sentiments, his countenance and words became severe. He dared to tell me that my love for thee was incompatible with virtue; that I must renounce one or the other; in short, that I could not love thee without a crime.

At these senseless words the most violent rage took possession of my soul: I forgot the moderation I had prescribed myself; I loaded him with reproaches; I told him what I thought of the falsity of his words; I protested to him a thousand times that I would love thee for ever; and, without waiting to hear his excuses, quitted him instantly, and ran to my chamber, where I was sure he could not follow me.

O, my dear Aza! how capricious is the reason of this country! Always in contradiction with itself, I am at a loss to understand how I can obey some of it's precepts without thwarting many others.

It agrees, in general, that to do good is the first virtue: it approves acknowledgment, and yet preserves ingratitude.

It would be laudable in me if I could re-establish thee upon the throne of thy fathers; but I am criminal in preserving for thee something more precious than the empire of the world.

They would commend me if I could recompense thee by the treasures of Peru. Stripped of all, dependent for all, I possess only my love; that they would have me tear from thee, and become ungrateful, because I have virtue. Ah, my dear Aza! I should deceive them, if I promised a moment to cease loving thee. Faithful to their laws, I shall likewise be so to my love; I will live for thee alone.

LETTER XXIII.

TO THE SAME.

I Believe, my dear Aza, that nothing but the joy of seeing thee can surpass that which I felt on the return of Derville: but, as if I was never more

to taste pleasure unmixed, it was very soon followed by a sorrow which still endures.

Celina was yesterday morning in my chamber, when somebody came, and whispered her out; and she had not been long gone, before I was called into the parlour. I ran thither; and how was I surprized to find her brother returned!

I did not dissemble the pleasure I received at seeing him to whom I owe so much esteem and friendship. As there were sentiments which bordered on virtue, I expressed them with as much truth as I felt them.

I saw my deliverer, the only support of my hope: I began to speak, without constraint; of thee, of my love, of my designs, and my joys swelled up to transports.

As I did not speak French when Deterville went away; how many things had I to tell him, how many questions to ask him, and how many thanks to give him! Desirous to tell him all at once, I spoke bad French, and yet continued to talk on.

During this time I perceived that Deterville's countenance changed: the gloom which I remarked on his face when I entered, disappeared; joy succeeded; and I, pleased that I could give him delight, endeavoured to heighten it still more. Alas! ought I to have feared giving too much pleasure to a friend to whom I owe every thing, and from whom I expect every thing? Yet my sincerity plunged him in an error which at present costs me many tears.

Celina left the room at the same moment that I entered: her presence might perhaps have prevented the cruel explanation.

Deterville, attentive to my words, seemed to take pleasure in hearing them without attempting to interrupt me. Inexpressible was the trouble which seized me, when I wished to ask him some questions respecting my journey, and to explain to him my motive for undertaking it: I wanted language; and searched in vain for words. He availed himself of a moment of silence, and bowing one knee to the ground before the grate, which he held with both his hands, he said to me, in a passionate tone, 'To what sentiments, divine Zilia, must I ascribe the pleasure

which I see so ingenuously expressed in your fair eyes, as well as in your discourse? Am I the happiest of mankind; in the very moment when my sister represented me as the greatest object of compassion?'—'I know not,' answered I, 'what uneasiness Celina can have given you; but I am sure you shall never receive any from me.'—'She has told me,' replied he, 'that I ought not to hope for your love.'

'Mine!' cried I, interrupting him; 'could she say that you have not my love? Ah, Deterville! how could your sister blacken me with such a crime! I abhor ingratitude, and should despise myself if I thought I could ever cease to love you!'

While I spoke these few words, he seemed, by the eagerness of his looks, as if he would have penetrated my very soul.

'You love me, then, Zilia,' said he, 'and you tell it me yourself? I would have given my life to have heard so charming a confession. But, alas! now I hear it, I cannot believe. Zilia, my dear Zilia! is it true that you love me? Do you not deceive yourself? Your tone, your eyes, my heart, every thing seduces me! Perhaps I am only to be plunged again into the despair from which I have just emerged.'

'You astonish me,' replied I: 'Whence arises your doubt? Since I have known you, if I could not make myself understood by words, ought not all my actions to have proved that I loved you?'—'No,' resumed he, 'I cannot yet flatter myself of this: you are not sufficiently acquainted with our language to destroy my just fears. I know you do not endeavour to deceive me; but tell me what sense you affix to these adorable words, "I love you." Let my lot be decided; let me die at your feet, either with grief or pleasure.'

'These words,' replied I, somewhat alarmed by the manner in which he concluded his speech, 'these words, I think, ought to let you know that you are dear to me; that I interest myself in your fortune; that friendship and gratitude attach me to you: these sentiments please my heart, and ought to satisfy yours.'

'Ah, Zilia!' answered he, 'how feeble

‘ feeble are now your expressions, how cold is the tone of your voice! Did Celina, then, tell me truth? Is it not for Aza that you feel all that you express?—’ No,’ replied I; ‘ the sentiments I have for Aza are quite different from those I feel for you: they are what you call love in another sense.—What pain can this give you?’ added I, (seeing him grow pale, quit the grate, and look with anguish up to heaven:—) ‘ I have this tender love for Aza, because he has the same for me, and we were espoused to each other. There is nothing in this that at all concerns you.—’ There should be the same ties,’ said he, ‘ betwixt you and me, as you own betwixt him and you; since I have a thousand times more love for you than he ever felt.’

‘ How can that be possible?’ said I, interrupting him: ‘ You are not of my country. Far from having chosen me for your wife, it was chance only that brought us together, and we could never, till this day, freely communicate our ideas to each other. What reason can you have to entertain for me the sentiments you mention?’

‘ Was any other reason wanting,’ replied he, ‘ than your charms, and your virtues, to attach me to you till death? Tenderly brought up, of a disposition naturally indolent, and an enemy to artifice, the trouble it must have cost me to engage the hearts of women, and the dread of not finding there that sincerity I desired, gave me only a vague and transient relish for the sex. I lived without passion till the moment I saw you, when your beauty charmed me; but it’s impression, perhaps, had been as light as that of many others, if the sweetness and simplicity of your character had not made you appear to me the very object which my imagination had so frequently formed. You, Zilia, best know if I have shewn a just respect for this object of my adoration. What did it cost me to resist the seducing opportunities with which the familiarity of a long voyage presented me! How often, had I listened to my transports, must your innocence have surrendered to them! But, far from offending you, I carried my discretion even to silence: I enjoined my sister not to mention to

you a word of my love, willing to owe nothing but to yourself alone. Ah, Zilia! if so tender a respect does not affect you, I will fly: but too surely I perceive that my death will be the price of the sacrifice.’

‘ Your death!’ cried I, affected at the grief which I saw weigh him down, ‘ fatal sacrifice, indeed! I know not whether the apprehension of my own would give me greater horror!’

‘ Well, then, Zilia,’ said he, ‘ if my life is dear to you, bid me continue to live.—’ What must I do?’ said I.—‘ Love me,’ answered he, ‘ as you love Aza.—’ I love him always the same,’ replied I, ‘ and shall love him till death. I added, ‘ Whether your laws permit you to love two objects in the same manner, I know not; but our customs and my heart forbid it. Be content with the sentiments I promise you; I can have no other. Truth is dear to me, and I tell it you without disguise.’

‘ How you assassinate in cold blood!’ cried he. ‘ Ah, Zilia! how do I love you, since I adore even your cruel sincerity!’—‘ Well,’ continued he, after some moments silence, ‘ my love shall surpass your cruelty. Your happiness is dearer to me than my own. Speak to me unreservedly with all this torturing sincerity: what are your hopes in the love you still cherish for Aza?’

‘ Alas!’ said I, ‘ my hopes are in you only.’ I then told him, I had learned that a passage to the Indies was practicable; that I flattered myself he would furnish me with the means of returning thither; or, at least, that he would have the goodness to get my knots conveyed to thee, which would inform thee of my situation, and procure me an answer, acquainting me with thy destiny also, that I might conduct myself accordingly.

‘ I am going,’ said he, with an affected coldness, ‘ to take the necessary measures for discovering the fate of your lover: you shall be satisfied on that head. But in vain do you amuse yourself with the hope of again seeing the happy Aza, who is separated from you by invincible obstacles.’

These words, my dear Aza, were a mortal wound to my heart: my tears flowed in abundance, and kept me a long time from answering Deterville, who on his part preserved a melancholy silence.

silence. 'If it be so,' said I at last, 'if I shall see him no more, yet will I not live for him the less! Your friendship will be generous enough to procure us a correspondence, and that satisfaction shall suffice to render my life less insupportable. I shall die content, if you promise to inform him that I loved him even in the last moment of my existence!'

'Oh, this is too much!' cried he, rising up briskly. 'Yes, if it be possible, I will alone be miserable. You shall know this heart which you disdain: you shall see the efforts of which a love like mine is capable, and I will force you at least to lament me.' As he spoke these words, he darted away, and left me in a condition which I do not yet well comprehend. I continued standing, my eyes fixed on the door by which Deterville went out, plunged in a confusion of thoughts, which I strove in vain to reduce to order. I should have remained there longer, if Celina had not come into the parlour.

She asked me, hastily, why her brother was so soon gone; and I attempted not to conceal what had passed between us.

At first she seemed only to grieve for what she called her brother's misfortune: then, changing her sorrow into anger, she loaded me with the severest reproaches, to which I dared not answer a single word. What could I have said to her? My trouble did not leave me the liberty of thinking. I went out, and she did not follow me. Returning into my chamber, I staid there a whole day without daring to appear, without speaking to any person, and in such a disorder of mind that I was incapable of even writing to thee.

Celina's wrath, her brother's despair, and his last words, (to which I dared not give a favourable sense) alternately tormented my soul, and gave me the most cruel uneasiness.

At last I thought, that the only way to soften my inquietudes was to represent them to thee, and to search in thy love for those counsels of which I have so much need. This error supported me while I was writing; but, alas! how short a time did it continue! My letter is written, and the characters are drawn only for myself.

Thou art ignorant of what I suffer; thou dost not even know if I exist, if I

continue to love thee. Aza, my dear Aza! thou wilt never know these things.

LETTER XXIV.

TO THE SAME.

JUSTLY, my dear Aza, may I call that time an absence, which is elapsed since I last wrote to thee.

Some days after the conversation I had with Deterville, I fell into a sickness which they call a Fever. If, as I believe, it was caused by the dolorous passions which then agitated me, I doubt not but it has been lengthened by the sorrowful reflections that have since employed me, and by my regret at having lost the friendship of Celina.

Though she seemed to be concerned for my malady, and took all the care of me in her power, it was with so cold an air, and so little sympathy in the affliction of my soul, that I cannot doubt but her sentiments towards me are changed. The extreme friendship she has for her brother arms her against me, and she continually reproaches me for having rendered him miserable. The shame of appearing ungrateful intimidates me; the affected kindnesses of Celina torture me; she is constrained by my perplexity, and the soft and agreeable are banished from our conversation.

Notwithstanding the inconvenience and pain I suffer from this brother and sister, I am by no means indifferent to the events which have changed their destiny.

Madame Deterville is dead. This unnatural mother has not contradicted her character; she has left her whole fortune to her eldest son. There are hopes that the lawyers may prevent the effects of this injustice. Deterville, disinterested with regard to himself, takes infinite pains to redeem Celina from oppression. Her misfortunes seem to increase his esteem; besides that he comes to see her every day, he writes to her night and morning: his letters are full of tender complaints against me, and such lively solicitude for my health, that though Celina affects, in reading them, to inform me only of the progress of their affairs, I can easily discover the motive of this pretence.

I doubt

I doubt not but Deterville writes them on purpose that they may be read to me; and yet I am persuaded he would not do it, if he knew the heavy reproaches that always follow these lectures; they make their impression upon my heart, and sorrow consumes me.

Hitherto, in the midst of storms, I have enjoyed the weak satisfaction of living in peace with myself; not a spot sullied the purity of my soul, nor a remorse troubled it. But now I cannot think, without a sort of contempt for myself, that I should make two persons unhappy to whom I owe my life. How do I interrupt the felicity which, but for me, they would enjoy! and yet, though I injure them all in my power, I am not, nor will I cease to be in this respect criminal. My tenderness for thee triumphs over my remorse. Aza, how do I love thee!

LETTER XXV.

TO THE SAME.

HOW prejudicial, my dear Aza, may prudence sometimes be! I have for a long time resisted the pressing importunities which Deterville had caused to be made to me, that I would grant him a moment's conversation. Alas! I shunned my own happiness. At length, less through complaisance than because I was weary of Celina's importunity, I suffered myself to be led to the parlour. At sight of the frightful change in Deterville, which makes him scarce to be known, I stood confounded, repented already the step I had taken, and waited, trembling, for the reproaches which I thought he had a right to lay on me. How could I divine that he was going to fill my soul with pleasure!

'Pardon me, Zilia,' said he, 'the violence I inflict on you. I should not have obliged you to see me, had I not brought you as much pleasure as you give torment to me. Is a moment's sight of you too much to require in recompense for the cruel sacrifice I am about to make you?' Then, without giving me time to answer, 'Here,' says he, 'is a letter from the relation you mentioned. This will inform you of Aza's situation;

and prove, at the same time, better than all my protestations, how great is the excess of my love.' He then read the whole of that letter. Oh, my dear Aza! could I hear it, and not expire with joy? It informed me that thy days are preserved, that thou art free, that thou livest out of danger at the court of Spain. What an unexpected happiness!

This admirable letter was written by a man who knows thee, who sees thee, who converses with thee. Perhaps thy looks were fixed a moment on this precious paper! I could not lift mine from it. It was with pain I suppressed the joyful exclamations that were ready to escape, and tears of love overflowed my face.

Had I followed the emotions of my heart, a hundred times should I have interrupted Deterville, to tell him all that my gratitude inspired: but I forgot not that my felicity would augment his pain; and so concealed my transports, that my tears only were visible.

'You see, Zilia,' said he, after he had finished reading this letter, 'that I have kept my word: you are informed of Aza's situation; what more is there to be done? Lay your injunctions without reserve; there is nothing that you are not entitled to exact of my love, provided it contributes to your felicity.'

Though I might have expected this excess of goodness, it nevertheless surprised and affected me.

I was some moments perplexed for an answer, fearing to aggravate the grief of so generous a man. I sought for terms that might express the feelings of my heart, without offending the sensibility of his: I could not find them, and was yet obliged to speak.

'My happiness,' said I, 'will never be unmixed, since I cannot reconcile the duties of love with those of friendship. I would regain the friendship both of you and Celina; I would never leave you; I would for ever admire your virtues, and through my whole life pay the tribute of gratitude which I owe for your goodness. I know that, in removing to a distance from two persons so dear, I shall carry with me eternal regret; but——'

'How, Zilia!' cried he, 'would you, then, leave us? Alas! I was not prepared for this fatal resolution, and

and want courage to support it. I had fortitude enough to see you here, in the arms of my rival: the efforts of my reason, and the delicacy of my love, had reconciled me to that mortal stroke which I had prepared myself; but I cannot be separated from you: I cannot renounce the sight of you.—No, you shall not depart,’ continued he, with warmth; ‘do not think of it: you abuse my tenderness, and tear, without pity, a heart distracted with love. Zilia! cruel Zilia! behold my despair: it is your own work. Alas! what return do you make for the most disinterested love!’

‘It is you,’ answered I, terrified at his resolution, ‘it is you who ought to be blamed. You rend my very soul by forcing it to be ungrateful; you lay waste my heart by a fruitless sensibility! In the name of friendship, do not fully a generosity without example, by a despair which would cause the bitterness of my life, and not render you happy. Do not condemn in me the sentiment which yourself cannot surmount, and oblige me to complain of you unwillingly. Let me cherish your name, let me bear it to the utmost limits of the world, and make it revered by a people who are the adorers of virtue!’

I know not how I pronounced these words; but Deterville, fixing his eyes upon me, (and yet not seeming to look, but shut up, as it were, in himself) continued a long time in profound meditation. I feared to interrupt him, and we kept an equal silence, till he resumed his speech; and, with a sort of tranquillity, said to me—‘Yes, Zilia, I know, I feel my own injustice; but can one coolly renounce the sight of so many charms? You will have it so, and you shall be obeyed. O Heaven, what a sacrifice! My miserable days shall roll on, and end without beholding you. At least, if death—Let us talk no more of it,’ added he, interrupting himself; ‘my weakness betrays me. Give me two days to confirm myself, and I will then wait on you again, that we may together fix the measures necessary for your journey. Adieu, Zilia! May the happy Aza taste all felicity!’ At saying these words he went out.

I confess to thee, my dear Aza, though Deterville is dear to me, though I was deeply affected with his grief, I

was too impatient for the peaceable enjoyment of my felicity, not to be very well pleased with his resolution.

How delightful is it, after so much pain, to give one’s self up to joy! I passed the rest of the day in the most tender raptures. I did not write to thee: a letter would have been too little for my heart; it would have recalled thy absence to my mind. I saw thee, I spoke to thee, dear Aza! What had been wanting to my happiness, if thou hadst joined to that precious letter some tokens of thy tenderness? Why didst thou not do it? They spoke to thee concerning me; thou knowest my situation, and I heard not a word of thy love. But can I doubt of thy heart? Mine is answerable for it. Thou lovest me; thy joy is equal to mine: thou burnest with the same fire, and the same impatience devours thee. Let fear be far from my soul, and joy reign there without mixture. Yet—thou hast embraced the religion of that savage people. What is that religion? Does it require the same sacrifices of affection as that of France? No; thou wouldst not, then, have submitted to it.

However that be, my heart is under thy laws: submitted to thy understanding, I will blindly adopt whatever may render us inseparable. How can I fear? Soon re-united to my bliss, to my being, to my all, I shall hereafter think for thee only, and live for nothing but to love thee.

LETTER XXVI.

TO THE SAME.

IT is here, my dear Aza, that I shall see thee again: my felicity is every day augmented by the peculiar circumstances which attend it. The interview with Deterville is just over; and whatever pleasure I promised myself in surmounting the difficulties of a long journey, in surprising thee, in meeting thy footsteps, I sacrifice it without regret to the happiness of seeing thee sooner.

Deterville has so fully convinced me that thou mayest be here in less time than I can travel into Spain, that though he generously left me the choice, I hesitated not to wait for thee here; time being much too precious to be unnecessarily wasted.

Perhaps—

Perhaps I should have examined this advantage with more caution, had I not previously gained such intelligence respecting my journey as secretly determined me what resolution to take; this is a confession I can make only to thee.

I remember, in the long route which brought me to Paris, Deterville gave pieces of silver, and sometimes of gold, at the different places where we stopped. I begged to know if this was required of him, or if he did it from mere generosity; and was informed that, in France, travellers pay not only for their food, but even for their repose*. Alas! I have not the least portion of that which would be necessary to satisfy the cravings of this greedy people; all must come from Deterville. Thou knowest what I owe him, and how shameful would it be to contract fresh obligations! I should accept his favour with a repugnance which nothing but absolute necessity could vanquish. Can I voluntarily make myself a greater debtor to him who has already done and suffered so much for me? I could not think of it, my dear Aza; and this reason alone would have determined me to remain here. The pleasure of seeing thee sooner only confirmed my former resolution.

Deterville has in my presence written to the Spanish minister: he presses him to let thee come; and points out the means of conducting thee hither, with a generosity that increases at once my gratitude and admiration.

How pleasant were the moments that passed while Deterville was writing! How delightful to contrive the dispositions for thy journey, to settle the preparations for that happiness of which I can no longer doubt!

If it at first cost me dear to renounce the design of preventing thy journey, I confess, my dear Aza, this resolution has proved the source of a thousand pleasures which I had not before perceived.

Many circumstances, which at first appeared too inconsiderable, either to hasten or retard my journey, now become interesting and agreeable. I followed blindly the emotions of my heart; and forgot that I was coming in search of thee among those cruel Spaniards, the very idea of whom chills my soul

with horror. The certainty of not seeing them any more gives me infinite satisfaction. Though the voice of love at first suppressed that of friendship, I now taste without remorse the sweetness of uniting them. Deterville has assured me, that it will be impossible for us ever to visit the city of the Sun: and, after our own country, can there be a more agreeable place of residence than this of France? It will please thee, my dear Aza, though sincerity is banished from it. Here are so many agreeable things, that they make one forget the dangers of society.

After what I have said to thee of gold, it is unnecessary to caution thee to take some of it with thee; thou wilt have no other merit. A small part of thy treasures would amaze and confound the pride of the magnificent indigents of this kingdom; thy virtues and thy sentiments will be cherished only by me.

Deterville has promised to transmit to thee my knots, and my letters; and assured me that thou wilt find interpreters to explain the latter. They are come to demand my packet, and I must conclude. Farewel, dear hope of my life! I will continue to write to thee; and, if I cannot send my letters, will keep them for thee.

How should I support the length of thy journey, were I to deprive myself of the only means of conversing with my joy, my transports, and my felicity!

L E T T E R XXVII.

TO THE SAME.

SINCE I know my letters to be on the road, my dear Aza, I enjoy a tranquillity to which I was before a stranger. I think for ever of the pleasure thou wilt feel in receiving them; I see and partake of thy transports: my soul admits only pleasing ideas; and, to complete my joy, peace is again established in our little society.

The judges have restored to Celina the effects of which her mother had deprived her: she every day sees her lover; and her marriage is retarded only by the necessary preparations that are

* The Incas established large houses upon the road, where all travellers were entertained free of expence.

making for it. Thus blessed to her wish, she thinks no more of chiding me; and I have as much obligation to her, as if the kindnesses she begins again to shew me, were the offspring of her friendship. Whatever be the motive, we are always indebted to those from whose assistance we derive the enjoyment of agreeable sensations.

Celina this morning made me fully sensible of this obligation, by an act of kindness which at once transported me from tedious anxiety to the most calm tranquillity.

They had bought her a prodigious quantity of stuffs, garments, and toys of all kinds. She fetched me hastily into her chamber; and after consulting me upon the different beauties of so many ornaments, she put together a heap of those which had most attracted my attention, and hastily commanded our Chinamen to carry them into my apartment, though I opposed it with all my power. My refusal at first served only to divert her; but perceiving that the more I declined the present, the more she persisted in making it, I could no longer dissemble my feelings.

'Why,' said I, to her, with my eyes drowned in tears, 'why will you continue to humble me? I owe to you my life, and all that I enjoy: but so much bounty is not necessary to keep alive the remembrance of my misfortunes. I know that, agreeable to your laws, when benefits are of no advantage to those who receive them, the shame is effaced. It is not without repugnance,' added I, in a softer tone 'that I conform to sentiments which possess so little of nature. Our customs are more humane: the receiver is with us as much honoured as the giver. You have taught me a different notion; and is not this, therefore, offering me a fresh insult?'

This amiable friend, melted by my tears more than irritated by my reproaches, answered, in the kindest and most gentle manner, 'Both my brother and I, my dear Zilia, would be far from wounding your delicacy. Ill would it become us, as you will presently be satisfied, to affect a superiority in our behaviour to you. I only requested you would partake with me the gifts of a generous bro-

ther; convinced that this was the most effectual method of shewing him my gratitude. Custom, in my situation, requires me to offer you these presents; but as you are offended, I will say no more on the subject. — 'You promise me, then?' said I. 'Yes,' answered she with a smile; 'but give me leave to write a word or two to Deterville.'

I permitted her to do as she requested, and our mutual confidence was restored. We began to examine her dress more particularly, and were thus employed when she was called into the parlour. She would have had me accompany her: but, my dear Aza, can I have any enjoyment equal to that of writing to thee? Far from desiring to seek any other, I am aware of the amusement she intends me.

Celina is going to be married, and she talks of taking me with her: she would have me quit this religious house, and live with her. But, if I may be believed —

Aza, my dear Aza, by what an agreeable surprize was my letter interrupted! I feared we had for ever lost this precious monument of our ancient splendor; I had even ceased to think of it: is it possible that I am now surrounded with the magnificence of Peru? I see it, I feel it! Yet scarce can I believe my eyes or my hands.

While I was writing to thee, Celina came into my chamber, followed by four men bending under the weight of heavy chests which they carried on their backs. They put them down, and retired. Imagining they had brought some new presents from Deterville, I already began to murmur; when Celina, giving me the keys, said, 'Open, Zilia, open without being angry: it comes from Aza.'

Truth, which is inseparable from the idea of thee, suffered me not to retain a doubt. I opened hastily; and my surprize confirmed my error, when I saw that all I beheld were the ornaments of the temple of the Sun.

A confusion of ideas, composed of sorrow and joy, of pleasure and regret, filled my whole heart. I threw myself prostrate before the sacred remains of our worship and our altars, covered them with devout kisses, bathed them

with my tears, and could hardly be disengaged from them: I even forgot that Celina was present, till she roused me from my trance by presenting me with a letter, which she desired me to read.

Still absorbed in my error, I imagined it came from thee, and my transports redoubled: but, though I perused it with extreme difficulty, I soon discovered that it was the writing of Deterville. It will be easier to copy it, my dear Aza, than to explain it's meaning to thee.

DETERVILLE'S LETTER.

THESE treasures are thine, fair Zilia; they were found in the ship that carried thee. Some disputes which arose among the crew have till now prevented my disposing of them to my wish. I would myself have presented them to thee; but thy uneasiness, this morning discovered to my sister, suffered me not to pursue my inclination. I could not too soon dissipate thy fears; and am resolved, during life, to prefer thy happiness to my own.*

I confess with a blush, my dear Aza, I was at this instant less sensible of Deterville's generosity, than of my own pleasure in being able to give him proofs of mine.

I immediately selected a vase, which chance, rather than avarice, had thrown into the hands of the Spaniards. It was the same (my heart knew it) which thy lips touched on that day when thou wast pleased to taste the Aca* prepared by my hand. Richer in this treasure than in all the rest that was restored to me, I called the men who brought the chests, and would have had them take the whole back again as a present to Deterville; but Celina opposed my intention.

How unjust, Zilia, is this! Can you, who were offended with the offer of a trifle, expect my brother to accept of immense riches? Observe

* A favourite drink of the Peruvians.

† The Incas caused the idols of the people they subdued to be deposited in the temple of the Sun, after they had conformed to the worship of that luminary.

‡ The Incas adorned their houses with statues of gold of all magnitudes, even to the most gigantick sizes.

§ The Incas always sit on seats of massy gold.

equity in your own actions, or expect not to find it in those of others.

These words affected me, and I began to discover, in my design, more of ostentation than generosity. How exquisitely fine is the thread which divides the vices from the virtues! I acknowledged my error, and intreated Celina's forgiveness: but what most afflicted me, was the constraint under which she laid me, not to attempt repairing my error. 'Do not punish me,' said I, 'as I deserve: disdain not to accept a few specimens of the workmanship of my unfortunate country; with you they have no value, and my request ought not, therefore, to give offence.'

As I spoke this, I observed Celina look attentively at some shrubs of gold, containing birds and insects of exquisite workmanship: I instantly presented them to her, with a small silver basket filled with the most curious and lively imitations of shells and flowers, which she accepted with a goodness that transported me.

I afterwards selected several idols of the nations conquered by thy ancestors †, and a small statue, representing a virgin of the sun ‡: to these I added a tyger, a lion, and several other courageous animals, and besought her to send them to Deterville. 'Write to him, then,' said she with a smile; 'without a letter from you, the presents will not be accepted.'

I was too happy to refuse any thing, and wrote all that my gratitude inspired. When Celina quitted the room, I distributed small presents to both our Chinas, and set others apart for my writing-master. Then it was that I enjoyed the delicious pleasure of being able to give.

But this, my dear Aza, was not done without caution: all that came from thee, whatever thou canst particularly remember, remains still in my possession.

The golden chair §, which was kept in the temple for the visiting-days of the Capa Inca, thy august father, placed in a corner of my apartment in for-
of

of a throne, reminds me of thy grandeur and majesty. The figure of the Sun suspended over it, and which I saw torn from the temple by the cruel Spaniards, excites my veneration. I prostrate myself before it, and adore it with my mind, but my heart belongs wholly to thee.

The two palm-trees which thou offeredst to the sun as a pledge of thy fidelity to me, placed on each side of the throne, continually revive in my mind thy tender and affectionate vows.

Flowers, birds, and insects*, disposed with symmetry throughout my apartment, form, in miniature, the resemblance of those magnificent gardens where I have so often nourished my happiness with thy dear idea.

My delighted eyes can fix on no part which brings not to my remembrance, thy love, my joy, my felicity; in a word, every thing that can constitute the soul of my life.

LETTER XXVIII.

TO THE SAME.

IT was in vain, my dear Aza, that I endeavoured by prayers, complaints, and remonstrances, to avoid quitting my retreat: I have been obliged to give way to Celina's importunities, and we have now been three days in the country, where her marriage was celebrated on our arrival.

What pain, what regret, what grief did I not feel, at leaving my dear and precious ornaments! Alas, scarce had I began to enjoy them! and I see nothing here to recompense me for what I have lost.

The joy and pleasure with which every one here seems intoxicated, are so far from diverting and amusing me, that they force me to remember, with still deeper regret, the peaceable days which I employed in writing to, in thinking of thee.

The diversions of this country appear to me as affected and unnatural as the manners: they consist of a violent gaiety, expressed by loud laughter, in

which the soul seems to have no share; of insipid games, in which money makes the whole pleasure; and in conversations so frivolous, that the same things being continually repeated, they rather resemble the chirping of birds than the discourses of rational beings.

The young men, who are here very numerous, were at first very eager in following, and seemingly in obliging me; but whether the coldness of my conversation has disgusted them, or my little relish for their entertainments has made them weary of taking pains to recommend their services, two days only were sufficient to make them forget me, and to deliver me from their importunity.

The propensity of the French to extremes is so natural, that Deterville, though exempt from most of the faults of his country, is by no means free from this.

Not satisfied with keeping his promise not to trouble me again with his sentiments, he with remarkable caution avoids continuing in my presence; so that though we are obliged to see each other continually, I have not yet had an opportunity of discoursing with him alone.

From the grief which oppresses him amidst the general festivity, it is easy to perceive that this restraint is not effected without extreme violence to himself; for which, perhaps, I ought the more highly to esteem him: but I have so many enquiries to make respecting thy departure from Spain, thy arrival here, and other interesting questions, that I cannot pardon, though I am obliged to approve his conduct. I wish much to force him to speak; but the dread of reviving his complaints, and of awakening his regret, prevents me from pursuing my inclination.

Celina, wholly engaged by her husband, affords me no relief; and the rest of the company are by no means agreeable to me. Thus, alone in the midst of a tumultuous assembly, I have no amusement but my thoughts, which are all engrossed by thee. My dear Aza, thou shalt ever be the sole confident of my heart, my pleasure, my felicity.

* The gardens of the temple, and those of the royal palaces, were filled with various kinds of imitations in gold and silver. The Peruvians imitated even the plant Maize, of which they made whole fields.

LETTER XXIX.

TO THE SAME.

I Was greatly to blame, my dear Aza, in desiring so earnestly a conversation with Deterville: he hath said but too much to me. Though guiltless of the trouble he has excited in my soul, it is not yet effaced.

An unusual impatience was yesterday added to my accustomed melancholy: the world, and its noise, became to me more irksome than ordinary. Except the tender satisfaction of Celina and her husband, every thing I saw inspired me with an indignation bordering on contempt. Ashamed to find such unjust sentiments in my heart, I endeavoured to conceal the perplexity they occasioned me in the most retired part of the garden.

Scarce had I sat down at the foot of a tree, when the tears flowed involuntarily down my cheeks. With my face hid between my hands, I was buried in so profound a reverie, that Deterville was on his knees by my side before I perceived him.

‘Be not offended, Zilia,’ said he; ‘chance has alone brought me to your feet; I was not seeking you. Weary of company, I sought peaceably to indulge my sorrow. I perceived you, and struggled with myself to keep distant: but I am too unhappy to continue so without seeking relief. In pity to myself I drew near; I beheld your tears, and was no longer master of my resolution. But, if you command me to fly from you, I will instantly obey. Can you, Zilia, desire my absence? Am I really odious in your sight?’—‘No,’ replied I: ‘on the contrary, I wish you to sit down, for I am glad to have an opportunity of speaking to you respecting the late favour you conferred on me.’—‘Let us not talk of it,’ interrupted he briskly. ‘But hear me,’ replied I: ‘to be completely generous, you must even listen to acknowledgments. I have not spoke to you since you restored me the precious ornaments of the temple in which I was educated. Perhaps, in my letter, I badly expressed the sentiments with which such excess of goodness inspired me: but I meant——’ ‘Alas!’ interrupted he

again, ‘what comfort is conveyed by acknowledgment to a heart that is wretched? Thanks are the companions of indifference, and too often are they allied with hatred.’

‘What have you said?’ cried I: ‘why do you thus wrong me in your thoughts? Ah, Deterville! what right should I have to reproach you, if you were not so much to be pitied? Far from hating you, since the first moment in which I beheld you, I have relied on you with less repugnance than on the Spaniards. Your mildness and generosity have all along rendered me desirous of obtaining your friendship; in proportion as I saw farther into your character, I am confirmed in the opinion that you deserve every thing from me; and, without speaking of the extreme obligations I have to you, (since my acknowledgment displeases) how could I avoid entertaining the sentiments which are so justly your due?’

‘I found your virtues alone worthy the simplicity of ours; a child of the Sun would be honoured by your sentiments: your reason is that of nature. How many motives, then, had I to esteem you? Even the dignity of your person, and every thing about you, charms me: friendship has eyes, as well as love. After the shortest absence, you never came to me again but I felt a sort of serenity expand through my heart. Why have you changed these innocent, these pleasing sensations, into pains and anxieties?’

‘Your reason now appears only at intervals, and I am subject to continual alarms. The sentiments you express lay mine under restraint, and deprive me of the pleasure of telling you, without disguise, the charms I could taste in your friendship, if you did not yourself disturb it’s tranquillity. You even take from me the pleasing satisfaction of beholding my benefactor: your eyes confuse mine, and I no more observe in them that agreeable softness which hath sometimes penetrated my very soul. Your constant and fixed melancholy eternally reproaches me as the cause. Ah, Deterville! how unjust are you, if you think you suffer alone!’

‘My dear Zilia!’ cried he, kissing my hand with ardour, ‘what an addition does your kindness and frankness

‘ of

‘of speech make to my regret! What a treasure would there be in the possession of such a heart! And with what an aggravation of despair do you make me sensible of it’s loss!’

‘Mighty Zilia!’ continued he, ‘how great is your power? Was it not enough to convert me from the most careless indifference to love, from indolence to fury, but you must vanquish me too? Is it possible for me to bear it?’—‘Yes,’ replied I; ‘this effort is worthy of your exalted heart: an action so just and noble elevates you above mortality.’—‘But can I survive it?’ resumed he, sorrowfully. ‘Do not hope, however, that I shall serve for the victim of your love: I will continue still to adore your idea, which shall be the bitter nourishment of my soul. I will love you, and see you no more. Oh!—But at least do not forget—’

The rising sobs choked his speech, and he hastily endeavoured to conceal the tears which overflowed his face. Affected equally with his generosity and his grief, I also wept; and, pressing one of his hands in mine, ‘No,’ said I, ‘you shall not leave me. Let me still keep my friend, and be satisfied with those sentiments which I shall retain during life. I love you almost as much as Aza, but I cannot love you in the same manner as him.’

‘Cruel Zilia!’ cried he, with transport, ‘will you always accompany your goodness with such piercing strokes? Must a mortal poison continually destroy the charm that you convey with your words? How senseless am I, to be fascinated by their sweetness! To what a shameful humility do I degrade myself! But it is done; I recover myself!’ added he, in a firm tone. ‘Farewel! You shall soon see Aza. May you never feel from him the torments which prey upon me! May he be what your wishes make him! May he prove worthy of your heart!’

You cannot conceive, my dear Aza, the alarm of my soul, from the air with which he pronounced these words. I was unable to combat the suspicions which crowded into my mind. I doubted not but Deterville knew more than he thought proper to reveal; and that he had concealed from me some letters he had received from Spain: in short, (shall

I dare pronounce it?) I suspected that thou wert unfaithful.

I entreated him, in the most forcible manner, to inform me of the whole truth: but could only force from him such vague and unconnected expressions as served equally to confirm and to destroy my fears.

In the mean time, reflections on the inconstancy of men, the dangers of absence, and the facility with which thou hadst changed thy religion, made a deep impression upon my mind.

My love, for the first time, now became a painful sentiment; I was now, for the first time, afraid of losing thy heart. Aza! were it true, didst thou really not love me, would that we had been divided by death rather than by thy inconstancy!

No—it was his own despair that suggested to Deterville these horrible ideas. Ought not his trouble and distraction to convince me of this? Ought I not to suspect him of interested views? It was so, my dear Aza, and my resentment turned all against him. I treated him with asperity, and he quitted me in a rage.

Alas! was I less desperate than he? What torments did I not suffer before I again found the repose of my heart? Is it even yet well confirmed? Aza! how tenderly I love thee, and canst thou forget me!

LETTER XXX.

TO THE SAME.

THY journey, my dear Aza, seems to me very long. How ardently do I wish thy arrival! Time has dissipated my inquietudes, and I now esteem them only as a dream, the impression of which is effaced by the dawning of day. I accuse myself of a crime in having suspected thee, and my tenderness is redoubled by my repentance: it has almost rooted out my compassion for the sufferings of Deterville. I cannot pardon the ill opinion he entertains of thee; and I have less regret than ever in being, as it were, separated from him.

We have been at Paris a fortnight, and I live with Celina in her husband’s house; which is so distant from that of her brother that I am not constantly obliged to see him: and though he often comes hither, Celina and I are, so much

much together, that he has no leisure to speak with me in private.

Since our return, we employ part of the day in the tedious business of dressing ourselves, and the rest in what they here call paying of visits.

These two occupations seem to me equally unprofitable and fatiguing, if the latter did not furnish me with the means of informing myself more particularly of the customs of the country.

At my arrival in France, unacquainted with the language, I could judge of things only by their external appearance. The information I received in the religious house was but trifling; and the country, where I saw only a particular society, which I was too much disgusted with to attend to, had in this respect very little the advantage. It is here only that, by conversing with what they call the great world, we can discover the whole nation.

The visits, or devoirs, that we pay, consist in going to as great a number of houses as possible; there to give and receive a reciprocal tribute of praise upon the beauty of our faces and shapes, the excellence of our taste, and the judicious choice of our dresses.

It was not long before I discovered why so much pains were taken to acquire this homage: it is, because there is a necessity of receiving in person this momentary incense; for no sooner does the party disappear, than she takes another form: The charms that were discovered in those who went out, serve only to make a contemptuous comparison in favour of the perfections of those who remain.

Censure is the reigning taste of the French, as inconsistency is the characteristic of their nation. In their books you find the general criticism of human manners, and in their conversation that of every particular person—provided he be absent.

What they call the Mode, has not altered the ancient usage of saying freely all the ill they can of others, and sometimes even more than they think. People of the best behaviour follow the custom, and are distinguished only by a certain formal apology they make for their frankness and love of truth: and this once over, they reveal the faults, the absurdities, and even the vices, of others, without scruple, not sparing even their best friends.

As the sincerity which the French use to one another is without exception, so their mutual confidence is without limit. There is neither occasion for eloquence, to be heard; or for probity, to obtain belief. Every thing is said, every thing is received, with the same levity.

Yet, I would not, my dear Aza, have you imagine, that the French are, in general, born with bad inclinations: I should be more unjust than they, if I left you in such an error.

Naturally susceptible of tender sentiments, I never saw one of them who was not melted at the history, which they oblige me often to give them, of the rectitude of our hearts, the candour of our sentiments, and the simplicity of our manners. If they lived amongst us, they would become virtuous: but example and custom are the tyrants by whom they are governed.

A man of good sense speaks ill of the absent, because he would not be despised by those who are present; another would be honest, humane, and without pride, if he feared not to appear ridiculous; and a third becomes contemptible through such qualities as would render him a model of perfection if he dared to exert them, and to assume the merit of which he is actually possessed.

In a word, my dear Aza, their vices are artificial, as well as their virtues; and the insignificance of their character permits them to be but imperfectly what they are. Like the toys they give their children, these whimsical people discover only a faint resemblance of the rational-beings they should appear; they have weight, softness, colour, and, upon the whole, a fair outside, without any real value. They are accordingly esteemed by other nations only as the gew-gaws and trifles of society. Good sense smiles at their genteel address, and coldly ranks them in their proper class.

Happy the nation which has nature only for it's guide, truth for it's action, and virtue for it's principle!

LETTER XXXI.

TO THE SAME.

IT is not surprizing, my dear Aza, that inconsistency is a consequence of the airy character of the French: but I cannot

I cannot sufficiently wonder, that they, with as much or more penetration than any other nation, seem unconscious of the shocking contradictions which foreigners remark in them at first sight.

Among the great number of those absurdities which attract my attention every day, I see none that more dishonours their understanding than their ideas respecting women. They esteem and despise them, my dear Aza, at the same time; and with equal excess.

The first law of their politeness, or virtue, (I do not know that they have any other) regards the women. A man of the highest rank owes the utmost complaisance to a woman of the vilest condition; and would blush for shame, and think himself ridiculous in the highest degree, if he offered her any personal insult. And yet a man of the lowest consideration and credit may deceive and betray a woman of merit, and blacken her reputation, without the dread either of blame or punishment.

Were I not assured that thou wouldst thyself soon be a witness of these things, hardly should I dare paint to thee such contrasts as the simplicity of our minds cannot without pain conceive. Submissive to the laws of nature, our genius proceeds no farther: we have perceived that the strength and courage of one sex indicates that it ought to be the support and defence of the other, and our laws are conformable to this observation*. Here, far from compassionating the weakness of women, those of inferior orders are confined to labour, and have no relief either from the laws or their husbands. In more elevated ranks, they are the prey either of the seduction or malice of men; and have no other recompence for the perfidies imposed on them, than a shew of merely imaginary outside respect, which is constantly succeeded by the most cruel reflections.

I perfectly well discovered, when I first conversed here in publick, that the habitual censure of the nation falls chiefly on the women; and that the men do not despise each other without some caution and reserve. As I sought the cause of this in their good quali-

ties, an accident revealed it to me among their defects.

In every house we have entered for these two days, we have been told of the death of a young man killed by one of his friends; and the barbarous action is for no other reason approved, than because the dead had spoke to the disadvantage of the living. This new extravagance seemed of so serious a character, as to deserve the most minute investigation; and, on enquiry, my dear Aza, I soon learned, that a man is obliged to expose his life to take away that of another, if he hears that this other has been speaking against him; or to banish himself from society, if he refuses to take so cruel a vengeance. This information was sufficient to give me a clear idea of what I sought. It is certain that the men, naturally cowards, without shame, and without remorse, are afraid only of corporal punishment. And were the women authorized to punish the injuries offered them, in the same manner as the men are obliged to revenge the slightest insults to each other, many of those who are now well received in society, would be no longer admitted: the slanderer must retire into a desert, and there hide his malevolence and his shame. But the cowards have nothing to fear; they have too well founded this abuse to see it ever abolished.

Impudence and audacity are the first sentiments which inspire the men; timidity, gentleness, and patience, are the sole virtues cultivated in the women. How, then, are these to avoid being the victims of impunity?

O, my dear Aza, let not the brilliant vices of a nation otherwise enchanting, give us any disgust for the native simplicity of our own manners! Let us not forget our reciprocal obligations: thou, to be my example, my guide, and my support, in the path of virtue; I, to fulfil the duties necessary to preserve thy esteem and thy love—by imitating my model, if possible, even by surpassing it; and thus meriting a respect founded on virtue, and not on a senseless and frivolous custom.

* The Peruvian laws exempt women from all such laborious employments as require great bodily strength.

LETTER XXXII.

TO THE SAME.

OUR visits and fatigues, my dear Aza, could not have ended more agreeably. What a delicious day was yesterday! How pleasant are already the new obligations which Deterville and his sister confer on me! and how dear will they be when I can partake them with thee!

After two days rest, we set out yesterday morning from Paris; Celina, her brother, her husband, and myself; for the purpose, as she told me, of visiting her best friend. The journey was short; and we arrived early in the day at a country-seat, the situation and avenues of which appeared to me admirable: but I was astonished, at going in, to find all the doors open, and not to meet a single person.

This house, too beautiful to be abandoned, too small to hide the people who ought to inhabit it, seemed to me a kind of enchantment. I was diverted with the thought, and asked Celina if we were in the dwelling of one of those fairies of whom she had made me read the histories, where the mistress of the mansion and her domesticks were all invisible.

'You shall see the mistress,' answered she; 'but, as important affairs have required her presence for the whole day, she has begged me to prevail on you to do the honours of her house during her absence.' She added, smiling, 'We shall see how you will acquit yourself.' I readily entered into the joke; and putting on a serious air, endeavoured to imitate the compliments I had heard on similar occasions, and they told me I succeeded pretty well.

Having for some time amused ourselves in this way, Celina said, 'This politeness would be sufficient to give us a good reception at Paris; but, Madam, somewhat more is necessary in the country. Will you not have the goodness to ask us to dinner?'

'Upon this head,' said I, 'I am not prepared to give you satisfaction, and I begin to fear that your friend has too much relied on my care.'—'The remedy is easy,' replied Celina; 'if you will only take the trouble to

'write your name, you will see there is less difficulty than you imagine in entertaining your friends.'—'You give me pleasure,' said I; 'let me write it immediately.'

I had no sooner pronounced these words, than a man entered the room, dressed in black, with a standish in his hand, and paper already wrote upon. They placed it before me, and I signed my name where I was directed.

In an instant another person appeared, who invited us, in the usual stile, to attend him into the dining-room, where we found a table covered with equal propriety and magnificence.

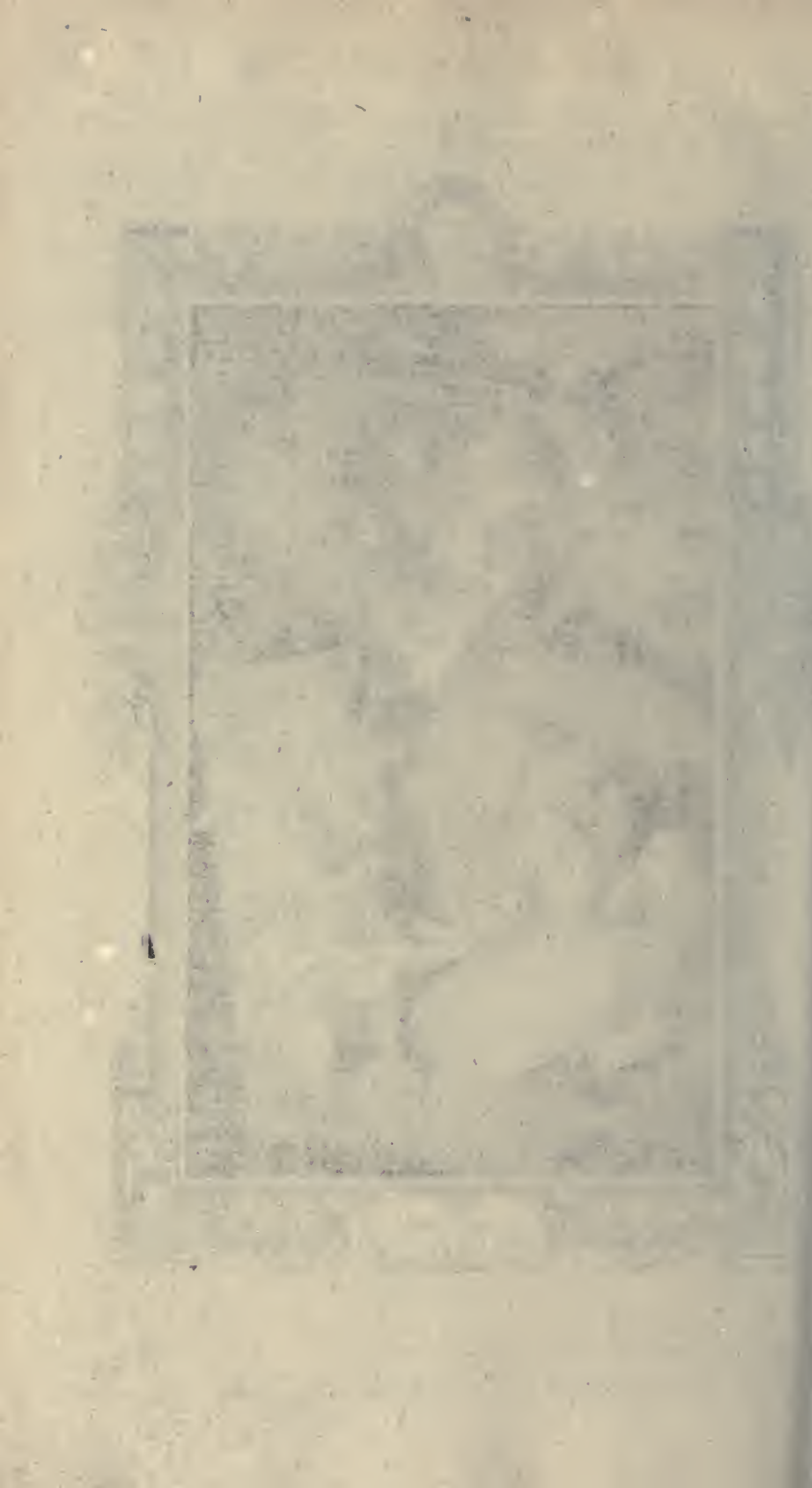
Scarce were we seated, when delightful musick was heard in the adjoining room: nothing was wanting that could render a repast agreeable. Deterville himself seemed to have forgot his melancholy, in order to make us cheerful: he hinted his passion to me in a thousand ways, but always conveyed in a pleasant tone, and un-mixed with complaints or reproaches.

The day was serene, and it was agreed to walk when we rose from table. We found the gardens much more extensive than the house seemed to promise: and art and symmetry, uniting to render the charms of simple nature more transporting, excited our admiration.

At the end of our walk was a wood, terminating this fine garden: there, as we all sat on a delightful bank, indulging those calm reflections which natural beauties seldom fail to inspire, we saw approaching, through the trees, on one side a company of peasants, dressed in their rural way, and preceded by instruments of musick; and, on the other, a company of young ladies, all in white, with their heads adorned with field-flowers, and singing in a rustick, but melodious manner, songs in which, to my great astonishment, I heard my own name every moment repeated.

My surprize was much greater, when the two companies being arrived, the most distinguished man quitted his companions, and on one knee presented me, on a large salver, several keys, with a compliment which my astonishment did not suffer me to understand: I only comprehended in it, that being the chief of the villagers in that country, he came to do me homage as their sovereign,





sovereign, and present me with the keys of the house, of which I was also the mistress.

As soon as he had finished his harangue, he rose to make room for the prettiest of the young damsels; who presented me with a bundle of flowers adorned with ribbands, which she also accompanied with a short speech in my praise, delivered with a good grace.

I was too much confused, my dear Aza, to answer eulogies which I so little deserved; otherwise, every thing that passed had an air so resembling that of truth, that many times I could not help believing what nevertheless seemed impossible. This thought produced a variety of others, and my mind was so agitated, that it was impossible for me to utter a word. If my confusion was diverting to the company, it was by no means pleasing to myself.

Deterville was the first who took compassion on me: he made a sign to his sister; who, giving some pieces of gold to the peasants, and telling them those were the earnest of my kindness towards them, arose, and proposed a walk into the wood. I followed her with pleasure, intending to have reproached her heartily for the disorder she had occasioned me: but she gave me no opportunity; for scarce had we taken half a dozen steps, before she stopped, and looking on me with a smiling countenance, 'Tell me, Zilia,' said she, 'are you not very angry with us? And will you not be more so, when I assure you, that this land and this house, do in reality belong to you?'

'To me?' cried I. 'Ah, Celina! whether it be an insult or a jest, you pursue it too far.'—'Hear me,' said she, more seriously; 'If my brother has disposed of some part of your treasure to purchase it, and instead of the disagreeable formalities that would have been otherwise necessary, has reserved to you only the surprise when the thing was done, ought you mortally to hate us? Cannot you pardon us for having procured you, at all events, a dwelling you seemed pleased with, and for having secured you an independency? You this morning signed the authentick deed which puts you in possession of both. Complain of us now as much as you please,' added she, smiling again,

'if nothing of all this be agreeable to you.'

'Oh, my amiable friend!' cried I, throwing myself at her feet, 'I have too lively a sense of your generous cares to be able to express my acknowledgments.' These few words were all I was able to utter; it had always been my secret wish that I might possess such an independency. Melting in rapturous transports, while I reflected on the pleasure I should have in consecrating to thee this charming abode, the multitude of my sentiments stifled their expression. I embraced Celina, who returned my caresses with equal tenderness; and, after having given me time to recover myself, we joined her brother and her husband.

Trouble seized me again when I came near Deterville, and caused a fresh perplexity in my expressions. I gave him my hand, which he kissed without speaking a word, and turned aside to conceal the tears he could not restrain, which I took for signs of his satisfaction at seeing me so contented, and was myself equally affected. Celina's husband, who was the least interested in what had passed, soon brought the conversation again into a pleasant channel: he complimented me on my new dignities, and prevailed on me to return to the house; in order, as he said, to examine the defects of it, and shew Deterville that his taste was not so good as he flattered himself.

Shall I confess to thee, my dear Aza, that every thing on our way seemed now to put on a new form; that the flowers appeared more beautiful, the trees more verdant, and the symmetry of the garden more compleat.

I found more conveniency in the house, more richness in the furniture; and the smallest trifle became now a matter of importance.

I hurried through the apartments in such a tumult of joy, that I examined nothing minutely: the only place I stopped in was a room moderately large, surrounded with cases curiously wrought, and covered with gold, in which there were a great number of books of all colours, of all forms, and admirably neat. I was so enchanted, that I thought I could not have left them till I had perused them all; but Celina drew me away, by putting me in mind of a golden key with which Deterville

had presented me. We endeavoured to use it; but our attempts would have been fruitless, if he had not shewn us the door it was to open; which was so artfully concealed in the wainscot, that it would have been impossible to discover it without knowing the secret.

I opened it hastily, and stood immovable at the sight of the magnificence it enclosed.

It was a closet all brilliant with glass and painting: the ground of the wainscot was green, adorned with figures extremely well designed, and imitating part of the sports and ceremonies of the city of the sun, just as I had described them to Deterville.

Virgins were also represented in a thousand places, in the same dress as that which I wore in this country; and I was even told they resembled me.

The ornaments of the temple, which I had left in the religious house, supported by gilt pyramids, adorned the corners of this magnificent cabinet. The figure of the Sun, suspended in the midst of a ceiling painted with the most beautiful colours of the heavens, compleated, by it's lustre, the embellishment of this delightful place; and commodious furniture, suited to the paintings, rendered the whole enchanting.

In examining more minutely what I was delighted to find again, I discovered that the golden chair was wanting: though I avoided speaking, Deterville read my thoughts, and thus expressed himself. 'You search in vain, fair Zilia;' said he, 'the chair of the Incas, by a magical power, is transformed into a house, a garden, and an estate. If I have not employed my own effects in this metamorphosis, it was not without regret; but it was necessary to respect your delicacy. See here,' added he, opening a little cabinet that was dexterously sunk into the wall, 'these are the remains of the magical operation.' At the same time he shewed me a strong box full of pieces of gold, all of the French coin. 'You know,' continued he, 'that this is among us an article not the least necessary, and I thought it my duty to preserve you a small provision.'

I was beginning to express my gratitude, and the admiration I felt at thus having my wishes prevented, when Celina interrupted me, and directing my

attention to a room by the side of this miraculous closet, 'I would,' said she, 'shew you also the power of my art.' Large drawers were then opened, full of rich silks, linens, ornaments, every thing included in the dress of women, all in such abundance that I could not forbear laughing, and asking Celina, how long she desired me to live to make use of so many fine things? 'As long as I and my brother,' answered she. 'And, for my part,' replied I, 'I desire you may both live as long as I love you, and then I am sure you will not die before me.'

As I ended these words, we returned into the temple of the Sun, which is the name they gave to that wonderful closet; and having at last freedom of utterance, I expressed the sentiments of my heart just as I felt them. What goodness, what a train of virtues, in these proceedings of the brother and sister!

We spent the rest of the day in the delights of confidence and friendship. I endeavoured to entertain them at supper with still more gaiety than at dinner. I now gave orders freely to the servants, as I knew them to be mine; jested about my authority and opulence; and did all in my power to render their own benefits agreeable to my benefactors.

I fancied, however, that I perceived, in proportion as time wore away, Deterville again became melancholy, and even Celina's eyes now and then dropped a tear; but they both so readily resumed a serene air, that I again thought myself deceived.

I endeavoured to prevail on them to stay a few days, and enjoy with me the good fortune they had procured me. This, however, I could not obtain: we came back the same night, promising ourselves to return speedily to my delightful palace.

O my dear Aza, how great will be my felicity when I can enjoy it with thee!

LETTER XXXIII.

TO THE SAME.

THE concern of Deterville and his sister, my dear Aza, has continued to increase since our return from my

my enchanted palace. They are both so dear to me, that I could not forbear being earnest with them to acknowledge the cause: but, finding them obstinately silent on the subject, I doubted not but some new misfortune had retarded thy journey; and, in a very little time, my uneasiness, the motive of which I did not attempt to hide, overcame the resolution of my amiable friends.

Deterville confessed his intention to conceal from me the day of thy arrival, that the pleasing event might surprize me; but that my inquietude had obliged him to relinquish his design: he shewed me a letter from the guide which he procured to conduct thee, and by the calculation of the time, and the place from whence it was written, he taught me to expect that thou mayest be here to-morrow, to-day, or even this very moment; in short, that it is altogether uncertain how soon the instant may arrive which will crown all my wishes.

Having gone thus far, Deterville hesitated not to tell me the rest of his intentions: he shewed me the apartment which he has destined for thee; for thou art to reside here till, our union being compleated, decency permits us to live together in my little palace. I will not lose sight of thee again; nothing shall in future divide us: Deterville has provided every thing, and furnished me with still higher proofs than ever of his extreme generosity.

After he had given me this information, I was no longer at a loss to account for that grief which destroys him. Thy arrival draws near: I pity him, I compassionate his grief, and wish him such happiness, independent of my regard, as may be a worthy recompence of his virtues.

I even suppress much of the transports I feel, that I may not increase his anguish. This is as much as I can; for my own felicity engages me too much entirely to conceal it: therefore, though I believe thou art very near me, though my heart leaps at the least noise, though I interrupt my letter almost at every word to run to the window, yet I continue writing to thee; it is a necessary relief to the violent emotions of my heart. It is true that thou art near me: but is thy absence less real than if we were still separated by the ocean? I do not see thee; thou canst not hear me: why, then, should I cease to converse

with thee by the only means in my power? A moment more, and thou wilt be present: but this moment does not yet exist. Can so much of thy absence, as I am yet to bear be better employed, than by painting to thee the excess of my tenderness? Alas! thou hast hitherto heard it breathed in sighs only! Let that time be forgotten! with what transport will it be effaced from my memory! Aza, dear Aza! how delightful is that name to me! The time approaches when I shall no longer call thee in vain: thou wilt hear me, and fly to my voice. The most tender effusions of my heart shall be the reward of thy haste.—I am interrupted: but it is not by thee, and yet I am obliged to quit this happy mode of conversing with thee.

LETTER XXXIV.

TO THE CHEVALIER DETERVILLE,
AT MALTA;

WERE it possible, Sir, for you to foresee, without reluctance, the insurmountable chagrin you were about to join to the happiness you had prepared for me? How could you have the cruelty to precede your departure by such agreeable circumstances, by such weighty motives for gratitude, unless it were to render me the more sensible of your despair, and oblige me the more to regret your absence. Though two days only are past since I enjoyed all the sweets of friendship, I now experience the bitterest anxiety.

Celina, penetrated with grief as she is, has but too well executed your orders. She has presented Aza to me with one hand, the other conveyed to me your cruel letter. At the moment when my wishes were compleated, my soul was torn with affliction: while I found the object of my tenderest love, I forgot not the loss of him who was worthy of all my other sentiments. Ah, Deterville! how inhuman, in this instance, is your love. But do not hope to execute your unjust resolution to the extremity. The sea shall not totally separate persons so dear to each other: my name shall reach you; my letters shall be received by you; you shall hear my prayers. Affection and

friendship shall resume their rights over your heart, and you shall be restored to a family to whom I am responsible for your loss.

In return for so many benefits, shall I embitter all your days, and those of your amiable sister? shall I separate so tender an union? shall I fix despair in those hearts which have overflowed with kindness to me? It must not be. I look on myself with horror, in a house which I have filled with mourning: I acknowledge your cares in the affectionate behaviour of Celina, at the very time when even her hating me would be pardonable. But kindly as those cares were intended, I renounce them, all, and remove for ever from a place which will be hateful unless you return.

Deterville, how short-sighted you are! What fatality urges you to a conduct so inconsistent with your views? You mean to render me happy, but you only make me guilty: you wish to dry up my tears, and you cause them to flow faster: by your absence you destroy the effect of your self-denial.

Alas! that interview which you dread as so very formidable, would have proved but too delightful to you! Aza, the object of so much love, is no longer the same Aza whom I have painted to you in such lively colours. The coldness with which he approached me, the praises of the Spaniards, with which he a hundred times interrupted the overflowings of my soul, the negligent curiosity which seduced him from my transports to visit the varieties of Paris; all concur to inspire me with a dread of ills at which my heart shudders. Oh, Deterville! you may not, perhaps, be long the most unhappy.

If compassion for yourself can produce no effect on you, let the duties of friendship recal you: friendship is the asylum of unfortunate love. If the ills at which I tremble should at last overwhelm me, what will you not have to reproach yourself? If you abandon me, where shall I find another heart so sensible of my anguish? Shall generosity, hitherto the most powerful of your passions, give way at last to disappointed love? No; it cannot be: such weakness would be unworthy of you; it is impossible you should deliver yourself up to it. If you love

your own glory, and my repose, come to me, and justify my opinion of you.

LETTER XXXV.

TO THE SAME.

WERE you not the most noble of men, I should be the most abject of beings. If your soul was not the most humane, your heart the most compassionate, would it have been to you that I should have ventured to confess my shame and my despair? But, alas! what remains for me to fear? why should I hesitate? To me every thing is lost.

It is not the loss of my liberty, the degradation of my rank, the banishment from my country, that I now deplore! The inquietudes of innocent tenderness do not now draw tears from me: they flow for the violation of plighted faith; it is ill-requited love that rends my soul. Aza is unfaithful?—Aza unfaithful!—How do those fatal words overwhelm my soul!—My blood is stagnated—a torrent of tears—

From the Spaniards I learned to know misfortune: but of all the miseries I have endured, I feel most sensibly the last. They have robbed me of Aza's heart; their cruel religion renders me odious in his eyes. That religion approves, it enjoins infidelity, perfidy, ingratitude: but it forbids love between near relations. Were I a stranger, unconnected in blood, Aza might love me; but, being united to him by those ties, he is obliged to abandon me; he must deprive me of life, without shame, without regret, without compunction.

Alas! contradictory as this religion appears, if it had been necessary but to embrace it, in order to recover the blessing it had deprived me of, I could have brought my mind to yield to its illusions, without suffering my heart to be corrupted by its principles. In the bitterness of my soul I required to be instructed in it. My tears were disregarded. I must not be admitted into a society so pure, unless I abandon the motive which influences me to desire it—unless I renounce my love—that is, unless I change my existence.

This

This severity, I confess, struck me with awe at the time when my heart revolted against it: I cannot refuse a sort of veneration to laws which destroy me: but is it in my power to adopt them? and if I should, what advantage should I derive from the acquiescence? O wretch that I am! Aza loves me not.

The cruel Aza has preserved no part of the artless manners of our country, except that respect for truth which he uses so cruelly. Captivated by the charms of a young Spaniard, and ready to be united to her, he consented to take a journey into France merely to disengage himself from the faith he had pledged to me, and to leave me without any doubt of his real sentiments; to restore to me a freedom which I detest, or rather to deprive me of life.

Yes, it is in vain that he restores me to myself; my heart remains with him, and will to the last moment of my life.

My life is his: let him take it from me—but, let him not cease to love me.

You were acquainted with my misfortune; why then did you only partially inform me of it? Why did you only give me reason to suspect that I was unjust to you? Alas! why do I impute this to you as a crime? I ought not to have believed you: blinded and prepossessed, I should have hastened to meet my fatal destiny, have conveyed her victim to my rival, and have now been—O ye Gods, protect me from the horrible imagination!

Deterville, my too generous friend! am I yet worthy to be heard? Am I yet worthy of your pity? Forget my prepossession: pity a wretch whose esteem for you still rises superior to her affection for an ingrate.

LETTER XXXVI.

TO THE SAME.

FROM your complaining of me, Sir, I am convinced you are unacquainted with the state from which I am just drawn by the cruel kindness of Celina. How could I write to you? I was incapable of reflection. Had I retained any sentiment, it would doubt-

less have been that of confidence in you. But, surrounded by the shadows of death, the blood chilled in my veins, I was for a long time ignorant of my own existence. I forgot even my misfortunes. Why, O ye Gods! in calling me back to life, have you also recalled to me that fatal remembrance?

He is gone! I shall see him no more! He flies me! He ceases to love me! he has told me so! His tenderness to me is at an end. He takes another wife, and honour condemns him to abandon me. It is well, cruel Aza! since the capricious disposition of these people has charms for thee, why dost thou not also imitate them in the art which accompanies it?

Happy women of this country! you too are betrayed, but long do you enjoy that error which would now be my only consolation: I am killed by the mortal stroke, while it is only preparing for you. Fatal sincerity of my nation, dost thou then cease to be a virtue? Courage, firmness! are you capable of being converted into crimes?

Thou hast seen me at thy feet, barbarous Aza! thou hast seen those feet bathed with my tears—and thou art fled—Horrible moment! why does not the remembrance in an instant deprive me of life?

If my body had not sunk under the weight of my grief, thou shouldst not, Aza, have triumphed over my weakness—thou shouldst not have gone alone. I would have followed thee, ungrateful as thou art! I would have seen thee, I would at least have died in thy sight.

Deterville, what fatal weakness has so far removed thee? Thou wouldst have assisted me: what the disorder of my despair could not have effected, thy persuasive eloquence would have obtained: perhaps, Aza might still have been here. But, O my Gods!—already is he arrived in Spain—already has he attained the summit of his bliss!—Useless regrets, fruitless despair, boundless grief, overwhelm me!

Seek not, Sir, to surmount the obstacles which detain you at Malta, in order to return hither. What would you do here? Approach not a wretch who is insensible to your kindness, who is a torment to herself, and who wishes only to die.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVII.

TO THE SAME.

TAKE courage again, too generous friend: I would not write to you till my days were in safety, and till, less agitated myself, I could calm your inquietudes. I live: fate will have it so, and I submit to the laws of destiny.

The cares of your amiable sister restored my health, and some returns of reason have supported it: the certainty that my misfortune is without remedy, has affected the rest. I know that Aza is arrived in Spain, and that his crime is complete: my grief is not extinct, but the cause of it is no longer worthy of my regret. If any now remains in my heart, it is due only to the pains I have caused you—to my error—to the wanderings of my reason.

Alas! in proportion as this reason enlightens me, I discover it's impotence. What power can it exert in a desolated soul? The excess of grief throws us back to the weakness of childhood. In that state, as in this, we are only affected by present objects; the sight seems the only sense that has an intimate connection with the soul: of this I have had woeful experience.

As I recovered from the long and lifeless lethargy, into which I was plunged by the departure of Aza, the first desire with which nature inspired me, was to retire into that solitude which I owe to your providential goodness. It was not without difficulty that I obtained leave of Celina to be conducted thither. There I found remedies for despair, which neither the world, nor friendship itself, could ever have afforded me. In your sister's house, even her conversation failed to divert my attention from those objects which incessantly renewed in my mind the perfidy of Aza.

The door by which Celina brought him into my chamber on the day of your departure and his arrival; the chair on which he sat; the place in which he pronounced my misery, and gave me back my letters; even the remembrance of his shadow on the wall, where I had noticed the symmetry and proportion of his shape; all gave every day fresh wounds to my heart.

Here I see nothing but what recalls the agreeable sensations I felt at the first sight of this delightful spot: I find only the image of your friendship, and of that of your adorable sister.

If the remembrance of Aza presents itself to my mind, it is under the same idea with which I then beheld him. I imagine myself waiting his arrival. I give way to this illusion as long as it proves agreeable: if it quits me, I fly to my books, and peruse them, at first, with great eagerness. Insensibly, new ideas veil over the horrid truth that surrounds me; and, at length, give some relaxation to my sorrow.

Shall I confess, that the charms of freedom sometimes present themselves to my imagination, and that I nourish them? Amused by agreeable objects, their propriety forces me to relish them. I confide in my taste, and place but little reliance on reason. I give way to my weaknesses, and combat those of my heart only by indulging those of my mind. The maladies of the soul admit not of violent remedies.

Perhaps the fastidious decency of your nation allows not to one of my age the independency and solitude in which I live: at least Celina, when she visits me, endeavours to persuade me so; but she has not yet offered sufficient reasons to convince me of my error. True decency is in my heart. It is not to the image of virtue that I pay homage, but to virtue herself. Her will I always take for the judge and guide of my actions: I will consecrate to her my life, and to friendship my heart. Alas! when will it have the undivided possession, the uninterrupted sway!

LETTER XXXVIII.

TO THE CHEVALIER DETERVILLE,
AT PARIS.

IT was almost at the same time, Sir, that I read the news of your departure from Malta, and that of your arrival at Paris. Whatever may be the pleasure I shall feel at seeing you again, it cannot overcome my concern, occasioned by the billet you wrote to me on your arrival.

How, Deterville, after having taken upon you to dissemble your sentiments in all your letters, after having given
me

me room to hope that I should no longer have a passion that afflicts me to combat, do you more than ever abandon yourself to it's violence!

To what purpose do you affect a deference towards me, which your conduct at the same instant denies? You ask leave to see me, you promise me an implicit obedience to my will; and yet you endeavour to convince me of sentiments the most opposite to such a submission. This displeases me; and I must assure you, I can never approve of such conduct.

But since a false hope seduces you, since you give a wrong turn to my confidence, and the state of my soul, it is proper I should tell you what are my resolutions, which are not to be shaken like yours.

You flatter yourself in vain that you shall cause my heart to put on new chains. The treachery of another disengages me not from my oaths. Would to Heaven it could make me forget the ingrate! yet though I could forget him, still true to myself, I would not share the guilt of perjury. The cruel Aza abandons what once was dear to him; but his rights over me are not the less sacred. I may be cured of my passion, but can never have any but for him. All the sentiments that friendship inspires are yours, and to them I shall be faithful for ever. You shall enjoy equally my confidence and sincerity, and both shall be without bounds. Every lively, every delicate sentiment, which love has awakened in my heart, shall turn to the advantage of friendship. I will let you see, with equal openness of soul, my regret at not being a native of France, and my invincible attachment to Aza; how grateful would it have been to me, had I owed to you the advantages of reflection, with the eternal acknowledgments due only to the procurer of that inestimable blessing! We will live in each other's souls: friendship, as well as love, is capable of giving wings to time; there are a thousand means to render it instructing, and to preserve it from insipidity,

You shall instruct me in the knowledge of your arts and sciences, and thus taste the pleasures of superiority; while I will endeavour to return the compliment by discovering virtues in your heart which you are unconscious of possessing. You shall adorn my mind with whatever may render it agreeable, and enjoy the fruits of your own labour; I will endeavour to make the native charms of friendship pleasing to you, and shall esteem myself happy in succeeding.

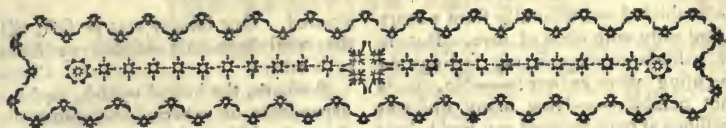
Celina, by dividing her love betwixt us, shall throw that gaiety into our conversations which they might otherwise want. What more shall we have to desire?

Your fears that solitude may be prejudicial to my health are groundless. Believe me, Deterville, solitude is never dangerous but through indolence. Continually employed, I can secure to myself new pleasures even from things which would be rendered insipid by inaction.

Without searching deep into the secrets of nature, is not the simple examination of it's wonders sufficient to vary and renew incessantly occupations that are always agreeable? Does life itself suffice to acquire a slight, but interesting knowledge of the universe, of what surrounds me, and of my own existence?

The pleasure of being, that forgotten, unknown pleasure, to so many mortals, this thought so sweet, this happiness so pure, *'I am—I live—I exist,'* is alone enough to convey bliss; if we remember it, if we enjoy it, if we know the value of it.

Come, Deterville! come, and learn of me to make the most of the resources of our souls, of the benefits of nature! Renounce those tumultuous sentiments, the imperceptible destroyers of our being. Come, and learn to know innocent and durable pleasures; come, and enjoy them with me! You shall find in my heart, in my friendship, in my sentiments, all that is wanting to recompense you for the loss of love.



LETTERS

OF A

PERUVIAN PRINCESS.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

LETTER XXXIX.

DETERVILLE TO ZILIA.



H, Zilia! what are the conditions on which only I am again permitted to see you? Have you well considered the nature of your requisition? It is true, I have been able to continue silent in your presence; but surely that situation was at once the joy and the misfortune of my life. I could exert myself for Aza's return; I respected your passion for him, severe as it was to me. Even when I doubted his fidelity, far from listening to the flattering hopes which I might from thence have entertained, I even taught myself to be afflicted, because I knew it would render you unhappy. Aza came! He again beheld your charms; he found you faithful, tender, wholly occupied with his idea, and eager to crown his felicity. How great was his triumph, to see those fortunate knots, the precious monuments of your tenderness! What heart but his would not have resumed it's former chains? Or, rather, what other heart could ever have been capable of breaking them?

Unable to foresee such ingratitude, death only remained for me. I conceived the design of for ever leaving you, of flying from my country and my friends: I could not, however, refuse myself the melancholy consolation of informing you of this resolu-

tion. Celina, too sensibly affected with my unhappy lot, undertook to deliver you my letter. The time she chose for this, Zilia, as you have yourself informed me, was the instant when the faithless Aza appeared in your presence. The tender compassion of Celina for an unfortunate brother made her doubtless taste a secret pleasure in embittering the moments which were expected to have been so deliciously sweet. She was not deceived; you could not be insensible to my despair, and even deigned to acknowledge it with such soothing expressions, as might well have satisfied a heart which had no higher ambition than that of engaging your pity.

The treachery of Aza soon reached me; and then, I confess, my heart first gave way to hope. The illusion, indeed, so far prevailed, that I even flattered myself with the glory of being necessary to your happiness. It was the first moment of my life wherein I presaged to myself an unclouded futurity. To these sentiments, at once so delicious and so new to me, succeeded the most poignant alarms. Your life was in danger, and my soul was torn in pieces by the dread of losing you. I laboured incessantly to surmount the difficulties which opposed my return. At length I vanquished them, and flew instantly to your assistance. My respect imposed on me the necessity of waiting your permission to be admitted into your presence. I solicited this favour with all that warmth and tender-

H

ness

ness which flows naturally from a heart filled only with ideas of love. But, is it possible to express my feelings on perusing your answer!—No, it is not possible.—How many different passions at once agitated my soul! how many senseless projects did I conceive! That of removing from you, Zilia, I had the courage to form; but, too feeble, too irresolute, to execute this intention, I submitted to my destiny by determining to continue near you. My respect, my esteem, and my services, shall be all that I will permit the ardour of my love to express. Will you, divine Zilia, forbid me silently to hope, that you may one day be susceptible of a passion, which shall ever be as great in respect as in tenderness.

LETTER XL.

ZILIA TO CELINA.

HOW unhappy am I, my dear Celina! You leave me to myself, and, alas! I have not a more cruel enemy. Destitute of experience, and incessantly tormented by the most painful reflections upon misfortunes that I could neither foresee nor avoid, I am by no means capable of enjoying the repose which this delightful solitude seems to offer me. Alas! it serves only to bring back to my remembrance the cruel Aza, with all the charms I had too hastily promised myself in his society. In vain I fly to reason for aid; in vain do I think of the insult offered to my slighted love. It is only from time that I must expect the calm I desire. Why, O Love! didst thou not reserve for Deterville my tenderest and most delicate regards; he would better have known their value? Could I foresee events, of which I had no idea? Aza, when first I beheld him, appeared with every possible advantage, birth, merit, an elegant form, and the most passionate affection, authorized by duty: what more was wanting to engage a youthful heart, naturally susceptible and tender? It instantly surrendered at discretion. For him only I breathed, for him only my beauty was pleasing; and if I wished to appear more amiable by the acquisition of new charms, it was only that I might become still worthier of him, and render him, if possible, more deeply ena-

moured. Our felicity was perfect, till the cruel Spaniards divided us from each other!

Absence, the loss of wealth, and his dependence on others, have, doubtless, determined him to abandon me, in the pursuit of those advantages which are offered him, and which he cannot now hope to obtain by an union with me. How should he continue faithful to me! Has he not been a traitor to his religion, and does not one error naturally draw after it another?

But I perceive, with regret, that I entertain you only on the subject of this ungrateful man. How weak am I, my dear Celina! Have I need of your assistance to fortify my reason against an involuntary passion!—It shall be so.—I will make new efforts to subdue it.

Is Deterville at Paris? Has he accepted the tender friendship which I offered him? You only remain dear to me; come, and sweeten my solitude! Walking, reading, and reflection, shall divide our days; and I begin to think I ought to study your religion. Aza, whose knowledge is undoubtedly sublime, and who, as a son of the celestial luminary, certainly possesses a more lively and acute discernment, has acknowledged defects in ours which I cannot yet discover; I may, however, be deceived in my opinion of it's perfection. When I left Peru, I believed there was no other country favoured by the light of the sun; that it only illuminated our horizon, and that all other nations were involved in constant darkness. In this I soon discovered my error: it seems possible, therefore, that the instructions which may be given me by Deterville, whose character is formed of rectitude, candour, moderation and generosity, may make some farther impression on me.

I will add this obligation to all those which I already owe him, on this sole condition, that he shall employ only reason and solid proofs to persuade me; I am willing to be instructed, but not constrained. This sacred study shall be blended with innocent amusements, in which you, Celina, shall partake. But fail not to make Deterville fully sensible, that he can only crown my gratitude by wholly banishing love from our conversations. How charming will be this union, when we hear not a syllable of that enemy of our repose! Esteem and confidence

confidence shall reign betwixt us; and would he desire more?

Come, both of you, and breathe this delightful freedom, which is only to be enjoyed in the country, and with those who are dear to us. You will kindly support my weakness; you will fortify my reason; and time shall do the rest.

LETTER XLI.

CELINA TO ZILIA.

I Should not have left you alone, my dear Zilia, had I not imagined you more fully reconciled to a misfortune without remedy; I should even have deemed it an insult to have supposed that the faithless Aza still reigned in your heart. In truth, he but little deserves it. Could he be acquainted with such worth, and yet shake off his chains!

It is evident that love still pleads warmly for him in your heart: but can that justify him? You are ingenious in discovering whatever may make him appear less culpable; this is the effect of the goodness of your heart, of the tenderness you still preserve for that ungrateful man. But, dearest Zilia, do not deceive yourself: in his love for you, he never felt any of those little apprehensions which warm and heighten that passion; jealousy, caprice, or indifference, never entered into your attachment. Sure of your heart, he found nothing but tenderness and equanimity of temper; a passion, perhaps, too warm on your side, and in which there was at least no trial. Hence arose your misfortune; he ceased to love you, because he had been too happy. It is difficult to decide, my dear Zilia, which prevailed with him; religion, or the fair Spaniard's beauty. If the first motive only, he is somewhat excusable; but the union of the two objects makes me greatly suspect him. You are to blame, my dear friend, to think so incessantly of this perfidious man; it is indulging an idea fatal to your repose. Let us talk no more, I beseech you, of one who is so faithless; let us, if it be possible, forget even his very name. I will come and see you; I will do my utmost to assist you. How passionately do I wish myself able to contribute to the return of your tranquillity, and the perfect establishment of your felicity!

I greatly reproach myself for having left you alone, abandoned to your melancholy reflections; but I imagined your heart was healed. Agreeable company will no doubt sweeten your solitude, and I will bring with me two friends with whom I am persuaded you will be satisfied.

My brother is returned, and I have shewn him your letter. He is grieved to find you still think so much of the perjured Aza. You owe to his delicacy, and to that conduct of which he only is capable, the violence of his constraint in keeping away. But, filled wholly with a passion equally tender and respectful, he finds himself incapable of suppressing any proof of it. He dreads to offend you; and he fears that, in spite of himself, some expression may in your presence escape him which you have so rigorously forbid. He laments incessantly, that sentiments so constant, so tender, so delicate, and to which he thinks he has himself some claim, should be the recompense only of perjury.

You offer him your friendship, and press him to see you: is not this cruelty? Shall he every day behold an enchanting object, for whom alone he sighs; and who, by her beauty, her sweetness, and a thousand other attractions, must each moment still deeper enslave him? and will you still have the severity to forbid him the mention of a passion which perpetually preys on his soul?

With the most grateful acknowledgments, he, however, accepts the tender friendship which you offer him, since he cannot obtain more. He is fully sensible, that this friendship would have a thousand charms for a heart less enamoured; but his passion is too violent to be confined to that calm sentiment. Unable to recal his own reason, I fear it will be difficult for him to satisfy yours. Is it not, my dear Zilia, almost the want of reason, still obstinately to love a person who neither can nor ought to make a suitable return?

If you seek to be enlightened with respect to religion, fear not that Deterville will be a tyrant in his instructions. He will furnish you with such assistance, and such advice, as you will be at liberty either to receive or reject. You know his integrity and moderation: certain I am he will act under their direction, though it will doubtless give him the

purest joy if he succeeds. But, dearest Zilia, in order to effect this great work, it is necessary that you divest yourself of prejudice.

We promise ourselves much pleasure in your conversation, and will neglect nothing in our power to render ours agreeable: and this will be the less difficult, as our hearts, now free from love, will feel only the tranquillity of friendship. Deterville himself, whom we have engaged to be of the party, has faithfully promised me to observe all the rules of discretion you have prescribed him: but he begs, in return, you will never mention to him the faithless but happy Aza. Has he not some right to expect your compliance with this request? I know not if it will be very difficult; but it is certainly necessary there should be a perfect unison in your two hearts, to form a compleat concert among us.

LETTER XLII.

DETERVILLE TO CELINA.

ON my return from Malta to Paris, my dear sister, I received with a transport of joy, mixed with fear, the fair Zilia's letter, which was delivered to me by your order. This letter confirms, at the very opening of it, her intention to forget Aza: but, O painful and cruel reflection! it proclaims to me anew her determination never to replace him by another. She even forbids me to entertain an idea of that nature. What a terrible blow was this! Have you, my dear Celina, an adequate sense of what I feel? While Zilia could depend on the fidelity of one so beloved, I had no room either to hope or to complain: myself a melancholy proof, I could not be ignorant, that a heart truly in love is incapable of entertaining more than a single object. That of Zilia belonged properly to the faithful Aza. But when this same Aza became false to his vows, had I not some right to suffer my hopes to revive? Yet in that very instant how cruelly were they deceived! Dear sister, do you not pity the severity of my fate? What is the composition of these Peruvian souls? Is not Zilia susceptible of that pleasing sensation which all women, may I not say, all hearts, feel from the gratifica-

tion of resentment? Had she no other motive than that of shewing her abhorrence of ingratitude, she ought to efface from her heart the very remembrance of this ingrate. Happy! if, amidst the diversity of her sentiments, a gleam of love for me could enter. My delicacy would undoubtedly suffer; but let her only love me, and I am satisfied. I shall owe my happiness to resentment; but, perhaps, I may likewise be indebted to gratitude. Shall I not be a thousand and a thousand times happy? Let me for a moment enjoy the delicious idea!

This beauty, whom I adore, offers me, it is true, the most permanent friendship, and expresses it even with transport: she dwells on all it's charms with such delicacy and grace, that had it been tendered by any other than Zilia, the offer would have enchanted me. But can the most affectionate friendship on her part repay the most passionate love on mine? Feeble image of a passion! how will it answer to the warmth of what I feel! How great will be my misfortune, if, while Zilia for the most tender love gives me only the simple sentiment of friendship, her heart, forgetting at last the faithless Aza, should receive the impression of another! The idea fills me with dread and horror. Alas! such a new engagement would for ever render me miserable. To be perpetually near the object in which only my felicity is contained, and yet always remote from felicity itself, is a situation which, instead of curing the evils I suffer, must serve only to augment their force.

Pity me, my dear Celina! deplore sincerely thy brother's condition, if thou canst entertain any idea of the dreadful anguish which attends hopeless love.

LETTER XLIII.

CELINA TO DETERVILLE.

SINCERELY do I commiserate a distracted heart, which finds no relief either in itself or from others. Such, my dear Deterville, is your situation: you love the most amiable, the most virtuous virgin, and you love her to an excess that has no bounds. The purity of her soul, the natural delicacy of her conversation, her personal charms,

charms, for ever new to your eyes, her candour, and even her very love for Aza, inauspicious as it is to your hopes, all contribute to nourish a passion which is every day augmented by taste and esteem; a passion so much the more lively, as it is the first you have ever experienced. I would endeavour to cure you, were it not of such a nature that it is impossible you should ever repent it. I am by no means ignorant, that the very circumstance of this fair Indian being placed in your power by the rights of war, has obliged you to respect her beauty, her sentiments, and her misfortunes. If the only good which could render her happy was not restored to her, and that even every way at your expence, the blame, I am persuaded, is not imputable to you. When I beheld you bring the happy Aza from the heart of Spain, for the purpose of returning to him, with his other treasures, the possession of the very jewel which was alone capable of giving you happiness, I could not but esteem you as a prodigy of goodness. This was the very summit of generosity.

And when, by an unexampled turn of fortune, the infidelity of Aza rendered your benefits ineffectual, and you had more right than ever to hope; the matchless constancy of Zilia for an ungrateful man adds the last and severest stroke to your misfortunes.

But, my dear brother, while I sympathize in your grief, and lament the fatality of your destiny, suffer me to tell you, that you view your situation through the wrong end of the perspective. The anxiety of your heart prevents, no doubt, your seeing the least glimpse of hope; but, perhaps, the despair in which you formerly lived, has rendered you blind to the resources which are yet left you by fortune. As a woman, I should be tempted to leave you still in your ignorance; but I cannot, as a sister, form so unkind a resolution. Hear me, then, my dear Deterville. Aza was naturally the only object that Zilia could possibly be attached to. He tender, young, and handsome; Zilia in all the force and sweetness of her first passion; united by taste, by duty, and by the virtue which ennobled both. A dreadful calamity, a cruel revolution divides them, enlivening the image of that felicity of

which they feel themselves fatally deprived. Figure to yourself even the force which despair must add to a passion already so warm and so pure. It was a heart new in love, full of tenderness, given up for the first time, and ignorant of a more sensible pleasure than that of adhering to the object it had chosen; it was, in short, a heart enamoured to excess, enflamed by difficulty, and which, at the very brink of felicity, saw itself in an instant snatched from the expected enjoyment. My dear brother, for a moment consider yourself in the situation of Zilia: is it possible that another should make her easily forget a lover who was so dear to her, and hastily restore her tranquillity? Reflect on the magnanimity of her soul, and you will conceive that a heart so noble may be capable of carrying her attachment beyond the bounds of ordinary sensibility, and of continuing to love an object when the hope of possession is fled. This is a musical chord of such exquisite harmony, that the vibration continues for a long time after it has been once briskly touched.

Do you not see, my dear Deterville, that this sentiment is too unnatural to be durable? Can you doubt whether Zilia, when she comes more calmly to reflect, will perceive the injustice of Aza, the weight of his indifference, and the futility of loving without return? Hitherto supported in her tenderness, by a kind of sorcery, the illusion will soon dissipate; the image of Aza will in a short time become irksome; and her heart, void of interest and employment, will with difficulty support itself in such a state of inaction. A tedious state of languor is an insupportable burden to an active soul. Zilia will wish for some pretence to get rid of it; and what one can be happier for you both than that of gratitude? Zilia already professes her acknowledgments to you, and is fully sensible how much she owes to the generosity of your behaviour.

I come now to the friendship which she offers you. From your refusing this friendship, it should seem to be offensive, or at least unpleasant to you. You regard it as a sentiment too weak to answer to the warmth of your affection. It seems like a payment in uncurent coin; and you reject it because it is not absolute and compleat love:

but

but pray, my dear brother, is it the name only that you would obtain? For my part, I cannot but think so: for the friendship of Zilia ought not to inspire you with despair; let me tell you, it ought even to charm you. Why do you oblige me to disclose the grand secret of our sex? Know, that this sentiment of friendship, so pleasant between men, so rare between women, is always most lively between persons of different sexes. Men love each other with cordiality, women with diffidence; but two persons of different sexes add to the charms of friendship a spark of that fire which nature never fails to inspire. A ray of passion, notwithstanding it's apparent purity, will attend the very birth of their friendship; and of this all such friends are sufficiently sensible. It is of no importance that they both keep mutually on their guard; their precautions will make no alteration in the imperceptible progress of nature; and they will soon have reason to be surprized how they can have become so deeply enamoured of each other without having perceived it.

The friendship offered you, then, my dear Deterville, is, in my opinion, the first act of that interesting drama of which you so much desire to see the denouement: it is the first motion of the heart; and that being favourable, you have surely no reason to complain.

The name of friendship, it is true, spreads a veil before your sight; but it is a veil of the workmanship of love, made only to deceive jealous eyes, and which hides nothing from others, nor long even from them. Do you not now confess, my dear brother, that I had room for astonishment, when I heard you so bitterly complain of the only step that Zilia could possibly take in your favour? Reflect upon it well, and you will be clearly of my opinion. Can there be a happier method, a method better adapted to your mutual delicacy?

Would you not highly esteem the lady who chuses to appear reserved, that she may render your happiness more compleat? Who, by giving your passion a reasonable trial, means to refine and to increase your pleasure?

Indeed, my dear brother, you are greatly obliged to Zilia; who, in the way of friendship, is preparing for you pleasures of a more extatick nature than

those which you had proposed to yourself: she neither dared, nor ought to make a return of your passion in the way you expected. You must look to our sex for instruction in these matters: and be not ashamed that we are in this respect far your superiors; since, without our assistance, the wisest of you would perhaps be ignorant of the delicate and nice distinctions necessary to be attended to in the divine art of love. Women are allowed, as a natural consequence of the disposition of their hearts, to have more fertility of genius than men. In this art of love of which I am now speaking, no artifice is supposed to enter. These two characters, much as they resemble each other, ought carefully to be distinguished: all women of sense love with art, but not all with artifice. The heart of your dear Zilia is ingenuous, noble, and elevated; but she is ingenuous in the nicest and most delicate manner of any woman I know. That heart which is at present wholly occupied by the tenderest and most virtuous passion, but a passion cruelly deceived, you will at last find to be reserved for you. Allow only to Zilia a reasonable term for her grief; and leave, without murmuring, time to destroy that idea of glory which has hitherto flattered her.

The singular honour of remaining true to her first ties, even when they are broken without the possibility of a reunion, is a sentiment which she certainly has not learned among us: she will, therefore, in time, give way to our example. Being then free, dreading liberty through a habitude of not enjoying it, and sensible, in the meanwhile, of your generous cares, the friendship which she now regards only as an agreeable sympathy, will require but a single advance farther to become love, and that miracle will be accomplished before she perceives it.

My dear Deterville, what a charming prospect lies before you! You certainly see enough of it to induce you, without difficulty, to accept the friendship which Zilia with so good a grace proposes you. From your solicitude so apparently disinterested, and still more from the peculiar nature of the female heart, expect with confidence the felicity of which you had began to despair.

LETTER XLIV.

ZILIA TO DETERVILLE.

COULD I have imagined that, after the loss of Aza, new troubles would have reached my heart? Alas! I now but too fatally experience the possibility, from a discovery I have accidentally made, and which plunges me again into the most cruel despair. Your sister came yesterday to see me. After her departure, I found a paper in my chamber: I opened it; and how great was my surprize, to discover her hand in a letter addressed to you, wherein, after blaming you for not accepting my offer, she undertakes to persuade you by motives wholly different from mine! Who could have supposed that the ever-tender, the ever-generous Celina, my only consolation in the bitterness of my soul, would at last have proved perfidious? After giving myself up entirely to the sweetness of her friendship, and without making the least reserve in my sincere affection for her, I find that she loves me not without distrust. Though your sister, at the beginning of this fatal letter, loads me with praises, they doubtless do not so much flow from her own sentiments as from her fear of displeasing you: for on what does she pretend to found your hope, if not upon the want of solidity in those virtues which she attributes to me? In revealing to you the secrets of our sex, her art, or rather artifice, turns not to the advantage of her heart. Unhappy notion! Can she think the virgins devoted to the Sun, and educated in his temple, are to be judged by her general distinctions of the characteristicks of women? Is there only one model, one rule, by which to form a judgment? The great Creator, who diversifies in a thousand ways his infinite variety of works, who imparts to each country some particular property, and who gives to us all features so variable and different, has he decreed that the characteristicks of the mind should be every where the same, and that all rational beings should think alike? I cannot, for my part, be easily persuaded of this. On what reason can she ground the rights of mankind to such distinguished prerogatives? Does she believe they have a more ample portion

of the breath of the divinity? We have, in Peru, such an opinion of the divine Amutas, whose sublime knowledge and manners, consecrated wholly to virtue, elevate them above ordinary men: but, with respect to others, if they have passions which are common to them, we also acknowledge them to possess virtues which moderate and rectify those passions; and we judge of them from their actions, and not from any supposed weakness.

How could she attempt to persuade you there was so little firmness in my sentiments? She has certainly not judged from what she has discovered in me. Accustomed to frankness from my infancy, my heart never strove to persuade the faithless Aza of the sincerity of my passion, otherwise than by that vivacity with which the expressions of my tenderness were accompanied.

I am ignorant, and would ever remain so, of that art which tends far more to degrade women than to increase the power of their charms: it proves only their weakness, their vanity, and their contempt for the object they would enslave. Nature knows not of this art; nor does she ever seek to embellish the graces, and add new charms to virtue.

Vainly does Celina pretend to distinguish art from artifice: I am not deceived by that idea. Why does she seek for disguise, when it is her interest not to conceal any thing? Could we dare to confess, without a blush, that we have taken great pains to lead others into error?

I hope every thing from the generosity of your heart. Worthy as you are to have been a native of our country, I am persuaded no injurious suspicion has yet entered your soul; and I should be sorry that you saw this wicked letter, lest it should induce you to suspect. Should I, Deterville, be worthy of your goodness, if the too-credulous Celina thought justly?

As you are too virtuous to entertain an idea, that I aim at glory in performing my duty, expect not that either time, or the weakness of my sex, will effect any change in me. United to Aza in ties which death only should have dissolved, no object can possibly disengage me. Yet still, Sir, I invite you to enjoy the tranquil friendship which gratitude offers you; come, and

at once enlighten and adorn my understanding.

Disengaged from tumultuous passions, you will find that friendship alone is worthy to fill our hearts, and that it is alone capable of rendering our destiny perfectly happy.

LETTER XLV.

DETERVILLE TO ZILIA.

I Set out, adorable Zilia, with a firm resolution to forget you, as the only relief to my misery. A long absence, I flattered myself, might effect this miracle; but, alas! the anger inspired by a tender passion is soon stifled by its own principle. I am returned more enamoured, and as wretched as ever, in spite of the glimmerings of hope which the infidelity of Aza had kindled in my mind. My situation gives me more right than ever to complain: but how cruel soever your manner of thinking proves to me, it still deprives me of liberty. The tender friendship you offer binds me to you in so engaging a manner, that though the bounds you prescribe it appears to me a species of ingratitude, I perceive that it would now be injustice in me to complain.

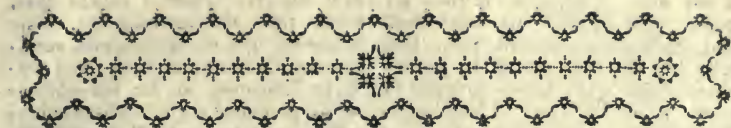
But while I thus conform to the severity of your laws, my heart dares still to preserve the hope of mollifying your rigour. Pardon my disorder, and my sincerity; I express the simple notions of my heart; I am pleased with these illusions, and grieve when my reason returns to convince me of my rashness: I blush for a moment; but soon the idea of a happy futurity triumphs. Such is my weakness! A mortifying reflection for me, but a reflection that raises so much the

more the glory of the daughter of the Sun.

In your presence, fair Zilia, one look will recal my respect: my ardour to please you will raise me above sense, and you shall be the guide of my actions. Bound and united together only by the sentiments of the soul, and the similitude of genius, we shall have nothing to fear from those disgusts which the anxieties of the passions drag with them. Our quiet and unwearied days, like a perpetual spring, when all seems to start fresh out of the lap of nature, shall flow in perfect felicity; we will enjoy mutually the benefits of this nature, and with it we will crown our innocence. If at any time we speak of Aza, it shall be only to complain of his ingratitude. Perhaps destiny alone is accountable for his change. But, however that may be, he was no longer worthy of the virgin of the Sun, after he had once willingly breathed the contaminating air of the cruel enemies of Peru.

Let me intreat you to bear no ill-will to Celina; her tenderness for an unhappy brother, and her sense of his melancholy situation, have induced her to contrive all the reasons you have seen, to comfort him, and give new life to his hope: this motive ought to plead her excuse. Promise me to pardon her, divine Zilia: there must not be any thing capable of embittering the sweets of that delightful society, which we propose to form in your company.

Relying on this hope, I set out to throw myself at your feet: I will regard this new habitation as the temple of the Sun; I will there respectfully adore the luminary that enlightens it; and it shall be the sole object of all my cares to render you incessantly the purest and most implicit homage.



THE
SEQUEL OF THE PERUVIAN PRINCESS;
CONTAINING THE
LETTERS OF AZA.

ADVERTISEMENT.

ON perusing the Letters of a Peruvian Princess, I recollected to have seen in Spain, some years ago, a Collection of Letters, by a young Peruvian, whose history strongly resembled that of Zilia. Having with some difficulty procured the manuscript, I discovered them to be the identical Letters of Aza, translated into Spanish. They are chiefly addressed to Kanhuiscap, the confidential friend of Aza; and to that gentleman we are no doubt indebted for their translation from the Peruvian.

In reading these Letters, I felt myself so affected with a tender concern for Aza, that I determined to undertake the task of translating them into our language.

It gave me inexpressible pleasure to find they were capable of effacing from my mind the odious ideas which Zilia's letters had given me of a prince less inconstant than unfortunate. Others, I cannot doubt, will experience the same satisfaction; for to see virtue justified is at all times universally pleasing.

It will probably be reckoned by many as criminal in Aza, that he has described, as Spanish manners, many of those failings, and even vices, which are peculiar to the French nation. But though this charge may at first appear specious, it will presently lose its force, when we come properly to consider, with M. Fontenelle, that even a native of England, and of France, are countrymen at Pekin.

That I have painted in their proper colours those noble images, those grand and beautiful ideas, which abound in the Spanish original, I dare not be presumptuous enough to flatter myself. This I might impute in some measure to the difference of the two languages, and to the common lot of translations: the reader will possibly impute it to me; and we may perhaps be both right in our opinions.

LETTER I.

TO ZILIA.



AY thy tears, my dear Zilia, be dissipated like the dew before the rising sun! May thy fetters, changed into flowers, fall at thy feet! and express, by the brilliancy of their colours, the ardency of my love, more glowing than that

divine luminary to which it owes its existence. Zilia, dismiss thy fears!—Aza still lives; for still he loves thee.

Our misfortunes have an end. The happy moment approaches that shall for ever unite us. O divine felicity! why do we yet languish for thy presence!

The predictions of Viracocha are yet unaccomplished. I sit on the august throne of Manco-capa, but Zilia is not

at my side. I reign, while thou art loaded with fetters! Be comforted, dear object of my ardent affection. Too fully has the Sun proved the permanency of our love; he now prepares to crown it with felicity. These knots, the weak interpreters of our sentiments; these knots, whose use I bless, but whose fate I envy, shall behold thee free. Thou shalt fly from thy prison to my arms. As the trembling dove, escaped from the dreadful talons of the vulture, flies to the enjoyment of happiness with her faithful but drooping companion; so shalt thou repose in my heart, yet agitated with the remembrance of thy past afflictions, thy tenderness, and my felicity. What joy! what transport! to drown thy miseries in bliss! Thou shalt see at thy feet those brutal masters of the thunder: and even the very hands which have loaded thee with fetters, shall assist to place thee on thy throne.

But why should the remembrance of our misfortunes pollute so pure an enjoyment? Why must I remind thee of miseries that no longer exist? Do we not depreciate the favours of the gods, when we neglect to enjoy them in their full extent? Not to forget our misfortunes, is in some measure to merit them. Yet thou desirest, my dear Zilia, that I should add to my afflictions the disgrace of having deserved them. I love thee—I can tell it thee—I shall soon again behold thee. What intelligence can I give thee of my fate? Is it possible that I should describe what is past, when I am incapable of expressing the sentiments which at present agitate my soul!—But why do I hesitate? Zilia will have it so.

Recal, then, to thy memory, if thou canst, and yet live, that day, that horrid day, whose dawn was resplendent with joy.

The sun, in the fulness of his glory, spread over my happy features the same rays which illuminated thine. Transports of happiness, and flames of love, took possession of my heart. My soul was lost in that divinity from whom it derives its being. My eyes sparkled with the fires they received from thine, and expressed a thousand desires. Restrained by the ceremonials of custom, I proceeded to the temple; my heart

flew thither. There I beheld thee, fairer than the morning-star, more blooming than the opening rose, accusing the Cucipatas of delay, and tenderly lamenting to me the obstacle which prevented our immediate union; when, in a moment, O dreadful remembrance! the lightnings flashed, the thunder roared dreadful. At the tremendous alarm all around me, I fell prostrate to the earth, and implored the protection of the sovereign Yalpor; for thee I implored it. The peals were redoubled—they abated—they ceased. I arose, trembling for thy safety. What horror! what a dreadful prospect! Surrounded by a cloud of sulphur, by flames and by blood; full of confusion, my eyes saw nothing but death, my ears heard nothing but screams; while my heart sought only thee, and every object told it thou wert lost. I yet hear the thunder that struck thee; I still see thee pale and disfigured! thy bosom covered with blood and dust! A cruel fire destroys thee!

The clouds disappear; the obscurity is dispersed. Can it be possible, dear Zilia? It was not the great Yalpor: the gods are not so cruel. Those barbarians, the usurpers of their power, had used the thunder to our destruction. No sooner did I perceive the detested crew, than I sprung amidst them. Love, and the gods whose powers they had profaned, gave me their assistance, and it was augmented by thy presence: I bore down all before me. A moment longer, and I had secured thee: but they carried thee through the sacred portal, and I saw thee no more! Grief seized my soul; despair drew tears from my eyes. Distracted with rage, I darted on them; they surrounded me: by the fury of the assault, even my weapons were destroyed. Exhausted by the violence of my efforts, and overpowered by numbers, I fell upon the profaned bodies of my ancestors*. There my blood and my tears were ignominiously shed amidst thy expiring companions; even on those garlands which thy hands had woven, and with which thou shouldst have crowned my head. A mortal coldness seized my senses. My sight grew dim, it vanished. I ceased to live, but I could not cease to love thee.

* The Peruvians embalm the bodies of their kings, and place them in their temples.





Doubtless, my dear Zilia, it was love, and the hope of avenging thy injuries, that restored me to life. I found myself in my palace, surrounded by my attendants. Fury was succeeded by despair: I uttered the bitterest lamentations; and seizing my arms, and urging my guards to vengeance, 'Perish!' I cried, 'perish! those impious wretches, who have dared to violate our sanctuaries! Arise! attack! destroy the inhuman monsters!'

Nothing could appease my transports, till the Capa Inca, my father, informed of my fury, assured me that I should again behold thee; that thou wert in safety; and that we should yet enjoy each other. What new transport, what extasies then possessed my soul! O my dear Zilia, can the heart that has once known such pleasure exist when it is no more!

Their avidity for the gold of this unhappy country was the sole motive of these barbarians for visiting our coasts. My father knew their design, and has prevented their demands. No sooner shall they have restored thee to my vows, than they will depart loaded with presents. This people, whose enmity and whose friendship have been alike purchased by our riches, are now divested of their ferocity, and are incessant in their marks of gratitude and respect. They bow down before me, like our Cucipatas before the sun. Is it possible that a wretched mass of matter can thus change the heart of man, and render such barbarians the instruments of my felicity! Is it for a metal, and monsters, to retard and to complete our happiness!

Adorable Zilia! Light of my soul! What anguish has thy description of our dreadful separation given me? I have been present with thee in every danger. My fury was revived: but the assurances of thy love, like a potent balsam, have appeased the wound which thy misfortunes had given my heart. No, Zilia! life has no joy equal to that of thy love; all my faculties are absorbed in that single passion: my im-

patiente every moment increases; it burns, it devours me; I die!

Zilia! give me back my life. O that Lhuama* would lend thee his wings!—that the swiftest lightning could bear thee to my arms—while my heart, yet more rapid, flies to meet thine.

LETTER II.

TO THE SAME.

O Zilia! does the earth yet exist? Do we still view the light of the sun, while falsehood and treason reside in his empire! Even the virtues themselves are banished from my distracted heart; and they are succeeded by fury and despair.

Those brutal Spaniards, who had the impiety to load thee with fetters, and who were too base, too inhuman, to free thee from them, have dared to deceive me. In violation of their most sacred promises, you are not yet restored to me.

Why, O Yalpor! dost thou withhold thy hand? Let these perfidious wretches feel thy destructive thunders, more potent than those of which they have robbed thee. May pitiless flames, after a thousand torments, reduce the cruel monsters to ashes, whose crimes can alone be expiated by the blood of their latest posterity†. Perfidious nation! whose cities should be laid waste; and whose land should be sowed with stones, and deluged with blood. What horrors do you join to an infamous perjury!

Already have the sacred rays of the sun twice enlightened his children, and my beloved Zilia is not yet restored to my impatient wishes. Those eyes, in which my felicity should be placed, are now drowned in floods of grief! It is, perhaps, through the bitterest tears, that those fires are darted which ought to inflame my heart. Those arms, in which the gods should have crowned the most ardent love, are perhaps at this instant loaded with ignominious chains. O insupportable grief! O distracting thought!

* The great eagle of Peru.

† This letter was never received by the Princess Zilia.

‡ The punishment of heinous crimes is extended by the Peruvians to the descendants of the transgressor: and where any offence of a publick nature is committed, the city undergoes desolation, and the land is covered with stones.

Tremble, wretched mortals! The sun has furnished me with his avenging powers, and my injured love shall render them still more destructive.

By thee I swear, thou animating fire, from whom we have received our being, and by whom we exist*; by thy pure flames, with whose divine ardour I am now possessed; O Sun! may I never behold thy genial rays; plunged in everlasting night, may I never again behold the pleasing dawn proclaim thy return, if Aza destroys not that atrocious race who have dared to pollute these sacred regions with falsehood! Dry up thy tears, my beloved Zilia, unhappy cause of all my anxiety. Soon shalt thou behold thy lover overthrow his enemies, loose thy fetters, and rivet them on his foes. Every moment augments my fury and their punishment. A cruel joy already possesses my heart. I seem at this moment to bathe in the blood of these perfidious monsters. My rage is only equalled by my love.

I go to surpass them in barbarity: in this they shall be my guides; I fly to the pursuit. Zilia, my dearest Zilia! be assured of victory, for it is thy wrongs I go to avenge.

LETTER III.

TO KANHUISCAP. FROM MADRID.

GENEROUS friend! what divinity, in pity to my wrongs, has preserved thee to be the comforter of my distress? Is it true, then, that in the midst of the horriest afflictions, we can yet taste of pleasure? and that, wretched as we may be in ourselves, we can still contribute to the happiness of others? Thy hands are loaded with fetters, and yet they afford me comfort: thy mind is lost in grief, but still it diminishes my infelicity.

A stranger, and a captive, in these barbarous regions, you make me enjoy my country, though so far distant. Dead to the rest of mankind, I would live only for you. It is to you alone that my distracted mind is capable of expressing itself, when my feeble hands have sometimes power to form those knots which, in defiance of our cruel enemies, serve still to unite us.

You will pardon me, if the tenderest and most ardent love more frequently presents itself than friendship or revenge. The pleasures of the one are a consolation; the violence of the other has its charms; but every thing yields to love.

Think not that, subdued by the strokes of fortune, my afflictions have diminished my courage. A prince, I think as a prince; a slave, I suffer not the sentiments of slavery to approach me. Hopeless as I am, I yet thirst for vengeance. I would willingly change both thy lot and my own; but, alas! I can only deplore them.

We were transported from our native country to a new world; and, spite of my prayers, we were separated. Our friendship became the object of fear to our enemies: accustomed to crimes, could they do otherwise than dread our virtues? Was it thus, Kanhuiscap, the day should have closed on which thy courage and mine, and still more my love, ought to have rendered me, by victory, worthy of the power which had armed me, of the bright star that gave me birth, and of thy applause! when the Sun, hostile to that perjury he detests, should have avenged his children; feasting them with the smoking flesh of those detested monsters, and drenching them with their blood?

Must I thus only revenge the wrongs of Zilia! while she, consumed by the most ardent love, still languishes in those fetters which I am incapable of breaking. Zilia! whom the infamous ravishers——O ye Gods! hide from me those dreadful images.——What do I say, Kanhuiscap! the Gods themselves cannot banish them from my mind. I can no longer behold my Zilia! a cruel element divides us. Perhaps her griefs——our enemies——the waves——a mortal stroke now pierces my heart. I sink, my friend, under the weight of my distress. The Quipos fall from my hands. Zilia!——my beloved Zilia!

LETTER IV.

TO THE SAME.

FAITHFUL Anqui, thy Quipos have for a moment suspended my alarms, but they cannot wholly dispel

* The soul is supposed by the Peruvians to be an emanation from the sun,

them. To that healing balm which thy friendship spreads over my woes, a dreadful remembrance constantly succeeds. I see, every instant, my Zilia in fetters; the Sun disgraced, his temples prophaned; I behold my father bending under the weight of chains, as well as years; I see my country desolated; I exist but by miseries, and every circumstance serves to increase them. The shades of night present me only frightful images. In vain do I seek for tranquillity in the arms of sleep; I there find nothing but torments. Zilia, this very night, again presented herself before me. The horrors of death were depicted on her countenance. My name seemed to escape her dying lips; I saw it traced on the Quipos that fell from her hands. Barbarians, of a different nation from the Spaniards, their arms stained with blood, bore her, in the midst of flames and tumult, from one of those enormous machines in which we were transported. They seemed to present her in triumph to their hideous chief; when, in an instant, the sea mounting to the clouds, offered nothing to my sight but waves of blood, floating carcases, huge logs of wood partly consumed, fires, and devouring flames.

In vain do I endeavour to dissipate these melancholy ideas; they constantly return, and are ever present to my mind. Nothing alleviates my distress; every thing augments it. I hate even the air I breathe. I reproach the waves with not having swallowed me up. I complain to the Gods, that they still suffer me to exist. If their bounty, less cruel, permitted me to forsake this light; could I dispose of this spark of divinity which they have communicated; were it not a horrible crime for mortals to destroy the work of the divinity; could my weakness be condemned, Kanhuiscap? Ought my spirit to wander in the air? My miseries would have an end. But, what do I say? Each day increases them. Participate with me, O Kanhuiscap! my agonizing grief: learn, if it be possible, some news of Zilia; while my distracted heart demands her of the Gods—of all nature—of myself.

LETTER V.

TO THE SAME.

MAY the divine rays which give us life, comfort thee, Kanhuiscap, with their most benignant warmth, Thou hast kindled in my heart the most flattering hopes. I am indebted to the rapid progress thou hast made in the Spanish language for the information thou hast obtained, that the first vessels expected on the coast where thou dwellest will come from the empire of the Sun. By them thou wilt learn the fate of her for whom alone I exist. Judge, therefore, with what impatience I wait their arrival. Already do I launch forth into the regions of happiness. The situation of Zilia is laid open to my sight: I already see her restored to the temple of the Sun, divested of every other grief than what arises from the distance by which we are separated. She there decks the altars of the Gods, and as much adorns them by her charms as by the ingenuity of her hands. As a beauteous flower, which, when the tempest has subsided, is still agitated by the remaining breeze, receives the fresh rays of the sun, while the water it contains serves only to augment its lustre; so does Zilia appear more blooming and more dear to my heart, now she appears to me like the sun, after a long obscurity, whose splendid beams dazzle the sight, and indicate the return of a fair season. I then seem to be at her feet, where I experience concern, emotion, pleasure, respect, tenderness, and every other agreeable sensation I enjoyed when actually in her presence: I feel even those, Kanhuiscap, which agitated the heart of my Celina. How strong are the chains of illusion! but yet how delightful! My real evils are effaced by imaginary pleasures. I behold Zilia happy; and my felicity is complete.

O, my dear Kanhuiscap! do not frustrate the hope in which all my happiness consists, and which may be destroyed by impatience alone. Let not the least hindrance, my generous friend, delay thy information of my happiness.

happinefs. May thy Quipos, knotted by the hands of gladnefs, be borne to me on the wings of the wind; and, in recompence for thy friendship, may the moft exquisite perfumes be continually diffused over thy head!

LETTER VI.

TO THE SAME.

WHAT delicious water haft thou ufed, my dear friend, to quench the cruel fire which confumed my heart? From inquietudes that diftracted me unceafingly, and from griefs by which I was wholly overwhelmed, thou haft raifed me to tranquillity and joy. I foon fhall again behold my Zilia. O happinefs almoft unhoped for! But yet fhe is withheld from me. O cruel delay! In vain does my heart go forth to meet her; in vain does my whole foul attempt to mix with hers; there is ftill enough left to tell me that I am far from her.

Soon fhall I again behold her; and that delightful thought, far from calming, increafes my inquietude. Separated from my life itfelf, judge what are the torments I endure! At each moment I die, and recover but to defire in vain. As the hunter, in flying to quench, augments the thirft that deftroys him, fo does my hope render ftill fiercer the flame that confumes me. The nearer I approach to an union with Zilia, the greater are my fears of lofing her. How often, my dear friend, have we already been separated by a fingle moment! that cruel moment, though at the fummit of felicity, I ftill fear.

An element, cruel as inconstant, is the guardian of my happinefs. Say you not, that Zilia abandons the empire of the Sun, to feek thefe horrid climates? Wandering a long time on the fea before fhe can reach thefe coafts, what dangers has fhe not to encounter? And how much more have I not to fear for her? But whether does my paffion carry me! I am talking of mifery, when every thing promifes happinefs; joys of which the thought alone—Ah, Kanhuifcap! what transports, what feelings hitherto unknown!—Every fense feparately enjoys the fame pleafure—Zilia is before my eyes! I hear the

tender accents of her voice; I embrace her; I die!

LETTER VII.

TO THE SAME.

STILL fubject to viciffitude, ftill within the reach of accident, the term, Kanhuifcap, to which you refer the completion of my felicity, muft neceffarily diminifh it.

Before the Sun can make me happy, he muft a hundred times enlighten the world! Till the expiration of that immenfity of time, Zilia cannot poffibly be reftored to me!

Vain are the endeavours of friendship to foften the rigour of my fate: they can by no means divest me of anxiety.

Alonzo, whom the unjust Capa Inca of the Spaniards has placed with my father on the throne of the Sun; Alonzo, to whom the Spaniards have committed me, attempts but in vain to alleviate my diftrefs. The friendship he fhews me, the information he gives me refpecting their customs, the amusements he endeavours to procure me, and the reflections to which I abandon myfelf, are all incapable of making me forget my misfortunes.

The cruel grief into which my feparation from Zilia had plunged me, has hitherto prevented my attention to the objects that furround me. I faw, I breathed nothing but mifery; and I feemed, as it were, to find pleafure in my misfortunes: hardly could I be faid to live; how then fhould I form reflections? But no fooner had I given to joy the moments affigned it by love, than I began to open my eyes. What objects of aftonifhment then struck my fight! I cannot describe to you how much they yet furprize me. I found myfelf alone, in the midft of a world which I had never once thought to exift. I there faw beings whom I refemble, and we appeared equally feized with furprize at the fight of each other: the eagernes of my looks was loft in theirs. A numberlefs people are continually agitated in the fame circle, where they feem wholly to be confined; there are others who are feldom feen, and thofe are diftinguifhed from the former by their indolence. Tumults, cries, quarrels,

sels, combats, a horrid uproar, and one continued scene of confusion, were at first all that I could discern.

My mind, embracing too many objects, was incapable of distinguishing a single one. I soon became sensible of this; and determined to prescribe bounds to my observations, and to begin with reflecting on the objects that were nearest me: the house of Alonzo is therefore become the center of my thoughts. The Spaniards I there see, seem sufficient to employ my attention for a long time; and, from their dispositions, I shall be enabled to judge of the rest of their countrymen. Alonzo, who has dwelt a considerable time in our country, and is consequently well acquainted with our language and customs, assists my discoveries. This true friend, uninfected with the prejudices of his countrymen, frequently points out to me the most ridiculous parts of their conduct. 'Behold that grave man,' said he to me, the other day, 'who, by his haughty mien, his curled mustachios, his high-crown'd cap, and numerous train, you would imagine to be another Huayna Capac*; he is only a Cucipatas, who has sworn to our Pacha-camac to be humble, meek, and poor. The person you beheld drinking those large draughts of liquors, that have scarce left him any remains of reason, is a judge; who, within an hour, is to decide on the lives and fortunes of a great number of citizens. The man you there see, who appears more enamoured of himself than of the lady to whom he seems to pay so much attention; he who can hardly support the heat of the weather, and of the perfumed habit he wears; who talks with so much emotion on the least trifle; whose debaucheries have sunk his eyes, rendered pale his visage, and even destroyed his voice; is a general, who is to lead thirty thousand men to battle.'

It is thus, Kanhuiscap, by the assistance of Alonzo, that I dissipate, for some moments, the anxieties that consume me. But, alas! they speedily return; for the amusements of the mind

must for ever give place to the affections of the heart.

LETTER VIII.

TO THE SAME.

THE observations which Alonzo has enabled me to make of the characters of his countrymen, have not prevented me from sometimes reflecting on his own. Though I am an admirer of the virtues of this sincere friend, I cannot but remark his defects. Wise, generous, and brave, he is notwithstanding weak, and subject to the very follies he condemns. 'Behold that respectable and dreadful warrior,' said he, 'that firm defender of our country, that man who by a single glance of his eye can make thousands obey him; is yet a slave in his own house, and subject to every little caprice of his wife.' Exactly the same does Alonzo appear to me, when his daughter Zulmira approaches. From the imperious air she constantly affects when her father tenderly embraces her, I am persuaded that Alonzo, with respect to his daughter, is like the warrior with his wife: and do not imagine he is the only Spaniard who spares not in others the faults of which he is himself guilty. I was the other day walking in a publick garden, where I distinguished among the crowd a little monster about the size of a Vicunna†; his legs were contorted like the Amaruc‡, and his head so sunk between his shoulders, that he could hardly move it. I could not avoid commiserating the lot of this unfortunate creature, when I was surprized by loud peals of laughter. I turned toward the part from whence they came; and what was my surprize, when I found they were caused by a little man almost as deformed as the other, and who was pointing out to the company the distortions of his brother! Is it possible we can be so blind to our own faults, when we are so sensible of them in others? Does the excess of virtue become a vice?

Alonzo, though the slave to his daughter, would be inexcusable not to love her. The brilliancy of her wit, the beauty and the graces which nature

* The name of the great conqueror of Peru.

† A kind of Peruvian goat.

‡ The adder of the Peruvians.

has given her, her majestick presence, and the eloquent language of her eyes, in spite of the fire with which they sparkle, convince me that she has a heart susceptible, but vain; and that, though impatient even in the most frivolous pursuits, she is yet not wanting in tenderness. What a difference, my dear friend, between her and Zilia! Zilia, who, almost insensible to her charms, would hide them from every eye but those of her conqueror; who is guided by candour and modesty, and whose heart is alone possessed by the purest and most tender affection; in whom the operations of pride have no place; who despises all the tricks of art; who knows of no means to please but by love; who——ah! how fierce is the flame that now consumes my heart! Zilia! my beloved Zilia! Shall I never again behold thee? What can yet retard our felicity? Are the Gods themselves envious of mortal happiness? O my dear friend, if to them alone belong the joys of love, why have they made us sensible of the power of beauty? Or why, the masters of our hearts, do they permit us to aspire after a happiness which they are unwilling we should possess?

LETTER IX.

TO THE SAME.

THE reflections communicated to me by Alonzo, without some assistance from the language of the Spaniards, would be incapable of extending beyond certain limits, and those made by myself would at the same time be extremely superficial. Desirous of amusing my impatience, I have procured a master to instruct me in this language. The information he has given me has already enabled me to profit by conversation, and to examine more accurately the genius and taste of a people who seem to have been created solely for the destruction of mankind; of whom, at the same time, they are absurd enough to imagine themselves the ornament. I at first imagined that those ambitious barbarians, who employ themselves in contriving miseries for nations with whom they are unacquainted, drank nothing but blood, beheld the sun only

through a thick smoke, and were constantly employed in forging instruments of death: for you know, as well as myself, that they made the thunder with which they smote us. I expected to have found in their cities only makers of thunder; soldiers exercising in the course, or in combat; princes stained with the blood they had shed, and braving, that they might shed more, the heats of the summer, the rigours of winter, fatigue, danger, and even death itself.

You will easily conceive my surprise, when, instead of that vast theatre of blood which my imagination had formed, I here found the throne of mercy.

This people are certainly only cruel to us, since they appear to be governed by benevolence. The inhabitants seem united by a close and most intimate friendship: they never meet without tokens of esteem, amity, and even respect. These sentiments sparkle in their eyes, and govern the motions of their bodies. They bow down before each other; and appear, by their continual embraces, rather one family happily united, than a populous nation.

Those warriors who to us appeared so formidable, are here either old men, (who are indeed more amiable than the rest) or youths, gay, gentle, and officious to please. The urbanity which governs them, the ease with which they perform every action, the amusements which constitute their only studies, and the sentiments of humanity they discover, induce me to conceive that they have two souls, the one calculated for society, the other for slaughter.

The difference is truly astonishing! You have seen them, my friend, bring within our walls desolation, horror, and death. The groans of our women expiring by their wounds, the venerable age of our enfeebled fathers, the piercing cries of our tender infants, the majesty of our temples, and the sacred awe that surrounds them, served only to augment the barbarity of this people. And I now behold them adoring the beauty they destroyed, giving honour to age, stretching forth the hand of tenderness to infancy, and venerating temples inferior to those they profaned. Can these, therefore, be the same men?

LETTER X.

TO THE SAME.

THE more I reflect on the variety of dispositions among the Spaniards, the less able am I to determine the principle from whence they proceed. This people seem to have but one general characteristick, which is a disposition to idleness. They have, however, a divinity called Taste; to which a great and select number sacrifice every thing, even their tranquillity. But there is a party (and these the most sincere) who acknowledge that they know nothing of this divinity; while the others, more presuming, give definitions of it, which are as unintelligible to themselves as to the rest of mankind. According to many, it is a divinity not the less real for being invisible, and all ought to feel it's inspirations. We are to agree with the sculpture, that it is concealed under a figure of a hideous shape, which appears to flutter with the wings of a bat, and which an infant holds elegantly enchain'd with a wreath of flowers. One of those sort of men, whom they call here *Petit Maitres*, will oblige you to believe that this divinity is to be found in his waistcoat, and not in that of his companion; and the proof he brings (which you cannot refuse) is, that the button-holes of his waistcoat are either greater or less than those of the other.

A few days since I saw an edifice of which I had heard very unintelligible accounts. When I approached it, I found at the gate two troops of Spaniards, who seem'd to be at open war with each other. I asked, of one who accompanied me, the cause of their contention. 'It is,' replied he, 'a matter of great importance. They are determining the reputation of this temple, and the rank it shall hold with posterity. The people you see are connoisseurs; and, while one side asserts that it is a mere jumble of stones, remarkable for nothing but it's unwieldy size, the other insists that it is by no means large, and that it is constructed with the truest taste.'

Quitting these connoisseurs, I entered the temple. I had not proceeded far, when I observed, painted against the wall, the figure of a venerable old man,

the serenity and dignity of whose features inspired respect. He appear'd to be borne upon the winds, and was surrounded by winged infants whose eyes were directed to the earth. 'Whom does that picture represent?' said I. 'It is,' replied an old Cucipata, after several inclinations of his body, 'the representation of the lord of the universe, who, by the breath of his nostrils, produced all things out of nothing. But have you noticed,' cried he with precipitation, 'the jewels which cover this altar?' Scarce had he finish'd these words, when the singular beauty of one of them struck me: it represent'd a man whose head was encircled with laurels. I immediately ask'd the name of him who had merited a place by the side of his Creator. 'It is,' replied the Cucipata with a smile, 'the head of the cruellest and most despicable prince that ever exist'd.' This answer threw me into a series of reflections which the want of expression prevented me from communicating. When I had recovered from my astonishment, I was about to quit the temple, when another object excited my attention. I perceived, in an obscure place, amidst the dust, the head of an old man, who had neither the majesty nor the benignity of the other: but what was my astonishment, when they endeavour'd to persuade me it was the portrait of the same Divinity, the Creator of all things! The little respect which the Cucipatas appear'd to have for this head prevented my believing them, and I came away, offended with their intended imposition. Is it possible, dear Kanhuiscap, that the same men, in the same place, should adore a God, and tread him under their feet?

This is not the only absurdity that is to be found among the Spaniards. Nothing is more common in this country, than such inconsistencies.

Why do they destroy that palace, whose solidity promises at least another century of duration? 'Because,' they reply, 'it is not agreeable to the present taste. When first erected, it was considered as a master-piece, and was built at an enormous expence; but in these more enlightened days it appears absolutely ridiculous.'

Though the nation in general is so much a slave to this pretended taste, it

is by no means necessary for every particular person to possess it. There are people of taste, who sell it dearly to such as, from caprice, imagined them possessed of it. Alonzo pointed out, the other day, one of those men who have the reputation of dressing themselves with a certain elegance; in which, according to him, they place great merit; and, as a contrast to him, he shewed me, at the same time, another who was remarkable for not having any taste at all. I am incapable of deciding between them; since the multitude, before whom they appear, agree in laughing at both. From whence I can only discover this real difference between him who has taste, and him who has none, that they both depart from nature, but by different ways; and that the God they call Taste, fixes his abode sometimes at the end of one of these paths, and sometimes at the end of the other. Unhappy, therefore, is the man who takes the wrong path: he is disgraced and despised; till the God, changing his situation at the moment he least thinks of it, puts it in his power to treat others with equal severity.

However, Kanhuiscap, if you will believe the Spaniards, nothing is more invariable than taste; and the reason of it's having so often changed, they tell you, is because their ancestors were ignorant in what it truly consists. But much I fear that the same reproach will be continued to the latest posterity.

LETTER XI.

TO THE SAME.

CAN I, Kanhuiscap, express my surprize, when I find that in this country, which I imagined to have been inhabited by virtue itself, men are here only virtuous by constraint. It is the dread of punishment, and of death, that alone inspires them with those sentiments which I thought nature had engraved on their hearts. In this country, whole volumes are filled with the prohibitions of vice. There is no crime so horrid but has here it's prescribed punishment; nay, it's precedent. In fact, it is not so much a sagacious precaution, as the actual commission of these vices, that has dictated the decrees

by which they are forbid. To judge by these laws, what crimes are there of which the Spaniards are guiltless? They have a God, and have blasphemed him; a king, and have rebelled against him; and a faith, which they have violated. They love and respect, yet murder each other; they are friends, and yet betray; they are united by religion, and yet detest their brethren. Where, then, I am continually asking myself, is that union which I at first remarked among this people? That pleasing chain by which friendship seemed to have united their hearts? Can I suppose it was composed only of fear and interest? But what seems to me most surprizing, is the continuance of these laws. Can a people who have violated the most sacred laws of nature, and who have even stifled her voice, suffer themselves to be governed by the feeble mandates of their ancestors! Can this people, like their Hamas, open the mouth to a bridle, which is offered them by a man whose equal they have already destroyed? Ah, Kanhuiscap, how unhappy is the prince who reigns over such a people! How many snares has he to avoid! If he would preserve his authority, he must be virtuous; yet vice alone is constantly before his eyes. Perjury surrounds him; Pride goes before him; Persady, with downcast looks, follows his footsteps; and never can he behold Truth, but by the false glare of the torch of Envy.

Such is the true picture of the crowd which surrounds the prince, and which they call the Court. The nearer we approach the throne, the farther we recede from virtue. We there see a vile flatterer by the side of the defender of his country; a buffoon linked with the ablest minister; Perjury, escaped from it's just punishment, usurps the rank of Probity: yet, from the midst of this assemblage of guilt, the king is to pronounce justice. It should seem that the laws are taught only by those who are the violators. The judgment that condemns one criminal is frequently signed by another: for how rigorous soever these laws may appear, they are not so to all. In the closet of the judge, a fine woman in tears at his feet, or a man who brings with him a considerable number of pieces of gold, easily exculpates the most atrocious criminal, while the innocent expire in tortures.

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O Kanhuiscap! how happy are the children of the Sun, who are guided only by rectitude! Ignorant of vice, they fear no punishment; and as Virtue is their judge, Nature alone is their law.

LETTER XII.

TO THE SAME.

RARELY doth it happen, that the first point of view from which we behold any object, is that from which it appears in the truest light. What a difference, Kanhuiscap, between this people, and those I at first imagined them. Their virtue is but a slender veil, through which we distinguish the features of those who would screen themselves from our sight. Beneath the dazzling brightness of their most virtuous actions, we may constantly discover the seeds of some vice. Like the rays of the Sun, which while they seem to give new lustre to the beauty of the rose, discover, at the same time, the thorns that were concealed beneath.

An insupportable pride is the source of that agreeable union with which I was at first so highly delighted: the tender embrace, the affected respect, proceed both from the same root. The least inflexion of the body is here regarded as an acknowledgment due to rank or friendship. The most detestable characters in the nation, and those who have the greatest aversions, mutually render each other this false homage.

A great man passes by you, and uncovers his head; this is an honour: he smiles upon you, it is a favour. But it is not remembered, that the purchase of this honourable salute, and of this flattering smile, is attended with a thousand mean submissions and pungent mortifications. To speak more plainly, in order to obtain these distinctions, it is necessary to become a slave.

Pride has still another veil, this is

gravity; that varnish gives an air of reason to the most senseless actions. He who, though possessed of great wit and sense, is regarded as a fool; would have been held in the highest esteem, though totally destitute of both those accomplishments, had he but concealed his love of pleasure. To be wise is nothing; it is only necessary to appear so.

That man, whose sagacity and accomplishments equal the benignity of his countenance, said Alonzo, the other day; that man of a genius almost universal, has been excluded from the most important employments, for having once laughed inconsiderately!

You will not, therefore, be surprized, Kanhuiscap, that they here perform actions in themselves the most ridiculous, with the utmost solemnity. This affected gravity makes no great impression on me: I perceive the vanity of him by whom it is used, and the more he values himself, the less I esteem him. Are merit and mirth natural antipathies? No! Reason never suffers by those pleasures which the mind only enjoys.

LETTER XIII.

TO THE SAME.

I Must again repeat to you, Kanhuiscap, that there seems to me something undefinable in the character of the Spaniards. Every day produces some new contradiction. What do you think, for example, of the following? This people have a Divinity whom they adore; but, far from making him any offerings, it is their God who nourishes them*. You see in their temples no Curaccas†, as symbols of their wants. In short, there are certain times of the day, when you would take these temples for deserted palaces.

Certain ancient women, however, remain there almost the whole day. The air of devotion which they affect-

* It is necessary that we recollect it is a Peruvian who speaks, and one who has a very imperfect notion of the Christian religion.

† The Curaccas were statues of different metals, and in different habits, which the Peruvians placed in their temples, by way of symbols, to express the several wants of those who offered them.

ed, and the tears which they shed, at first attracted my regard; while the contempt with which they were treated, excited my compassion, till I was undeceived by Alonzo. 'You know little of those women,' said he, 'who have engaged your esteem; one of them is paid by prostitutes to procure purchasers of their charms; another sacrifices her fortune and her repose to the destruction of her family.'

Unnatural mothers trust their children with those they would not entrust a trifling jewel, that they may come here and adore a God who, according to their own confession, has given them no stronger commandment than that of properly educating those children.

Others, who have forsaken the pleasures of the world for no other reason than because they can no longer enjoy them, here make a virtue of depreciating vices which they have observed in other sinners.

How difficult, Kanhuiscap, are these barbarous nations, to reconcile with themselves. Their religion is not more difficult to reconcile with that of nature.

Like us, they acknowledge a God, the Creator, who differs, it is true, from ours, as he is entirely a pure substance, or, to speak more properly, an assemblage of all perfections; no limits can be prescribed to his power, his being can suffer no variation; wisdom, justice and mercy, omnipotence and immutability, compose his essence; this God has ever existed, and will for ever exist. Such is the definition which one of the Cucipatas of this empire has given me; for they are ignorant of nothing that has happened since, or even before the creation of the world.

This God placed mankind upon the earth, as in a garden of pleasure; but they were soon plunged into an abyss of pains and miseries, after which they were destroyed. One man, however, was exempted from this general destruction, and re-peopled the earth with men still more wicked than the former. God, notwithstanding, far from punishing them, selected a certain number, to whom he dictated his laws, and promised to send his Son: but this ungrateful people, forgetting the goodness of God, sacrificed his Son, the most dear

pledge of his paternal tenderness. Having thus rendered themselves the objects of God's hatred, they were visited by his vengeance; and, wandering incessantly from country to country, the whole universe became a witness of their punishment. In the mean time, it was on other men, till then deemed less worthy of the divine favour, that the Son so long promised bestowed his munificence; for whom he also instituted new laws, which differed but in a few things from those which had been before given.

Such, my dear friend, was the conduct of their God towards mankind. Now, how will you reconcile this with his essence? He is almighty, and immutable. He created these people to make them happy; and yet they were not rendered by any means free from the infirmities of human nature. He would have them happy, and yet they are forbid by their laws the enjoyment of those pleasures which are made for them, and for which they also are made. He is just, and yet does not punish in the children the very crimes which he has so severely punished in the fathers. He is merciful, and his clemency is not sooner exhausted than his severity.

Persuaded as they are of the goodness, wisdom, and power of God, you will perhaps imagine, Kanhuiscap, that the Spaniards are faithful to his laws, and obey them with precision: if you think so, great is your error. Abandoned incessantly, and without reserve, to vices prohibited by his laws, they prove, that either the justice of God is not sufficiently severe; that he neglects to punish the actions he forbids; or that his laws, prohibiting those actions which his goodness prevents him from punishing, are too rigid for mortals to obey.

LETTER XIV.

TO THE SAME.

YOU may perhaps have thought, my dear friend, that, softened by time, the impatience which devoured my heart began to be exhausted. Thy error is certainly excusable, for I have

myself been the cause. The reflections to which you have for some time seen me abandon myself, could not, you might well think, proceed from a heart at ease. Persist not, however, in an error that is injurious to me. Impatience frequently borrows from a seeming tranquillity her most cruel weapons. This I have but too much experienced. My mind contemplated, with a wandering eye, the different objects that presented themselves; but my heart was not the less devoured by inquietude. Zilia, constantly present to my sight, perpetuated my anxiety, even during those moments in which you supposed my philosophy had secured my tranquillity.

Application to the sciences may divert, but it can never make us forget our passions: and had it even that power, what would be its effect on an inclination founded purely on reason. My love, you are convinced, is not one of those transient vapours, which, being raised by caprice, are hastily dissipated. The same reason that taught me to know my heart, taught me also to know that it was made for love: by the light of his torch I first discovered my passion. Could I refrain from pursuing his steps? He shewed me beauty in the eyes of Zilia; he made me feel the power of her charms, and my felicity; and, far from opposing my happiness, reason taught me that it frequently consists alone in the art of raising and preserving affection. You will judge, then, Kanhuiscap, if philosophy has been able to diminish my love. The reflections I have made on the Spanish women can serve only to increase it. The great disparity of virtue, of beauty, and of sentiment, which I have remarked between them and Zilia, makes me but the more sensible of my misery in being separated from her.

That unaffected candour, that amiable freedom, those soft transports which are the delight of her soul, are here only veils to cover licentiousness and infidelity. Concealing the most ardent passion, to display one they do not feel; is so far from being here punished as a vice, that it is regarded as a very considerable accomplishment: to attempt to please any particular person is a crime; not to please all, a disgrace. Such are the principles of virtue that are engraved on the hearts of the women of this country. When one of them

has the happiness (if it be a happiness) to be esteemed beautiful, she must prepare to receive the homage of a crowd of adorers, whose worship she is to reward by at least one glance of her eye each day. When a woman of this sort is what they call a Coquette, the first step she takes is to find out among the crowd, who is the richest. This discovery being made, all her actions, all her arts, tend to ensnare him; she succeeds, and marries him: then she consults her heart. Her beauty is now employed to a different purpose; she visits daily the temples, and publick places; where, through a veil that prevents her blushes, she regards with a steady eye the faithful crowd who pass before her.

Alvarez and Pedro soon divide her heart. She balances between them, and decides for the former; but, concealing her choice from both, still leaves them to sigh. Without discouraging Pedro, she makes Alvarez happy: grows tired of him, and returns to Pedro, whom she soon abandons for another. This is not the most difficult of her enterprizes: she is to persuade all the world that she loves her husband, and to convince him of his happiness in having a wife who scrupulously performs her duty.

The publick have also a duty to perform, which they do with great punctuality; to remind the husband that he is married to a fine woman.

These contagious examples appear to have extended even to Zulmira, whose heart seems infected. I think I discover that, though yet a child, she is possessed with the dangerous passion of desiring to please. Every trivial action, every little attention, is accompanied with a something that comes from the heart. Her pleasing conversation, her expressive looks, the affecting tone of her voice, which frequently loses itself in tender sighs, all declare it. Thus, Kanhuiscap, by different arts, Virtue has, among this people, frequently the outward appearance of Vice, while Vice is concealed under the mask of Virtue.

LETTER XV.

TO THE SAME.

O The power of truth, at which I am still astonished! O amazing depth of knowledge! The Sun, Kanhuiscap,

huiscap, that master-piece of nature, the earth, the prolifick sea, these are not Gods: a Creator different from ours has produced them; and by a single look he can destroy them. From the midst of a vast chaos enveloped by lifeless matter, from the bosom of confusion, he called forth the resplendent stars, and the people who adore them. To every part of matter he gave a productive virtue. The sun, at his voice, poured forth it's light; the moon received it's rays, and transmitted them to us. The earth produced, and by it's juices nourished, those trees, those animals, we adore. The sea, which a God only could rule, affords us sustenance by the fishes it contains; and man, created lord of the universe, reigns over every other creature. It was our ignorance of these mysteries, my dear friend, that has occasioned all our calamity. Had we, like the Spaniards, been instructed in the secrets of nature, we should have known that the thunder with which they assailed us was only a mass of matter, the produce of our own country; that Yalpor himself, that terrible God, is no more than a vapour which the earth produces, and whose course is directed by chance; and that those furious Hamas which fly before us might also become subservient to our use. Had we known these things, could we have calmly reflected on the dignity of our ancestors, and suffered ourselves to serve as a triumph to these detested barbarians!

In short, Kanhuiscap, it seems as if nature stood fully exposed before their eyes: her most secret actions are known to them; they discover what is doing in the highest heavens, and in the most profound abyss. Nor does it appear any longer in the power of nature to change what they have once foreseen.

LETTER XVI,

TO THE SAME.

COULD I have imagined, Kanhuiscap, that this people, who seem to enjoy the light of reason in it's highest perfection, should be slaves to the opinions of their ancestors? How erroneous soever it may be, a notion once received must here be implicitly followed: it cannot be controverted

without the risk of being taxed, at least, with singularity.

The judgment of nature, her voice so distinct, which we incessantly hear, is drowned; her blazing torch is extinguished by Prejudice: a tyrant who, though hated, is nevertheless powerful; a cheat who, though well known, is notwithstanding dangerous. This tyrant, however, might easily be overcome, were he not allied with one still more potent than himself; this is Superstition. By this false light most men here are guided, and they accordingly mistake fabulous relations for matters of fact. A man who frequents the temples several times a day, who appears with an hypocritical and distorted countenance, to whatever vice he may be a slave, or whatever crimes he may commit, is generally esteemed; while the most virtuous person who throws off the yoke of prejudice, is sure to be treated with contempt. The man void of prejudice, is here said to be void of piety. It is not sufficient to be what is called Wise; to this must be joined the title of Devout, or else you may expect the addition of Profligate. The dispensers of the publick esteem, those men who are so despicable in themselves, will never admit of an intermediate class. To be neither devout nor a libertine, is to them a paradox: such a man appears to their deluded sight as an amphibious monster.

The Spaniards have two divinities, one who presides over virtue, the other over vice. If without affectation you content yourself with sacrificing only to the former, you will soon be accused of worshipping the latter. The empire of virtue is by no means invincible; it's subjects have much to fear from the power of vice. They are obliged constantly to appear in publick with arms proper to encounter him; with which, however, they are not always capable of defending themselves. A man was the other day seized, who had been guilty of many crimes, and it was publickly declared that the devil must have led him to the commission of such enormities. He had, however, about his neck, a sort of cord that had been consecrated by the Cucipatas of the God of Virtue: in one hand he held another cord, on which were strung a number of beads, which had the power of driving away the author of his

his crimes; and, in the other the dagger with which he had committed them.

I was yesterday taken to a spacious place, where a prodigious number of people expressed the highest satisfaction at beholding several of their fellow-creatures burnt to death. The strange dresses worn by the sufferers, and the air of satisfaction which appeared in the sacrificers, made me take them for victims whom the savages were offering to their gods. But what was my astonishment, when I learned that the God of these barbarians beholds the shedding of blood, not only of men, but of beasts, with abhorrence! With what horror was I seized, when I reflected that it was to the God of mercy these licentious priests made those detested offerings. Can these Cucipatas mean to appease their divinity by such sacrifices? Must not the expiation be even more offensive to him than the crimes of the offenders! Ah, Kanhuiscap, how deplorable is their error!

LETTER XVII.

TO THE SAME.

YOUR desire of information, my dear friend, at once pleases and perplexes me. You ask for explanations, for proofs of the discoveries I have imparted to you. Your doubts are excusable, but I cannot answer your requests. A short time since I could have done it. I conceive matters easier than I can describe them; and my mind, more docile than my hand, found evidence where it now sees only uncertainty. Two days since I was convinced that the earth was round; I am at present persuaded it is flat. Of these two ideas my mind can form but one that is indubitable; which is, that it cannot be at the same time both round and flat. It is frequently, thus, that error leads to evidence.

One of those men they call Philosophers informed me, a few days since, that the sun turns round the earth; I believed it, for he convinced me that it was true. Another, soon after, came and told me the contrary: I then sent for the former, and determined to be the judge between them. By what I could learn from their disputes, it is

possible that either the one or the other planet may make the revolution; and that the ancestor of one of the disputants was an Alguasil.

You here see all the knowledge I have obtained from my acquaintance with this rank of men, whose science at first astonished me. The particular respect with which they are treated, is one of those things that surprize me. Is it possible that a people so enlightened, can hold a set of men in such high estimation, for having no other merit than that of thinking? They must certainly regard reason as something very wonderful.

A man has a singular way of thinking; speaks little; never laughs; reasons perpetually; is proud, though poor; and, unable to purchase good cloaths, distinguishes himself by his rags: this man is a philosopher, and he has a right to be insolent.

Another, who is young, would turn philosophy into a court lady: he dresses her in gorgeous apparel, and tricks her up with paint and powder; she is a laughing coquet, and her approach is announced by perfumes. Those who have been accustomed to judge by appearances no longer know her: the philosopher appears to them as a fool. To suspect him of thought, would be to suppose that philosophy was not constantly one and the same thing.

'Zais had the vapours,' said Alonzo; 'she must assign a pretext for it. Philosophy appeared to her a plausible one. She omitted nothing that might make her pass for a philosopher, and soon began to think herself qualified; caprice, misanthropy, and pride, justified her right to that title. Nothing was now wanting, but to find a lover who was as singular as herself. She has succeeded.

'Zias and her lover compose an academy: their castle is an observatory. Though already far advanced in life, Zais, in her garden, is Flora; in her balcony she is Urania. Her lover, awkward as well as whimsical, is a Celadon. What is there wanting to so ridiculous a scene? Spectators.'

Philosophy, Kanhuiscap, is here less the art of thinking, than a singular way of thinking. The whole world are philosophers; but it is not, you see, a very easy matter to appear so.

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

TO THE SAME.

AMONG the infinite variety of wonders that continually attract my attention, nothing, Kanhuiscap, surprises me more than the behaviour of the Spaniards to their wives. The great pains they take to conceal them under an immense heap of cloaths, almost inclines me to suppose that they are rather ravishers than husbands. What other motive can influence them, than the dread of having what they have stolen reclaimed by the lawful owners? For what shame can men find in possessing the gifts of love?

These barbarians are ignorant of the pleasure of being seen in the company of those they love; of displaying to the whole universe the delicacy of their choice, or the value of their conquest; to burn in publick those fires which were kindled in private; and to communicate to a thousand hearts the homage due to beauty, and which can never be sufficiently paid by one alone. Zilia! O my dearest Zilia! Ye Gods, unjust and cruel! Why do ye yet deprive me of her sight? My looks, united with hers by tenderness and delight, should teach these lifeless mortals, that there are no ornaments more precious than the chains of love.

I believe, however, that jealousy is the motive that induces the Spaniards so to conceal their wives; or, rather, that the perfidy of the women forces their husbands to this tyranny. The conjugal oath is that which is the most readily sworn; can we then be surprized that it is so little regarded? There are here every day to be seen two rich heirs, who unite without affection, live together without love, and separate without regret. Though this state may appear to be attended with but little anxiety, it is, however, in itself unfortunate. To be loved by a wife may not be a happiness, but it is an unhappiness to be hated by her.

Celibacy, which is enjoined by their religion, is not more scrupulously regarded than conjugal fidelity; or, at most, only in appearance. There are here, as in the city of the Sun, virgins who devote themselves to the Deity:

they converse, however, with the men, in a familiar way; a grate only separates them. Now the use of this separation I am unable to comprehend: for if they have strength enough to preserve their virtue in the midst of the continual intercourse they have with the men, of what use is the grate; and if love takes possession of their hearts, what a weak obstacle is such an exciting separation as gives the eyes leave to act, and the heart to speak!

On these virgins, who are called Nuns, a sort of Cucipatas are assiduous in their attendance; and, under the pretence of inspiring them with a pure devotion, they excite and encourage in them those sentiments of love to which they become a prey. Art, which appears not to have any place in their hearts, is by no means banished from their looks and gestures. A certain manner which is to be assumed with the veil, an humble mien, and a studied attitude, are sufficient to employ, during the fourth part of a year, the time, the pains, and even the vigils of a nun. The eyes of these religious are also more skilful than those of others: they are pictures in which we see painted every sentiment of the heart. Tenderness, innocence, languor, rage, grief, despair and pleasure, are all there expressed: and if the curtain be for a moment dropped over the painting, it is only to give time for substituting another in its place. How different is the last look of a religious, from that which preceded it! All this artifice is, however, nothing more than the work of a single man. A Cucipata has the direction of a mansion filled with nuns; who are all desirous of pleasing him. They become coquettes; and their director, dull as he may naturally be, is obliged to assume an air of gallantry; gratitude demands it. Sure of pleasing, he contrives fresh means to make himself beloved: he succeeds, and becomes in a manner adored. The following instances will be sufficient to direct your judgment. I am informed that one of these virgins has adorned the head of the image of the God of the Spaniards with the hair of a monk. They have also shewn me part of a letter wrote by a nun to Father T—— of which the following is nearly the contents.

‘ O Jesus!

‘O Jesus! my father, how unjust you are! God is my witness that father Ange does not for a moment occupy my thoughts; and, far from being elevated by his sermon even to an extasy, (as you reproach me) I was, during his whole discourse, employed in thinking only of you. Yes, father, one single word from you makes more impression on my heart, on that heart which you so little know, than all that Father Ange could say for whole years together; even though it were in the little parlour of our Abbess, and that he thought he was talking with her—— If my eyes seemed to brighten, it was because I was with you when he preached. O that you could penetrate my heart, that you might better understand what I write. You came into the parlour, and neglected to enquire after me. Have you, then, forgot me! Do you no longer remember that—— You did not once regard me during your whole visit of yesterday. Will Heaven so far increase my affliction, as to deprive me of the consolations I receive from you? For mercy’s sake, dear father, do not abandon me in the distress you have now plunged me! I deserve your pity; and if you have no compassion on me, you will soon hear no more of the unfortunate Theresa.

‘You will receive from the keeper of our turning-box an almond-cake of my making. I inclose in this letter a billet that Sister A—— wrote to Father Don X——, which I found means to intercept; I think it will afford you some entertainment. Oh! that—— The bell rings. Adieu!’

After this, Kanhuiscap, you cannot but allow that the Spaniards are as ridiculous in their amours as they are remorseless in their cruelties. It is only in the house of Alonzo, I believe, that justice and reason prevail. I am, however, unable to determine what I ought to think of the behaviour of Zulmira: it is too tender to be only the effect of art, and too affected to proceed wholly from the heart.

LETTER XIX.

TO THE SAME.

TO think, is a profession; to know ourselves, an accomplishment. It is not for every man, Kanhuiscap, to

read his own heart. There are here certain philosophers who alone possess this knowledge; or, rather, the art of confounding it. Far from endeavouring to correct the passions, their only concern is to know whence they proceed: and this science, which ought to make the bad blush, serves only to inform these people that they have one qualification the more, the unfruitful talent of knowing their own imperfections.

The Metaphysicians, for that is the name of these philosophers, distinguish in man three principles; the soul, the mind, and the heart; and all their science tends only to discover from which of these such or such an action proceeds. This information once obtained, their arrogance becomes inconceivable. Virtue is not (if I may be permitted so to express myself) any longer made for them: they think it sufficient to know what produces it; and frequently resemble those who are disgusted with a liquor which is excellent in itself, because it comes from a country but little esteemed. It is from the same cause, that the metaphysician, intoxicated with a science that he deems wonderful, omits no opportunity of displaying his knowledge. If he writes to his mistress, his letter is only a precise analysis of the minutest faculties of his soul. She thinks herself obliged to answer him in the same style; and they confuse each other with chimerical distinctions and expressions, which, though custom has authorized, it has by no means rendered intelligible.

Your own reflections on the manners of the Spaniards will easily lead you to discover the propriety of those which I have made.

O that my heart were free, my generous friend! I could then paint with more force those thoughts which have, at present, no other order than what my present agitation allows. The time approaches when my miseries will have an end: Zilia will at length appear to my impatient sight! The thought of that pleasure disorders my reason. I fly to meet her! I behold her participate in my anxieties and my pleasures! The tender tears flow fast from our eyes. Again united after our misfortunes—— O Kanhuiscap, how is my soul afflicted! In what a horrid state will she find me! The wretched slave of a barbarian, whose fetters she too perhaps bears at

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the court of a haughty conqueror, can she remember her lover? can she think that he still lives? She is in bondage: can she imagine that obstacles sufficiently strong have been able——O Kanhuiscap, what ought I to expect? What lot is reserved for me? When I was worthy of her, cruel Gods! you snatched her from my arms: shall I only find her again to be a fresh witness of my disgrace! And thou, barbarous element, which art to restore me the object of my love, canst thou also restore me my glory?

LETTER XX.

TO THE SAME.

WHAT cruel power has snatched me from the darkness of the grave? What ungenerous pity has made me again behold the detested light? Kanhuiscap, my misfortunes increase with my days, and my strength is augmented with the excess of my misery——Zilia is no more!——O horrid despair! O cruel remembrance! Zilia is no more! and I still breathe! still can these hands, which grief should bind, form those knots which misery attends, which tears bedew, and which are conveyed to thee by despair.

The sun has in vain performed a third part of his course since you pierced my heart with that most fatal stroke. In vain has despondency, a total dejection, till this day possessed my soul: my grief, ineffectually restrained, has become only the more violent. I have lost my Zilia! An immense space of time seemed before to divide us; but at this moment I lose her for ever.

The terrible stroke that snatched her from me, the perfidious element that surrounds her, present themselves to my distracted imagination. I see my Zilia borne on the hideous waves——The sun retires with horror behind the thickest clouds; the sea opens to hide its crime from that Divinity, but it cannot conceal her from me. Through the waters I behold my Zilia——her eyes——her bosom——a livid paleness——O my friend!——inexorable death——death that flies from me——Ye Gods! more cruel in your indulgence than in your punishments! why do ye still suffer me to live? Will you never unite those whom yet you can never divide?

In vain, Kanhuiscap, do I call on death; the barbarian flies from me: he is deaf to my voice, and reserves his darts for those who would avoid them.

Zilia, my beloved Zilia! listen to my cries; behold my flowing tears: thou, alas! hast none; I only live to shed them! O that I could drown myself in the torrent that flows from my eyes!——why am I incapable!——Ah! you have none, soul of my soul!——You——my hands will no longer lend me their assistance——I sink under my affliction——horrid despair——tears——love——an unusual coldness——Zilia!——Kanhuiscap——Zilia!

LETTER XXI.

TO THE SAME.

WHAT, Kanhuiscap, will be your astonishment, when these knots, which my hands are scarce able to form, shall inform you that I yet live! My grief, my despair, the time which has elapsed since you last heard from me, must together have assured you that I was no more. Dismiss the anxieties which are due to friendship, to esteem, and to misfortune; and suffer not my weakness to make you deplore my present existence. The loss of Zilia should have put a period to my being. The Gods, who would have forgiven me the crime of seeking my death, have taken from me the power of committing it.

Subdued by grief, hardly did I perceive the approach of death, who came at length to release me. I was seized by a dangerous disease, which would have speedily conveyed me to the tomb, had not the unfortunate interpositions of Alonzo protracted my duration.

I breathe; but it is only to be a prey to the most cruel anxieties. In my present horrid state, every thing disgusts me. The friendship of Alonzo, the grief of Zulmira, their attention, their tears; all serve only to afflict me. Alone in the midst of mankind, I discern those who surround me, only to fly from them. May a friendless unfortunate, Kanhuiscap, be the recompence of thy virtue! I am too distracted a lover to be a rational friend. Can I taste the sweets of friendship, when I

am oppressed with the cruellest torments?

LETTER XXII.

TO THE SAME.

FRRIENDSHIP, Kanhuiscap, has at length restored me to thee, to myself. Too much affected by my grief, Alonzo would dissipate, or at least share it with me; for this purpose he conveyed me to his country-seat, a few miles distant from Madrid. I there found the satisfaction of meeting with every thing suitable to the dejection of my mind. A wood, in the neighbourhood of Alonzo's villa, has long been the secret depositary of my woes; where I can behold no object but what seems calculated to nourish my despondency. Tremendous rocks; huge mountains, destitute of verdure; thick streams, slow-pacing over their muddy beds; dark pines, whose gloomy branches seem to reach the clouds; parched grass, and withered flowers; adders, and croaking ravens, were the sole witnesses of my tears.

Regardless of my intreaties, Alonzo soon drew me from these gloomy scenes. It was then that I discovered how much our misfortunes are capable of being alleviated by sympathy, and how much I owed to the tender cares of Zulmira and Alonzo. Where, Kanhuiscap, shall I find colours powerful enough to paint the grief that my misery occasioned them? Zulmira, the tender Zulmira, graced my misfortunes with her tears; her affliction was little less than my own. Pale and dejected, her eyes never met mine but they flowed with grief; while Alonzo tenderly deplored my unhappy fate.

LETTER XXIII.

TO THE SAME.

ZULMIRA, whose cares centered all in the wretchedness of Aza; Zulmira, who partook in my griefs, and who trembled for my life, is herself on the brink of the gravel every moment augments her danger, and threatens her dissolution! Yielding, at length, to the tender intreaties of her

father, who lay groaning at her feet, hopeless of affording her any relief, and perhaps still more influenced by the emotions of her heart, Zulmira spoke. It is thy friend, it is Aza! whom misfortune will never forsake; it is that wretch whose distracted heart knows only despair, and whose whole mass of blood is changed by love into a baneful poison, who has occasioned this misfortune.

It is I who have taken Zulmira from her father, from my friend. She loves me; she dies!—Alonzo follows her!—Zilia is no more!

'I have felt for thy griefs,' said the distracted father; 'come and partake of mine! Come, and give me back my life; come, and restore me my child. Unhappy man! whose miseries I lament at the very instant I implore thee to alleviate my own. Be not insensible to friendship; still is it in thy power: the most amiable of virtues cannot injure thy love. Come, follow me!' At these words, which were interrupted by deep sighs, he led me to the apartment of his daughter.

Filled with horror and dejection, I entered trembling. The paleness of death was spread over her countenance; but her languid eyes were reanimated at the sight of me: my presence seemed to give new life to the unfortunate Zulmira.

'I die,' said she to me in faltering accents; 'I shall never see thee more; that is all my grief. At least, Aza, while I yet live, suffer me to say— I love thee: I can— Yes, remember that Zulmira carries with her to the grave that love which she could not conceal; which her looks, her actions, have so often declared; and which thy indifference has, at last— But I cannot reproach thee; thy sensibility would have proved thy infidelity. Devoted to another, death only can separate ye: it shall never divest me of the love I bear thee; I prefer it to the cure of a misery I cherish; of a misery—Aza——' She stretched her hand toward me; her spirits deserted her; she fell; her eyes closed! But while I reproached myself with her death, and added my anxieties to those of her distracted father, the cares of others had brought her back to life. Her eyes opened again; and, though still darkened with despondency, she

fixed them on me, expressive of the tenderest love. 'Aza! Aza!' exclaimed she again, 'do not hate me!' I fell at her feet, melted by her distress. A gleam of joy shone for a moment in her countenance; but, incapable of bearing the various emotions of her mind, she again fainted under them. I was forced from her presence, to save her from a repetition of such dangerous agitations.

What, Kanhuiscap, are your thoughts of these new misfortunes to which I am a victim; of the misery which I cause to those to whom I owe the greatest obligations? This new grief is arrived in addition to what I felt in the gloomy desert, where love, despair, and death, were my constant companions.

LETTER XXIV.

TO THE SAME.

THE lot of Alonzo, my Kanhuiscap, is changed; the grief which oppressed him has given place to joy. Zulmira, from the borders of the grave, is restored to life. She is no longer that Zulmira whom despair had reduced to the brink of dissolution; her eyes, now reanimated, display, in the fullest lustre, the graces which adorn her.

Though I admire her reviving charms, can you believe it? far from talking to me of love, she seems confounded at the confession which has escaped her, and her looks are cast down when her eyes encounter mine. My pains were suspended; but, alas! how short the respite. Zilia, my dearest Zilia! can I be diverted from my grief? Forgive the moments I have stolen from thee: all that yet remain shall be consecrated to my wretchedness.

Do not imagine, Kanhuiscap, that the fears of Alonzo for Zulmira can ever shake my constancy. In vain does he represent to me the power of Aza over the heart of his daughter, the joy he would derive from our union, and the death that must follow a separation; I remain silent before this unhappy father: my heart, faithful to my love, is firm, and determined for Zilia. No! in vain does Alonzo, about to depart for that unfortunate country which shall never more behold my Zilia, offer me that power which his unjust sovereign

has given him over my people. It would be to acknowledge a tyrant, to avail myself of his authority. My hands may be loaded with irons, but they shall not fetter my heart. I will ever entertain for the barbarous ruler of the Spaniards that hatred which I owe to the chief among a people who have been the cause of all my miseries, and those of my unhappy country.

LETTER XXV.

TO THE SAME.

MY eyes are opened, Kanhuiscap: the flames of love yield, without being extinguished, to the torch of reason.

O immortal flames that devour my bosom! Zilia, thou of whose image nothing can deprive me; thou, whom a cruel destiny has snatched from me for ever, be not offended, if the desire of seeking vengeance for thee excites me to betray thee.

No longer tell me, Kanhuiscap, of what I owe to my people and my father. I no longer talk of the tyranny of the Spaniards. Can I forget my misfortunes, and their crimes! They have cost me too dear. That cruel remembrance awakens my fury. It is done; I consent. I go to unite myself with Zulmira: Alonzo, I have given thee that promise. Can it be a crime to leave Zulmira in possession of an error that delights her? She thinks that she triumphs over my heart. Ah! far from undeceiving her, let her enjoy her imaginary bliss! Let her— It is by this mean only that I can avenge my oppressed people and myself. No sooner shall our union be accomplished, than I depart for the land of the Sun; that desolated country whose miseries you describe to me. There shall I pursue that vengeance, the violent transports of which I am now obliged to suppress. On a perfidious people will I hurl my fury. Reduced to the base condition of a wretched slave, and forced for the first time to dissemble, I go to punish the Spaniards for my deception, and for their offences: but the family of Alonzo shall enjoy every thing a grateful heart can bestow, all the homage which is due to virtue.

LETTER XXVI.

TO THE SAME.

WERE you, Kanhuiscap, one of those men who are governed by prejudice, I should imagine your surprize, when you was told by an Inca that he no longer adored the Sun. I should hear you complain to that luminary for the light he still afforded me; and to yourself, for the trouble of communicating your sentiments. You would be astonished that, unfaithful to my God, friendship, that virtue of which the vicious have no conception, could still dwell in my breast. But fortified against those prejudices which were taught you as virtues, you require of a Peruvian only the love of his country, of virtue and of freedom. From you I expect juster reproaches. You will perhaps be surprized, and with reason, to see me abandon a worship that appeared to me irrational, and seem at the same time zealous for a religion of which I have pointed out to you the absurdity. This objection I have myself already made: but it presently vanished, when I was informed that the law, which I had the audacity to censure, was dictated by that God who was the Author of our being! Of what consequence, indeed, is the particular mode of worship, if it be enjoined by him to whom it is rendered? On this single principle, I blush not to conform to those ceremonies which I formerly condemned. How great, how awful, are the works of the Supreme Being! Could you read, Kanhuiscap, those divine books that have been communicated to me, what wisdom, what power, what immensity, would you there discover! You would there readily discern the hand of the Divinity. Those insurmountable contradictions which at first appeared to me in the dispensations of that power, are here clearly justified. It is not so, however, with respect to the conduct of these men towards their God.

Do not imagine, credulous as we are, I wrote this merely on the report of a priest: I have too much experienced the falshood of our Cucipatas, to credit the fables of those who resemble them.

The rank which they hold in all nations, induces them to practise deceit; for their grandeur is frequently found-

ed on nothing but the errors of ambitious people: it would be too dear a purchase for them, were the empire of the world to be obtained by virtue only; they are much better pleased to obtain it by imposture.

LETTER XXVII.

TO THE SAME.

IT is done, Kanhuiscap: Zulmira now attends me. I go to the altar. You see me already there; but do you see the remorse that attends me? Do you behold the altars tremble at the sight of a perjurer? The shade of Zilia, bloody and indignant, enlighens these nuptials with a mournful torch; and, in a reproaching tone, she says, 'Is this the faith that you have sworn to me? Perfidious! Is this the love that should reanimate my ashes? You love me, you say, and yet you give your hand to Zulmira. You love me, traitor, and you yet give to another that blessing which I could never enjoy! Did I yet live—' What tortures, Kanhuiscap, rend my breast? I hear the injured Zulmira demand a heart to which she has a legal right. I see my father and my people bending under a cruel yoke, and calling on me to be their deliverer. Then I remember my promise—I go to fulfil it.

LETTER XXVIII.

TO THE SAME.

ZILIA still lives! Where can I find a messenger swift enough to communicate to you the excess of my joy! Kanhuiscap, you who have felt my griefs, participate in the transports of my soul. O that the flames which now glow in my bosom could fly and impart to thine the overflowings of my felicity!

The sea—our enemies—death—no, nothing has taken from me the object of my love. She lives! she loves me! Think, then, what are my transports! Brought into a neighbouring state called France, Zilia has experienced no misfortune but that of our separation, and her apprehensions from the uncertainty of my state. How do the Gods protect the

the virtuous! A generous Frenchman has delivered her from the barbarity of the Spaniards.

Every thing was ready to unite me with Zulmira; I was going, O ye Gods! when I heard that Zilia still lived, and that she would shortly be with me. No obstacle can keep her from me: I shall again behold her. From her lips shall I hear those tender sentiments which her hands have traced, and at her feet shall I—O Heavens! I tremble at the idea of that which constitutes all my felicity. My happiness confounds me. Zilia is coming into the midst of her enemies!—New dangers!—She shall not come: I will fly to prevent her. What can hinder me? The Gods have disengaged me from Alonzo and Zulmira. Zilia still lives. I receive her from the hands of virtue. In vain did gratitude, esteem, and friendship, espouse the cause of Deterville, her deliverer; she opposed them with our love, and obliged them to yield. Glorious struggle! How greatly do I admire the effort! Deterville stifles his love; he forgets the rights he had over her; and, behold his generosity! he unites us for ever!

Zilia! Zilia! I go to drink deep of felicity. I fly to meet her, to behold her, and to die with pleasure at her feet!

LETTER XXIX.

TO THE SAME.

YOU must accuse Zilia only, my dear friend, for my silence. I have seen her, and I have seen nothing but her. Expect not that I should express to you those transports, those extatick delights, in which I was absorbed the moment she appeared to my sight. It were necessary, to conceive them, that you loved Zilia as I do.

Must new torments yet invade a felicity so pure? Is there, then, no interval between pleasure and pain? After such voluptuous delights, a thousand tortures rend my heart. My tenderness is odious to me; and while I am most desirous not to love, I am possessed with all it's fury.

I have borne the grief occasioned by the loss of Zilia; but I cannot bear that

which I now feel. She loves me no more—O distracting thought! When I behold her, love pours into my soul; with one hand pleasure, with the other torture.

In the first transports of a happiness so pure, that I am incapable of expressing the delight which attended it, Zilia stole from my arms, to read a letter which was given her by the young person who had conducted me to her. Disordered, afflicted, melted! the tears which she had just given to joy, flowed now only for grief. She bathed the fatal letter with her tears. Her grief alarmed me. The ingrate tasted pleasure. The grief of which I had partaken was the triumph of my rival. Deterville, that deliverer whose praise the letters of Zilia had so frequently repeated, had written it, and it was dictated by the most lively passion. By retiring from Zilia after he had given her to his rival, he had completed his own generosity, and her affliction. She explained to me with delight expressions that were more than acknowledgments; she forced me to admire those virtues which at that cruel moment inflicted mortal wounds. My grief now sought aid from a determined indifference: I soon absented myself from Zilia. Filled with despair, from which nothing can deliver me, every reflection that I make is a new misery; it takes from me my hope, my comfort: I have lost the heart of Zilia! that heart—I cannot bear the thought. My rival will be happy!—Ah! it is too much to think that he deserves that happiness!

Horrid Jealousy! Thy cruel asps have stolen on my heart. A thousand fears—Black suspicions—Zilia, her virtues, her tenderness, her beauty—Perhaps my injustice—all agitate, all torment me—I am lost—it is in vain that my grief conceals itself under an apparent tranquillity. Fain would I speak, complain, accuse—Still am I silent. What can I say to Zilia? Can I reproach her with having inspired Deterville with a love that proceeds from virtue?—She does not enjoy his tenderness—But why heap on him those praises? Why incessantly repeating his eulogy?—Love, thou source of my pleasures, oughtest thou too to be that of my miseries?

LETTER

LETTER XXX.

TO THE SAME.

WHERE am I, Kanhuiscap? By what torments am I pursued? My brain burns with the most cruel fury. Zilia! perfidious Zilia! pale and dejected, laments the absence of my rival. Deterville, by flying, has obtained the victory. Heavens! on whom shall my rage descend? He is beloved, Kanhuiscap! every thing tells me so. The inhuman attempts not to conceal her infidelity. Precious remains of innocence! though she knows her crime, she detests hypocrisy. I read her perjury in her eyes; her lips even dare to avow it, by repeating incessantly the name that I abhor. Whither shall I fly? When present with Zilia, I suffer horrible torments; and absent from her, I die.

Seduced by the sweetness of her looks, she spreads for an instant tranquillity over my mind; then I think she loves me: that thought throws me into an extasy which deprives me of reason. I recover myself, and would speak. I begin, break off, am silent. The sentiments that by turns possess my heart, trouble and confound me. I am unable to express myself. A fatal remembrance—Deterville—a sigh from Zilia—reanimate those transports which I would in vain calm. Even the shades of night are incapable of screening me from their violence. If I for a moment abandon myself to sleep, the faithless Zilia snatches me away. I see Deterville at her feet; she listens to him with pleasure. Frighted sleep flies me; the day offers me fresh griefs. For ever devoted to the fury of Jealousy, his flames have even dried up my tears. Zilia! Zilia! how great are the evils which spring from so much love? I adore thee! I offend thee! O Heavens, I lose thee!

LETTER XXXI.

TO THE SAME.

ZILIA—love—Deterville—fatal jealousy! What distraction! A mist hides from me even the names I trace. Kanhuiscap, I no longer know

myself. In the fury of the blackest jealousy, I have armed myself with darts, with which I have pierced the heart of Zilia. She had written to Deterville; the letter was still in her hand; a fatal moment disordered my reason: I formed the most rash project—My promise, the religion I have embraced, all things prompted me. The most trifling pretences appeared to me equitable commandments for deserting her. I have pronounced the inhuman sentence. Cruel adieu—What a moment—Could I do it! Yes, Kanhuiscap, I fled from Zilia. Zilia at my feet, with groans, to which mine were just ready to reply—Deterville!—What a remembrance! Filled with fury, I tore myself from her arms; but soon, vainly persisting, I wished to return—all things oppose—I dare not resist—Gods! what have I done? How shameful is the distress! How horrible the repentance!

LETTER XXXII.

TO THE SAME.

CEASE to wonder at my long silence. Could the cruel state of my heart permit me to inform you sooner of my condition? Think not that, distracted by remorse, I still reproach myself with unjust suspicions. It is Zilia, it is her cruel heart, and not mine, which they ought to devour. Yes, Kanhuiscap, her sighs, her tears, and groans, were only the effects of shame; traces that virtue, in flying from us, still leaves on our hearts: it is to efface them that she cruelly refuses to see me again. Her obstinacy has driven me far distant from her. Retired to the extremity of the same city, wholly unknown, and totally devoted to grief and misfortunes, I labour to forget the ingrate I adore. Ineffectual endeavours! Love, in spite of ourselves, steals into the heart; and there too, in spite of us, he cruelly dwells. Vainly would I strive to force him thence; Jealousy supports him; and when I seek to banish Jealousy, Love still holds him there. My soul, wretched sport of these two passions, is divided between tenderness and rage. Sometimes I reproach my suspicions, and sometimes my love. Can I be charmed with an ungrateful woman?

man? Can I forget her whom I adore? But whatever may be my love, nothing can excuse her. Would she had hated me! We can pardon hatred, but perfidy never.

Alonzo's solicitude and friendship have discovered the retreat, where grief, and all the destructive evils to which human nature is liable, had driven me. Zulmira, whose letter I have this moment received, loads me with reproaches. I appear in her eyes as an ungrateful wretch, whom neither promises nor tears can recal. I have only freed her from the arms of death, to deliver her to more cruel torments. She will come, she says, and signalize in France her fury and my perfidy; she will avenge her father and her love. Every word of her letter is a dart that pierces my bosom. I know too well the power of despair, not to dread its effects. Zilia is the unfortunate object of her rage: bathed in her blood, Zulmira will appear before me. Avenging Gods! is it thus that you leave to crimes the care of their punishments?

Stop thy hand, Zulmira! pour on me all thy fury! Let the apostate enjoy a life of which remorse will be his sufficient punishment. Thus wilt thou, indeed, signalize thy vengeance.

But, O Heavens! Zilia is in the arms of a rival! Wretch that I am, I groan and tremble for her, while the ingrate is betraying me. Oppressed by the weight of evils, my body sinks under its weakness; while the perfidious, triumphing even over her remorse, recalls my rival. Wretch that I am! I breathe—I still exist! But what misery to exist, when we only live to suffer!

LETTER XXXIII.

TO THE SAME.

WHAT have I said? What horror surrounds me? Know my shame, Kanhuiscap, and, if possible, my remorse, before you are informed of my crime. Odious to myself, I will now lay it open to your view. Cease to lament my misfortunes; but compleat them by your hatred.

Zilia is void of all guilt: even the idea is an injury to her.

You are not ignorant of my suspicions; their injustice will tell you my

misery, which can never have an end; something unexpected will for ever arise. After the perfidy of Zilia, could you have imagined that Heaven would have devoted me to new torments? Could you have supposed that her innocence, which ought to render me happy, would have proved a source of the most bitter torments? To what errors have I been a prey! What clouds have obscured my reason?—Zilia could deceive me!—I could think it!—She will see me no more. My remembrance is odious to her: she loved me too much not to hate me. Abandoned to my wretchedness, friendship, confidence, nothing can alleviate my miseries; they will poison thy heart with their contagion, and yet mine will find no relief.

In vain does Zulmira, divested of her fury, assure me that she has offered it as a sacrifice to my repose and felicity: retired to a house of virgins, she has consecrated to her God, and to my happiness, her life, and the flower of her days.

Zulmira! generous Zulmira! canst thou renounce thy vengeance? Alas! were thy heart cruel, what pleasure would it find in my horrid sufferings!

It is, then, only to myself, to the baseness of my sentiments, that I owe the misfortunes I endure. Nothing was wanting to make me compleatly miserable, but to be myself the cause: and this, behold, I am. Zilia loved me; I saw it; my happiness was sure. Her tenderness! her sentiments! my felicity! ought they to have been all sacrificed to a mean suspicion? O fatal despair! I fled from Zilia. It was I—Generous friend, can you conceive my present state? Can I myself conceive it? Remorse, love, and despair, contend for my heart; they are all eager to devour it.

LETTER XXXIV.

TO ZILIA.

THE dread of displeasing you still keeps in my trembling hands the knots which I form. Those knots, Zilia, which were once consolation and joy, are now twined by grief and despair.

Think not that I would conceal my crime from your eyes; distracted with anxiety

anxiety for having believed you unfaithful, how should I presume to justify it? But am I not sufficiently punished? What remorse!—The remorse of a lover who adores you. Ah! you would hate me! Have I not rather merited your contempt than your hatred?

For a moment reflect on all my misfortunes. Barbarians snatched you from my love at the moment it should have been crowned with success; armed for your defence, I fell, and was loaded with ignominious chains. Conveyed to their country, the waves on which we floated, supported for a time, it is true, all my hopes; I lived only by them; my heart went with you. Your ravishers being swallowed up by the sea, plunged me into the cruellest error: that which I thought had destroyed thee, could not destroy my love. Grief augmented my passion; I would have died to follow thee, I only lived to avenge thee. I essayed every thing. I would have sacrificed even my very oaths, and have united myself, in defiance of a thousand remorse, with a Spanish woman, to have purchased, at that price, my liberty and my vengeance; when, on a sudden, O unhop'd-for felicity! I learned that you yet lived, that you yet loved me. O too pleasing remembrance! I flew to you; to happiness the most pure, the most extatick—Ah, vain hope! Cruel reverse! Scarce had I enjoyed the first transports with which thy sight inspired me, when a fatal poison, of which thy heart is too pure to know the pangs, seized on my soul: the most rancorous serpents of jealousy devoured my heart, that heart which was formed only for the love of thee.

Gratitude, the most amiable of virtues, gave rise to my suspicions. What you owed to Deterville I persuaded myself he had obtained; I imagined that your virtue had been confounded with your duty. I thought—These were fatal ideas which poisoned our first transports. You was unable, even in the bosom of love, to forget friendship; I forgot virtue. The eulogies of Deterville, his letter, the sentiments it expressed, the concern it gave you, the grief you shewed for the loss of your deliverer; all these I attributed to the

sentiment that I felt, and that I still feel; in a word, to love.

I concealed in my bosom the fires that consumed it. What was the consequence? From suspicion I soon passed to a certainty of your perfidy; I even meditated it's punishment. I would not employ reproaches, I thought you unworthy of them. I will not endeavour to conceal my crimes: truth is as dear to me even as love.

I would have returned to Spain for the performance of a promise to which my former oath had engaged me. Repentance soon followed that rage which had informed you of my crime; I vainly endeavoured to undeceive you respecting a resolution which love had destroyed almost the instant it was formed. Your determination not to see me revived my fury. Again abandoned to jealousy, I fled you; but, far from going to Madrid, to compleat a crime which my soul detested, as you was induced to believe; sinking under the weight of my misfortunes, I sought in solitude, in an estrangement from mankind, that peace which tranquillity of mind can alone afford. Overcome by my distress, the powers of life forsook me. Absent from you so long, shall I, Zilia, in spite of myself, avow it; all my faculties were exerted in reviling you! I imagined I saw you, pleased with my flight, recal my rival; I thought I saw—Alas! you know my offence, but you know not my punishment; it surpasses even my crime. Ah, Zilia! could the excess of love effect it? No, I can no more be guilty. Think not that I seek to move your pity, that were too little for my tenderness. Give me back, Zilia, your love—or give me nothing.

Listen to the love that ought still to speak in your heart: suffer me in your presence again to relumine that fire which your just resentment has extinguished. Some spark may yet be found in the ashes of that tender affection which once you nourished for Aza.

Zilia! Zilia! thou arbiter of my fate! to thee I have confessed my crime; if thy pardon doth not efface it, still must it be punished, and my death shall in that case be the chastisement: too happy, inexorable! if at least I can expire at thy feet.

LETTER XXXV.

TO KANHUISCAP.

WOULD, that by striking your mind with surprize, Kanhuiscap, I could communicate to your heart the joy which now actuates mine. O happiness! O transport! Zilia has given me up her heart; she loves me.

Wild with the extasy of my love, I shed at her feet the most tender tears; her looks, her sighs, her transports, are the only interpreters of our love and our felicity.

Conceive, if you can, our joys: that moment is constantly present to my sight, that moment—No! such love, anguish, and delight, are not to be expressed by words.

Her eyes, her animated countenance, told me her love, her anger, my shame— She turned pale; faint, and speechless, she sunk into my arms. But as the flames are excited by the winds, so my heart, agitated by fear, burnt with greater violence. My head reclining on her bosom, I breathed that fire of love which relumined her life, and united it with mine. She died, and instantly revived—Zilia, into what intoxicating pleasures hast thou plunged the happy Aza!—No,

Kanhuiscap, you can never conceive our bliss; come, and be the witness of it: should there be any thing wanting to perfect my felicity! The Frenchman who delivers you this letter will bring you hither; you will then behold my Zilia; my joy will every moment increase.

The story of our present happiness, as well as of our past misfortunes, (far, far be these removed from us) has reached even the throne. The generous sovereign of the French nation has ordered certain ships, which are going against the Spaniards in our seas, to carry us to Guitto. Soon shall we again behold our native country; that unhappy country so dear to our remembrance; those abodes, O Zilia! where arose our first delights, where we first breathed our mutual sighs. May they be witnesses! may they celebrate! may they augment, if it be possible, our present felicity!—But I haste to Zilia.

Love, my dear friend, cannot make me forget friendship, but friendship too long detains me from love. Delightful transports, which ravish my soul! it is in your enjoyments I have again found life.—I am lost in the pleasing extasy, in the excess of delight! Zilia is again my own! she waits me, I fly to her arms!

F I N I S.

THE
HISTORY
OF
JONATHAN WILD THE GREAT.

BY HENRY FIELDING, ESQ.



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THE

WILSON

or

JONATHAN WILD THE GREAT.

BY HENRY FIELDING, M.D.



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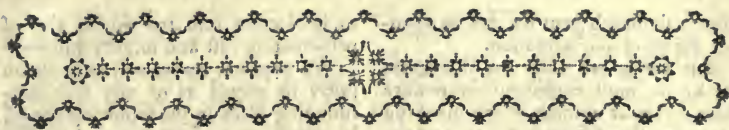
FROM THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

THE following pages are the corrected edition of a book which was first published in the year 1743.

That any personal application could have ever been possibly drawn from them, will surprize all who are not deeply versed in the black art (for so it seems most properly to be called) of decyphering men's meaning when couched in obscure, ambiguous, or allegorical expressions: this art hath been exercised more than once on the author of our little book, who hath contracted a considerable degree of odium from having had the scurrility of others imputed to him. The truth is, as a very corrupt state of morals is here represented, the scene seems very properly to have been laid in Newgate: nor do I see any reason for introducing any allegory at all; unless we will agree that there are, without those walls, some other bodies of men of worse morals than those within; and who have, consequently, a right to change places with it's present inhabitants.

To such persons, if any such there be, I would particularly recommend the perusal of the third chapter of the fourth book of the following History; and more particularly still, the speech of the grave man near the conclusion of the second chapter of the same book.

T H E



THE
H I S T O R Y
OF
JONATHAN WILD THE GREAT.
BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

SHEWING THE WHOLESOME USES
DRAWN FROM RECORDING THE
ATCIEVEMENTS OF THOSE
WONDERFUL PRODUCTIONS OF
NATURE CALLED GREAT MEN.



It is necessary that all great and surprizing events, the designs of which are laid, conducted, and brought to perfection, by the utmost force of human invention and art, should be produced by great and eminent men, so the lives of such may be justly and properly stiled the quintessence of history. In these, when delivered to us by sensible writers, we are not only most agreeably entertained, but most usefully instructed: for besides the attaining hence a consummate knowledge of human nature in general, of it's secret springs, various windings, and perplexed mazes; we have here before our eyes lively examples of whatever is amiable or detestable, worthy of admiration or abhorrence; and are consequently taught in a manner infinitely more effectual than by precept, what we are eagerly to imitate or carefully to avoid.

But besides the two obvious advantages of surveying, as it were in a picture, the true beauty of virtue, and deformity of vice, we may moreover learn from Plutarch, Nepos, Suetonius, and other biographers, this useful lesson, not too hastily, nor in the gross, to bestow

either our praise or censure; since we shall often find such a mixture of good and evil in the same character, that it may require a very accurate judgment, and a very elaborate enquiry, to determine on which side the balance turns: for though we sometimes meet with an Aristides or a Brutus, a Lysander or a Nero, yet far the greater number are of the mixed kind, neither totally good nor bad; their greatest virtues being obscured and allayed by their vices, and those again softened and coloured over by their virtues.

Of this kind was the illustrious person whose history we now undertake; to whom, though nature had given the greatest and most shining endowments, she had not given them absolutely pure and without alloy. Though he had much of the admirable in his character, as much perhaps as is usually to be found in a hero, I will not yet venture to affirm that he was entirely free from all defects, or that the sharp eyes of censure could not spy out some little blemishes lurking amongst his many great perfections.

We would not, therefore, be understood to affect giving the reader a perfect or consummate pattern of human excellence; but rather, by faithfully recording some little imperfections, which shadowed over the lustre of those great qualities which we shall here record, to teach the lesson we have above mentioned; to induce our reader with us to lament the frailty of human nature; and to convince him that no mortal, after

after a thorough scrutiny, can be a proper object of our adoration.

But before we enter on this great work, we must endeavour to remove some errors of opinion which mankind have, by the disingenuity of writers, contracted: for these, from their fear of contracting the obsolete and absurd doctrines of a set of simple fellows, called, in derision, sages or philosophers, have endeavoured, as much as possible, to confound the ideas of Greatness and Goodness; whereas no two things can possibly be more distinct from each other: for greatness consists in bringing all manner of mischief on mankind, and goodness in removing it from them. It seems, therefore, very unlikely, that the same person should possess them both; and yet nothing is more usual with writers who find many instances of greatness in their favourite hero, than to make him a compliment of goodness into the bargain; and this, without considering that by such means they destroy the great perfection called uniformity of character. In the histories of Alexander and Cæsar, we are frequently, and indeed impertinently, reminded of their benevolence and generosity, of their clemency and kindness. When the former had with fire and sword over-run a vast empire, had destroyed the lives of an immense number of innocent wretches, had scattered ruin and desolation like a whirlwind; we are told, as an example of his clemency, that he did not cut the throat of an old woman, and ravish her daughters, but was content with only undoing them: and when the mighty Cæsar, with wonderful greatness of mind, had destroyed the liberties of his country, and with all the means of fraud and force had placed himself at the head of his equals, had corrupted and enslaved the greatest people whom the sun ever saw; we are reminded, as an evidence of his generosity, of his largesses to his followers and tools, by whose means he had accomplished his purpose, and by whose assistance he was to establish it.

Now who doth not see that such sneaking qualities as these are rather to be bewailed as imperfections, than admired as ornaments in these great men; rather obscuring their glory, and holding them back in their race to greatness; indeed, unworthy the end for which they seem

to have come into the world, viz. of perpetuating vast and mighty mischief?

We hope our reader will have reason justly to acquit us of any such confounding ideas in the following pages; in which, as we are to record the actions of a great man, so we have nowhere mentioned any spark of goodness which had discovered itself either faintly in him, or more glaringly in any other person, but as a meanness and imperfection disqualifying them for undertakings which lead to honour and esteem among men.

As our hero had as little as perhaps is to be found of that meanness, indeed, only enough to make him partaker of the imperfection of humanity, instead of the perfection of diabolism, we have ventured to call him *THE GREAT*; nor do we doubt but our reader, when he hath perused his story, will concur with us in allowing him that title.

CHAP. II.

GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF AS MANY OF OUR HERO'S ANCESTORS AS CAN BE GATHERED OUT OF THE RUBBISH OF ANTIQUITY, WHICH HATH BEEN CAREFULLY SIFTED FOR THAT PURPOSE.

IT is the custom of all biographers, at their entrance into their work, to step a little backwards, (as far, indeed, generally, as they are able) and to trace up their hero, as the ancients did the river Nile, till an incapacity of proceeding higher puts an end to their search.

What first gave rise to this method, is somewhat difficult to determine. Sometimes I have thought that the hero's ancestors have been introduced as foils to himself. Again, I have imagined it might be to obviate a suspicion that such extraordinary personages were not produced in the ordinary course of nature, and may have proceeded from the author's fear, that if we were not told who their fathers were, they might be in danger, like Prince Prettyman, of being supposed to have had none. Lastly, and perhaps more truly, I have conjectured that the design of the biographer hath been no more than to shew his great learning and knowledge of antiquity.

A design

a design to which the world hath probably owed many notable discoveries, and indeed most of the labours of our antiquarians.

But whatever original this custom had, it is now too well established to be disputed. I shall therefore conform to it in the strictest manner.

Mr. Jonathan Wild, or Wyld, then, (for he himself did not always agree in one method of spelling his name) was descended from the great Wolfstan Wild, who came over with Hengist, and distinguished himself very eminently at that famous festival where the Britons were so treacherously murdered by the Saxons; for when the word was given, i. e. '*Nemet eour saxes*—Take out your fwords;' this gentleman, being a little hard of hearing, mistook the sound for, '*Nemet her sacs*—Take out their purses.' Instead, therefore, of applying to the throat, he immediately applied to the pocket of his gætt, and contented himself with taking all that he had, without attempting his life.

The next ancestor of our hero, who was remarkably eminent, was Wild, surnamed Langfanger, or Longfinger. He flourished in the reign of Henry III. and was strictly attached to Hubert de Burgh, whose friendship he was recommended to by his great excellence in an art of which Hubert was himself the inventor. He could, without the knowledge of the proprietor, with great ease and dexterity, draw forth a man's purse from any part of his garment where it was deposited, and hence he derived his surname. This gentleman was the first of his family who had the honour to suffer for the good of his country: on whom a wit of that time made the following epitaph.

O shame o' justice, Wild is hang'd,
For thatten he a pocket fang'd;
While safe old Hubert, and his gang,
Doth pocket o' the nation fang.

Langfanger left a son named Edward, whom he had carefully instructed in the art for which he himself was so famous. This Edward had a grandson who served as a volunteer under the famous Sir John Falstaff, and by his gallant demeanour so recommended himself to his captain, that he would have certainly been promoted by him,

had Harry the Fifth kept his word with his old companion.

After the death of Edward, the family remained in some obscurity down to the reign of Charles the First, when James Wild distinguished himself on both sides the question in the civil wars, passing from one to the other, as Heaven seemed to declare itself in favour of either party. At the end of the war, James not being rewarded according to his merits, as is usually the case of such impartial persons, he associated himself with a brave man of those times, whose name was Hind, and declared open war with both parties. He was successful in several actions, and spoiled many of the enemy; till at length, being overpowered and taken, he was, contrary to the law of arms, put basely and cowardly to death, by a combination between twelve men of the enemy's party, who after some consultation unanimously agreed on the said murder.

This Edward took to wife Rebecca, the daughter of the above mentioned John Hind, Esq. by whom he had issue John, Edward, Thomas, and Jonathan; and three daughters, namely, Grace, Charity, and Honour. John followed the fortunes of his father; and suffering with him, left no issue. Edward was so remarkable for his compassionate temper, that he spent his life in soliciting the causes of the distressed captives in Newgate, and is reported to have held a strict friendship with an eminent divine who solicited the spiritual causes of the said captives. He married Editha, daughter and coheirefs of Geoffry Snap, Gent. who long enjoyed an office under the high-sheriff of London and Middlesex, by which, with great reputation, he acquired a handsome fortune: by her he had no issue. Thomas went very young abroad to one of our American colonies, and hath not been since heard of. As for the daughters, Grace was married to a merchant of Yorkshire, who dealt in horses. Charity took to husband an eminent gentleman, whose name I cannot learn; but who was famous for so friendly a disposition, that he was bail for above a hundred persons in one year. He had likewise the remarkable humour of walking in Westminster Hall with a straw in his shoe. Honour, the youngest, died unmarried. She lived many years in this town, was a great frequenter

quenter of plays, and used to be remarkable for distributing oranges to all who would accept of them.

Jonathan married Elizabeth, daughter of Scragg Hollow, of Hockley in the Hole, Elq. and by her had Jonathan, who is the illustrious subject of these Memoirs.

CH A P. III.

THE BIRTH, PARENTAGE, AND EDUCATION OF MR. JONATHAN WILD THE GREAT.

IT is observable, that nature seldom produces any one who is afterwards to act a notable part on the stage of life, but she gives some warning of her intention; and as the dramatick poet generally prepares the entry of every considerable character with a solemn narrative, or at least a great flourish of drums and trumpets; so doth this our *Alma Mater*, by some shrewd hints, pre-admonish us of her intention, giving us warning, as it were, and crying,

—*Venienti occurrere morbo.*

Thus Aſtyages, who was the grandfather of Cyrus, dreamed that his daughter was brought to-bed of a vine whose branches overspread all Asia; and Hecuba, while big with Paris, dreamed that she was delivered of a firebrand that set all Troy in flames: so did the mother of our great man, while she was with child of him, dream that she was enjoyed in the night by the Gods Mercury and Priapus. This dream puzzled all the learned astrologers of her time, seeming to imply in it a contradiction, Mercury being the God of ingenuity, and Priapus the terror of those who practised it. What made this dream the more wonderful, and perhaps the true cause of it's being remembered, was a very extraordinary circumstance, sufficiently denoting something preternatural in it; for though she had never heard even the name of either of those Gods, she repeated these very words in the morning, with only a small mistake of the quantity of the latter, which she chose to call Priapus, instead of Priapus; and her husband swore, that though he might possibly have named Mercury to her, (for he had heard of such an Heathen God) he

never in his life could have any wise put her in mind of that other deity, with whom he had no acquaintance.

Another remarkable incident was, that during her whole pregnancy she constantly longed for every thing she saw, nor could be satisfied with her wish unless she enjoyed it clandestinely; and as nature, by true and accurate observers, is remarked to give us no appetites without furnishing us with the means of gratifying them; so had she at this time a most marvellous glutinous quality attending her fingers, to which, as to birdlime, every thing closely adhered that she handled.

To omit other stories, some of which may be perhaps the growth of superstition, we proceed to the birth of our hero, who made his first appearance on this great theatre the very day when the plague first broke out in 1665. Some say his mother was delivered of him in an house of an orbicular or round form in Covent Garden; but of this we are not certain. He was some years afterwards baptized by the famous Mr. Titus Oates.

Nothing very remarkable passed in his years of infancy, save that, as the letters *th* are the most difficult of pronunciation, and the last which a child attains to the utterance of, so they were the first that came with any readiness from young Master Wild. Nor must we omit the early indications which he gave of the sweetness of his temper; for though he was by no means to be terrified into compliance, yet might he by a sugar-plum be brought to your purpose: indeed, to say the truth, he was to be bribed to any thing; which made many say he was certainly born to be a great man.

He was scarce settled at school before he gave marks of his lofty and aspiring temper; and was regarded by all his school-fellows with that deference which men generally pay to those superior geniuses who will exact it of them. If an orchard was to be robbed, Wild was consulted; and though he was himself seldom concerned in the execution of the design, yet was he always concerter of it, and treasurer of the booty; some little part of which he would now and then, with wonderful generosity, bestow on those who took it. He was generally very secret on these occasions; but if any offered to plunder of his own head,

head, without acquainting Master Wild, and making a deposit of the booty, he was sure to have an information against him lodged with the school-master, and to be severely punished for his pains.

He discovered so little attention to school-learning, that his master, who was a very wise and worthy man, soon gave over all care and trouble on that account; and acquainting his parents that their son proceeded extremely well in his studies, he permitted his pupil to follow his own inclinations, perceiving they led him to nobler pursuits than the sciences; which are generally acknowledged to be a very unprofitable study, and indeed greatly to hinder the advancement of men in the world: but though Master Wild was not esteemed the readiest at making his exercise, he was universally allowed to be the most dextrous at stealing it of all his school-fellows; being never detected in such furtive compositions, nor indeed in any other exertions of his great talents, which all inclined the same way, but once, when he had laid violent hands on a book called *Gradus ad Parnassum*; i. e. A step towards Parnassus; on which account his master, who was a man of most wonderful wit and sagacity, is said to have told him, he wished it might not prove, in the event, *Gradus ad patibulum*, i. e. A step towards the gallows.

But though he would not give himself the pains requisite to acquire a competent sufficiency in the learned languages, yet did he readily listen with attention to others, especially when they translated the classical authors to him; nor was he in the least backward, at all such times, to express his approbation. He was wonderfully pleased with that passage in the eleventh Iliad, where Achilles is said to have bound two sons of Priam upon a mountain, and afterwards to have released them for a sum of money. This was, he said, alone sufficient to refute those who affected a contempt for the wisdom of the ancients, and an undeniable testimony of the great antiquity of *priggism**. He was ravished with the account which Nestor gives in the same book, of the rich booty which he bore off (i. e. stole) from the Eleans. He was desirous of having this often repeated to him, and at the

end of every repetition, he constantly fetched a deep sigh, and said, 'It was a glorious booty!'

When the story of Cacus was read to him out of the eighth Æneid, he generously pitied the unhappy fate of that great man, to whom he thought Hercules much too severe. One of his school-fellows commending the dexterity of drawing the oxen backward by their tails into his den; he smiled, and with some disdain said, *he could have taught him a better way.*

He was a passionate admirer of heroes, particularly of Alexander the Great, between whom and the late King of Sweden he would frequently draw parallels. He was much delighted with the accounts of the Czar's retreat from the latter, who carried off the inhabitants of great cities to people his own country. 'This,' he said, 'was not once thought of by Alexander—but,' added, 'perhaps he did not want them.'

Happy had it been for him, if he had confined himself to this sphere; but his chief, if not only blemish, was, that he would sometimes, from an humility in his nature too pernicious to true greatness, condescend to an intimacy with inferior things and persons: thus the Spanish Rogue was his favourite book, and the Cheats of Scapin his favourite play.

The young gentleman being now at the age of seventeen, his father, from a foolish prejudice to our universities, and out of a false, as well as excessive regard to his morals, brought his son to town, where he resided with him till he was of an age to travel. Whilst he was here, all imaginable care was taken of his instruction, his father endeavouring his utmost to inculcate principles of honour and gentility into his son.

CHAP. IV.

MR. WILD'S FIRST ENTRANCE INTO THE WORLD. HIS ACQUAINTANCE WITH COUNT LA RUSS.

AN accident happened soon after his arrival in town, which almost saved the father his whole labour on this head, and provided Master Wild a better tutor than any care or expence could

* This word, in the cant language, signifies thievery.

have furnished him with. The old gentleman, it seems, was a FOLLOWER of the fortunes of Mr. Snap, son of Mr. Geoffry Snap, whom we have before mentioned to have enjoyed a reputable office under the sheriff of London and Middlesex, the daughter of which Geoffry had intermarried with the Wilds. Mr. Snap, the younger, being thereto well warranted, had laid violent hands on, or, as the vulgar express it, arrested one Count La Ruse, a man of considerable figure in those days, and had confined him to his own house, till he could find two seconds who would in a formal manner give their words that the count should, at a certain day and place appointed, answer all that one Thomas Thimble, a taylor, had to say to him; which Thomas Thimble, it seems, alledged that the count had, according to the law of the realm, made over his body to him as a security for some suits of cloaths to him delivered by the same Thomas Thimble. Now, as the count, though perfectly a man of honour, could not immediately find these seconds, he was obliged for some time to reside at Mr. Snap's house: for it seems the law of the land is, that whoever owes another ten pounds, or indeed two pounds, may be, on the oath of that person, immediately taken up, carried away from his own house and family, and kept abroad till he is made to owe fifty pounds, whether he will or no; for which he is, perhaps, afterwards obliged to lie in gaol; and all these without any trial had, or any other evidence of the debt than the abovesaid oath; which, if untrue, as it often happens, you have no remedy against the perjurer; he was, forsooth! mistaken.

But though Mr. Snap would not (as perhaps by the nice rules of honour he was obliged) discharge the count on his parole; yet did he not (as by the strict rules of law he was enabled) confine him to his chamber. The count had his liberty of the whole house, and Mr. Snap using only the precaution of keeping his doors well locked and barred, took his prisoner's word that he would not go forth.

Mr. Snap had by his second lady two daughters, who were now in the bloom of their youth and beauty. These young ladies, like damsels in romance, compassionated the captive count, and endeavoured by all means to make his

confinement less irksome to him; which, though they were both very beautiful, they could not attain by any other way so effectually, as by engaging with him at cards; in which contentions, as will appear hereafter, the count was greatly skilful.

As Whist and Swabbers was the game then in the chief vogue, they were obliged to look for a fourth person, in order to make up their parties. Mr. Snap himself would sometimes relax his mind from the violent fatigues of his employment by these recreations; and sometimes a neighbouring young gentleman, or lady, came in to their assistance: but the most frequent guest was young Master Wild, who had been educated from his infancy with the Miss Snaps, and was, by all the neighbours, allotted for the husband of Miss Tishy, or Lætitia, the younger of the two; for though, being his cousin german, she was, perhaps, in the eye of a strict conscience, somewhat too nearly related to him; yet the old people on both sides, though sufficiently scrupulous in nice matters, agreed to overlook this objection.

Men of great genius as easily discover one another as free-masons can. It was therefore no wonder that the count soon conceived an inclination to an intimacy with our young hero, whose vast abilities could not be concealed from one of the count's discernment: for though this latter was so expert at his cards, that he was proverbially said to *play the whole game*, he was no match for Master Wild; who, inexperienced as he was, notwithstanding all the art, the dexterity, and often the fortune of his adversary, never failed to send him away from the table with less in his pocket than he brought to it; for, indeed, Langsanger himself could not have extracted a purse with more ingenuity than our young hero.

His hands made frequent visits to the count's pocket, before the latter had entertained any suspicion of him, imputing the several losses he sustained rather to the innocent and sprightly frolick of Miss Doshy, or Theodosia; with which, as he indulged him with little innocent freedoms about her person, in return, he thought himself obliged to be contented: but one night, when Wild imagined the count asleep, he made so unguarded an attack upon him, that the other

other caught him in the fact; however, he did not think proper to acquaint him with the discovery he had made; but, preventing him from any booty at that time, he only took care for the future to button his pockets, and to pack the cards with double industry.

So far was the detection from causing any quarrel between these two *prigs*, that in reality it recommended them to each other: for a wise man, that is to say, a rogue, considers a trick in life as a gamester doth a trick at play; it sets him on his guard, but he admires the dexterity of him who plays it. These, therefore, and many other such instances of ingenuity, operated so violently on the count, that notwithstanding the disparity which age, title, and, above all, dress, had set between them, he resolved to enter into an acquaintance with Wild. This soon produced a perfect intimacy, and that a friendship, which had a longer duration than is common to that passion between persons who only propose to themselves the common advantages of eating, drinking, whoring, or borrowing money; which ends, as they soon fail, so doth the friendship founded upon them. Mutual interest, the greatest of all purposes, was the cement of this alliance, which nothing of consequence, but superior interest, was capable of dissolving.

CHAP. V.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN YOUNG MASTER WILD AND COUNT LA RUSE, WHICH, HAVING EXTENDED TO THE REJOINDER, HAD A VERY QUIET, EASY, AND NATURAL CONCLUSION.

ONE evening after the Miss Snaps were retired to rest, the count thus addressed himself to young Wild: 'You cannot, I apprehend, Mr. Wild, be such a stranger to your own great capacity, as to be surprized when I tell you, I have often viewed, with a mixture of astonishment and concern, your shining qualities confined to a sphere, where they can never reach the eyes of those who would introduce them properly into the world, and raise you to an eminence where you may blaze out to the admiration of all men. I assure you, I am pleased

with my captivity, when I reflect, I am likely to owe to it an acquaintance, and I hope friendship, with the greatest genius of my age; and, what is still more, when I indulge my vanity with a prospect of drawing from obscurity (pardon the expression) such talents as were, I believe, never before like to have been buried in it: for I make no question, but, at my discharge from confinement, which will now soon happen, I shall be able to introduce you into company, where you may reap the advantage of your superior parts.

'I will bring you acquainted, Sir, with those, who as they are capable of setting a true value on such qualifications, so they will have it both in their power and inclination to prefer you for them. Such an introduction is the only advantage you want, without which your merit might be your misfortune; for those abilities which would entitle you to honour and profit in a superior station, may render you only obnoxious to danger and disgrace in a lower.'

Mr. Wild answered, 'Sir, I am not insensible of my obligations to you, as well for the over-value you have set on my small abilities, as for the kindness you express in offering to introduce me among my superiors. I must own, my father hath often persuaded me to push myself into the company of my betters; but, to say the truth, I have an awkward pride in my nature, which is better pleased with being at the head of the lowest class than at the bottom of the highest. Permit me to say, though the idea may be somewhat coarse, I had rather stand on the summit of a dunghill, than at the bottom of a hill in paradise. I have always thought it signifies little into what rank of life I am thrown, provided I make a great figure therein; and should be as well satisfied with exerting my talents well at the head of a small party or gang, as in the command of a mighty army; for I am far from agreeing with you, that great parts are often lost in a low situation; on the contrary, I am convinced it is impossible they should be lost. I have often persuaded myself, that there were not fewer than a thousand in Alexander's troops capable of

of performing what Alexander himself did.

But because such spirits were not elected or destined to an imperial command, are we therefore to imagine they came off without a booty, or that they contented themselves with the share in common with their comrades? Surely, no. In *civil* life, doubtless, the same genius, the same endowments, have often composed the statesman and the *prig*, for so we call what the vulgar name a *thief*. The same parts, the same actions, often promote men to the head of superior societies, which raise them to the head of lower; and where is the essential difference, if the one ends on Tower Hill, and the other at Tyburn? Hath the block any preference to the gallows, or the axe to the halter, but what is given them by the ill-guided judgment of men? You will pardon me, therefore, if I am not so hastily enflamed with the common outside of things, nor join the general opinion in preferring one state to another. A guinea is as valuable in a leathern as in an embroidered purse; and a cod's head is a cod's head still, whether in a pewter or a silver dish.

The count replied as follows: 'What you have now said doth not lessen my idea of your capacity, but confirms my opinion of the ill effects of bad and low company. Can any man doubt, whether it is better to be a great statesman, or a common thief? I have often heard that the devil used to say, where, or to whom, I know not, *that it was better to reign in hell, than to be a valet de chambre in heaven*; and perhaps he was in the right: but sure, if he had had the choice of reigning in either, he would have chosen better. The truth, therefore, is, that by low conversation we contract a greater awe for high things than they deserve. We decline great pursuits, not from contempt, but despair. The man who prefers the high-road to a more reputable way of making his fortune, doth it because he imagines the one easier than the other; but you yourself have asserted, and with undoubted truth, that the same abilities qualify you for undertaking, and the same means will bring you to your end in both journeys; as, in musick, it is the same

tune whether you play it in a higher or a lower key. To instance in some particulars: is it not the same qualification which enables *this* man to hire himself as a servant, and to get into the confidence and secrets of his master, in order to rob him; and *that* to undertake trusts of the highest nature with a design to break and betray them? Is it less difficult by false tokens to deceive a shopkeeper into the delivery of his goods, which you afterwards run away with, than to impose upon him by outward splendor, and the appearance of fortune, into a credit, by which you gain, and he loses, twenty times as much? Doth it not require more dexterity in the fingers to draw out a man's purse from his pocket, or to take a lady's watch from her side, without being perceived of any, (an excellence in which, without flattery, I am persuaded you have no superior) than to cog a die, or to shuffle a pack of cards? Is not as much art, as many excellent qualities, required to make a pimping porter at a common bawdy-house, as would enable a man to prostitute his own or his friend's wife or child? Doth it not ask as good a memory, as nimble an invention, as steady a countenance, to forswear yourself in Westminster Hall, as would furnish out a compleat tool of state, or perhaps a statesman himself? It is needless to particularize every instance; in all we shall find, that there is a nearer connection between high and low life than is generally imagined, and that a highwayman is entitled to more favour with the great than he usually meets with. If, therefore, as I think I have proved, the same parts which qualify a man for eminence in a low sphere, qualify him likewise for eminence in a higher, sure it can be no doubt in which he would chuse to exert them. Ambition, without which no one can be a great man, will immediately instruct him, in your own phrase, to prefer a hill in paradise to a dunghill: nay, even fear, a passion the most repugnant to greatness, will shew him how much more safely he may indulge himself in the full and free exertion of his mighty abilities in the higher, than in the lower rank; since experience teaches him, that there is a

crowd

crowd oftener in one year at Tyburn, than on Tower Hill in a century.' Mr. Wild, with much solemnity, rejoined, 'That the same capacity which qualifies a *mill-ken**, a *bridle-cull*†, or a *buttock* and *file*‡, to arrive at any degree of eminence in his profession, would likewise raise a man in what the world esteem a more honourable calling, I do not deny; nay, in many of your instances, it is evident, that more ingenuity, more art, are necessary to the lower, than the higher proficient. If, therefore, you had only contended, that every *prig* might be a statesman if he pleased, I had readily agreed to it; but when you conclude, that it is his interest to be so, that ambition would bid him take the alternative; in a word, that a statesman is greater or happier than a *prig*, I must deny my assent. But, in comparing these two together, we must carefully avoid being misled by the vulgar, erroneous estimation of things: for mankind err in disquisitions of this nature, as physicians do, who, in considering the operations of a disease, have not a due regard to the age or complexion of the patient. The same degree of heat, which is common in this constitution, may be a fever in that; in the same manner, that which may be riches or honour to me, may be poverty or disgrace to another: for all these things are to be estimated by relation to the person who possesses them. A booty of ten pound looks as great in the eye of a *bridle-cull*, and gives as much real happiness to his fancy, as that of as many thousands to the statesman; and doth not the former lay out his acquisitions in whores and fiddles, with much greater joy and mirth than the latter in palaces and pictures? What are the flattery, the false compliments of his gang to the statesman, when he himself must condemn his own blunders; and is obliged, against his will, to give fortune the whole honour of his success? What is the pride resulting from such sham applause, compared to the secret satisfaction which a *prig* enjoys in his mind, in reflecting on, a well-contrived and well-executed

scheme? Perhaps, indeed, the greater danger is on the *prig's* side; but then you must remember, that the greater honour is so too. When I mention honour, I mean that which is paid them by their gang; for that weak part of the world, which is vulgarly called *THE WISE*, see both in a disadvantageous and disgraceful light; and as the *prig* enjoys (and merits too) the greater degree of honour from his gang, so doth he suffer the less disgrace from the world, who think his misdeeds, as they call them, sufficiently at last punished with a halter, which at once puts an end to his pain and infamy; whereas, the other is not only hated in power, but detested and condemned at the scaffold; and future ages vent their malice on his fame, while the other sleeps quiet and forgotten. Besides, let us a little consider the secret quiet of their consciences: how easy is the reflection of having taken a few shillings or pounds from a stranger, without any breach of confidence, or perhaps any great harm to the person who loses it, compared to that of having betrayed a publick trust, and ruined the fortunes of thousands, perhaps of a great nation? How much braver is an attack on the highway, than at a gaming-table; and how much more innocent the character of a b——y-house than a c——t pimp? He was eagerly proceeding—when, casting his eyes on the count, he perceived him to be fast asleep: wherefore, having first picked his pocket of three shillings, then gently jogged him in order to take his leave, and promised to return to him the next morning to breakfast, they separated; the count retired to rest, and Master Wild to a night-cellar.

C H A P. VI.

FARTHER CONFERENCES BETWEEN
THE COUNT AND MASTER WILD,
WITH OTHER MATTERS OF THE
GREAT KIND.

THE count missed his money the next morning, and very well knew who had it; but, as he knew likewise

* A housebreaker. † A highwayman. ‡ A shoplifter.

Terms used in the Cant Dictionary.

how fruitless would be any complaint, he chose to pass it by without mentioning it. Indeed, it may appear strange to some readers, that these gentlemen, who knew each other to be thieves, should never once give the least hint of this knowledge in all their discourse together; but, on the contrary, should have the words Honesty, Honour, and Friendship, as often in their mouths as any other men. This, I say, may appear strange to some; but those who have lived long in cities, courts, gaols, or such places, will perhaps be able to solve the seeming absurdity.

When our two friends met the next morning, the count (who, though he did not agree with the whole of his friend's doctrine, was, however, highly pleased with his argument) began to bewail the misfortune of his captivity, and the backwardness of friends to assist each other in their necessities; but what vexed him, he said, most, was the cruelty of the fair: for he entrusted Wild with the secret of his having had an intrigue with Miss Theodosia, the elder of the Miss Snaps, ever since his confinement, though he could not prevail with her to set him at liberty. Wild answered, with a smile, it was no wonder a woman should wish to confine her lover where she might be sure of having him entirely to herself; but added, he believed he could tell him a method of certainly procuring his escape. The count eagerly besought him to acquaint him with it. Wild told him, bribery was the surest means, and advised him to apply to the maid. The count thanked him; but returned, that he had not a farthing left besides one guinea, which he had then given her to change. To which Wild said, he must make it up with promises, which he supposed he was courtier enough to know how to put off. The count greatly applauded the advice; and said, he hoped he should be able in time to persuade him to condescend to be a great man, for which he was so perfectly well qualified.

This method being concluded on, the two friends sat down to cards, a circumstance which I should not have mentioned, but for the sake of observing the prodigious force of habit; for, though the count knew, if he won ever so much of Mr. Wild, he should not receive a shilling, yet could he not re-

frain from packing the cards; nor could Wild keep his hands out of his friend's pockets, though he knew there was nothing in them.

When the maid came home, the count began to put it to her; offered her all he had, and promised mountains *in futuro*; but all in vain, the maid's honesty was impregnable. She said, she would not break her trust for the whole world; no, not if she could gain a hundred pounds by it. Upon which Wild stepping up, told her, she need not fear losing her place, for it would never be found out; that they could throw a pair of sheets into the street, by which it might appear he got out at window; that he himself would swear he saw him descending; that the money would be so much gains in her pocket; that, besides his promises, which she might depend on being performed, she would receive from him twenty shillings and ninepence in ready-money (for she had only laid out three pence in plain Spanish); and, lastly, that besides his honour, the count, should leave a pair of gold buttons (which afterwards turned out to be brass) of great value in her hands, as a farther gain.

The maid still remained inflexible, till Wild offered to lend his friend a guinea more, and to deposit it immediately in her hands. This reinforcement bore down the poor girl's resolution, and she faithfully promised to open the door to the count that evening.

Thus did our young hero not only lend his rhetoric, which few people care to do without a fee, but his money too, a sum which many a good man would have made fifty excuses before he would have parted with, to his friend, and procured him his liberty.

But it would be highly derogatory from the *great* character of Wild, should the reader imagine he lent such a sum to a friend without the least view of serving himself. As, therefore, the reader may easily account for it in a manner more advantageous to our hero's reputation, by concluding that he had some interested view in the count's enlargement; we hope he will judge with charity, especially as the sequel makes it not only reasonable, but necessary, to suppose he had some such view.

A long intimacy and friendship subsisted between the count and Mr. Wild; who,

who being by the advice of the count dressed in good cloaths, was by him introduced into the best company. They constantly frequented the assemblies, auctions, gaming-tables, and play-houses; at which last they saw two acts every night, and then retired without paying; this being, it seems, an immemorial privilege which the beaus of the town prescribe to themselves. This, however, did not suit Wild's temper, who called it a cheat, and objected against it, as requiring no dexterity but what every blockhead might put in execution. He said it was a custom very much favouring of the *speaking-budge**, but neither so honourable nor so ingenious.

Wild now made a considerable figure, and passed for a gentleman of great fortune in the funds. Women of quality treated him with great familiarity, young ladies began to spread their charms for him, when an accident happened that put a stop to his continuance in a way of life too insipid and inactive to afford employment for those great talents which were designed to make a much more considerable figure in the world than attends the character of a beau or a pretty gentleman.

CHAP. VII.

MASTER WILD SETS OUT ON HIS TRAVELS, AND RETURNS HOME AGAIN. A VERY SHORT CHAPTER, CONTAINING INFINITELY MORE TIME AND LESS MATTER THAN ANY OTHER IN THE WHOLE STORY.

WE are sorry we cannot indulge our reader's curiosity with a full and perfect account of this accident; but as there are such various accounts, one of which only can be true, and possibly, and indeed probably, none; instead of following the general method of historians, who in such cases set down the various reports, and leave to your own conjecture which you will chuse, we shall pass them all over.

Certain it is, that whatever this accident was, it determined our hero's father to send his son immediately abroad, for seven years; and, which

may seem somewhat remarkable, to his majesty's plantations in America. That part of the world being, as he said, freer from vices than the courts and cities of Europe, and consequently less dangerous to corrupt a young man's morals. And as for the advantages, the old gentleman thought they were equal there with those attained in the politer climates; for travelling, he said, was travelling in one part of the world as well as another: it consisted in being such a time from home, and in traversing so many leagues; and appealed to experience, whether most of our travellers in France and Italy did not prove, at their return, that they might have been sent as profitably to Norway and Greenland?

According to these resolutions of his father, the young gentleman went aboard a ship, and with a great deal of good company set out for the American hemisphere. The exact time of his stay is somewhat uncertain; most probably longer than was intended: but howsoever long his abode there was, it must be a blank in this history; as the whole story contains not one adventure worthy the reader's notice; being, indeed, a continued scene of whoring, drinking, and removing from one place to another.

To confess a truth, we are so ashamed of the shortness of this chapter, that we would have done a violence to our history, and have inserted an adventure or two of some other traveller: to which purpose we borrowed the journals of several young gentlemen who have lately made the tour of Europe; but, to our great sorrow, could not extract a single incident strong enough to justify the theft to our conscience.

When we consider the ridiculous figure this chapter must make, being the history of no less than eight years, our only comfort is, that the histories of some men's lives, and perhaps of some men who have made a noise in the world, are in reality as absolute blanks as the travels of our hero. As, therefore, we shall make sufficient amends in the sequel for this inanity, we shall hasten on to matters of true importance, and immense greatness. At present we content ourselves with setting down our hero where we took him up, after acquainting our reader that he

went abroad, staid seven years, and then came home again.

C H A P. VIII.

AN ADVENTURE WHERE WILD, IN THE DIVISION OF THE BOOTY, EXHIBITS AN ASTONISHING INSTANCE OF GREATNESS.

THE count was one night very successful at the hazard table, where Wild, who was just returned from his travels, was then present; as was likewise a young gentleman whose name was Bob Bagshot, an acquaintance of Mr. Wild's, and of whom he entertained a great opinion; taking, therefore, Mr. Bagshot aside, he advised him to provide himself (if he had them not about him) with a case of pistols, and to attack the count in his way home, promising to plant himself near with the same arms, as a *corps de reserve*, and to come up on occasion. This was accordingly executed, and the count obliged to surrender to savage force what he had in so genteel and civil a manner taken at play.

And as it is a wise and philosophical observation, that one misfortune never comes alone, the count had hardly passed the examination of Mr. Bagshot, when he fell into the hands of Mr. Snap, who, in company with Mr. Wild the Elder, and one or two more gentlemen, being it seems thereto well warranted, laid hold of the unfortunate count, and conveyed him back to the same house from which, by the assistance of his good friend, he had formerly escaped.

Mr. Wild and Mr. Bagshot went together to the tavern, where Mr. Bagshot (generously as he thought) offered to share the booty; and having divided the money into two unequal heaps, and added a golden snuff-box to the lesser heap, he desired Mr. Wild to take his choice.

Mr. Wild immediately conveyed the larger share of the ready into his pocket, according to an excellent maxim of his, 'First secure what share you can, before you wrangle for the rest;' and then turning to his companion, he asked him, with a stern countenance, whether he intended to keep all that sum to himself. Mr. Bagshot answered, with some surprise, that he thought Mr.

Wild had no reason to complain; for it was surely fair, at least on his part, to content himself with an equal share of the booty, who had taken the whole. 'I grant you took it,' replied Wild, 'but, pray who proposed or counselled the taking it? Can you say that you have done more than executed my scheme? and might not I, if I had pleased, have employed another, since you well know there was not a gentleman in the room but would have taken the money, if he had known how conveniently and safely to do it?'—'That is very true,' returned Bagshot, 'but did not I execute the scheme? did not I run the whole risque? Should not I have suffered the whole punishment if I had been taken? and is not the labourer worthy of his hire?'—'Doubtless,' says Jonathan, 'he is so, and your hire I shall not refuse you, which is all that the labourer is entitled to, or ever enjoys. I remember when I was at school to have heard some verses, which, for the excellence of their doctrine, made an impression on me, purporting that the birds of the air, and the beasts of the field, work not for themselves. It is true, the farmer allows fodder to his oxen, and pasture to his sheep; but it is for his own service, not theirs. In the same manner, the ploughman, the shepherd, the weaver, the builder, and the soldier, work not for themselves, but others; they are contented with a poor pittance, (the labourer's hire) and permit us the GREAT to enjoy the fruits of their labours. Aristotle, as my master told us, hath plainly proved, in the first book of his Politics, that the low, mean, useful part of mankind, are born slaves to the wills of their superiors, and are indeed as much their property as the cattle. It is well said of us, the higher order of mortals, that we are born only to devour the fruits of the earth; and it may be as well said of the lower class, that they are born only to produce them for us. Is not the battle gained by the sweat and danger of the common soldier? Are not the honour and fruits of the victory the general's who laid the scheme?—Is not the house built by the labour of the carpenter and the bricklayer? Is it not built for the profit only of the architect, and for the use of the inha-

tant,

‘tant, who could not easily have placed one brick upon another?—Is not the cloth, or the silk, wrought into it’s form, and variegated with all the beauty of colours, by those who are forced to content themselves with the coarsest and vilest part of their work, while the profit and enjoyment of their labours fall to the share of others?—Cast your eye abroad, and see who is it lives in the most magnificent buildings, feasts his palate with the most luxurious dainties, his eyes with the most beautiful sculptures and delicate paintings, and cloaths himself in the finest and richest apparel; and tell me if all these do not fall to his lot, who had not any the least share in producing all these conveniences, nor the least ability so to do? Why, then, should the state of a *prig* differ from all others? Or why should you, who are the labourer only, the executor of my scheme, expect a share in the profit? Be advised, therefore, deliver the whole booty to me, and trust to my bounty for your reward.’ Mr. Bagshot was some time silent, and looked like a man thunderstruck; but at last recovering himself from his surprize, he thus began: ‘If you think, Mr. Wild, by the force of your arguments to get the money out of my pocket, you are greatly mistaken. What is all this stuff to me? D——n me, I am a man of honour, and though I can’t talk as well as you, by G—— you shall not make a fool of me; and if you take me for one, I must tell you, you are a rascal.’ At which words, he laid his hand to his pistol. Wild, perceiving the little success the great strength of his arguments had met with, and the hasty temper of his friend, gave over his design for the present, and told Bagshot he was only in jest. But this coolness with which he treated the other’s flame had rather the effect of oil than of water. Bagshot replied, in a rage, ‘D——n me, I don’t like such jests; I see you are a pitiful rascal, and a scoundrell!’ Wild, with a philosophy worthy of great admiration, returned, ‘As for your abuse, I have no regard to it; but to convince you I am not afraid of you, let us lay the whole booty on the table, and let the conqueror take it all.’ And having so said, he drew

out his shining hanger, whose glittering so dazzled the eyes of Bagshot, that in a tone entirely altered, he said, no! he was contented with what he had already; that it was mighty ridiculous in them to quarrel among themselves; that they had common enemies enough abroad, against whom they should unite their common force; that if he had mistaken Wild, he was sorry for it; and as for a jest, he could take a jest as well as another. Wild, who had a wonderful knack of discovering and applying to the passions of men, beginning now to have a little insight into his friend, and to conceive what arguments would make the quickest impression on him, cried out in a loud voice, that he had bullied him into drawing his hanger, and since it was out, he would not put it up without satisfaction. ‘What satisfaction would you have?’ answered the other. ‘Your money or your blood,’ said Wild. ‘Why, lookye, Mr. Wild,’ said Bagshot, ‘if you want to borrow a little of my part, since I know you to be a man of honour, I don’t care if I lend you—for, though I am not afraid of any man living, yet rather than break with a friend, and as it may be necessary for your occasions—’ Wild, who often declared that he looked upon borrowing to be as good a way of *taking* as any, and, as he called it, the genteelst kind of *sneaking-lodge*, putting up his hanger, and shaking his friend by the hand, told him he had hit the nail on the head; it was really his present necessity only that prevailed with him against his will; for that his honour was concerned to pay a considerable sum the next morning. Upon which, contenting himself with one half of Bagshot’s share, so that he had three parts in four of the whole, he took leave of his companion, and retired to rest.

CHAP. IX.

WILD PAYS A VISIT TO MISS LETITIA SNAP. A DESCRIPTION OF THAT LOVELY YOUNG CREATURE, AND THE SUCCESSLESS ISSUE OF MR. WILD’S ADDRESSES.

THE next morning when our hero waked, he began to think of paying a visit to Miss Tidy Snap; a ve-

man of great merit, and of as great generosity; yet Mr. Wild found a present was ever most welcome to her, as being a token of respect in her lover. He therefore went directly to a toy-shop, and there purchased a genteel snuff-box, with which he waited upon his mistress; whom he found in the most beautiful undress. Her lovely hair hung wantonly over her forehead, being neither white with, nor yet free from, powder; a neat double clout, which seemed to have been worn a few weeks only, was pinned under her chin; some remains of that art with which ladies improve nature, shone on her cheeks: her body was loosely attired, without stays or jumps; so that her breasts had untroubled liberty to display their beautiful orbs, which they did as low as her girdle; a thin covering of a rumpled muslin handkerchief almost hid them from the eyes, save in a few parts where a good-natured hole gave opportunity to the naked breast to appear. Her gown was a fatten of a whitish colour, with about a dozen little silver spots upon it, so artificially interwoven at great distance, that they looked as if they had fallen there by chance. This flying open, discovered a fine yellow petticoat beautifully edged round the bottom with a narrow piece of half gold lace, which was now almost become fringe; beneath this appeared another petticoat stiffened with whalebone, vulgarly called a hoop, which hung six inches at least below the other; and under this again appeared an under garment of that colour which Ovid intends when he says—

——*Qui color albus erat nunc est contrarius albo.*

She likewise displayed two pretty feet covered with silk, and adorned with lace; and tied, the right with a handsome piece of blue ribband; the left, as more unworthy, with a piece of yellow stuff, which seemed to have been a strip of her upper-petticoat. Such was the lovely creature whom Mr. Wild attended. She received him at first with some of that coldness, which women of strict virtue by a commendable, though sometimes painful restraint, enjoin themselves to their lovers. The snuff-box being produced, was at first civilly, and,

indeed, gently refused: but on a second application accepted. The tea-table was soon called for, at which a discourse passed between these young lovers, which, could we set it down with any accuracy, would be very edifying as well as entertaining to our reader; let it suffice, then, that the wit, together with the beauty of this young creature, so inflamed the passion of Wild, which, though an honourable sort of a passion, was at the same time so extremely violent, that it transported him to freedoms too offensive to the nice chastity of Lætitia; who was, to confess the truth, more indebted to her own strength for the preservation of her virtue, than to the awful respect or backwardness of her lover: he was indeed so very urgent in his addresses, that had he not with many oaths promised her marriage, we could scarce have been strictly justified in calling his passion honourable; but he was so remarkably attached to decency, that he never offered any violence to a young lady without the most earnest promises of that kind; these being, he said, a ceremonial due to female modesty, which cost so little, and were so easily pronounced, that the omission could arise from nothing but the mere wantonness of brutality. The lovely Lætitia, either out of prudence, or perhaps religion, of which she was a liberal professor, was deaf to all his promises, and luckily invincible by his force; for though she had not yet learnt the art of well clenching her fist, nature had not however left her defenceless: for at the ends of her fingers she wore arms, which she used with such admirable dexterity, that the hot blood of Mr. Wild soon began to appear in several little spots on his face, and his full-blown cheeks, to resemble that part which modesty forbids a boy to turn up any where but in a public school, after some pedagogue, strong of arm, hath exercised his talents thereon. Wild now retreated from the conflict, and the victorious Lætitia, with becoming triumph and noble spirit, cried out, ‘D——n your eyes, if this be your way of shewing your love, I’ll warrant I gives you enough on’t!’ She then proceeded to talk of her virtue, which Wild bid her carry to the devil with her; and thus our lovers parted.

CHAP. X.

A DISCOVERY OF SOME MATTERS CONCERNING THE CHASTE LÆTITIA, WHICH MUST WONDERFULLY SURPRIZE, AND PERHAPS AFFECT OUR READER.

MR. Wild was no sooner departed, than the fair conqueress opening the door of a closet, called forth a young gentleman, whom she had there enclosed at the approach of the other. The name of this gallant was Tom Smirk. He was clerk to an attorney, and was indeed the greatest beau, and the greatest favourite of the ladies, at the end of the town where he lived. As we take dress to be the characteristick or efficient quality of a beau, we shall, instead of giving any character of this young gentleman, content ourselves with describing his dress only to our readers. He wore, then, a pair of white stockings on his legs, and pumps on his feet; his buckles were a large piece of Pinchbeck plate, which almost covered his whole foot. His breeches were of red plush, which hardly reached his knees; his waistcoat was a white dimity, richly embroidered with yellow silk, over which he wore a blue plush coat with metal buttons, a smart sleeve, and a cape reaching half way down his back. His wig was of a brown colour, covering almost half his pate, on which was hung on one side a little laced hat, but cocked with great smartness. Such was the accomplished Smirk; who, at his issuing forth from the closet, was received with open arms by the amiable Lætitia. She addressed him by the tender name of Dear Tommy; and told him she had dismissed the odious creature whom her father intended for her husband, and had now nothing to interrupt her happiness with him.

Here, reader, thou must pardon us if we stop a while to lament the capriciousness of nature in forming this charming part of the creation, designed to compleat the happiness of man; with their soft innocence to allay his ferocity, with their sprightliness to soothe his cares, and with their constant friendship to relieve all the troubles and disappointments which can happen to him. Seeing, then, that these are the blessings chiefly sought after

and generally found in every wife, how must we lament that disposition in these lovely creatures, which leads them to prefer, in their favour, those individuals of the other sex, who do not seem intended by nature, as so great a masterpiece. For surely, however useful they may be in the creation, as we are taught, that nothing, not even a louse, is made in vain; yet these beaus, even that most splendid and honoured part, which, in this our island, nature loves to distinguish in red, are not, as some think, the noblest work of the Creator. For my own part, let any man chuse to himself two beaus, let them be captains or colonels, as well-dressed men as ever lived, I would venture to oppose a single Sir Isaac Newton, a Shakespeare, a Milton, or perhaps some few others, to both these beaus; nay, and I very much doubt, whether it had not been better for the world in general, that neither of these beaus had ever been born, than that it should have wanted the benefit arising to it from the labour of any one of those persons.

If this be true, how melancholy must be the consideration, that any single beau, especially if he have but half a yard of ribband in his hat, shall weigh heavier, in the scale of female affection, than twenty Sir Isaac Newtons! How must our reader, who perhaps had wisely accounted for the resistance which the chaste Lætitia had made to the violent addresses of the ravished (or rather ravishing) Wild from that lady's impregnable virtue! how must he blush, I say, to perceive her quit the strictness of her carriage, and abandon herself to those loose freedoms which she indulged to Smirk! But, alas! when we discover all, as, to preserve the fidelity of our history, we must, when we relate that every familiarity had past between them, and that the FAIR Lætitia (for we must, in this single instance, imitate Virgil, where he drops the *pius* and the *pater*, and drop our favourite epithet of *chaste*) the FAIR Lætitia had, I say, made Smirk as happy as Wild desired to be, what must then be our reader's confusion? We will, therefore, draw a curtain over this scene, from that Philogyny which is in us, and proceed to matters, which, instead of dishonouring the human species, will greatly raise and ennoble it.

C H A P. XI.

CONTAINING AS NOTABLE INSTANCES OF HUMAN GREATNESS AS ARE TO BE MET WITH IN ANCIENT OR MODERN HISTORY. CONCLUDING WITH SOME WHOLESOME HINTS TO THE GAY PART OF MANKIND.

WILD no sooner parted from the chaste Lætitia, than recollecting that his friend the count was returned to his lodgings, in the same house, he resolved to visit him: for he was none of those half-bred fellows, who are ashamed to see their friends when they have plundered and betrayed them: from which base and pitiful temper many monstrous cruelties have been transacted by men who have sometimes carried their modesty so far as to the murder, or utter ruin of those against whom their consciences have suggested to them, that they have committed some small trespass, either by the debauching a friend's wife or daughter, belying or betraying the friend himself, or some other such trifling instance. In our hero there was nothing not truly great: he could, without the least abashment, drink a bottle with the man who knew he had the moment before picked his pocket; and, when he had stript him of every thing he had, never desired to do him any farther mischief; for he carried good-nature to that wonderful and uncommon height, that he never did a single injury to man or woman, by which he himself did not expect to reap some advantage. He would often indeed say, that by the contrary party men often made a bad bargain with the devil; and did his work for nothing.

Our hero found the captive count, not basely lamenting his fate, nor abandoning himself to despair, but, with due resignation, employing himself in preparing several packs of cards for future exploits. The count, little suspecting that Wild had been the sole contriver of the misfortune which had befallen him, rose up, and eagerly embraced him; and Wild returned his embrace with equal warmth. They were no sooner seated than Wild took an occasion, from seeing the cards lying on the table, to inveigh against gaming; and, with an usual and highly commendable

freedom, after first exaggerating the distressed circumstances in which the count was then involved, imputed all his misfortunes to that cursed itch of play, which, he said, he concluded had brought his present confinement upon him, and must unavoidably end in his destruction. The other, with great alacrity, defended his favourite amusement, or rather employment; and having told his friend the great success he had after his unluckily quitting the room, acquainted him with the accident which followed, and which the reader, as well as Mr. Wild, hath had some intimation of before; adding, however, one circumstance not hitherto mentioned, viz. that he had defended his money with the utmost bravery, and had dangerously wounded at least two of the three men who had attacked him. This behaviour Wild, who not only knew the extreme readiness with which the booty had been delivered, but also the constant frigidity of the count's courage, highly applauded, and wished he had been present to assist him. The count then proceeded to animadvert on the carelessness of the watch, and the scandal it was to the laws, that honest people could not walk the streets in safety; and, after expatiating some time on that subject, he asked Mr. Wild if he ever saw so prodigious a run of luck (for so he chose to call his winning, though he knew Wild was well acquainted with his having loaded dice in his pocket;) the other answered, it was indeed prodigious, and almost sufficient to justify any person, who did not know him better, in suspecting his fair play. 'No man, I believe, dares call that in question!' replied he. 'No surely,' says Wild, 'you are well known to be a man of more honour: but pray, Sir,' continued he, 'did the rascals rob you of all?'—'Every shilling,' cries the other with an oath; 'they did not leave me a single stake.'

While they were thus discoursing, Mr. Snap, with a gentleman who followed him, introduced Mr. Bagshot into the company. It seems, Mr. Bagshot, immediately after his separation from Mr. Wild, returned to the gaming-table; where, having trusted to Fortune that treasure which he had procured by his industry, the faithless goddess committed a breach of trust, and sent Mr. Bagshot away with as empty pockets as

are

are to be found in any laced coat in the kingdom. Now as that gentleman was walking to a certain reputable house or shed in Covent Garden Market, he happened to meet with Mr. Snap, who had just returned from conveying the count to his lodgings, and was then walking to and fro before the gaming-house door: for you are to know, my good reader, if you have never been a man of wit and pleasure about town, that is the voracious pike lieth snug under some weed before the mouth of any of those little streams which discharge themselves into a large river, waiting for the small fry which issue thereout; so hourly before the door or mouth of these gaming-houses doth Mr. Snap, or some other gentleman of his occupation, attend the issuing forth of the small fry of young gentlemen, to whom they deliver little slips of parchment, containing invitations of the said gentlemen to their houses, together with one Mr. John Doe*, a person whose company is in great request. Mr. Snap, among many others of these billets, happened to have one directed to Mr. Bagshot, being at the suit or solicitation of one Mrs. Anne Sample, spinster, at whose house the said Bagshot had lodged several months, and whence he had inadvertently departed without taking a formal leave; on which account Mrs. Ann had taken this method of *speaking with him*.

Mr. Snap's house being now very full of good company, he was obliged to introduce Mr. Bagshot into the count's apartment, it being, as he said, the only chamber he had to *lock up* in. Mr. Wild no sooner saw his friend than he ran eagerly to embrace him, and immediately presented him to the count, who received him with great civility.

CHAP. XII.

FARTHER PARTICULARS RELATING TO MISS TISHY, WHICH PERHAPS MAY NOT GREATLY SURPRIZE AFTER THE FORMER. THE DESCRIPTION OF A VERY FINE GENTLEMAN. AND A DIALOGUE BETWEEN WILD AND THE

COUNT, IN WHICH PUBLICK VIRTUE IS JUST HINTED AT, WITH &c.

MR. Snap had turned the key a very few minutes before a servant of the family called Mr. Bagshot out of the room, telling him, there was a person below who desired to speak with him; and this was no other than Miss Lætitia Snap, whose admirer Mr. Bagshot had long been, and in whose tender breast his passion had raised a more ardent flame than that of any of his rivals had been able to raise. Indeed, she was so extremely fond of this youth, that she often confessed to her female confidants, if she could ever have listened to the thought of living with any one man, Mr. Bagshot was he. Nor was the singular in this inclination, many other young ladies being her rivals in this lover, who had all the great and noble qualifications necessary to form a true gallant, and which nature is seldom so extremely bountiful as to indulge to any one person. We will endeavour, however, to describe them all with as much exactness as possible. He was then six feet high, had large calves, broad shoulders, a ruddy complexion, with brown curled hair, a modest assurance, and clean linen. He had, indeed, it must be confessed, some small deficiencies to counterbalance these heroick qualities: for he was the silliest fellow in the world, could neither write nor read, nor had he a single grain or spark of honour, honesty, or good-nature, in his whole composition.

As soon as Mr. Bagshot had quitted the room, the count, taking Wild by the hand, told him he had something to communicate to him of very great importance: 'I am very well convinced,' said he, 'that Bagshot is the person who robbed me.' Wild started with great amazement at this discovery, and answered with a most serious countenance, 'I advise you to take care how you cast any such reflections on a man of Mr. Bagshot's nice honour; for I am certain he will not bear it.'—'D——n his ho-

* This is a fictitious name which is put into every writ; for what purpose the lawyers best know.

‘nour,’ quoth the enraged count, ‘nor can I bear being robbed; I will apply to a justice of peace.’ Wild replied with great indignation, ‘Since you dare entertain such a suspicion against my friend, I will henceforth disclaim all acquaintance with you. Mr. Bagshot is a man of honour, and my friend, and consequently it is impossible he should be guilty of a bad action.’ He added much more to the same purpose, which had not the expected weight with the count; for the latter seemed still certain as to the person, and resolute in applying for justice, which, he said, he thought he owed to the publick, as well as to himself. Wild then changed his countenance into a kind of derision, and spoke as follows: ‘Suppose it should be possible that Mr. Bagshot had, in a frolick, (for I will call it no other) taken this method of borrowing your money, what will you get by prosecuting him? Not your money again; for you hear he was stript at the gaming-table;’ (of which Bagshot had, during their short confabulation, informed them) ‘you will get then an opportunity of being still more out of pocket by the prosecution. Another advantage you may promise yourself, is the being blown up at every gaming-house in town, for that I will assure you of; and then much good may it do you to sit down with the satisfaction of having discharged what it seems you owe the publick. I am ashamed of my own discernment, when I mistook you for a great man. Would it not be better for you to receive part (perhaps all) of your money again by a wise concealment; for, however *seedy** Mr. Bagshot may be now, if he hath really played this frolick with you, you may believe he will play it with others, and when he is in cash, you may depend on a restoration; the law will be always in your power, and that is the last remedy which a brave or a wise man would resort to. Leave the affair, therefore, to me; I will examine Bagshot, and if I find he hath played you this trick, I will engage my own honour, you shall in the end be no loser.’ The count answered: ‘If I was sure to be no loser, Mr. Wild, I apprehend you have a better opinion of my understanding than to imagine

‘I would prosecute a gentleman for the sake of the publick. These are foolish words of course, which we learn a ridiculous habit of speaking, and will often break from us without any design or meaning. I assure you all I desire is a reimbursement; and if I can, by your means, obtain that, the publick may——’ concluding with a phrase too coarse to be inserted in a history of this kind.

They were now informed that dinner was ready, and the company assembled below stairs; whither the reader may, if he please, attend these gentlemen.

There sat down at the table Mr. Snap, and the two Miss Snaps, his daughters, Mr. Wild the Elder, Mr. Wild the Younger, the count, Mr. Bagshot, and a grave gentleman, who had formerly had the honour of carrying arms in a regiment of foot, and who was now engaged in the office (perhaps a more profitable one) of assisting or following Mr. Snap in the execution of the laws of his country.

Nothing very remarkable passed at dinner. The conversation (as is usual in polite company) rolled chiefly on what they were then eating, and what they had lately eaten. In this the military gentleman, who had served in Ireland, gave them a very particular account of a new manner of roasting potatoes, and others gave an account of other dishes. In short, an indifferent by-stander would have concluded from their discourse, that they had all come into this world for no other purpose than to fill their bellies; and, indeed, if this was not the chief, it is probable it was the most innocent design nature had in their formation.

As soon as the dish was removed, and the ladies retired, the count proposed a game at hazard, which was immediately assented to by the whole company, and the dice being immediately brought in, the count took up the box, and demanded who would set him: to which no one made any answer, imagining perhaps the count’s pockets to be more empty than they were; for, in reality, that gentleman (notwithstanding what he had heartily sworn to Mr. Wild) had, since his arrival at Mr. Snap’s, conveyed a piece of plate to pawn, by which means he had furnished himself with ten guineas. The count, therefore, perceiving this

* Poor.

backwardness in his friends, and probably somewhat guessing at the cause of it, took the said guineas out of his pocket, and threw them on the table; when, lo! (such is the force of example) all the rest began to produce their funds, and immediately a considerable sum glittering in their eyes, the game began.

CH A P. XIII.

A CHAPTER, OF WHICH WE ARE EXTREMELY VAIN, AND WHICH INDEED WE LOOK ON AS OUR CHEF D'OEUVRE, CONTAINING A WONDERFUL STORY CONCERNING THE DEVIL, AND AS NICE A SCENE OF HONOUR AS EVER HAPPENED.

MY reader, I believe, even if he be a gamester, would not thank me for an exact relation of every man's success; let it suffice, then, that they played till the whole money vanished from the table. Whether the devil himself carried it away, as some suspected, I will not determine; but very surprizing it was, that every person protested he had lost, nor could any one guess who, unless *the devil*, had won.

But though very probable it is that this arch-fiend had some share in the booty, it is likely he had not all; Mr. Bagshot being imagined to be a considerable winner, notwithstanding his assertions to the contrary; for he was seen by several to convey money often into his pocket; and what is still a little stronger presumption, is, that the grave gentleman whom we have mentioned to have served his country in two honourable capacities, not being willing to trust alone to the evidence of his eyes, had frequently dived into the said Bagshot's pocket, whence (as he tells us in the Apology for his life afterwards published*) though he might extract a few pieces, he was very sensible he had left many behind.

The gentleman had long indulged his curiosity in this way, before, Mr. Bagshot, in the heat of gaming, had

perceived him: but as Bagshot was now leaving off play, he discovered this ingenious feat of dexterity; upon which, leaping up from his chair in a violent passion, he cried out, 'I thought I had been among gentlemen, and men of honour; but, d—n me! I find we have a pickpocket in company.' The scandalous sound of this word extremely alarmed the whole board; nor did they all shew less surprize than the Con—n (whose not sitting of late is much lamented) would express at hearing there was an Atheist in the room: but it more particularly affected the gentleman at whom it was levelled, though it was not addressed to him. He likewise started from his chair; and, with a fierce countenance and accent, said, 'Do you mean me? D—n your eyes, you are a rascal and a scoundrel!' Those words would have been immediately succeeded by blows, had not the company interposed, and, with strong arm, witheld the two antagonists from each other. It was, however, a long time before they could be prevailed on to sit down; which being at last happily brought about, Mr. Wild the Elder, who was a well-disposed old man, advised them to shake hands and be friends; but the gentleman who had received the first affront, absolutely refused it, and swore he would have the villain's blood. Mr. Snap highly applauded the resolution; and, affirmed, that the affront was by no means to be put up by any who bore the name of a gentleman; and that unless his friend resented it properly, he would never execute another warrant in his company; that he had always looked upon him as a man of honour, and doubted not, but he would prove himself so; and that if it was his own case, nothing should persuade him to put up such an affront without proper satisfaction. The count likewise spoke on the same side; and the parties themselves muttered several short sentences, purporting their intentions. At last, Mr. Wild, our hero, rising slowly from his seat, and having fixed the attention of all present, began as follows. 'I have heard, with infinite pleasure, every thing which the two gentlemen

* Not in a book by itself, in imitation of some other such persons, but in the Ordinary's account, &c. where all the Apologies for the lives of rogues and whores which have been published within these twenty years should have been inserted.

' who spoke last have said with relation
 ' to honour; nor can any man possibly
 ' entertain a higher and nobler sense of
 ' that word, nor a greater esteem of
 ' it's inestimable value, than myself.
 ' If we have no name to express it by
 ' in our Cant Dictionary, it were well
 ' to be wished we had. It is, indeed,
 ' the essential quality of a gentleman;
 ' and which no man, who ever was
 ' great in the field, or on the road, (as
 ' others express it) can possibly be
 ' without. But, alas! gentlemen, what
 ' pity is it, that a word of such sove-
 ' reign use and virtue should have so
 ' uncertain and various an application,
 ' that scarce two people mean the same
 ' thing by it? Do not some by honour
 ' mean good-nature and humanity,
 ' which weak minds call virtues? How
 ' then! Must we deny it to the great,
 ' the brave, the noble; to the sackers
 ' of towns, the plunderers of provinces,
 ' and the conquerors of kingdoms?
 ' Were not these men of honour? And
 ' yet they scorned those pitiful qualities
 ' I have mentioned. Again, some few
 ' (or I am mistaken) include the idea
 ' of honesty in their honour. And
 ' shall we then say, that no man who
 ' withholds from another what law, or
 ' justice, perhaps, calls his own, or
 ' who greatly and boldly deprives him
 ' of such property, is a man of ho-
 ' nour? Heaven forbid I should say so
 ' in this, or, indeed, in any other good
 ' company! Is honour truth? No. It
 ' is not in the lye's going from us, but
 ' in it's coming to us, our honour is
 ' injured. Doth it then consist in what
 ' the vulgar call cardinal virtues? It
 ' would be an affront to your under-
 ' standings to suppose it, since we see
 ' every day so many men of honour
 ' without any. In what then doth the
 ' word Honour consist? Why, in it-
 ' self alone. A man of honour is he
 ' that is called a Man of Honour; and
 ' while he is so called, he so remains,
 ' and no longer. Think not any thing
 ' a man commits can forfeit his ho-
 ' nour. Look abroad into the world;
 ' the *prig*, while he flourishes, is a man
 ' of honour; when in gaol, at the bar,
 ' or the tree, he is so no longer. And
 ' why is this distinction? Not from
 ' his actions; for those are often as

' well known in his flourishing estate
 ' as they are afterwards; but because
 ' men, I mean those of his own party
 ' or gang, call him a man of honour
 ' in the former, and cease to call him
 ' so in the latter condition. Let us see,
 ' then, how hath Mr. Bagshot injured
 ' the gentleman's honour? Why, he
 ' hath called him a Pickpocket; and
 ' that, probably, by a severe construc-
 ' tion, and a long round-about way of
 ' reasoning, may seem a little to dero-
 ' gate from his honour, if considered
 ' in a very nice sense. Admitting it,
 ' therefore, for argument's sake, to be
 ' some small imputation on his honour,
 ' let Mr. Bagshot give him satisfac-
 ' tion; let him doubly and triply re-
 ' pair this oblique injury, by directly
 ' asserting that he believes he is a man
 ' of honour.' The gentleman answer-
 ' ed, he was content to refer it to Mr.
 ' Wild, and whatever satisfaction he
 ' thought sufficient, he would accept.
 ' Let him give me my money again
 ' first,' said Bagshot, ' and then I will
 ' call him a man of honour with all
 ' my heart.' The gentleman then pro-
 ' tested he had not any; which Snap se-
 ' conded, declaring he had his eyes on
 ' him all the while; but Bagshot remain-
 ' ed still unsatisfied; till Wild, rapping
 ' out a hearty oath, swore he had not
 ' taken a single farthing; adding, that
 ' whoever asserted the contrary gave him
 ' the lye, and he would resent it. And
 ' now, such was the ascendancy of this
 ' great man, that Bagshot immediately ac-
 ' quiesced, and performed the ceremonies
 ' required. And thus, by the exquisite ad-
 ' dress of our hero, this quarrel, which had
 ' so fatal an aspect, and which, between
 ' two persons so extremely jealous of their
 ' honour, would most certainly have pro-
 ' duced very dreadful consequences, was
 ' happily concluded.

Mr. Wild was, indeed, a little inter-
 ' ested in this affair, as he himself had
 ' set the gentleman to work, and had re-
 ' ceived the greatest part of the booty;
 ' and as to Mr. Snap's deposition in his
 ' favour, it was the usual height to which
 ' the ardour of that worthy person's friend-
 ' ship too frequently hurried him. It was
 ' his constant maxim—that he was a
 ' pitiful fellow who would stick at a little
 ' rapping * for his friend.

* *Rapping* is a cant term for perjury.

C H A P. XIV.

IN WHICH THE HISTORY OF
GREATNESS IS CONTINUED.

MATTERS being thus reconciled, and the gaming over, from reasons before hinted, the company proceeded to drink about with the utmost cheerfulness and friendship; drinking healths, shaking hands, and professing the most perfect affection for each other: all which were not in the least interrupted by some designs which they then agitated in their minds, and which they intended to execute as soon as the liquor had prevailed over some of their understandings. Bagshot and the gentleman intending to rob each other; Mr. Snap, and Mr. Wild the Elder, meditating what other creditors they could find out, to charge the gentlemen then in custody with; the count hoping to renew the play; and Wild, our hero, laying a design to put Bagshot out of the way; or, as the vulgar expresses it, to hang him with the first opportunity. But none of these great designs could at present be put into execution; for Mr. Snap being soon after summoned abroad on business of great moment, which required likewise the assistance of Mr. Wild the Elder and his other friend; and as he did not care to trust to the nimbleness of the count's heels, of which he had already had some experience, he declared he must *lock up* for that evening. Here, reader, if thou pleasest, as we are in no great haste, we will stop and make a simile. As when their lap is finished, the cautious huntsman to their kennel gathers the nimble-footed hounds; they, with lank ears and tails, slouch sullenly on; whilst he, with his whippers-in, follows close at their heels, regardless of their dogged humour, till having seen them safe within the door, he turns the key, and then retires to whatever business or pleasure calls him thence: so, with lowering countenance and reluctant steps, mounted the count and Bagshot to their chamber, or rather kennel, whither they were attended by Snap and those who followed him; and where Snap having seen them deposited, very contentedly locked the door and departed. And now, reader, we will, in imitation of the truly laudable custom of the world, leave these

our good friends to deliver themselves as they can, and pursue the thriving fortunes of Wild our hero; who, with that great aversion to satisfaction and content which is inseparably incident to great minds, began to enlarge his views with his prosperity: for this restless amiable disposition, this noble avidity which increases with feeding, is the first principle or constituent quality of these our great men; to whom, in their passage on to greatness, it happens as to a traveller over the Alps; or, if this be a too far-fetched simile, to one who travels westward over the hills near Bath, where the simile was indeed made. He sees not the end of his journey at once; but passing on from scheme to scheme, and from hill to hill, with noble constancy, resolving still to attain the summit on which he hath fixed his eye, however dirty the roads may be through which he struggles, he at length arrives at — some vile inn, where he finds no kind of entertainment nor convenience for repose. I fancy, reader, if thou hast ever travelled in these roads, one part of my simile is sufficiently apparent (and, indeed, in all these illustrations, one side is generally much more apparent than the other;) but, believe me, if the other doth not so evidently appear to thy satisfaction, it is from no other reason than because thou art unacquainted with these *great men*, and hast not had sufficient instruction, leisure, or opportunity, to consider what happens to those who pursue what is, generally understood by *greatness*: for surely if thou hadst animadverted, not only on the many perils to which *great men* are daily liable while they are in their progress, but hadst discerned, as it were through a microscope, (for it is invisible to the naked eye) that diminutive speck of happiness which they attain even in the consummation of their wishes, thou wouldst lament with me the unhappy fate of these *great men* on whom nature hath set so superior a mark, that the rest of mankind are born for their use and emolument only; and be apt to cry out, 'It is pity that *those*, for whose pleasure and profit mankind are to labour and sweat, to be hacked and hewed, to be pillaged, plundered, and every way destroyed, should reap so little advantage from all the miseries they occasion to others.' For my part, I own myself of that humble-kind of

mortals who consider themselves born for the behoof of some great man or other; and could I behold this happiness carved out of the labour and ruin of a thousand such reptiles as myself, I might with satisfaction exclaim, '*Sic, sic juvat*;' but when I behold one great man starving with hunger and freezing with cold in the midst of fifty thousand who are suffering the same evils for his diversion; when I see another, whose own mind is a more abject slave to his own greatness, and is more tortured and wrecked by it than those of all his vassals: lastly, when I consider whole nations rooted out only to bring tears into the eyes of a great man, not indeed because he hath extirpated so many, but because he had no more nations to extirpate; then, truly, I am almost inclined to wish that nature had spared us this her *master-piece*, and that no great man had ever been born into the world.

But to proceed with our history, which will, we hope, produce much better lessons, and more instructive, than any we can preach: Wild was no sooner retired to a night-cellar, than he began to reflect on the sweets he had that day enjoyed from the labours of others, viz. first, from Mr. Bagshot, who had for his use robbed the count; and, secondly, from the gentleman who for the same good purpose had picked the pocket of Bagshot. He then proceeded to reason thus with himself. 'The art of policy is the art of multiplication; the degrees of greatness being constituted by those two little words *more* and *less*. Mankind are first properly to be considered under two grand divisions, those that use their own hands, and those who employ the hands of others. The former are the base and rabble; the latter, the genteel part of the creation. The mercantile part of the world, therefore, wisely use the term *employing of hands*, and justly prefer each other, as they employ more or fewer; for thus one merchant says he is greater than another, because he employs more hands.' And now, indeed, the merchant should seem to challenge some character of greatness, did we not necessarily come to a second division, viz. of those who employ hands for the use of the community in which they live, and of those who employ hands merely for

their own use, without any regard to the benefit of society. Of the former sort are the yeomen, the manufacturer, the merchant, and perhaps the gentleman. The first of these being to manure and cultivate his native soil, and to employ hands to produce the fruits of the earth. The second being to improve them by employing hands likewise, and to produce from them those useful commodities which serve as well for the conveniences as necessities of life. The third is to employ hands for the exportation of the redundancy of our own commodities, and to exchange them with the redundances of foreign nations, that thus every soil and every climate may enjoy the fruits of the whole earth. The gentleman is, by employing hands likewise, to embellish his country with the improvement of arts and sciences, with the making and executing good and wholesome laws for the preservation of property and the distribution of justice, and in several other manners to be useful to society. Now we come to the second part of this division, viz. of those who employ hands for their own use only: and this is that noble and great part, who are generally distinguished into Conquerors, absolute Princes, Statesmen, and *prigs*. Now all these differ from each other in *greatness* only, as they employ *more* or *fewer* hands. And Alexander the Great was only *greater* than a captain of one of the Tartarian or Arabian Hords, as he was at the head of a larger number. In what then is a single *prig* inferior to any other great man, but because he employs his own hands only? for he is not, on that account, to be levelled with the base and vulgar, because he employs his hands for his own use only. Now, suppose a *prig* had as many tools as any prime-minister ever had, would he not be as great as any prime-minister whatsoever? Undoubtedly he would. What then have I to do in the pursuit of *greatness*, but to procure a gang, and to make the use of this gang center in myself? This gang shall rob for me only, receiving very moderate rewards for their actions: out of this gang I will prefer to my favour the boldest and most iniquitous (as the vulgar express it;) the rest I will, from

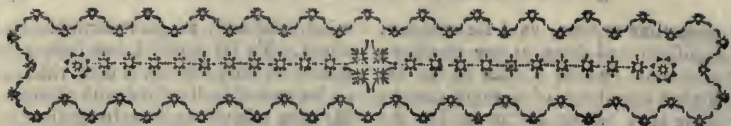
‘ from time to time, as I see occasion,
 ‘ transport and hang at my pleasure ;
 ‘ and thus (which I take to be the
 ‘ highest excellence of a *prig*) convert
 ‘ those laws which are made for the
 ‘ benefit and protection of society, to
 ‘ my single use.’

Having thus pre-conceived his scheme, he saw nothing wanting to put it in immediate execution, but that which is indeed the beginning as well as the end of all human devices, I mean money ; of which commodity he was possessed of no more than sixty-five guineas, being all that remained from the double benefits he had made of Bagshot, and which did not seem sufficient to furnish his house, and every other convenience necessary for so grand an undertaking. He resolved therefore to go immediately to the gaming-house, which was then sitting ; not so much with an intention of trusting to Fortune, as to play the surer card of attacking the winner in his way home. On his arrival, however, he thought he might as well try his success at the dice, and reserve the other recourse as his last expedient. He accordingly sat down to play ; and as Fortune, no more than others of her sex, is observed to distribute her favours with strict regard to great mental endowments, so our hero lost every farthing in his pocket. This loss, however, he bore with great constancy of

mind, and with as great composure of aspect. To say truth, he considered the money as only lent for a short time, or rather indeed as deposited with a banker. He then resolved to have immediate recourse to his surer stratagem ; and casting his eyes round the room, he soon perceived a gentleman sitting in a disconsolate posture, who seemed a proper instrument or tool for his purpose. In short, (to be as concise as possible in these least shining parts of our history) Wild accosted this man, sounded him, found him fit to execute, proposed the matter, received a ready assent ; and having fixed on the person who seemed that evening the greatest favourite of Fortune, they posted themselves in the most proper place to surprize the enemy as he was retiring to his quarters ; where he was soon attacked, subdued, and plundered ; but indeed of no considerable booty : for, it seems, this gentleman played on a common stock, and had deposited his winnings at the scene of action ; nor had he any more than two shillings in his pocket when he was attacked.

This was so cruel a disappointment to Wild, and so sensibly affects us, (as no doubt it will the reader) that, as it must disqualify us both from proceeding any farther at present, we will now take a little breath ; and therefore we shall here close this book.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.



THE
H I S T O R Y
OF
JONATHAN WILD THE GREAT.

BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

CHARACTERS OF SILLY PEOPLE,
WITH THE PROPER USES FOR
WHICH SUCH ARE DESIGNED.



NE reason why we chose to end our first book, as we did, with the last chapter, was, that we are now obliged to produce two characters of a stamp entirely different from what we have hitherto dealt in. These persons are of that pitiful order of mortals, who are in contempt called *good-natured*; being indeed sent into the world by nature with the same design with which men put little fish into a pike-pond, in order to be devoured by that voracious water-hero.

But to proceed with our history: Wild having shared the booty in much the same manner as before, *i. e.* taken three-fourths of it, amounting to eighteen pence, was now retiring to rest, in no very happy mood; when by accident he met a young fellow who had formerly been his companion, and indeed intimate friend at school. It hath been thought that friendship is usually nursed by similitude of manners; but the contrary had been the case between these lads: for whereas Wild was rapacious and intrepid, the other had always more regard for his skin than his money; Wild therefore had very generously compassionated this defect in his school-fellow, and had brought him off from

many scrapes, into most of which he had first drawn him, by taking the fault and whipping to himself. He had always, indeed, been well paid on such occasions; but there are a sort of people, who, together with the best of the bargain, will be sure to have the obligation too on their side; so it had happened here: for this poor lad considered himself in the highest degree obliged to Mr. Wild, and had contracted a very great esteem and friendship for him, the traces of which an absence of many years had not in the least effaced in his mind. He no sooner knew Wild, therefore, than he accosted him in the most friendly manner, and invited him home with him to breakfast, (it being now near nine in the morning) which invitation our hero with no great difficulty consented to. This young man, who was about Wild's age, had some time before set up in the trade of a jeweller, in the materials or stock for which he had laid out the greatest part of a little fortune, and had married a very agreeable woman for love, by whom he then had two children. As our reader is to be more acquainted with this person, it may not be improper to open somewhat of his character, especially as it will serve as a kind of foil to the noble and great disposition of our hero, and as the one seems sent into this world as a proper object on which the talents of the other were to be displayed with a proper and just success.

Mr. Thomas Heartfree, then, (for that was his name) was of an honest
and

and open disposition. He was of that sort of men, whom experience only, and not their own natures, must inform, that there are such things as deceit and hypocrisy in the world; and who, consequently, are not at five and twenty as difficult to be imposed upon as the oldest and most subtle. He was possessed of several great weaknesses of mind; being good-natured, friendly, and generous to a great excess. He had, indeed, too little regard to common justice, for he had forgiven some debts to his acquaintance, only because they could not pay him; and had entrusted a bankrupt on his setting up a second time, from having been convinced that he had dealt in his bankruptcy with a fair and honest heart, and that he had broke through misfortune only, and not from neglect or imposture. He was withal so silly a fellow, that he never took the least advantage of the ignorance of his customers, and contented himself with very moderate gains on his goods; which he was the better enabled to do, notwithstanding his generosity, because his life was extremely temperate, his expences being solely confined to the cheerful entertainment of his friends at home, and now and then a moderate glass of wine, in which he indulged himself in the company of his wife, who, with an agreeable person, was a mean-spirited, poor, domestick, low-bred animal, who confined herself mostly to the care of her family, placed her happiness in her husband and her children, followed no expensive fashions or diversions, and indeed rarely went abroad, unless to return the visits of a few plain neighbours, and twice a year afforded herself, in company with her husband, the diversion of a play, where she never sat in a higher place than the pit.

To this silly woman did this silly fellow introduce the GREAT WILD, informing her at the same time of their school-acquaintance, and the many obligations he had received from him. This simple woman no sooner heard her husband had been obliged to her guest, than her eyes sparkled on him with a benevolence which is an emanation from the heart, and of which great and noble minds, whose hearts never swell but with an injury, can have no very adequate idea; it is therefore no wonder

that our hero should misconstrue, as he did, the poor, innocent, and simple affection of Mrs. Heartfree towards her husband's friend, for that great and generous passion, which fires the eyes of a modern heroine, when the colonel is so kind as to indulge his city creditor with partaking of his table to-day, and of his bed to-morrow. Wild therefore instantly returned the compliment, as he understood it, with his eyes; and presently after bestowed many encomiums on her beauty, with which perhaps she, who was a woman, though a good one, and misapprehended the design, was not displeased, any more than the husband.

When breakfast was ended, and the wife retired to her household affairs, Wild, who had a quick discernment into the weaknesses of men, and who, besides the knowledge of his good (or foolish) disposition when a boy, had now discovered several sparks of goodness, friendship, and generosity in his friend, began to discourse over the accidents which had happened in their childhood, and took frequent occasions of reminding him of those favours which we have before mentioned his having conferred on him; he then proceeded to the most vehement professions of friendship, and to the most ardent expressions of joy, in this renewal of their acquaintance. He at last told him, with great seeming pleasure, that he believed he had an opportunity of serving him by the recommendation of a gentleman to his custom, who was then on the brink of marriage; and, 'If he be not already engaged, I will,' says he, 'endeavour to prevail on him to furnish his lady with jewels at your shop.'

Heartfree was not backward in thanks to our hero; and, after many earnest solicitations to dinner, which were refused, they parted for the first time.

But here, as it occurs to our memory, that our readers may be surprized (an accident which sometimes happens in histories of this kind) how Mr. Wild the Elder, in his present capacity, should have been able to maintain his son at a reputable school, as this appears to have been, it may be necessary to inform him, that Mr. Wild himself was then a tradesman in good business; but, by misfortunes in the world, (to wit, extravagance and gam-

ing) he had reduced himself to that honourable occupation which we have formerly mentioned.

Having cleared up this doubt, we will now pursue our hero, who forthwith repaired to the count; and having first settled preliminary articles concerning distributions, he acquainted him with the scheme which he had formed against Heartfree; and after consulting proper methods to put it in execution, they began to concert measures for the enlargement of the count; on which the first, and indeed only point to be considered, was to raise money—not to pay his debts, (for that would have required an immense sum, and was contrary to his inclination or intention) but to procure him bail; for as to his escape, Mr. Snap had taken such precautions, that it appeared absolutely impossible.

CHAP. II.

GREAT EXAMPLES OF GREATNESS IN WILD, SHEWN AS WELL BY HIS BEHAVIOUR TO BAGSHOT, AS IN A SCHEME LAID FIRST TO IMPOSE ON HEARTFREE BY MEANS OF THE COUNT, AND THEN TO CHEAT THE COUNT OF THE BOOTY.

WILD undertook, therefore, to extract some money from Bagshot; who, notwithstanding the depredations made on him, had carried off a pretty considerable booty from their engagement at dice the preceding day. He found Mr. Bagshot in expectation of his bail; and, with a countenance full of concern, which he could at any time with wonderful art put on, told him, that all was discovered; that the count knew him, and intended to prosecute him for the robbery. ‘Had not I exerted,’ said he, ‘my utmost interest, and with great difficulty prevailed on him, in case you refund the money—’ ‘Refund the money!’ cried Bagshot, ‘that is in your power; for you know what an inconsiderable part of it fell to my share.’—‘How!’ replied Wild, ‘is this your gratitude to me for saving your life? For your own conscience must convince you of your guilt, and with how much certainty the gentleman can give evidence against you.’—‘Marry come

up,’ quoth Bagshot, ‘I believe my life alone will not be in danger! I know those who are as guilty as myself. Do you tell me of conscience?’—‘Yes, sirrah!’ answered our hero, taking him by the collar; ‘and since you dare threaten me, I will shew you the difference between committing a robbery, and conniving at it, which is all I can charge myself with. I own, indeed, I suspected, when you shewed me a sum of money, that you had not come honestly by it.’—‘How!’ says Bagshot, frightened out of one half of his wits, and amazed out of the other, ‘can you deny—’ ‘Yes, you rascal,’ answered Wild, ‘I do deny every thing; and do you find a witness to prove it: and, to shew you how little apprehensions I have of your power to hurt me, I will have you apprehended this moment.’ At which words he offered to break from him; but Bagshot laid hold of his skirts, and, with an altered tone and manner, begged him not to be so impatient. ‘Refund then, sirrah,’ cries Wild, ‘and perhaps I may take pity on you.’—‘What must I refund?’ answered Bagshot. ‘Every farthing in your pocket,’ replied Wild; ‘then I may have some compassion on you, and not only save your life, but, out of an excess of generosity, may return you something.’ At which words Bagshot seeming to hesitate, Wild pretended to make to the door, and rapt out an oath of vengeance with so violent an emphasis, that his friend no longer presumed to balance, but suffered Wild to search his pockets, and draw forth all he found, to the amount of twenty-one guineas and a half; which last piece our generous hero returned him again, telling him he might now sleep secure, but advised him for the future never to threaten his friends.

Thus did our hero execute the greatest exploits with the utmost ease imaginable, by means of those transcendent qualities which Nature had indulged him with, viz. a bold heart, a thundering voice, and a steady countenance.

Wild now returned to the count, and informed him that he had got ten guineas of Bagshot; for with great and commendable prudence he sunk the other eleven in his own pocket; and told him, with that money he would procure

cure him bail, which he after prevailed on his father and another gentleman of the same occupation to become for two guineas each; so that he made lawful prize of six more, making Bagshot debtor for the whole ten; for such were his great abilities, and so vast the compass of his understanding, that he never made any bargain without over-reaching (or, in the vulgar phrase, cheating) the person with whom he dealt.

The count being, by these means, enlarged, the first thing they did, in order to procure credit from tradesmen, was the taking a handsome house ready-furnished in one of the new streets; in which, as soon as the count was settled, they proceeded to furnish him with servants and equipage, and all the *insignia* of a large estate, proper to impose on poor Heartfree. These being all obtained, Wild made a second visit to his friend, and, with much joy in his countenance, acquainted him that he had succeeded in his endeavours, and that the gentleman had promised to deal with him for the jewels which he intended to present his bride, and which were designed to be very splendid and costly: he therefore appointed him to go to the count the next morning, and carry with him a set of the richest and most beautiful jewels he had; giving him at the same time some hints of the count's ignorance of that commodity, and that he might extort what price of him he pleased. But Heartfree told him, not without some disdain, that he scorned to take any such advantage; and, after expressing much gratitude to his friend for his recommendation, he promised to carry the jewels at the hour, and to the place appointed.

I am sensible that the reader, if he hath but the least notion of greatness, must have such a contempt for the extreme folly of this fellow, that he will be very little concerned at any misfortunes which may befall him in the sequel; for, to have no suspicion that an old school-fellow, with whom he had, in his tenderest years, contracted a friendship, and who, on the accidental renewing their acquaintance, had professed the most passionate regard for him, should be very ready to impose on him; in short, to conceive that a friend should, of his own accord, without any view to his own interest, en-

deavour to do him a service, must argue such weakness of mind, such ignorance of the world, and such an artless, simple, undesigning heart, as must render the person possessed of it the lowest creature, and the properest object of contempt imaginable, in the eyes of every man of understanding and discernment.

Wild remembered that his friend Heartfree's faults were rather in his heart than in his head; that though he was so mean a fellow, that he was never capable of laying a design to injure any human creature, yet was he by no means a fool, nor liable to any gross imposition, unless where his heart betrayed him. He therefore instructed the count to take only one of his jewels at the first interview, and to reject the rest as not fine enough, and order him to provide some richer. He said, this management would prevent Heartfree from expecting ready-money for the jewel he brought with him, which the count was presently to dispose of; and by means of that money, and his great abilities at cards and dice, to get together as large a sum as possible, which he was to pay down to Heartfree at the delivery of the set of jewels; who would be thus void of all manner of suspicion, and would not fail to give him credit for the residue.

By this contrivance it will appear in the sequel, that Wild did not only propose to make the imposition on Heartfree, who was (hitherto) void of all suspicion, more certain, but to rob the count himself of this sum. This double method of cheating the very tools who are our instruments to cheat others, is the superlative degree of greatness; and is probably as far as any spirit cruised over with clay can carry it, falling very little short of *diabolism* itself.

This method was immediately put in execution; and the count, the first day, took only a single brilliant, worth about three hundred pounds; and ordered a necklace, ear-rings, and solitaire, of the value of three thousand more, to be prepared by that day seven-night.

This interval was employed by Wild in prosecuting his scheme of raising a gang; in which he met with such success, that within a few days he had levied several bold and resolute fellows, fit for any enterprize, how dangerous or great soever.

We have before remarked, that the truest mark of greatness is insatiability. Wild had covenanted with the count to receive three-fourths of the booty; and had, at the same time, covenanted with himself to secure the other fourth part likewise, for which he had formed a very great and noble design; but he now saw with concern, that sum which was to be received in hand by Heartfree, in danger of being absolutely lost. In order, therefore, to possess himself of that likewise, he contrived that the jewels should be brought in the afternoon, and that Heartfree should be detained before the count could see him; so that the night should overtake him in his return, when two of his gang were ordered to attack and plunder him.

CHAP. III.

CONTAINING SCENES OF SOFTNESS, LOVE, AND HONOUR; ALL IN THE GREAT STYLE.

THE count had disposed of his jewel for its full value; and this he had, by dexterity, raised to a thousand pounds: this sum, therefore, he paid down to Heartfree, promising him the rest within a month. His house, his equipage, his appearance, but, above all, a certain plausibility in his voice and behaviour, would have deceived any, but one whose great and wise heart had dictated to him something within, which would have secured him from any danger of imposition from without. Heartfree, therefore, did not in the least scruple giving him credit; but as he had in reality procured those jewels of another, his own little stock not being able to furnish any thing so valuable, he begged the count would be so kind to give his note for the money, payable at the time he mentioned; which that gentleman did not in the least scruple: so he paid him the thousand pounds in specie, and gave his note for two thousand eight hundred pounds more to Heartfree, who burnt with gratitude to Wild for the noble customer he had recommended to him.

As soon as Heartfree was departed, Wild, who waited in another room, came in, and received the casket from the count; it having been agreed between them that this should be de-

posited in his hands, as he was the original contriver of the scheme, and was to have the largest share. Wild having received the casket, offered to meet the count late that evening to come to a division; but such was the latter's confidence in the honour of our hero, that, he said, if it was any inconvenience to him, the next morning would do altogether as well. This was more agreeable to Wild; and accordingly an appointment being made for that purpose, he set out in haste to pursue Heartfree to the place where the two gentlemen were ordered to meet and attack him. Those gentlemen, with noble resolution, executed their purpose; they attacked and spoiled the enemy of the whole sum he had received from the count.

As soon as the engagement was over, and Heartfree left sprawling on the ground, our hero, who wisely declined trusting the booty in his friend's hands, though he had good experience of their honour, made off after the conquerors: at length, they being all at a place of safety, Wild, according to a previous agreement, received nine-tenths of the booty; the subordinate heroes did indeed profess some little unwillingness (perhaps more than was strictly consistent with honour) to perform their contract; but Wild, partly by argument, but more by oaths and threatnings, prevailed with them to fulfil their promise.

Our hero having thus, with wonderful address, brought this great and glorious action to a happy conclusion, resolved to relax his mind, after his fatigue, in the conversation of the fair. He therefore set forwards to his lovely Lætitia; but in his way accidentally met with a young lady of his acquaintance, Miss Molly Straddle, who was taking the air in Bridges Street. Miss Molly seeing Mr. Wild, stopped him; and with a familiarity peculiar to a genteel town education, tapped, or rather slapped him on the back, and asked him to treat her with a pint of wine at a neighbouring tavern. The hero, though he loved the chaste Lætitia with excessive tenderness, was not of that low, snivelling breed of mortals, who, as it is generally expressed, *tie themselves to a woman's apron-strings*; in a word, who are tainted with that mean, base, low, vice, or virtue as it is called, of Con-

fancy;

stancy; therefore he immediately consented, and attended her to a tavern famous for excellent wine, known by the name of the Rummer and Horseshoe, where they retired to a room by themselves. Wild was very vehement in his addresses, but to no purpose: the young lady declared she would grant no favour till he had made her a present; this was immediately complied with, and the lover made as happy as he could desire.

The immoderate fondness which Wild entertained for his dear Lætitia, would not suffer him to waste any considerable time with Miss Straddle. Notwithstanding, therefore, all the endearments and caresses of that young lady, he soon made an excuse to go down stairs, and thence immediately set forward to Lætitia, without taking any formal leave of Miss Straddle, or indeed of the drawer, with whom the lady was afterwards obliged to come to an account for the reckoning.

Mr. Wild, on his arrival at Mr. Snap's, found only Miss Doshy at home; that young lady being employed alone, in imitation of Penelope, with her thread or worsted; only with this difference, that whereas Penelope unravelled by night what she had knit, or wove, or spun by day; so what our young heroine unravelled by day, she knit again by night. In short, she was mending a pair of blue stockings with red clocks; a circumstance which, perhaps, we might have omitted, had it not served to shew that there are still some ladies of this age who imitate the simplicity of the ancients.

Wild immediately asked for his beloved and was informed, that she was not at home. He then enquired, where she was to be found, and declared he would not depart till he had seen her, nay, not till he had married her; for, indeed, his passion for her was truly honourable; in other words, he had so ungovernable a desire for her person, that he would go any lengths to satisfy it. He then pulled out the casket, which he swore was full of the finest jewels, and that he would give them all to her, with other promises; which so prevailed on Miss Doshy, who had not the common failure of sisters in envying, and often endeavouring to disappoint each other's happiness, that she desired Mr. Wild to sit down a few

minutes, whilst she endeavoured to find her sister, and to bring her to him. The lover thanked her, and promised to stay till her return; and Miss Doshy, leaving Mr. Wild to his meditations, fastened him in the kitchen by barring the door (for most of the doors in this mansion were made to be bolted on the outside;) and then slapping-to the door of the house with great violence, without going out at it, she stole softly up stairs, where Miss Lætitia was engaged in close conference with Mr. Bagshot. Miss Letty, being informed by her sister in a whisper of what Mr. Wild had said, and what he had produced, told Mr. Bagshot, that a young lady was below to visit her, whom she would dispatch with all imaginable haste, and return to him. She desired him, therefore, to stay with patience for her in the mean time, and that she would leave the door unlocked, though her papa would never forgive her if he should discover it. Bagshot promised on his honour not to step without his chamber, and the two young ladies went softly down stairs; when pretending first to make their entry into the house, they repaired to the kitchen, where not even the presence of the chaste Lætitia could restore that harmony to the countenance of her lover, which Miss Theodosia had left him possessed of; for, during her absence, he had discovered the absence of a purse containing bank-notes for nine hundred pounds, which had been taken from Mr. Heartfree, and which, indeed, Miss Straddle had, in the warmth of his amorous caresses, unperceived drawn from him. However, as he had that perfect mastery of his temper, or rather of his muscles, which is as necessary to the forming a great character as to the personating it on the stage, he soon conveyed a smile into his countenance, and concealing as well his misfortune as his chagrin at it, began to pay honourable addresses to Miss Letty. This young lady, among many other good ingredients, had three very predominant passions; to wit, vanity, wantonness, and avarice. To satisfy the first of these, she applied Mr. Smirk and Co. to the second Mr. Bagshot and Co. and our hero had the honour and happiness of solely engrossing the third. Now, these three sorts of lovers she had very different ways of

entertaining. With the first, she was all gay and coquette; with the second, all fond and rampant; and with the last, all cold and reserved. She, therefore, told Mr. Wild, with a most composed aspect, that she was glad he had repented of his manner of treating her at their last interview, where his behaviour was so monstrous, that she had resolved never to see him any more; that she was afraid her own sex would hardly pardon her the weakness she was guilty of in receding from that resolution, which she was persuaded she never should have brought herself to, had not her sister, who was there to confirm what she said, (as she did with many oaths) betrayed her into his company, by pretending it was another person to visit her: but, however, as he now thought proper to give her more convincing proofs of his affections, (for he had now the casket in his hand) and since she perceived his designs were no longer against her virtue, but were such as a woman of honour might listen to, she must own—and then she feigned an hesitation; when Theodosia began, ‘Nay, sister, I am resolved you shall counterfeit no longer.—I assure you, Mr. Wild, she hath the most violent passion for you in the world—and, indeed, dear Tishy, if you offer to go back, since I plainly see Mr. Wild’s designs are honourable, I will betray all you have ever said.’—‘How, sister,’ answered Lætitia; ‘I protest you will drive me out of the room: I did not expect this usage from you.’ Wild then fell on his knees; and taking hold of her hand, repeated a speech which, as the reader may easily suggest it to himself, I shall not here set down. He then offered her the casket, but she gently rejected it; and on a second offer, with a modest countenance and voice, desired to know what it contained. Wild then opened it, and took forth (with sorrow I write it, and with sorrow will it be read) one of those beautiful necklaces, with which, at the fair of Bartholomew, they deck the well-bewhitened neck of Thalestris Queen of Amazons, Anna Bullen, Queen Elizabeth, or some other high princess in drollick story. It was, indeed, composed of that paste, which Derdæus Magnus, an ingenious toyman, doth at a very moderate price dispense of to the second-rate beaux of

the metropolis. For, to open a truth, which we ask our reader’s pardon for having concealed from him so long, the sagacious count, wisely fearing lest some accident might prevent Mr. Wild’s return at the appointed time, had carefully conveyed the jewels which Mr. Heartfree had brought with him, into his own pocket; and in their stead had placed in the casket these artificial stones, which, though of equal value to a philosopher, and perhaps of a much greater to a true admirer of the compositions of art, had not, however, the same charms in the eyes of Miss Letty, who had indeed some knowledge of jewels; for Mr. Snap, with great reason, considering how valuable a part of a lady’s education it would be to be well instructed in these things, in an age when young ladies learn little more than how to dress themselves, had in her youth placed Miss Letty as the handmaid (or house-maid, as the vulgar call it) of an eminent pawn-broker. The lightning, therefore, which should have flashed from the jewels, flashed from her eyes, and thunder immediately followed from her voice. She beknaved, be-rascalled, be-rogued the unhappy hero, who stood silent, confounded with astonishment, but more with shame and indignation, at being thus out-witted and over reached. At length, he recovered his spirits, and throwing down the casket in a rage, he snatched the key from the table; and without making any answer to the ladies, who both very plentifully opened upon him, and without taking any leave of them, he flew out at the door, and repaired with the utmost expedition to the count’s habitation.

C H A P. IV.

IN WHICH WILD, AFTER MANY FRUITLESS ENDEAVOURS TO DISCOVER HIS FRIEND, MORALIZES ON HIS MISFORTUNE IN A SPEECH, WHICH MAY BE OF USE (IF RIGHTLY UNDERSTOOD) TO SOME OTHER CONSIDERABLE SPEECH-MAKERS.

NOT the highest-fed footman of the highest-bred woman of quality knocks with more impetuosity, than Wild did at the count’s door, which

which was immediately opened by a well-dressed liveryman, who answered that his master was not at home. Wild, not satisfied with this, searched the house, but to no purpose; he then ransacked all the gaming-houses in town, but found no count: indeed, that gentleman had taken leave of his house the same instant Mr. Wild had turned his back; and equipping himself with boots and a post-horse, without taking with him either servant, cloaths, or any necessaries for the journey of a great man, made such mighty expedition, that he was now upwards of twenty miles on his way to Dover.

WILD, finding his search ineffectual, resolved to give it over for that night: he then retired to his seat of contemplation, a night-cellar; where, without a single farthing in his pocket, he called for a sneaker of punch, and, placing himself on a bench by himself, he softly vented the following soliloquy.

‘How vain is human GREATNESS!
 ‘What avail superior abilities, and
 ‘a noble defiance of those narrow
 ‘rules and bounds which confine the
 ‘vulgar; when our best-concerted
 ‘schemes are liable to be defeated!
 ‘How unhappy is the state of PRIG-
 ‘GISM! How impossible for human
 ‘prudence to foresee and guard against
 ‘every circumvention! It is even as
 ‘a game of Chess; where, while the
 ‘rook, or knight, or bishop, is busied
 ‘in forecasting some great enterprize,
 ‘a worthless pawn interposes, and
 ‘disconcerts his scheme. Better had
 ‘it been for me to have observed the
 ‘simple laws of friendship and mora-
 ‘lity, than thus to ruin my friend for
 ‘the benefit of others. I might have
 ‘commanded his purse to any degree
 ‘of moderation; I have now disabled
 ‘him from the power of serving me.
 ‘Well! but that was not my design.
 ‘If I cannot arraign my own conduct,
 ‘why should I, like a woman or a
 ‘child, sit down and lament the dis-
 ‘appointment of chance?—But can I
 ‘acquit myself of all neglect? Did I
 ‘not misbehave in putting it into the
 ‘power of others to outwit me?—But
 ‘that is impossible to be avoided. In
 ‘this a *prig* is more unhappy than any
 ‘other; a cautious man may, in a
 ‘crowd, preserve his own pockets, by
 ‘keeping his hands in them; but

‘while the *prig* employs his hands
 ‘in another’s pocket, how shall he be
 ‘able to defend his own? Indeed, in
 ‘this light, what can be imagined
 ‘more miserable than a *prig*? How
 ‘dangerous are his acquisitions! how
 ‘unsafe, how unquiet his possessions!
 ‘Why, then, should any man wish to
 ‘be a *prig*, or where is his greatness?
 ‘I answer, in his mind. ’Tis the
 ‘inward glory, the secret conscio-
 ‘ness of doing great and wonderful
 ‘actions, which can alone support
 ‘the truly GREAT man, whether he
 ‘be a CONQUEROR, a TYRANT, a
 ‘STATESMAN, or a PRIG. These
 ‘must bear him up against the private
 ‘curse and publick imprecation; and
 ‘while he is hated and detested by all
 ‘mankind, must make him inwardly
 ‘satisfied with himself. For what
 ‘but some such inward satisfaction
 ‘as this could inspire men possessed of
 ‘power, of wealth, of every human
 ‘blessing, which pride, avarice, or
 ‘luxury could desire, to forsake their
 ‘homes, abandon ease and repose, and
 ‘at the expence of riches and pleasures,
 ‘at the price of labour and hardship,
 ‘and at the hazard of all that Fortune
 ‘hath liberally given them, could send
 ‘them, at the head of a multitude of
 ‘*prigs*, called an army, to molest
 ‘their neighbours; to introduce rape,
 ‘rapine, bloodshed, and every kind
 ‘of misery, among their own species?
 ‘What but some such glorious appe-
 ‘tite of mind could inflame princes,
 ‘endowed with the greatest honours,
 ‘and enriched with the most plentiful
 ‘revenues, to desire maliciously to rob
 ‘those subjects of their liberties, who
 ‘are content to sweat for the luxury,
 ‘and to bow down their knees to the
 ‘pride of those very princes? What
 ‘but this can inspire them to destroy
 ‘one half of their subjects, in order to
 ‘reduce the rest to an absolute de-
 ‘pendance on their own wills, and
 ‘on those of their brutal successors?
 ‘What other motive could seduce a
 ‘subject possessed of great property in
 ‘his community, to betray the interest
 ‘of his fellow-subjects, of his breth-
 ‘ren, and his posterity, to the wanton
 ‘disposition of such princes? Lastly,
 ‘what less inducement could persuade
 ‘the *prig* to forsake the methods of
 ‘acquiring a safe, an honest, and a
 ‘plentiful livelihood, and, at the ha-
 ‘zard

'zard of even life itself, and what is
'mistakenly called dishonour, to break
'openly and bravely through the laws
'of his country, for uncertain, un-
'steady, and unsafe gain? Let me
'then hold myself contented with this
'reflection, that I have been wise,
'though unsuccessful; and am a
'GREAT, though an unhappy man.'

His soliloquy and his punch con-
cluded together; for he had at every
pause comforted himself with a sip.
And now it came first into his head,
that it would be more difficult to pay
for it, than it was to swallow it;
when, to his great pleasure, he beheld,
at another corner of the room, one of
the gentlemen whom he had employed
in the attack on Heartfree, and who,
he doubted not, would readily lend
him a guinea or two; but he had the
mortification, on applying to him, to
hear that the gaming-table had stript
him of all the booty which his own
generosity had left in his possession.
He was therefore obliged to pursue
his usual method on such occasions;
so, cocking his hat fiercely, he march-
ed out of the room without making
any excuse, or any one daring to make
the least demand.

CH. A. P. V.
CONTAINING MANY SURPRIZING
ADVENTURES, WHICH OUR HE-
RO, WITH GREAT GREATNESS,
HATH ACHIEVED.

WE will now leave our hero to
take a short repose, and return
to Mr. Snap's; where, at Wild's de-
parture, the fair Theodosia had again
betaken herself to her stockings, and
Miss Letty had retired up stairs to Mr.
Bagshot: but that gentleman had
broken his parole, and having con-
veyed himself below stairs behind a
door, he took the opportunity of
Wild's fall to make his escape. We
shall only observe, that Miss Letty's
surprize was the greater, as she had,
notwithstanding her promise to the
contrary, taken the precaution to turn
the key; but, in her hurry, she did it
ineffectually. How wretched must have
been the situation of this young crea-
ture, who had not only lost a lover,
on whom her tender heart perfectly

doated, but was exposed to the rage of
an injured father, tenderly jealous of
his honour, which was deeply engaged
to the sheriff of London and Middle-
sex for the safe custody of the said
Bagshot, and for which two very good
responsible friends had given not only
their words but their bonds.

But let us remove our eyes from
this melancholy object, and survey
our hero; who, after a successless
search for Miss Straddle, with won-
derful greatness of mind, and steady-
ness of countenance, went early in the
morning to visit his friend Heartfree,
at a time when the common herd of
friends would have forsaken and avoid-
ed him. He entered the room with
a chearful air, which he presently
changed into surprize on seeing his
friend in a night-gown, with his
wounded head bound about with li-
nen, and looking extremely pale from
a great profusion of blood. When
Wild was informed by Heartfree what
had happened, he first expressed great
sorrow, and afterwards suffered as vi-
olent agonies of rage against the rob-
bers to burst from him. Heartfree,
in compassion to the deep impressions
his misfortune seemed to make on his
friend, endeavoured to lessen it as
much as possible, at the same time ex-
aggerating the obligation he owed to
Wild, in which his wife likewise se-
conded him; and they breakfasted
with more comfort than was reasonably
to be expected after such an accident.
Heartfree expressing great satisfaction
that he had put the count's note in
another pocket-book; adding, that
such a loss would have been fatal to
him: 'for, to confess the truth to you,
'my dear friend,' said he, 'I have
'had some losses lately which have
'greatly perplexed my affairs; and
'though I have many debts due to
'me from people of great fashion, I
'assure you, I know not where to be
'certain of getting a shilling.' Wild
greatly felicitated him on the lucky ac-
cident of preserving his note; and then
proceeded, with much acrimony, to
inveigh against the barbarity of people
of fashion, who kept tradesmen out of
their money.

While they amused themselves with
discourses of this kind, Wild me-
ditating within himself, whether he
should borrow or steal from his friend,
(or,

(or, indeed, whether he could not effect both) the apprentice brought a bank-note of 500*l.* in to Heartfree ; which, he said, a gentlewoman in the shop, who had been looking at some jewels, desired him to exchange. Heartfree looking at the number, immediately recollected it to be one of those he had been robbed of. With this discovery he acquainted Wild ; who, with the notable presence of mind, and unchanged complexion, so essential to a great character, advised him to proceed cautiously ; and offered (as Mr. Heartfree himself was, he said, too much flustered to examine the woman with sufficient art) to take her into a room in his house alone. He would, he said, personate the master of the shop, would pretend to shew her some jewels, and would undertake to get sufficient information out of her to secure the rogues, and most probably all their booty. This proposal was readily and thankfully accepted by Heartfree. Wild went immediately up stairs into the room appointed, whither the apprentice, according to appointment, conducted the lady.

The apprentice was ordered down stairs the moment the lady entered the room ; and Wild having shut the door, approached her with great ferocity in his looks, and began to expatiate on the complicated baseness of the crime she had been guilty of ; but though he uttered many good lessons of morality, as we doubt whether from a particular reason they may work any very good effect on our reader, we shall omit his speech, and only mention his conclusion, which was by asking her, what mercy she could now expect from him. Miss Straddle, (for that was the young lady) who had had a good education, and had been more than once present at the Old Bailey, very confidently denied the whole charge, and said, she had received the note from a friend. Wild then raising his voice, told her, she should be immediately committed, and she might depend on being convicted ; ‘ But,’ added he, changing his tone, ‘ as I have a violent affection for thee, my dear Straddle ! if you will follow my advice, I promise you, on my honour, to forgive you, nor shall you be ever called in question on this account. — ‘ Why, what would you

‘ have me to do, Mr. Wild ?’ replied the young lady, with a pleasanter aspect. ‘ You must know, then,’ said Wild, ‘ the money you picked out of my pocket, (nay, by G—d you did, and if you offer to flinch, you shall be convicted of it) I won at play of a fellow, who, it seems, robbed my friend of it ; you must, therefore, give an information on oath against one Thomas Fierce, and say that you received the note from him, and leave the rest to me. I am certain, Molly, you must be sensible of your obligations to me, who return good for evil to you in this manner.’ The lady readily consented, and advanced to embrace Mr. Wild ; who stepped a little back, and cried, ‘ Hold, Molly ! there are two other notes of 200*l.* each, to be accounted for ; where are they ?’ The lady protested with the most solemn asseverations that she knew of no more ; with which, when Wild was not satisfied, she cried, ‘ I will stand search.’ — ‘ That you shall,’ answered Wild, ‘ and stand strip too.’ He then proceeded to tumble and search her, but to no purpose ; till at last she burst into tears, and declared she would tell the truth, (as indeed she did :) she then confessed, that she had disposed of the one to Jack Swagger, a great favourite of the ladies, being an Irish gentleman, who had been bred clerk to an attorney, afterwards whipt out of a regiment of dragoons, and was then a Newgate-solicitor, and a bawdy-house bully ; and as, for the other, she had laid it all out that very morning in brocaded silks and Flanders lace. With this account Wild, who indeed knew it to be a very probable one, was forced to be contented ; and now abandoning all farther thoughts of what he saw was irretrievably lost, he gave the lady some farther instruction, and then desiring her to stay a few minutes behind him, he returned to his friend, and acquainted him that he had discovered the whole roguery ; that the woman had confessed from whom she had received the note, and promised to give an information before a justice of peace ; adding, he was concerned he could not attend him thither, being obliged to go to the other end of the town to receive thirty pounds, which he was to pay that evening. Heartfree said,

said, that should not prevent him of his company, for he could easily lend him such a trifle. This was accordingly done and accepted, and Wild, Heart-free, and the lady, went to the justice together.

The warrant being granted, and the constable being acquainted by the lady, who received her information from Wild, of Mr. Fierce's haunts, he was easily apprehended; and, being confronted with Miss Straddle, who swore positively to him, though she had never seen him before, he was committed to Newgate, where he immediately conveyed an information to Wild of what had happened, and in the evening received a visit from him.

Wild affected great concern for his friend's misfortune, and as great surprise at the means by which it was brought about. However, he told Fierce that he must certainly be mistaken in that point, of his having had no acquaintance with Miss Straddle: but added, that he would find her out, and endeavour to take off her evidence; which, he observed, did not come home enough to endanger him; besides, he would secure him witnesses of an *alibi*, and five or six to his character; so that he need be under no apprehension, for his confinement till the sessions would be his only punishment.

Fierce, who was greatly comforted by these assurances of his friend, returned him many thanks; and both shaking each other very earnestly by the hand, with a very hearty embrace they separated.

The hero considered with himself that the single evidence of Miss Straddle would not be sufficient to convict Fierce, whom he resolved to hang, as he was the person who had principally refused to deliver him the stipulated share of the booty; he therefore went in quest of Mr. James Sly, the gentleman who had assisted in the exploit, and found and acquainted him with the apprehending of Fierce. Wild then intimating his fear lest Fierce should impeach Sly, advised him to be beforehand, to surrender himself to a justice of peace, and offer himself as an evidence. Sly approved Mr. Wild's opinion, went directly to a magistrate, and was by him committed to the Gatehouse, with a promise of being admitted evidence against his companion.

Fierce was, in a few days, brought to his trial at the Old Bailey; where, to his great confusion, his old friend Sly appeared against him, as did Miss Straddle. His only hopes were now in the assistances which our hero had promised him. These unhappily failed him: so that the evidence being plain against him, and he making no defence, the jury convicted him, the court condemned him, and Mr. Ketch executed him.

With such infinite address did this truly great man know to play with the passions of men, to set them at variance with each other, and to work his own purposes out of those jealousies and apprehensions, which he was wonderfully ready at creating by means of those great arts, which the vulgar call treachery, dissembling, promising, lying, falsehood, &c. but which are by great men summed up in the collective name of policy, or politicks, or rather *politricks*; an art of which, as it is the highest excellence of human nature, perhaps our great man was the most eminent master.

CHAP. VI.

OF HATS.

WILD had now got together a very considerable gang, composed of undone gamesters, ruined bailiffs, broken tradesmen, idle apprentices, attornies clerks, and loose and disorderly youth, who being born to no fortune, nor bred to any trade or profession, were willing to live luxuriously without labour. As these persons wore different *principles*, i. e. *hats*, frequent dissensions grew among them. There were particularly two parties, viz. those who wore hats *fiercely* cocked, and those who preferred the *nab* or trencher-hat, with the brim flapping over their eyes. The former were called *Cavaliers* and *Tory rory Ranter Boys*, &c. the latter went by the several names of *Wags*, *Round-heads*, *Shake-bags*, *Old-Nolls*, and several others. Between these continual jars arose; insomuch that they grew in time to think there was something essential in their differences, and that their interests were incompatible with each other; whereas, in truth, the difference lay only in the fashion of their hats. Wild, therefore, having assembled

assembled them all at an alehouse on the night after Fierce's execution; and perceiving evident marks of their misunderstanding, from their behaviour to each other, addressed them in the following gentle, but forcible manner*:
 'Gentlemen, I am ashamed to see men embarked in so great and glorious an undertaking as that of robbing the publick, so foolishly and weakly dissenting among themselves. Do you think the first inventors of hats, or at least of the distinctions between them, really conceived that one form of hats should inspire a man with divinity, another with law, another with learning, or another with bravery? No, they meant no more by these outward signs than to impose on the vulgar, and instead of putting great men to the trouble of acquiring or maintaining the substance, to make it sufficient that they condescend to wear the type or shadow of it. You do wisely, therefore, when in a crowd, to amuse the mob by quarrels on such accounts, that while they are listening to your jargon, you may with the greater ease and safety pick their pockets: but surely to be in earnest, and privately to keep up such a ridiculous contention among yourselves, must argue the highest folly and absurdity. When you know you are all *prigs*, what difference can a broad or a narrow brim create? Is a *prig* less a *prig* in one hat than in another? If the publick should be weak enough to interest themselves in your quarrels, and to prefer one pack to the other, while both are aiming at their purses, it is your business to laugh at, not imitate their folly. What can

'be more ridiculous than for gentlemen to quarrel about hats, when there is not one among you whose hat is worth a farthing? What is the use of a hat, farther than to keep the head warm, or to hide a bald crown from the publick? It is the mark of a gentleman to move his hat on every occasion; and in courts and noble assemblies no man ever wears one. Let me hear no more, therefore, of this childish disagreement, but all toss up your hats together with one accord, and consider that hat as the best, which will contain the largest booty.' He thus ended his speech, which was followed by a murmuring applause, and immediately all present tossed their hats together as he had commanded them.

C H A P. VII.

SHEWING THE CONSEQUENCES WHICH ATTENDED HEARTFREE'S ADVENTURES WITH WILD; ALL NATURAL AND COMMON ENOUGH TO LITTLE WRETCHES WHO DEAL WITH GREAT MEN; TOGETHER WITH SOME PRECEDENTS OF LETTERS, BEING THE DIFFERENT METHODS OF ANSWERING A DUN.

LET us now return to Heartfree, to whom the count's note, which he had paid away, was returned, with an account that the drawer was not to be found; and that, on enquiring after him, they had heard he was run away, and consequently the money was now demanded of the indorser. The ap-

* There is something very mysterious in this speech, which probably that chapter written by Aristotle on this subject, which is mentioned by a French author, might have given some light into; but that is unhappily among the lost works of that philosopher. It is remarkable, that *galerus*, which is Latin for a *bat*, signifies likewise a dogfish, as the Greek word *Kvtr* doth the skin of that animal; of which I suppose the hats or helmets of the ancients were composed, as ours at present are of the beaver and rabbit. Sophocles, in the latter end of his *Ajax*, alludes to a method of cheating in hats; and the Scholiast on the place tells us of one Crephontes, who was a master of the art. It is observable likewise, that Achilles, in the first *Iliad* of Homer, tells Agamemnon in anger, that he had dog's eyes. Now, as the eyes of a dog are handsomer than those of almost any other animal, this could be no term of reproach. He must therefore mean that he had a hat on, which, perhaps, from the creature it was made of, or from some other reason, might have been a mark of infamy. This superstitious opinion may account for that custom, which hath descended through all nations, of shewing respect by pulling off this covering; and that no man is esteemed fit to converse with his superiors with it on. I shall conclude this learned note with remarking, that the term *old bat* is at present used by the vulgar in no very honourable sense.

prehenſion of ſuch a loſs would have affected any man of buſineſs, but much more one whoſe unavoidable ruin it muſt prove. He expreſſed ſo much concern and confuſion on this occaſion, that the proprietor of the note was frightened, and reſolved to loſe no time in ſecuring what he could. So that in the afternoon of the ſame day, Mr. Snap was commiſſioned to pay Heartfree a viſit; which he did with his uſual formality, and conveyed him to his own houſe.

Mrs. Heartfree was no ſooner informed of what had happened to her huſband, than ſhe raved like one diſtracted; but after ſhe had vented the firſt agonies of her paſſion in tears and lamentations, ſhe applied herſelf to all poſſible means to procure her huſband's liberty. She haſtened to beg her neighbours to ſecure bail for him. But as the news had arrived at their houſes before her, ſhe found none of them at home, except an honeſt Quaker, whoſe ſervants durſt not tell a lye. However, ſhe ſucceeded no better with him; for, unluckily, he had made an affirmation the day before, that he would never be bail for any man. After many fruitleſs efforts of this kind, ſhe repaired to her huſband to comfort him, at leaſt with her preſence. She found him ſealing the laſt of ſeveral letters, which he was diſpatching to his friends and creditors. The moment he ſaw her, a ſudden joy ſparkled in his eyes, which, however, had a very ſhort duration; for deſpair ſoon cloſed them again: nor could he help burſting into ſome paſſionate expreſſions of concern for her and his little family; which ſhe, on her part, did her utmoſt to leſſen, by endeavouring to mitigate the loſs, and to raiſe in him hopes from the count, who might, ſhe ſaid, be poſſibly only gone into the country. She comforted him likewise, with the expectation of favour from his acquaintance, eſpecially from thoſe whom he had in a particular manner obliged and ſerved. Laſtly, ſhe conjured him, by all the value and eſteem he profeſſed for her, not to endanger his health, on which alone depended her happineſs, by too great an indulgence of grief; aſſuring him, that no ſtate of life could appear unhappy to her with him, unleſs his own ſorrow or diſcontent made it ſo.

In this manner did this weak, poſtſpirited woman attempt to relieve her huſband's pains, which it would have rather become her to aggravate, by not only painting out his miſery in the liveliſt colours imaginable, but by upbraiding him with that folly and confidence which had occaſioned it, and by lamenting her own hard fate, in being obliged to ſhare his ſufferings.

Heartfree returned this goodneſs (as it is called) of his wife, with the warmeſt gratitude; and they paſſed an hour in a ſcene of tenderneſs, too low and contemptible to be recounted to our *great* readers. We ſhall therefore omit all ſuch relations, as they tend only to make human nature low and ridiculous.

Thoſe meſſengers who had obtained any answers to his letters now returned. We ſhall here copy a few of them, as they may ſerve for precedents to others who have an occaſion, which happens commonly enough in genteel life, to answer the impertinence of a dun.

LETTER I.

‘MR. HEARTFREE,

‘MY lord commands me to tell you, ‘he is very much ſurprized at your ‘aſſurance in aſking for money, which ‘you know hath been ſo little while ‘due; however, as he intends to deal ‘no longer at your ſhop, he hath ordered me to pay you as ſoon as I ‘ſhall have caſh in hand; which, conſidering many diſburſements for bills ‘long due, &c. cannot poſſibly promiſe any time, &c. at preſent. And ‘am your humble ſervant,

‘ROGER MORECRAFT.’

LETTER II.

‘DEAR SIR,

‘THE money, as you truly ſay, ‘hath been three years due; but, ‘upon my ſoul, I am at preſent incapable of paying a farthing: but as I ‘doubt not, very ſhortly, not only to ‘content that ſmall bill, but likewise ‘to lay out very conſiderable farther ‘ſums at your houſe, hope you will ‘meet with no inconvenience by this
short

‘short delay in, dear Sir, your most
‘sincere humble servant,

‘CHA. COURTLY.’

LETTER III.

‘MR. HEARTFREE,

‘I Beg you will not acquaint my husband of the trifling debt between us; for as I know you to be a very good-natured man, I will trust you with a secret—he gave me the money long since, to discharge it, which I had the ill luck to lose at play. You may be assured I will satisfy you the first opportunity; and am, Sir, your very humble servant,

‘CATH. RUBBERS.

‘Please to present my compliments
‘to Mrs. Heartfree.’

LETTER IV.

‘MR. THO. HEARTFREE, SIR,

‘YOURS received; but as to sum mentioned therein, doth not suit at present. Your humble servant,

‘PETER POUNCE.’

LETTER V.

SIR,

‘I Am sincerely sorry it is not at present possible for me to comply with your request, especially after so many obligations received on my side, of which I shall always entertain the most grateful memory. I am very greatly concerned at your misfortunes, and would have waited upon you in person, but am not at present very well; and besides, am obliged to go this evening to Vauxhall. I am, Sir, your most obliged humble servant,

‘CHA. EASY.

‘P. S. I hope good Mrs. Heartfree and the dear little ones are well.’

There were more letters to much the same purpose; but we proposed giving our reader a taste only. Of all these, the last was infinitely the most grating

to poor Heartfree, as it came from one to whom, when in distress, he had himself lent a considerable sum, and of whose present flourishing circumstances he was well assured.

CHAP. VIII.

IN WHICH OUR HERO CARRIES GREATNESS TO AN IMMODERATE HEIGHT.

LET us remove, therefore, as fast as we can, this detestable picture of ingratitude, and present the much more agreeable portrait of that assurance to which the French very properly annex the epithet of *good*. Heartfree had scarce done reading his letters, when our hero appeared before his eyes; not with that aspect with which a pitiful parson meets his patron, after having opposed him at an election, or which a doctor wears, when sneaking away from a door where he is informed of his patient's death; not with that down-cast countenance which betrays the man, who, after a strong conflict between virtue and vice, hath surrendered his mind to the latter, and is discovered in his first treachery; but with that noble, bold, great confidence, with which a prime-minister assures his dependents, that the place he promised him was disposed of before. And such concern and uneasiness as he expresses in his looks on these occasions, did Wild testify on the first meeting of his friend. And as the said prime-minister chides you for neglect of your interest, in not having asked in time, so did our hero attack Heartfree for his giving credit to the count; and, without suffering him to make any answer, proceeded in a torrent of words to overwhelm him with abuse; which, however friendly his intention might be, was scarce to be outdone by an enemy. By these means Heartfree, who might perhaps otherwise have vented some little concern for that recommendation which Wild had given him to the count, was totally prevented from any such endeavour, and, like an invading prince, when attacked in his own dominions, forced to recal his whole strength to defend himself at home. This, indeed, he did so well, by insisting on the figure and outward appearance of the

count and his equipage, that Wild at length grew a little more gentle, and with a sigh said, 'I confess I have the least reason of all mankind to censure another for an imprudence of this nature, as I am myself the most easy to be imposed upon, and indeed have been so by this count, who, if he be insolvent, hath cheated me of five hundred pounds. But, for my own part,' said he, 'I will not yet despair, nor would I have you. Many men have found it convenient to retire, or abscond for a while, and afterwards have paid their debts, or at least handsomely compounded them. This I am certain of, should a composition take place, which is the worst I think that can be apprehended, I shall be the only loser; for I shall think myself obliged in honour to repair your loss, even though you must confess it was principally owing to your own folly. Z——ds! had I imagined it necessary, I would have cautioned you; but I thought the part of the town where he lived sufficient caution not to trust him—and such a sum!—the devil must have been in you, certainly!'

This was a degree of impudence beyond poor Mrs. Heartfree's imagination. Though she had before vented the most violent execrations on Wild, she was now thoroughly satisfied of his innocence, and begged him not to insist any longer on what he perceived so deeply affected her husband. She said, trade could not be carried on without credit, and surely he was sufficiently justified in giving it to such a person as the count appeared to be. Besides, she said, reflections on what was past and irretrievable would be of little service; that their present business was to consider how to prevent the evil consequences which threatened, and first to endeavour to procure her husband his liberty. 'Why doth he not procure bail?' said Wild. 'Alas, Sir!' said she, 'we have applied to many of our acquaintance in vain; we have met with excuses even where we could least expect them.'—'Not bail!' answered Wild, in a passion; 'he shall have bail, if there is any in the world. It is now very late, but trust me to procure him bail to-morrow morning.'

Mrs. Heartfree received these professions with tears, and told Wild he was

a friend indeed. She then proposed to stay that evening with her husband; but he would not permit her, on account of his little family, whom he would not agree to trust to the care of servants in this time of confusion.

A hackney-coach was then sent for, but without success; for these, like hackney-friends, always offer themselves in the sun-shine, but are never to be found when you want them. And as for a chair, Mr. Snap lived in a part of the town which chairmen very little frequent. The good woman was, therefore, obliged to walk home, whither the gallant Wild offered to attend her as a protector. This favour was thankfully accepted, and the husband and wife having taken a tender leave of each other, the former was locked in, and the latter locked out, by the hands of Mr. Snap himself.

As this visit of Mr. Wild's to Heartfree may seem one of those passages in history, which writers, Drawcansir-like, introduce only *because they dare*; indeed, as it may seem somewhat contradictory to the greatness of our hero, and may tend to blemish his character with an imputation of that kind of friendship, which savours too much of weakness and imprudence; it may be necessary to account for this visit, especially to our more sagacious readers, whose satisfaction we shall always consult in the most especial manner. They are to know, then, that at the first interview with Mrs. Heartfree, Mr. Wild had conceived that passion, or affection, or friendship, or desire, for that handsome creature, which the gentlemen of this our age agree to call LOVE; and which is, indeed, no other than that kind of affection which, after the exercise of the Dominical day is over, a lusty divine is apt to conceive for the well-dressed surloin or handsome buttock, which the well-edified squire, in gratitude, sets before him, and which, so violent is his love, he devours in imagination the moment he sees it. Not less ardent was the hungry passion of our hero; who, from the moment he had cast his eyes on that charming dish, had cast about in his mind by what method he might come at it. This, as he perceived, might most easily be effected after the ruin of Heartfree; which, for other considerations, he had intended; so he postponed all endeavours for this pur-

Pose till he had first effected what, by order of time, was regularly to precede this latter design: with such regularity did this our hero conduct all his schemes, and so truly superior was he to all the efforts of passion, which so often disconcert and disappoint the noblest views of others.

CHAP. IX.

MORE GREATNESS IN WILD. A LOW SCENE BETWEEN MRS. HEARTFREE AND HER CHILDREN, AND A SCHEME OF OUR HERO, WORTHY THE HIGHEST ADMIRATION, AND EVEN ASTONISHMENT.

WHEN first Wild conducted his flame (or rather his dish, to continue our metaphor) from the proprietor, he had projected a design of conveying her to one of those eating-houses in Covent-Garden, where female flesh is deliciously dressed, and served up to the greedy appetites of young gentlemen; but fearing lest she should not come readily enough into his wishes, and that, by too eager and hasty pursuit, he should frustrate his future expectations, and luckily at the same time a noble hint suggesting itself to him, by which he might almost inevitably secure his pleasure, together with his profit, he contented himself with waiting on Mrs. Heartfree home; and, after many protestations of friendship and service to her husband, took his leave, and promised to visit her early in the morning, and to conduct her back to Mr. Snap's.

Wild now retired to a night-cellar, where he found several of his acquaintance, with whom he spent the remaining part of the night in revelling; nor did the least compassion for Heartfree's misfortunes disturb the pleasure of his cups. So truly great was his soul, that it was absolutely composed, save that an apprehension of Miss Tishy's making some discovery (as she was then in no good temper towards him) a little ruffled and disquieted the perfect serenity he would otherwise have enjoyed. As he had, therefore, no opportunity of seeing her that evening, he wrote her a letter full of ten thousand protestations of honourable love, and

(which he more depended on) containing as many promises, in order to bring the young lady into good-humour, without acquainting her in the least with his suspicion, or giving her any caution: for it was his constant maxim, Never to put it into any one's head to do you a mischief, by acquainting him that it is in his power.

We must now return to Mrs. Heartfree, who passed a sleepless night in as great agonies and horror for the absence of her husband, as a fine well-bred woman would feel at the return of her's from a long voyage or journey. In the morning, the children being brought to her, the eldest asked where dear papa was. At which she could not refrain from bursting into tears. The child perceiving it, said, 'Don't cry, mamma; I am sure papa would not stay abroad if he could help it!' At these words she caught the child in her arms; and throwing herself into the chair, in an agony of passion, cried out, 'No, my child, nor shall all the malice of hell keep us long asunder!'

These are circumstances which we should not, for the amusement of six or seven readers only, have inserted, had they not served to shew, that there are weaknesses in vulgar life, to which great minds are so entirely strangers, that they have not even an idea of them; and, secondly, by exposing the folly of this low creature, to set off and elevate that greatness of which we endeavour to draw a true portrait in this history.

Wild entering the room, found the mother with one child in her arms, and the other at her knee. After paying her his compliments, he desired her to dismiss the children and servant, for that he had something of the greatest moment to impart to her.

She immediately complied with his request; and, the door being shut, asked him with great eagerness, if he had succeeded in his intentions of procuring the bail. He answered, he had not endeavoured at it yet; for a scheme had entered into his head, by which she might certainly preserve her husband, herself, and her family. In order to which he advised her instantly to remove with the most valuable jewels she had to Holland, before any statute of bankruptcy issued to prevent her; that he would himself attend her thither, and place her in safety, and then return

turn to deliver her husband, who would be thus easily able to satisfy his creditors. He added, that he was that instant come from Mr. Snap's, where he had communicated the scheme to Heartfree; who had greatly approved of it, and desired her to put it in execution without delay; concluding, that a moment was not to be lost.

The mention of her husband's approbation left no doubt in this poor woman's breast; she only desired a moment's time to pay him a visit, in order to take her leave. But Wild peremptorily refused: he said, by every moment's delay she risked the ruin of her family; that she would be absent only a few days from him; for that the moment he had lodged her safe in Holland, he would return, procure her husband his liberty, and bring him to her. 'I have been the unfortunate, the innocent cause, of all my dear Tom's calamity, Madam,' said he; 'and I will perish with him, or see him out of it.' Mrs. Heartfree overflowed with acknowledgments of his goodness; but still begged for the shortest interview with her husband. Wild declared, that a minute's delay might be fatal; and added, though with the voice of sorrow rather than of anger, that if she had not resolution enough to execute the commands he brought her from her husband, his ruin would lie at her door; and, for his own part, he must give up any farther meddling in his affairs.

She then proposed to take her children with her; but Wild would not permit it, saying, they would only retard their flight, and that it would be proper for her husband to bring them. He at length absolutely prevailed on this poor woman; who immediately packed up the most valuable effects she could find; and, after taking a tender leave of her infants, earnestly commended them to the care of a very faithful servant. Then they called a hackney coach, which conveyed them to an inn, where they were furnished with a chariot and six, in which they set forward for Harwich.

Wild rode with an exulting heart; secure, as he now thought himself, of the possession of that lovely woman, together with a rich cargo. In short, he enjoyed in his mind all the happiness which unbridled lust and rapacious ava-

rice could promise him. As to the poor creature, who was to satisfy these passions, her whole soul was employed in reflecting on the condition of her husband and children. A single word scarce escaped her lips, though many a tear gushed from her brilliant eyes; which, if I may use a coarse expression, served only as delicious sauce to heighten the appetite of Wild.

CHAP. X.

SEA-ADVENTURES VERY NEW AND SURPRIZING.

WHEN they arrived at Harwich, they found a vessel, which had put in there, just ready to depart for Rotterdam. So they went immediately on board, and sailed with a fair wind; but they had hardly proceeded out of sight of land, when a sudden and violent storm arose, and drove them to the south-west; insomuch that the captain apprehended it impossible to avoid the Goodwin Sands, and he and all his crew gave themselves for lost. Mrs. Heartfree, who had no other apprehensions from death, but those of leaving her dear husband and children, fell on her knees to beseech the Almighty's favour; when Wild, with a contempt of danger truly great, took a resolution as worthy to be admired, perhaps, as any recorded of the bravest hero, ancient or modern; a resolution which plainly proved him to have these two qualifications so necessary to a hero, to be superior to all the energies of fear or pity. He saw the tyrant Death ready to rescue from him his intended prey, which he had yet devoured only in imagination; he, therefore, swore he would prevent him, and immediately attacked the poor wretch, who was in the utmost agonies of despair, first with sollicitation, and afterwards with force.

Mrs. Heartfree, the moment she understood his meaning, (which, in her present temper of mind, and in the opinion she held of him, she did not immediately) rejected him with all the repulses which indignation and horror could animate; but when he attempted violence, she filled the cabin with her shrieks, which were so vehement, that they reached the ears of the captain, the storm at this time luckily abating.

Thus

This man, who was a brute rather from his education, and the element he inhabited, than from nature, ran hastily down to her assistance, and finding her struggling on the ground with our hero, he presently rescued her from her intended ravisher; who was soon obliged to quit the woman, in order to engage with her lusty champion, who spared neither pains nor blows in the assistance of his fair passenger.

When the short battle was over, in which our hero, had he not been overpowered with numbers, who came down on their captain's side, would have been victorious; the captain rapped out a hearty oath, and asked Wild, *If he had no more Christianity in him than to ravish a woman in a storm.* To which the other greatly and sullenly answered, it was very well; but d—n him, if he had not satisfaction the moment they came on shore. The captain, with great scorn, replied, 'Kiss ———, &c.' and then, forcing Wild out of the cabin, he, at Mrs. Heartfree's request, locked her into it, and returned to the care of his ship.

The storm was now entirely ceased, and nothing remained but the usual ruffling of the sea after it, when one of the sailors spied a sail at a distance, which the captain wisely apprehended might be a privateer (for we were then engaged in a war with France) and immediately ordered all the sail possible to be crowded; but his caution was in vain; for the little wind which then blew, was directly adverse; so that the ship bore down upon them, and soon appeared to be what the captain had feared, a French privateer. He was in no condition of resistance, and immediately struck on her firing the first gun. The captain of the Frenchman, with several of his hands, came on board the English vessel; which they rifled of every thing valuable, and, amongst the rest, of poor Mrs. Heartfree's whole cargo; and then taking the crew, together with the two passengers, aboard his own ship, he determined, as the other would be only a burden to him, to sink her, she being very old and leaky, and not worth going back with to Dunkirk. He preserved, therefore, nothing but the boat, as his own was none of the best, and then pouring a broad-side into her, he sent her to the bottom.

The French captain, who was a very young fellow, and a man of gallantry, was presently enamoured to no small degree with his beautiful captive; and imagining Wild, from some words he dropt, to be her husband, notwithstanding the ill affection towards him which appeared in her looks, he asked her, if she understood French. She answered in the affirmative; for indeed she did perfectly well. He then asked her, how long she and that gentleman (pointing to Wild) had been married? She answered with a deep sigh, and many tears, that she was married, indeed; but not to that villain, who was the sole cause of all her misfortunes. That appellation raised a curiosity in the captain, and he importuned her in so pressing, but gentle a manner, to acquaint him with the injuries she complained of, that she was at last prevailed on to recount to him the whole history of her afflictions. This so moved the captain, who had too little notions of greatness, and so incensed him against our hero, that he resolved to punish him; and, without regard to the laws of war, he immediately ordered out his shattered boat, and making Wild a present of half a dozen biscuits to prolong his misery, he put him therein; and then committing him to the mercy of the sea, proceeded on his cruise.

CHAP. XI.

THE GREAT AND WONDERFUL BEHAVIOUR OF OUR HERO IN THE BOAT.

IT is probable, that a desire of ingratiating himself with his charming captive, or rather conqueror, had no little share in promoting this extraordinary act of illegal justice; for the Frenchman had conceived the same sort of passion, or hunger, which Wild himself had felt, and was almost as much resolved, by some means or other, to satisfy it. We will leave him, however, at present, in the pursuit of his wishes, and attend our hero in his boat; since it is in circumstances of distress that true greatness appears most wonderful. For, that a prince in the midst of his courtiers, all ready to compliment him with his favourite character, or title, and indeed with every thing

thing else; or that a conqueror, at the head of an hundred thousand men, all prepared to execute his will, how ambitious, wanton, or cruel soever, should, in the giddiness of their pride, elevate themselves many degrees above those their tools, seems not difficult to be imagined, or indeed accounted for: but that a man in chains, in prison, nay, in the vilest dungeon, should, with persevering pride, and obstinate dignity, discover that vast superiority in his own nature over the rest of mankind, who, to a vulgar eye, seem much happier than himself; nay, that he should discover Heaven and Providence (whose peculiar care, it seems, he is) at that very time at work for him; this is among the arcana of greatness, to be perfectly understood only by an adept in that science.

What could be imagined more miserable than the situation of our hero at this season, floating in a little boat on the open seas, without oar, without sail, and at the mercy of the first wave to overwhelm him? Nay, this was indeed the fair side of his fortune, as it was a much more eligible fate than that alternative which threatened him with almost unavoidable certainty, viz. starving with hunger, the sure consequence of a continuance of the calm.

Our hero finding himself in this condition, began to ejaculate a round of blasphemies; which the reader, without being over-pious, might be offended at seeing repeated. He then accused the whole female-sex, and the passion of love (as he called it) particularly that which he bore to Mrs. Heartfree, as the unhappy occasion of his present sufferings. At length, finding himself descending too much into the language of meanness and complaint, he stopped short, and soon after broke forth as follows: 'D—n it, a man can die but once, what signifies it! every man must die, and when it is over, it is over. I never was afraid of any thing yet, nor I won't begin now; no, d—n me, won't I. What signifies fear? I shall die whether I am afraid or no. Who's afraid then, d—n me!' At which words he looked extremely fierce; but recollecting that no one was present to see him, he relaxed a little the terror of his countenance, and pausing a while, repeated the

word, D—n! 'Suppose I should be d—ned at last,' cries he, 'when I never thought a syllable of the matter? I have often laughed and made a jest about it, and yet it may be so, for any thing which I know to the contrary. If there should be another world, it will go hard with me, that's certain. I shall never escape for what I have done to Heartfree: the devil must have me for that undoubtedly. The devil! pshaw! I am not such a fool to be frightened at him neither. No, no; when a man's dead, there is an end of him. I wish I was certainly satisfied of it though; for there are some men of learning, as I have heard, of a different opinion. It is but a bad chance, methinks, I stand. If there be no other world, why, I shall be in no worse condition than a block or a stone: but if there should—d—n me, I will think no longer about it. Let a pack of cowardly rascals be afraid of death, I dare look him in the face. But shall I stay and be starved? No! I will eat up the biscuits the French son of a whore bestowed on me, and then leap into the sea for drink, since the unscrupulous dog hath not allowed me a single dram.' Having thus said, he proceeded immediately to put his purpose in execution; and as his resolution never failed him, he had no sooner dispatched the small quantity of provision, which his enemy had with so vast liberality presented him, than he cast himself headlong into the sea.

C H A P. XII.

THE STRANGE AND YET NATURAL ESCAPE OF OUR HERO.

OUR hero having with wonderful resolution thrown himself into the sea, as we mentioned at the end of the last chapter, was miraculously within two minutes after replaced in his boat; and this without the assistance of a dolphin or sea-horse, or any other fish or animal, who are always as ready at hand when a poet or historian pleases to call for them to carry a hero through a sea, as any chairman at a coffee-house door near St. James's, to convey a beau over a street,

street, and preserve his white stockings. The truth is, we do not chuse to have any recourse to miracles, from the strict observance we pay to that rule of Horace,

Nec Deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice nodus.

The meaning of which is, *Do not bring in a supernatural agent, when you can do without him*; and, indeed, we are much deeper read in natural than supernatural causes. We will therefore endeavour to account for this extraordinary event from the former of these; and in doing this it will be necessary to disclose some profound secrets to our reader, extremely well worth his knowing, and which may serve him to account for many occurrences of the phænomenous kind, which have formerly appeared in this our hemisphere.

Be it known, then, that the great *Alma Mater* Nature is of all other females the most obstinate and tenacious of her purpose. So true is that observation—

Naturam expellas furca licet, usque recurret.

Which I need not render in English, it being to be found in a book which most fine gentlemen are forced to read. Whatever Nature, therefore, purposes to herself, she never suffers any reason, design, or accident, to frustrate. Now, though it may seem to a shallow observer, that some persons were designed by Nature for no use or purpose whatever; yet, certain it is, that no man is born into the world without his particular allotment, viz. some to be kings, some, statesmen, some ambassadors, some bishops, some generals, and so on. Of these there be two kinds; those to whom nature is so generous to give some endowment, qualifying them for the parts she intends them afterwards to act on this stage; and those whom she uses as instances of her unlimited power, and for whose preferment to such and such stations, Solomon himself could have invented no other reason than that Nature designed them so. These latter some great philosophers have, to shew them to be the favourites of Nature, distinguished by the honourable appellation of *NATURALS*. Indeed, the true reason of the general ignorance of mankind on this head seems to be this; that as

Nature chuses to execute these her purposes by certain second causes; and as many of these second causes seem so totally foreign to her design, the wit of man, which (like his eyes) sees best directly forward, and very little and imperfectly what is oblique, is not able to discern the end by the means. Thus, how a handsome wife or daughter should contribute to execute her original designation of a general; or how flattery, or half a dozen houses in a borough-town, should denote a judge, or a bishop, he is not capable of comprehending. And, indeed, we ourselves, wile as we are, are forced to reason *ab effectu*, and if we had been asked what Nature had intended such men for, before she herself had by the event demonstrated her purpose, it is possible we might sometimes have been puzzled to declare; for it must be confessed, that at first sight, and to a mind uninspired, a man of vast natural capacity and much acquired knowledge, may seem by Nature designed for power and honour, rather than one remarkable only for the want of these, and indeed all other qualifications; whereas daily experience convinces us of the contrary, and drives us, as it were, into the opinion I have here disclosed.

Now, Nature having originally intended our great man for that final exaltation; which, as it is the most proper and becoming end of all great men, it were heartily to be wished they might all arrive at; would by no means be diverted from her purpose. She, therefore, no sooner espied him in the water, than she softly whispered in his ear to attempt the recovery of his boat; which call he immediately obeyed; and being a good swimmer, and it being a perfect calm, with great facility accomplished it.

Thus we think this passage in our history, at first so greatly surprizing, is very naturally accounted for, and our relation rescued from the *prodigious*; which, though it often occurs in biography, is not to be encouraged nor much commended on any occasion, unless when absolutely necessary to prevent the history's being at an end. Secondly, We hope our hero is justified from that imputation of want of resolution, which must have been fatal to the greatness of his character.

C H A P. XIII.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE BOAT-ADVENTURE, AND THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

OUR hero passed the remainder of the evening, the night, and the next day, in a condition not much to be envied by any passion of the human mind, unless by ambition; which, provided it can only entertain itself with the most distant musick of Fame's trumpet, can disdain all the pleasures of the sensualist, and those more solemn, though quieter comforts, which a good conscience suggests to a Christian philosopher.

He spent his time in contemplation; that is to say, in blaspheming, cursing, and sometimes singing and whistling. At last, when cold and hunger had almost subdued his native fierceness, it being a good deal past midnight, and extremely dark, he thought he beheld a light at a distance, which the cloudiness of the sky prevented his mistaking for a star. This light, however, did not seem to approach him, at least it approached by such imperceptible degrees, that it gave him very little comfort, and at length totally forsook him. He then renewed his contemplation as before, in which he continued till the day began to break; when, to his inexpressible delight, he beheld a sail at a very little distance, and which luckily seemed to be making towards him. He was likewise soon espied by those in the vessel, who wanted no signals to inform them of his distress; and as it was almost a calm, and their course lay within five hundred yards of him, they hoisted out their boat, and fetched him aboard.

The captain of this ship was a Frenchman; she was laden with deal from Norway, and had been extremely shattered in the late storm. This captain was of that kind of men who are actuated by a general humanity, and whose compassion can be raised by the distress of a fellow-creature, though of a nation whose king hath quarrelled with the monarch of their own. He therefore commiserating the circumstances of Wild, who had dressed up a story proper to impose on such a silly fellow; told him, that, as himself

well knew, he must be a prisoner on his arrival in France, but that he would endeavour to procure his redemption; for which our hero greatly thanked him. But as they were making very slow sail, (for they had lost their main-mast in the storm) Wild saw a little vessel at a distance, they being within a few leagues of the English shore; which, on enquiry, he was informed was probably an English fishing-boat. And it being then perfectly calm, he promised, that if they would accommodate him with a pair of scullers, he could get within reach of the boat, at least near enough to make signals to her; and he preferred any risk to the certain fate of being a prisoner. As his courage was somewhat restored by the provisions (especially brandy) with which the Frenchman had supplied him, he was so earnest in his entreaties, that the captain, after many persuasions, at length complied; and he was furnished with scullers, and with some bread, pork, and a bottle of brandy. Then, taking leave of his preservers, he again betook himself to his boat, and rowed so heartily, that he soon came within the sight of the fisherman, who immediately made towards him, and took him aboard.

No sooner was Wild got safe on board the fisherman, than he begged him to make the utmost speed into Deal; for that the vessel, which was still in sight, was a distressed Frenchman, bound for Havre de Grace, and might easily be made a prize, if there was any ship ready to go in pursuit of her. So nobly and greatly did our hero neglect all obligations conferred on him by the enemies of his country, that he would have contributed all he could to the taking his benefactor, to whom he owed both his life and his liberty.

The fisherman took his advice, and soon arrived at Deal; where the reader will, I doubt not, be as much concerned as Wild was, that there was not a single ship prepared to go on the expedition.

Our hero now saw himself once more safe on *terra firma*; but unluckily at some distance from that city where men of ingenuity can most easily supply their wants without the assistance of money, or rather can most easily procure money for the supply of their wants. However, as his talents were superior

superior to every difficulty, he framed so dextrous an account of his being a merchant, having been taken and plundered by the enemy, and of his great effects in London, that he was not only heartily regaled by the fisherman at his house, but made so handsome a booty by way of borrowing, (a method of *taking* which we have before mentioned to have his approbation) that he was enabled to provide himself with a place in the stage-coach; which (as God per-

mitted it to perform the journey) brought him, at the appointed time, to an inn in the metropolis.

And now, reader, as thou canst be in no suspense for the fate of our *great man*, since we have returned him safe to the principal scene of his glory, we will a little look back on the fortunes of Mr. Heartfree, whom we left in no very pleasant situation: but of this we shall treat in the next book.

JONATHAN WILD THE GREAT.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER I.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.
OF THE HISTORY OF JONATHAN WILD THE GREAT.
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.



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THE
H I S T O R Y
OF
JONATHAN WILD THE GREAT.

BOOK III.

CHAP. I.

THE LOW AND PITIFUL BEHAVIOUR OF HEARTFREE; AND THE FOOLISH CONDUCT OF HIS APPRENTICE.



His misfortunes did not entirely prevent Heartfree from closing his eyes. On the contrary, he slept several hours the first night of his confinement. However, he perhaps paid too severely dear both for his repose and for a sweet dream which accompanied it, and represented his little family in one of those tender scenes which had frequently passed in the days of his happiness and prosperity, when the provision they were making for the future fortunes of their children used to be one of the most agreeable topics of discourse with which he and his wife entertained themselves. The pleasantness of this vision, therefore, served only, on his awaking, to set forth his present misery with additional horror, and to heighten the dreadful ideas which now crowded on his mind.

He had spent a considerable time after his first rising from the bed on which he had, without undressing, thrown himself, and now began to wonder at Mrs. Heartfree's long absence; but as the mind is desirous (and perhaps wisely too) to comfort itself with drawing the most flattering conclusions from all events; so he hoped, the longer her stay was, the more certain was his deliverance.

At length his impatience prevailed; and he was just going to dispatch a messenger to his own house, when his apprentice came to pay him a visit; and, on his enquiry, informed him, that his wife had departed, in company with Mr. Wild, many hours before, and had carried all his most valuable effects with her; adding, at the same time, that she had herself positively acquainted him she had her husband's express orders for so doing, and that she was gone to Holland.

It is the observation of many wise men, who have studied the anatomy of the human soul with more attention than our young physicians generally bestow on that of the body, that great and violent surprize hath a different effect from that which is wrought in a good housewife by perceiving any disorders in her kitchen; who, on such occasions, commonly spreads the disorder, not only over her whole family, but over the whole neighbourhood. Now, these great calamities, especially when sudden, tend to stiffen and deaden all the faculties, instead of rousing them; and accordingly Herodotus tells us a story of Cræsus, king of Lydia, who, on beholding his servants and courtiers led captive, wept bitterly; but when he saw his wife and children in that condition, stood stupid and motionless; so stood poor Heartfree on this relation of his apprentice, nothing moving but his colour, which entirely forsook his countenance.

The apprentice, who had not in the least

least doubted the veracity of his mistress, perceiving the surprize which too visibly appeared in his master, became speechless likewise; and both remained silent some minutes, gazing with astonishment and horror at each other. At last, Heartfree cried out in an agony, 'My wife deserted me in my misfortunes!'—'Heaven forbid, Sir!' answered the other. 'And what is become of my poor children?' replied Heartfree. 'They are at home, Sir,' said the apprentice. 'Heaven be praised, she hath forsaken them too!' cries Heartfree: 'fetch them hither this instant. Go, my dear Jack, bring hither my little all which remains now: fly, child, if thou dost not intend likewise to forsake me in my afflictions.' The youth answered, he would die sooner than entertain such a thought; and begging his master to be comforted, instantly obeyed his orders.

Heartfree, the moment the young man was departed, threw himself on his bed in an agony of despair; but recollecting himself after he had vented the first sallies of his passion, he began to question the infidelity of his wife, as a matter impossible. He ran over in his thoughts the uninterrupted tenderness which she had always shewn him; and, for a minute, blamed the rashness of his belief against her; till the many circumstances of her having left him so long, and neither writ nor sent to him since her departure with all his effects, and with Wild, of whom he was not before without suspicion; and, lastly, and chiefly, her false pretence to his commands, entirely turned the scale, and convinced him of her disloyalty.

While he was in these agitations of mind, the good apprentice, who had used the utmost expedition, brought his children to him. He embraced them with the most passionate fondness, and imprinted numberless kisses on their little lips. The little girl flew to him with almost as much eagerness as he himself expressed at her sight, and cried out, 'O papa, why did you not come home to poor mamma all this while!' 'I thought you would not have left your little Nancy so long.' After which he asked her for her mother, and was told she had kissed them both in the morning, and cried very much for his absence. All which brought a flood of tears into the eyes of this weak, silly

man, who had not greatness sufficient to conquer these low efforts of tenderness and humanity.

He then proceeded to enquire of the maid-servant; who acquainted him, that she knew no more than that her mistress had taken leave of her children in the morning with many tears and kisses, and had recommended them, in the most earnest manner, to her care; she said, she had promised faithfully to take care of them, and would, while they were entrusted to her, fulfil her promise: for which profession Heartfree expressed much gratitude to her; and, after indulging himself with some little fondnesses, which we shall not relate, he delivered his children into the good woman's hands, and dismissed her.

CHAP. II.

A SOLOQUY OF HEARTFREE'S,
FULL OF LOW AND BASE IDEAS,
WITHOUT A SYLLABLE OF
GREATNESS.

BEING now alone, he sat some short time silent; and then burst forth into the following soliloquy.

'What shall I do? Shall I abandon myself to a dispirited despair, or fly in the face of the Almighty! Surely both are unworthy of a wise man; for what can be more vain, than weakly to lament my fortune, if irretrievable; or, if hope remains, to offend that Being who can most strongly support it? But are my passions then voluntary? Am I so absolutely their master, that I can resolve with myself, *so far only will I grieve?* Certainly no. Reason, however we flatter ourselves, hath not such despotick empire in our minds, that it can, with imperial voice, hush all our sorrow in a moment. Where then is it's use? For either it is an empty sound, and we are deceived in thinking we have reason; or it is given us to some end, and hath a part assigned it by the All-wise Creator. Why, what can it's office be, other than justly to weigh the worth of all things, and to direct us to that perfection of human wisdom, which proportions our esteem of every object by it's real merit, and prevents us from over or under-valuing whatever we hope

hope for, we enjoy, or we lose. It doth not foolishly say to us, *Be not glad*; or, *Be not sorry*; which would be as vain and idle, as to bid the purling river cease to run, or the raging wind to blow. It prevents us only from exulting, like children, when we receive a toy; or from lamenting when we are deprived of it. Suppose, then, I have lost the enjoyments of this world, and my expectation of future pleasure and profit is for ever disappointed; what relief can my reason afford? What, unless it can tell me I have fixed my affections on a toy; that what I desired was not, by a wise man, eagerly to be affected, nor it's loss violently deplored; for there are toys adapted to all ages, from the rattle to the throne; and perhaps the value of all is equal to their several possessors; for if the rattle pleases the ears of the infant, what can the flattery of sycophants give more to the prince? The latter is as far from examining into the reality and source of his pleasure as the former; for if both did, they must both equally despise it. And surely, if we consider them seriously, and compare them together, we shall be forced to conclude all those pomps and pleasures, of which men are so fond, and which, through so much danger and difficulty, with such violence and villainy, they pursue, to be as worthless trifles as any exposed to sale in a toy-shop. I have often noted my little girl viewing, with eager eyes, a jointed baby; I have marked the pains and solicitations she hath used, till I have been prevailed on to indulge her with it. At her first obtaining it, what joy hath sparkled in her countenance! with what raptures hath she taken possession! But how little satisfaction hath she found in it! what pains to work out her amusement from it! It's dress must be varied; the tinsel ornaments, which first caught her eyes, produce no longer pleasure; she endeavours to make it stand and walk in vain, and is constrained herself to supply it with conversation. In a day's time it is thrown by and neglected, and some less costly toy preferred to it. How like the situation of this child is that of every man! What difficulties in the pursuit of his desires! What inanity in

the possession of most, and satiety in those which seem more real and substantial! The delights of most men are as childish and as superficial as that of my little girl; a feather or a fiddle are their pursuits and their pleasures through life, even to their ripest years, if such men may be said to attain any ripeness at all. But let us survey those whose understandings are of a more elevated and refined temper: how empty do they soon find the world of enjoyments worth their desire or attaining! How soon do they retreat to solitude and contemplation, to gardening and planting, and such rural amusements, where their trees and they enjoy the air and the sun in common, and both vegetate with very little difference between them. But suppose (which neither truth nor wisdom will allow) we could admit something more valuable and substantial in these blessings; would not the uncertainty of their possession be alone sufficient to lower their price? How mean a tenure is that at the will of Fortune, which chance, fraud, and rapine, are every day so likely to deprive us of; and often the more likely, by how much the greater worth our possessions are of! Is it not to place our affections on a bubble in the water, or on a picture in the clouds! What madman would build a fine house, or frame a beautiful garden, on land in which he held so uncertain an interest! But, again, was all this less undeniable, did Fortune, the lady of our manor, lease to us, for our lives, of how little consideration must even this term appear? For admitting that these pleasures were not liable to be torn from us, how certainly must we be torn from them! Perhaps to-morrow—nay, or even sooner: for, as the excellent poet says—

“Where is To-morrow?—In the other world.”

“To thousands this is true, and the reverse”

“Is sure to none.”

But if I have no farther hope in this world, can I have none beyond it? Surely those laborious writers, who have taken such infinite pains to destroy or weaken all the proofs of futurity,

turity, have not so far succeeded as to exclude us from hope. That active principle in man, which, with such boldness, pushes us on through every labour and difficulty, to attain the most distant and most improbable event in this world, will not, surely, deny us a little flattering prospect of those beautiful mansions which, if they could be thought chimerical, must be allowed the loveliest which can entertain the eye of man; and to which the road, if we understand it rightly, appears to have so few thorns and briars in it, and to require so little labour and fatigue from those who shall pass through it, that it's ways are truly said to be ways of pleasantness, and all it's paths to be those of peace. If the proofs of Christianity be as strong as I imagine them, surely enough may be deduced from that ground only to comfort and support the most miserable man in his afflictions. And this, I think, my reason tells me, that if the professors and propagators of infidelity are in the right, the losses which death brings to the virtuous are not worth their lamenting; but if these are, as certainly they seem, in the wrong, the blessings it procures them are not sufficiently to be coveted and rejoiced at.

On my own account, then, I have no cause for sorrow, but on my children's!—Why, the same Being to whose goodness and power I entrust my own happiness, is likewise as able and as willing to procure theirs. Nor matters it what state of life is allotted for them, whether it be their fate to procure bread with their own labour, or to eat it at the sweat of others: Perhaps, if we consider the case with proper attention, or resolve it with due sincerity, the former is much the sweeter. The hind may be more happy than the lord; for his desires are fewer, and those such as are attended with more hope and less fear. I will do my utmost to lay the foundations of my children's happiness; I will carefully avoid educating them in a station superior to their fortune; and, for the event, trust to that Being in whom whoever rightly confides, must be superior to all worldly sorrows.

In this low manner did this poor

wretch proceed to argue, till he had worked himself up into an enthusiasm, which by degrees soon became invulnerable to every human attack; so that when Mr. Snap acquainted him with the return of the writ, and that he must carry him to Newgate, he received the message as Socrates did the news of the ship's arrival, and that he was to prepare for death.

CHAP. III.

WHEREIN OUR HERO PROCEEDS IN THE ROAD TO GREATNESS.

BUT we must not detain our reader too long with these low characters. He is doubtless as impatient as the audience at the theatre, till the principal figure returns on the stage; we will therefore indulge his inclination, and pursue the actions of the great WILD.

There happened to be in the stage-coach in which Mr. Wild travelled from Dover, a certain young gentleman who had sold an estate in Kent, and was going to London to receive the money. There was likewise a handsome young woman who had left her parents at Canterbury, and was proceeding to the same city, in order (as she informed her fellow-travellers) to make her fortune. With this girl the young spark was so much enamoured, that he publicly acquainted her with the purpose of his journey; and offered her a considerable sum in hand, and a settlement, if she would consent to return with him into the country, where he would be at a safe distance from her relations. Whether she accepted this proposal or no, we are not able with any tolerable certainty to deliver: but Wild, the moment he heard of this money, began to cast about in his mind by what means he might become master of it. He entered into a long harangue about the methods of carrying money safely on the road; and said, he had at that time two bank-bills of a hundred pounds each sewed in his coat; which, added he, 'is so safe a way, that it is almost impossible I should be in any danger of being robbed by the most cunning highwayman.'

The young gentleman, who was no descendant of Solomon, (or, if he was, did not, any more than some other de-

scendants

scendants of wise men; inherit the wisdom of his ancestors) greatly approved Wild's ingenuity; and thanking him for his information, declared he would follow his example when he returned into the country: by which means he proposed to save the premium commonly taken for the remittance. Wild had then no more to do but to inform himself rightly of the time of the gentleman's journey, which he did with great certainty before they separated.

At his arrival in town, he fixed on two whom he regarded as the most resolute of his gang for this enterprize; and accordingly, having summoned the principal, or most desperate, as he imagined him, of these two (for he never chose to communicate in the presence of more than one) he proposed to him the robbing and murdering this gentleman.

Mr. Marybone (for that was the gentleman's name to whom he applied) readily agreed to the robbery; but he hesitated at the murder. He said, as to *robbery*, he had, on much weighing and considering the matter, very well reconciled his conscience to it; for though that noble kind of robbery which was executed on the highway was, from the cowardice of mankind, less frequent, yet the baser and meaner species sometimes called *cheating*, but more commonly known by the name of *robbery within the law*, was in a manner universal. He did not, therefore, pretend to the reputation of being so much honest than other people; but could by no means satisfy himself in the commission of murder, which was a sin of the most heinous nature, and so immediately prosecuted by God's judgment, that it never passed undiscovered or unpunished.

Wild, with the utmost disdain in his countenance, answered as follows: 'Art thou he whom I have selected out of my whole gang for this glorious undertaking, and dost thou cant of God's Revenge against Murder? You have, it seems, reconciled your conscience (a pretty word!) to robbery, from it's being so common. Is it then the novelty of murder which deters you? Do you imagine that guns, and pistols, and swords, and knives; are the only instruments of death? Look into the world, and see the

numbers whom broken fortunes and broken hearts bring untimely to the grave. To omit those glorious heroes, who, to their immortal honour, have massacred whole nations, what think you of private persecution, treachery, and slander, by which the very souls of men are in a manner torn from their bodies? Is it not more generous, nay, more good-natured, to lend a man to his rest, than, after having plundered him of all he hath, or from malice or malevolence deprived him of his character, to punish him with a languishing death, or, what is worse, a languishing life? Murder, therefore, is not so uncommon as you weakly conceive it; though, as you said of robbery, that more noble kind which lies within the paw of the law may be so. But this is the most innocent in him who doth it, and the most eligible to him who is to suffer it. Believe me, lad, the tongue of a viper is less hurtful than that of a slanderer, and the gilded scales of a rattlesnake less dreadful than the purse of the oppressor. Let me therefore hear no more of your scruples, but consent to my proposal without farther hesitation; unless, like a woman, you are afraid of bleeding your cloaths, or, like a fool, are terrified with the apprehensions of being hanged in chains. Take my word for it, you had better be an honest man than half a rogue. Do not think of continuing in my gang without abandoning yourself absolutely to my pleasure; for no man shall ever receive a favour at my hands, who sticks at any thing, or is guided by any other law than that of my will.'

Wild thus ended his speech, which had not the desired effect on Marybone: he agreed to the robbery, but would not undertake the murder, as Wild (who feared that by Marybone's demanding to search the gentleman's coat he might bazarard suspicion himself) insisted. Marybone was immediately entered by Wild in his *black book*, and was presently after impeached and executed, as a fellow on whom his leader could not place sufficient dependance; thus falling, as many rogues do, a sacrifice, not to his roguesry, but to his conscience.

CHAP. IV.

IN WHICH A YOUNG HERO, OF WONDERFUL GOOD PROMISE, MAKES HIS FIRST APPEARANCE, WITH MANY OTHER GREAT MATTERS.

OUR hero next applied himself to another of his gang, who instantly received his orders; and instead of hesitating at a single murder, asked if he should blow out the brains of all the passengers, coachman and all. But Wild, whose moderation we have before noted, would not permit him; and therefore having given him an exact description of the devoted person, with his other necessary instructions, he dismissed him, with strictest orders to avoid, if possible, doing hurt to any other person.

The name of this youth, who will hereafter make some figure in this history, being the Achates of our *Æneas*, or rather the *Hæphestion* of our *Alexander*, was Fireblood. He had every qualification to make a second-rate GREAT MAN; or, in other words, he was compleatly equipped for the tool of a real or first-rate GREAT MAN. We shall, therefore, (which is the properest way of dealing with this kind of GREATNESS) describe him negatively; and content ourselves with telling our reader what qualities he had not: in which number were humanity, modesty, and fear; not one grain of any of which was mingled in his whole composition.

We will now leave this youth, who was esteemed the most promising of the whole gang, and whom Wild often declared to be one of the prettiest lads he had ever seen; of which opinion, indeed, were most other people of his acquaintance: we will, however, leave him at his entrance on this enterprize, and keep our attention fixed on our hero, whom we shall observe taking large strides towards the summit of human glory.

Wild, immediately at his return to town, went to pay a visit to Miss *Lætitia Snap*; for he had that weakness of suffering himself to be enslaved by women so naturally incident to men of heroick disposition: to say the truth, it might more properly be called a slavery to his own appetite; for could he have satisfied that, he had not cared three farthings what had become of the

little tyrant for whom he professed so violent a regard. Here he was informed that Mr. Heartfree had been conveyed to Newgate the day before, the writ being then returnable. He was somewhat concerned at this news; not from any compassion for the misfortunes of Heartfree, whom he hated with such inveteracy, that one would have imagined he had suffered the same injuries from him which he had done towards him. His concern, therefore, had another motive: in fact, he was uneasy at the place of Mr. Heartfree's confinement, as it was to be the scene of his future glory, and where consequently he should be frequently obliged to see a face which hatred, and not shame, made him detest the sight of.

To prevent this, therefore, several methods suggested themselves to him. At first, he thought of removing him out of the way by the ordinary method of murder, which he doubted not but Fireblood would be very ready to execute; for that youth had at their last interview sworn, 'D——n his eyes, ' he thought there was no better pastime ' than blowing a man's brains out.' But besides the danger of this method, it did not look horrible nor barbarous enough for the last mischief which he should do to Heartfree. Considering, therefore, a little farther with himself, he at length came to a resolution to hang him, if possible, the very next sessions.

Now, though the observation, how apt men are to hate those they injure, or how unforgiving they are of the injuries they do themselves, be common enough, yet I do not remember to have ever seen the reason of this strange phenomenon as at first it appears. Know, therefore, reader, that with much and severe scrutiny we have discovered this hatred to be founded on the passion of fear, and to arise from an apprehension that the person whom we have ourselves greatly injured, will use all possible endeavours to revenge and retaliate the injuries we have done him; an opinion so firmly established in bad and great minds (and those who confer injuries on others, have seldom very good or mean ones) that no benevolence, nor even beneficence, on the injured side, can eradicate it. On the contrary, they refer all these acts of kindness to imposture and design of lulling their suspicion, till an opportunity offers of

H striking

striking a surer and severer blow; and thus, while the good man who hath received it, hath truly forgotten the injury, the evil mind which did it, hath it in lively and fresh remembrance.

As we scorn to keep any discoveries secret from our readers, whose instruction, as well as diversion, we have greatly considered in this history, we have here digressed somewhat to communicate the following short lesson to those who are simple, and well inclined—‘Though, as a Christian, thou art obliged, and we advise thee, to forgive thy enemy, *never trust the man who hath reason to suspect that you know he hath injured you.*’

CHAP. V.

MORE AND MORE GREATNESS, UNPARALLELED IN HISTORY OR ROMANCE.

IN order to accomplish this great and noble scheme, which the vast genius of Wild had contrived, the first necessary step was to regain the confidence of Heartfree. But, however necessary this was, it seemed to be attended with such insurmountable difficulties, that even our hero for some time despaired of success. He was greatly superior to all mankind in the steadiness of his countenance, but this undertaking seemed to require more of that noble quality than had ever been the portion of a mortal. However, at last, he resolved to attempt it; and from his success, I think, we may fairly assert, that what was said by the Latin poet of labour, that *it conquers all things*, is much more true when applied to impudence.

When he had formed his plan, he went to Newgate, and burst resolutely into the presence of Heartfree, whom he eagerly embraced and kissed; and then first arraigning his own rashness, and afterwards lamenting his unfortunate want of success, he acquainted him with the particulars of what had happened; concealing only that single incident of his attack on the other's wife, and his motive to the undertaking, which he assured Heartfree was a desire to preserve his effects from a statute of ankrupcey.

The frank openness of this declara-

tion, with which it was delivered; his seeming only ruffled by the concern for his friend's misfortune; the probability of truth attending it, joined to the boldness and disinterested appearance of this visit, together with his many professions of immediate service, at a time when he could not have the least visible motive from self-love; and, above all, his offering him money, the last and surest token of friendship, rushed with such united force on the well-disposed heart, as it is vulgarly called, of this simple man, that they instantly staggered and soon subverted all the determinations he had before made in prejudice of Wild: who, perceiving the balance to be turning in his favour, presently threw in a hundred imprecations on his own folly and ill-advised forwardness to serve his friend, which had thus unhappily produced his ruin; he added as many curses on the count, whom he vowed to pursue with revenge all over Europe: lastly, he cast in some grains of comfort, assuring Heartfree that his wife was fallen into the gentlest hands, that she would be carried no farther than Dunkirk, whence she might very easily be redeemed.

Heartfree, to whom the lightest presumption of his wife's fidelity would have been more delicious than the absolute restoration of all his jewels, and who, indeed, had with the utmost difficulty been brought to entertain the slightest suspicion of her inconstancy, immediately abandoned all distrust of both her and his friend, whose sincerity (luckily for Wild's purpose) seemed to him to depend on the same evidence. He then embraced our hero, who had in his countenance all the symptoms of the deepest concern, and begged him to be comforted; saying, that the intentions rather than the actions of men conferred obligations; that as to the event of human affairs, it was governed either by chance or some superior agent, that friendship was concerned only in the direction of our designs. And suppose these failed of success, or produced an event never so contrary to their aim, the merit of a good intention was not in the least lessened, but was rather entitled to compassion.

Heartfree, however, was soon curious enough to enquire how Wild had escaped the captivity which his wife then suffered,

suffered. Here, likewise, he recounted the whole truth, omitting only the motive of the French captain's cruelty, for which he assigned a very different reason, namely his attempt to secure Heartfree's jewels. Wild, indeed, always kept as much truth as was possible in every thing; and this, he said, was turning the cannon of the enemy upon themselves.

Wild having thus, with admirable and truly laudable conduct, atchieved the first step, began to discourse on the badness of the world; and particularly to blame the severity of creditors, who seldom or never attended to any unfortunate circumstances, but without mercy inflicted confinement on the debtor, whose body the law, with very unjustifiable rigour, delivered into their power. He added, that for his part, he looked on this restraint to be as heavy a punishment as any appointed by law for the greatest offenders. That the loss of liberty was, in his opinion, equal to, if not worse, than the loss of life; that he had always determined, if by any accident or misfortune he had been subjected to the former, he would run the greatest risk of the latter to rescue himself from it; which, he said, if men did not want resolution, was always easy enough; for that it was ridiculous to conceive that two or three men could confine two or three hundred, unless the prisoners were either fools or cowards, especially when they were neither chained nor fettered. He went on in this manner, till perceiving the utmost attention in Heartfree, he ventured to propose to him an endeavour to make his escape; which, he said, might easily be executed; that he would himself raise a party in the prison, and that, if a murder or two should happen in the attempt, he (Heartfree) might keep free from any share either in the guilt or in the danger.

There is one misfortune which attends all great men and their schemes, viz. that in order to carry them into execution, they are obliged, in proposing their purpose to their tools, to discover themselves to be of that disposition, in which certain little writers have advised mankind to place no confidence: an advice which hath been sometimes taken. Indeed, many inconveniences arise to the said great men

from these scribblers publishing without restraint their hints or alarms to society; and many great and glorious schemes have been thus frustrated; wherefore it were to be wished that in all well-regulated governments, such liberty should be by some wholesome laws restrained; and all writers inhibited from venting any other instructions to the people than what should be first approved and licensed by the said great men, or their proper instruments or tools; by which means nothing would ever be published but what made for the advancing their most noble projects.

Heartfree, whose suspicions were again raised by this advice, viewing Wild with inconceivable disdain, spoke as follows. 'There is one thing, the loss of which I should deplore infinitely beyond that of liberty and of life also; I mean, that of a good conscience. A blessing which he who possesses can never be thoroughly unhappy; for the bitterest portion of life is by this so sweetened, that it soon becomes palatable; whereas, without it, the most delicate enjoyments quickly lose all their relish, and life itself grows insipid, or rather nauseous to us. Would you then lessen my misfortunes by robbing me of what hath been my only comfort under them, and on which I place my dependance of being relieved from them? I have read that Socrates refused to save his life by breaking the laws of his country, and departing from his prison, when it was open. Perhaps my virtue would not go so far; but Heaven forbid liberty should have such charms, to tempt me to the perpetration of so horrid a crime as murder. As to the poor evasion of committing it by other hands, it might be useful, indeed, to those who seek only the escape from temporal punishment; but can be of no service to excuse me to that Being whom I chiefly fear offending; nay, it would greatly aggravate my guilt, by so impudent an endeavour to impose upon him, and by so wickedly involving others in my crime. Give me, therefore, no more advice of this kind; for this is my great comfort in all my afflictions, that it is in the power of no enemy

‘to rob me of my conscience, nor will I ever be so much my own enemy as to injure it.’

Though our hero heard all this with proper contempt, he made no direct answer; but endeavoured to evade his proposal as much as possible, which he did with admirable dexterity: this method of getting tolerably well off, when you are repulsed in your attack on a man’s conscience, may be stiled the art of retreating; in which the politician, as well as the general, hath sometimes a wonderful opportunity of displaying his great abilities in his profession.

Wild having made this admirable retreat, and argued away all design of involving his friend in the guilt of murder; concluded, however, that he thought him rather too scrupulous in not attempting his escape; and then promising to use all such means as the other would permit, in his service, took his leave for the present. Heart-free, having indulged himself an hour with his children, repaired to rest, which he enjoyed quiet and undisturbed; whilst Wild, disdaining repose, sat up all night, consulting how he might bring about the final destruction of his friend, without being beholden to any assistance from himself; which he now despaired of procuring. With the result of these consultations we shall acquaint our reader in good time; but at present we have matters of much more consequence to relate to him.

CHAP. VI.

THE EVENT OF FIREBLOOD’S ADVENTURE, AND A TREATY OF MARRIAGE WHICH MIGHT HAVE BEEN CONCLUDED EITHER AT SMITHFIELD OR ST. JAMES’S.

FIREBLOOD returned from his enterprize unsuccessful. The gentleman happened to go home another way than he had intended; so that the whole design miscarried. Fireblood had, indeed, robbed the coach, and had wantonly discharged a pistol into it, which slightly wounded one of the passengers in the arm. The booty he met with was not very considerable, though much greater than that with which he acquainted Wild; for, of

eleven pounds in money, two silver watches, and a wedding-ring, he produced no more than two guineas and the ring, which, he protested with numberless oaths, was his whole booty. However, when an advertisement of the robbery was published, with a reward promised for the ring and watches, Fireblood was obliged to confess the whole, and to acquaint our hero where he had pawned the watches; which Wild, taking the full value of them for his pains, restored to the right owner.

He did not fail catechizing his young friend on this occasion. He said, he was sorry to see any of his gang guilty of a breach of honour; that without honour *priggery* was at an end; that if a *prig* had but honour, he would overlook every vice in the world. ‘But,’ nevertheless, said he, ‘I will forgive you this time, as you are a hopeful lad; and I hope never afterwards to find you delinquent in this great point.’

Wild had now brought his gang to great regularity: he was obeyed and feared by them all. He had likewise established an office where all men, who were robbed, paying the value only (or a little more) of their goods, might have them again. This was of notable use to several persons who had lost pieces of plate they had received from their grandmothers; to others who had a particular value for certain rings, watches, heads of canes, snuff-boxes, &c. for which they would not have taken twenty times as much as they were worth, either because they had them a little while or a long time, or that somebody else had had them before, or from some other such excellent reason, which often stamps a greater value on a toy, than the great Bubble-boy himself would have the impudence to set upon it.

By these means he seemed in so promising a way of procuring a fortune, and was regarded in so thriving a light by all the gentlemen of his acquaintance, as by the keeper and turnkeys of Newgate, by Mr. Snap, and others of his occupation; that Mr. Snap one day, taking Mr. Wild the Elder aside, very seriously proposed what they had often lightly talked over, a strict union between their families, by marrying his daughter Tishy to our hero. This proposal

proposál was very readily accepted by the old gentleman, who promised to acquaint his son with it.

On the morrow, on which this message was to be delivered, our hero, little dreaming of the happiness which, of it's own accord, was advancing so near towards him, had called Fireblood to him; and, after informing that youth of the violence of his passion for the young lady, and assuring him what confidence he reposed in him and his honour, he dispatched him to Miss Tishy with the following letter; which we here insert, not only as we take it to be extremely curious, but to be a much better pattern for that epistolary kind of writing, which is generally called *love letters*, than any to be found in the Academy of Compliments, and which we challenge all the beaux of our time to excel either in matter or spelling.

‘ MOST DEIVINE AND ADWHORABLE
‘ CREETURE,

‘ I Doubt not but those iis, briter
‘ than the son, which have kindled
‘ such a flam in my hart, have likewise
‘ the faculty of seeing it. It would
‘ be the hiest preassumption to imagin
‘ you eggnorant of my loav. No, Mad-
‘ dam, I sollemly purteft, that of all
‘ the butys in the unaverfal glob, there
‘ is none kapable of hateractling my
‘ iis like you. Corts and pallaces
‘ would be to me deserts without your
‘ kumpany, and with it a wilderness
‘ would have more charms than haven
‘ itself. For I hop you will beleve me
‘ when I sware every place in the uni-
‘ varse is a haven with you. I am
‘ konvinced you must be sinfibel of my
‘ violent passion for you, which, if I
‘ endeavored to hid it, would be as im-
‘ possible as for you, or the son to hide
‘ your butys. I assure you I have not
‘ slept a wink since I had the hapness
‘ of seeing you last; therefore, hop
‘ you will, out of kumpassion, let me
‘ have the honour of seeing you this
‘ afternune; for I am, with the greatest
‘ adwhoration,

‘ Most deivine creeture,

‘ *Your most peffionate amirer,*

‘ *Adwhorer, and slave,*

‘ JOHANATAN WYLD.’

If the spelling of this letter be not so strictly orthographical, the reader will be pleased to remember, that such a defect might be worthy of censure in a low and scholastick character; but can be no blemish in that sublime greatness of which we endeavour to raise a compleat idea in this history: in which kind of composition, spelling, or indeed any kind of human literature, hath never been thought a necessary ingredient; for if these sort of great personages can but complot and contrive their noble schemes, and hack and hew mankind sufficiently, there will never be wanting fit and able persons who can spell, to record their praises. Again, if it should be observed that the style of this letter doth not exactly correspond with that of our hero's speeches, which we have here recorded, we answer, it is sufficient if in these the historian adheres faithfully to the matter, though he embellishes the diction with some flourishes of his own eloquence, without which the excellent speeches recorded in ancient historians (particularly in Sallust) would have scarce been found in their writings. Nay, even amongst the moderns, famous as they are for elocution, it may be doubted whether those inimitable harangues, published in the monthly Magazines, came literally from the mouths of the HURGOS, &c. as they are there inserted, or whether we may not rather suppose some historian of great eloquence hath borrowed the matter only, and adorned it with those rhetorical flowers for which many of the said HURGOS are not so extremely eminent.

CH A P. VII.

MATTERS PRELIMINARY TO THE
MARRIAGE BETWEEN MR. JONA-
THAN WILD AND THE CHASTE
LÆTITIA.

BUT to proceed with our history: Fireblood, having received this letter, and promised on his honour, with many voluntary asseverations, to discharge his embassy faithfully, went to visit the fair Lætitia. The lady having opened the letter, and read it, put on an air of disdain, and told Mr. Fireblood

Fireblood she could not conceive what Mr. Wild meant by troubling her with his impertinence; she begged him to carry the letter back again, saying, had she known from whom it came, she would have been d——d before she had opened it. 'But with you, young gentleman,' says she, 'I am not in the least angry. I am rather sorry that so pretty a young man should be employed in such an errand.' She accompanied these words with so tender an accent, and so wanton a leer, that Fireblood, who was no backward youth, began to take her by the hand, and proceeded so warmly, that, to imitate his actions with the rapidity of our narration, he in a few minutes ravished this fair creature, or at least would have ravished her, if she had not, by a timely compliance, prevented him.

Fireblood, after he had ravished as much as he could, returned to Wild, and acquainted him, as far as any wise man would, with what had passed; concluding with many praises of the young lady's beauty, with whom, he said, if his honour would have permitted him, he should himself have fallen in love; but, d——n him, if he would not sooner be torn in pieces by wild horses, than even think of injuring his friend. He asserted, indeed, and swore so heartily, that had not Wild been so thoroughly convinced of the impregnable chastity of the lady, he might have suspected his success: however, he was by these means entirely satisfied of his friend's inclination towards his mistress.

Thus constituted were the love-affairs of our hero, when his father brought him Mr. Snap's proposal. The reader must know very little of love, or indeed of any thing else, if he requires any information concerning the reception which this proposal met with. *Not guilty*, never sounded sweeter in the ears of a prisoner at the bar, nor the sound of a reprieve to one at the gallows, than did every word of the old gentleman in the ears of our hero. He gave his father full power to treat in his name, and desired nothing more than expedition.

The old people now met, and Snap, who had information from his daughter of the violent passion of her lover, endeavoured to improve it to the best advantage, and would have not only de-

clined giving her any fortune himself, but have attempted to cheat her of what she owed to the liberality of her relations, particularly of a pint silver caudle-cup, the gift of her grandmother. However, in this the young lady herself afterwards took care to prevent him. As to the old Mr. Wild, he did not sufficiently attend to all the designs of Snap, as his faculties were busily employed in designs of his own, to over-reach (or, as others express it, to cheat) the said Mr. Snap, by pretending to give his son a whole number for a chair, when in reality he was entitled to a third only.

While matters were thus settling between the old folks, the young lady agreed to admit Mr. Wild's visits; and, by degrees, began to entertain him with all the shew of affection which the great natural reserve of her temper, and the greater artificial reserve of her education, would permit. At length, every thing being agreed between their parents, settlements made, and the lady's fortune (to wit, seventeen pounds and nine shillings in money and goods) paid down, the day for their nuptials was fixed, and they were celebrated accordingly.

Most private histories, as well as comedies, end at this period; the historian and the poet both concluding they have done enough for their hero when they have married him; or intimating rather, that the rest of his life must be a dull calm of happiness, very delightful indeed to pass through, but somewhat insipid to relate: and matrimony in general must, I believe, without any dispute, be allowed to be this state of tranquil felicity, including so little variety, that, like Salisbury Plain, it affords only one prospect, a very pleasant one it must be confessed, but the same.

Now there was all the probability imaginable, that this conduct would have proved of such happy note, both from the great accomplishments of the young lady, who was thought to be possessed of every qualification necessary to make the marriage state happy, and from the truly ardent passion of Mr. Wild: but whether it was that nature and fortune had great designs for him to execute, and would not suffer his vast abilities to be lost and sunk in the arms of a wife, or whether, neither nature nor fortune had any hand in the matter, is a point I will not determine.

Certain

Certain it is, that this match did not produce that serene state we have mentioned above; but resembled the most turbulent and ruffled, rather than the most calm sea.

I cannot here omit a conjecture, ingenious enough, of a friend of mine, who had a long intimacy in the Wild family. He hath often told me he fancied one reason of the dissatisfactions which afterwards fell out between Wild and his lady arose from the number of gallants, to whom she had before marriage granted favours; 'for,' says he, (and indeed very probable it is too) 'the lady might expect from her husband what she had before received from several, and being angry not to find one man as good as ten, she had, from that indignation, taken those steps which we cannot perfectly justify.'

From this person I received the following dialogue; which, he assured me, he had overheard, and taken down *verbatim*. It passed on the day fortnight after they were married.

CHAP. VIII.

A DIALOGUE MATRIMONIAL, WHICH PASSED BETWEEN JONATHAN WILD ESQUIRE, AND LÆTITIA HIS WIFE, ON THE MORNING OF THE DAY FORTNIGHT ON WHICH HIS NUP-TIALS WERE CELEBRATED; WHICH CONCLUDED MORE AMICABLY THAN THOSE DEBATES GENERALLY DO.

JONATHAN.

MY dear, I wish you would lie a little longer in bed this morning.

LÆTITIA. Indeed I cannot; I am engaged to breakfast with Jack Strongbow.

JONATHAN. I don't know what Jack Strongbow doth so often at my house. I assure you I am uneasy at it; for though I have no suspicion of your virtue, yet it may injure your reputation in the opinion of my neighbours.

LÆTITIA. I don't trouble my head about my neighbours; and they shall no more tell me what company I am to keep, than my husband shall.

JONATHAN. A good wife would keep no company which made her husband uneasy.

LÆTITIA. You might have found one of those good wives, Sir, if you had pleased; I had no objection to it.

JONATHAN. I thought I had found one in you.

LÆTITIA. You did! I am very much obliged to you for thinking me so poor-spirited a creature; but I hope to convince you to the contrary. What, I suppose you took me for a raw, senseless girl, who knew nothing what other married-women do!

JONATHAN. No matter what I took you for: I have taken you for better and worse.

LÆTITIA. And at your own desire too; for I am sure you never had mine. I should not have broken my heart if Mr. Wild had thought proper to bestow himself on any other more happy woman—Ha, ha!

JONATHAN. I hope, Madam, you don't imagine that was not in my power, or that I married you out of any kind of necessity.

LÆTITIA. O no, Sir, I am convinced there are silly women enough. And far be it from me to accuse you of any necessity for a wife; I believe you could have very well been contented with the state of a bachelor; I have no reason to complain of your necessities: but that, you know, a woman cannot tell beforehand.

JONATHAN. I can't guess what you would insinuate; for I believe no woman had ever less reason to complain of her husband's want of fondness.

LÆTITIA. Then some, I am certain, have great reason to complain of the price they give for them.—But I know better things. (*These words were spoken with a very great air, and toss of the head.*)

JONATHAN. Well, my sweeting, I will make it impossible for you to wish me more fond.

LÆTITIA. Pray, Mr. Wild, none of this nauseous behaviour, nor those odious words.—I wish you were fond!—I assure you—I don't know what you would pretend to insinuate of me.—I have no wishes which misbecome a virtuous woman—No, nor should not, if I had married for love—and especially now, when no body, I am sure, can suspect me of any such thing.

JONATHAN.

JONATHAN. If you did not marry for love, why did you marry?

LÆTITIA. Because it was convenient, and my parents forced me.

JONATHAN. I hope, Madam, at least, you will not tell me to my face, you have made your convenience of me.

LÆTITIA. I have made nothing of you; nor do I desire the honour of making any thing of you.

JONATHAN. Yes, you have made a husband of me.

LÆTITIA. No, you made yourself so; for, I repeat once more, it was not my desire, but your own.

JONATHAN. You should think yourself obliged to me for that desire.

LÆTITIA. La! Sir, you was not so singular in it. I was not in despair. I have had other offers; and better too.

JONATHAN. I wish you had accepted them, with all my heart.

LÆTITIA. I must tell you, Mr. Wild, this is a very brutish manner of treating a woman, to whom you have such obligations; but I know how to despise it, and to despise you too for shewing it me. Indeed, I am well enough paid for the foolish preference I gave to you. I flattered myself that I should at least have been used with good manners. I thought I had married a gentleman: but I find you every way contemptible, and below my concern.

JONATHAN. D—n you, Madam, have not I more reason to complain, when you tell me you married me for your convenience only?

LÆTITIA. Very fine, truly. Is it behaviour worthy a man, to swear at a woman? Yet, why should I mention what comes from a wretch whom I despise.

JONATHAN. Don't repeat that word so often. I despise you as heartily as you can me. And, to tell you a truth, I married you for my convenience likewise; to satisfy a passion which I have now satisfied; and you may be d—'d, for any thing I care.

LÆTITIA. The world shall know how barbarously I am treated by such a villain.

JONATHAN. I need take very little pains to acquaint the world what a b——ch you are; your actions will demonstrate it.

LÆTITIA. Monster! I would ad-

vise you not to depend too much on my sex, and provoke me too far; for I can do you a mischief; and will, if you dare use me so, you villain!

JONATHAN. Begin whenever you please, Madam; but assure yourself, the moment you lay aside the woman, I will treat you as such no longer; and if the first blow is yours, I promise you the last shall be mine.

LÆTITIA. Use me as you will; but, d—n me if ever you shall use me as a woman again; for, may I be cursed, if ever I enter your bed more!

JONATHAN. May I be cursed if that abstinence be not the greatest obligation you can lay upon me! for, I assure you faithfully, your person was all I had ever any regard for; and that I now loath and detest, as much as ever I liked it.

LÆTITIA. It is impossible for two people to agree better; for I always detested your person; and, as for any other regard, you must be convinced I never could have any for you.

JONATHAN. Why, then, since we are come to a right understanding, as we are to live together, suppose we agreed, instead of quarrelling and abusing, to be civil to each other.

LÆTITIA. With all my heart.

JONATHAN. Let us shake hands then, and henceforwards never live like man and wife; that is, never be loving, nor ever quarrel.

LÆTITIA. Agreed.—But pray, Mr. Wild, why b——ch? Why did you suffer such a word to escape you?

JONATHAN. It is not worth your remembrance.

LÆTITIA. You agree, I shall converse with whomsoever I please!

JONATHAN. Without controul. And I have the same liberty?

LÆTITIA. When I interfere, may every curse you can wish attend me!

JONATHAN. Let us now take a farewell-kiss; and may I be hanged if it is not the sweetest you ever gave me.

LÆTITIA. But why, b——ch? Methinks I should be glad to know why b——ch?

At which words he sprang from the bed, d—ning her temper heartily. She returned it again with equal abuse; which was continued on both sides while he was dressing. However, they agreed to continue steadfast in this new resolution; and the joy arising on that occasion,

occasion, at length dismissed them pretty cheerfully from each other; though Lætitia could not help concluding with the words, 'Why b——ch?'

CHAP. IX.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE FOREGOING DIALOGUE, TOGETHER WITH A BASE DESIGN ON OUR HERO, WHICH MUST BE DETESTED BY EVERY LOVER OF GREATNESS.

THUS did this dialogue (which, though we have termed it matrimonial, had indeed very little savour of the sweets of matrimony in it) produce at last a resolution more wise than strictly pious, and which, if they could have rigidly adhered to it, might have prevented some unpleasant moments, as well to our hero as to his serene consort; but their hatred was so very great and unaccountable, that they never could bear to see the least composure in one another's countenance, without attempting to ruffle it. This set them on so many contrivances to plague and vex one another, that as their proximity afforded them such frequent opportunities of executing their malicious purposes, they seldom passed one easy or quiet day together.

And this, reader, and no other, is the cause of those many inquietudes which thou must have observed to disturb the repose of some married couples, who mistake implacable hatred for indifference; for why should Corvinus, who lives in a round of intrigue, and seldom doth, and never willingly would, dally with his wife, endeavour to prevent her from the satisfaction of an intrigue in her turn? Why doth Camilla refuse a more agreeable invitation abroad, only to expose her husband at his own table at home? In short, to mention no more instances, whence can all the quarrels, and jealousies, and jars, proceed, in people who have no love for each other, unless from that noble passion above mentioned, that desire, according to my Lady Betty Modish, of *curing each other of a smile*.

We thought proper to give our reader a short taste of the domestick state of our hero, the rather to shew him that *great men* are subject to the same frailties and

inconveniences in ordinary life, with *little men*; and that heroes are really of the same species with other human creatures, notwithstanding all the pains they themselves, or their flatterers, take to assert the contrary; and that they differ chiefly in the immensity of their greatness, or, as the vulgar erroneously call it, villainy. Now, therefore, that we may not dwell too long on low scenes, in a history of this sublime kind, we shall return to actions, of a higher note, and more suitable to our purpose.

When the boy Hymen had with his lighted torch driven the boy Cupid out of doors; that is to say, in common phrase, when the violence of Mr. Wild's passion (or rather appetite) for the chaste Lætitia began to abate, he returned to visit his friend Heartfree, who was now in the liberties of the Fleet, and had appeared to the commission of bankruptcy against him. Here he met with a more cold reception than he himself had apprehended. Heartfree had long entertained suspicions of Wild; but these suspicions had from time to time been confounded with circumstances, and principally smothered with that amazing confidence, which was indeed the most striking virtue in our hero. Heartfree was unwilling to condemn his friend without certain evidence, and laid hold on every probable semblance to acquit him; but the proposal made at his last visit had so totally blackened his character in this poor man's opinion, that it entirely fixed the wavering scale, and he no longer doubted but that our hero was one of the greatest villains in the world.

Circumstances of great improbability often escape men who devour a story with greedy ears; the reader, therefore, cannot wonder, that Heartfree, whose passions were so variously concerned, first for the fidelity; and, secondly, for the safety of his wife; and, lastly, who was so distracted with doubt concerning the conduct of his friend, should at his first relation pass unobserved the incident of his being committed to the boat by the captain of the privateer, which he had at the time of his telling so lamely accounted for; but now, when Heartfree came to reflect on the whole, and with a high prepossession against Wild, the absurdity of this fact glared in his eyes, and struck him in the most sensible manner. At length a thought

of great horror suggested itself to his imagination; and this was, whether the whole was not a fiction, and Wild (who was, as he had learned from his own mouth, equal to any undertaking, how black soever) had not spirited away, robbed, and murdered his wife.

Intolerable as this apprehension was, he not only turned it round and examined it carefully in his own mind, but acquainted young Friendly with it at their next interview. Friendly, who detested Wild, (from that envy, probably, with which these GREAT CHARACTERS naturally inspire low fellows) encouraged these suspicions so much, that Heartfree resolved to attach our hero, and carry him before a magistrate.

This resolution had been some time taken, and Friendly, with a warrant and a constable, had with the utmost diligence searched several days for our hero; but whether it was that, in compliance with modern custom, he had retired to spend the honey-moon with his bride, (the only moon, indeed, in which it is fashionable or customary for the married parties to have any correspondence with each other) or, perhaps, his habitation might, for particular reasons, be usually kept a secret; like those of some few *great men*, whom unfortunately the law hath left out of that reasonable, as well as honourable, provision, which it hath made for the security of the persons of other *great men*.

But Wild resolved to perform works of supererogation in the way of honour; and, though no hero is obliged to answer the challenge of my lord chief justice, or, indeed, of any other magistrate, but may, with unblemished reputation, slide away from it; yet such was the bravery, such the greatness, the magnanimity of Wild, that he appeared in person to it.

Indeed, Envy may say one thing, which may lessen the glory of this action, namely, that the said Mr. Wild knew nothing of the said warrant or challenge; and as thou mayest be assured, reader, that the malicious fury will omit nothing which can any ways fully so great a character, so she hath endeavoured to account for this second visit of our hero to his friend Heartfree from a very different motive than that of asserting his own innocence.

CHAP. X.

MR. WILD, WITH UNPRECEDENTED GENEROSITY, VISITS HIS FRIEND HEARTFREE, AND THE UNGRATEFUL RECEPTION HE MET WITH.

IT hath been said, then, that Mr. Wild, not being able, on the strictest examination, to find in a certain spot of human nature, called his own heart, the least grain of that pitiful, low quality, called honesty, had resolved, perhaps a little too generally, that there was no such thing. He therefore imputed the resolution with which Mr. Heartfree had so positively refused to concern himself in murder, either to a fear of bloodying his hands, or the apprehension of a ghost, or, lest he should make an additional example in that excellent book called, God's Revenge against Murder; and doubted not but he would (at least in his present necessity) agree without scruple to a simple robbery, especially where any considerable booty should be proposed, and the safety of the attack plausibly made appear; which, if he could prevail on him to undertake, he would immediately afterwards get him impeached, convicted, and hanged. He no sooner, therefore, had discharged his duties to Hymen, and heard that Heartfree had procured himself the liberties of the Fleet, than he resolved to visit him, and to propose a robbery, with all the allurements of profit, ease, and safety.

This proposal was no sooner made, than it was answered by Heartfree in the following manner.

' I might have hoped the answer
' which I gave to your former advice
' would have prevented me from the
' danger of receiving a second affront
' of this kind: an affront I call it; and
' surely, if it be so to call a man a villain, it can be no less to shew him
' you suppose him one. Indeed, it may
' be wondered how any man can arrive
' at the boldness, I may say impudence, of first making such an overture to another; surely, it is seldom done, unless to those who have previously betrayed some symptoms of their own baseness. If I have, therefore, shewn you any such, these in-

ults

faults are more pardonable; but I assure you, if such appear, they discharge all their malignance outwardly, and reflect not even a shadow within; for, to me, baseness seems inconsistent with this rule, OF DOING NO OTHER PERSON AN INJURY FROM ANY MOTIVE, OR ON ANY CONSIDERATION WHATSOEVER. This, Sir, is the rule by which I am determined to walk; nor can that man justify disbelieving me, who will not own he walks not by it himself. But whether it be allowed to me or no, or whether I feel the good effects of it's being practised by others, I am resolved to maintain it: for surely no man can reap a benefit from my pursuing it equal to the comfort I myself enjoy: for what a ravishing thought! how replete with extasy must the consideration be, that Almighty Goodness is by it's own nature engaged to reward me! How indifferent must such a persuasion make a man to all the occurrences of this life! What trifles must he represent to himself both the enjoyments and the afflictions of this world! How easily must he acquiesce under missing the former, and how patiently will he submit to the latter, who is convinced, that his failing of a transitory, imperfect reward here, is a most certain argument of his obtaining one permanent and compleat hereafter! Dost thou think, then, thou little, paltry, mean animal, (with such language did he treat our truly great man) that I will forego such comfortable expectations for any pitiful reward which thou canst suggest or promise to me; for that fordid lucre for which all pains and labour are undertaken by the industrious, and all barbarities and iniquities committed by the vile; for a worthless acquisition which such as thou art can possess, can give, or can take away? The former part of this speech occasioned much yawning in our hero, but the latter roused his anger; and he was collecting his rage to answer, when Friendly and the constable, who had been summoned by Heartfree, on Wild's first appearance, entered the room, and seized the great man just as his wrath was bursting from his lips.

The dialogue which now ensued is

not worth relating; Wild was soon acquainted with the reason of this rough treatment, and presently conveyed before a magistrate.

Notwithstanding the doubts raised by Mr. Wild's lawyer on his examination, he insisted that the proceeding was improper; for that a writ *de homine replegiando* should issue, and on the return of that, a *capias in withernam*: the justice inclined to commitment, so that Wild was driven to other methods for his defence. He therefore acquainted the justice, that there was a young man likewise with him in the boat, and begged that he might be sent for; which request was accordingly granted, and the faithful Achates (Mr. Fireblood) was soon produced, to bear testimony for his friend; which he did with so much becoming zeal, and went through his examination with such coherence, (though he was forced to collect his evidence from the hints given him by Wild in the presence of the justice and the accusers), that as here was direct evidence against mere presumption, our hero was most honourably acquitted; and poor Heartfree was charged by the justice, the audience, and all others who afterwards heard the story, with the blackest ingratitude, in attempting to take away the life of a man to whom he had such eminent obligations.

Left so vast an effort of friendship as this of Fireblood's should too violently surprize the reader in this degenerate age, it may be proper to inform him, that besides the ties of engagement in the same employ, another nearer and stronger alliance subsisted between our hero and this youth; which latter was just departed from the arms of the lovely Lætitia when he received her husband's message: an instance which may also serve to justify those strict intercourses of love and acquaintance, which so commonly subsist in modern history between the husband and gallant; displaying the vast force of friendship contracted by this more honourable than legal alliance, which is thought to be at present one of the strongest bonds of amity between great men, and the most reputable, as well as easy, way to their favour.

Four months had now passed since Heartfree's first confinement, and his affairs had began to wear a more benign aspect; but they were a good deal

injured by this attempt on Wild (so dangerous is any attack on a *great man*;) several of his neighbours, and particularly one or two of his own trade, industriously endeavouring, from their bitter animosity against such kind of iniquity, to spread and exaggerate his ingratitude as much as possible; not in the least scrupling, in the violent ardour of their indignation, to add some small circumstances of their own knowledge of the many obligations conferred on Heartfree by Wild. To all these scandals he quietly submitted, comforting himself in the consciousness of his own innocence, and confiding in time, the sure friend of justice, to acquit him.

C H A P. XI.

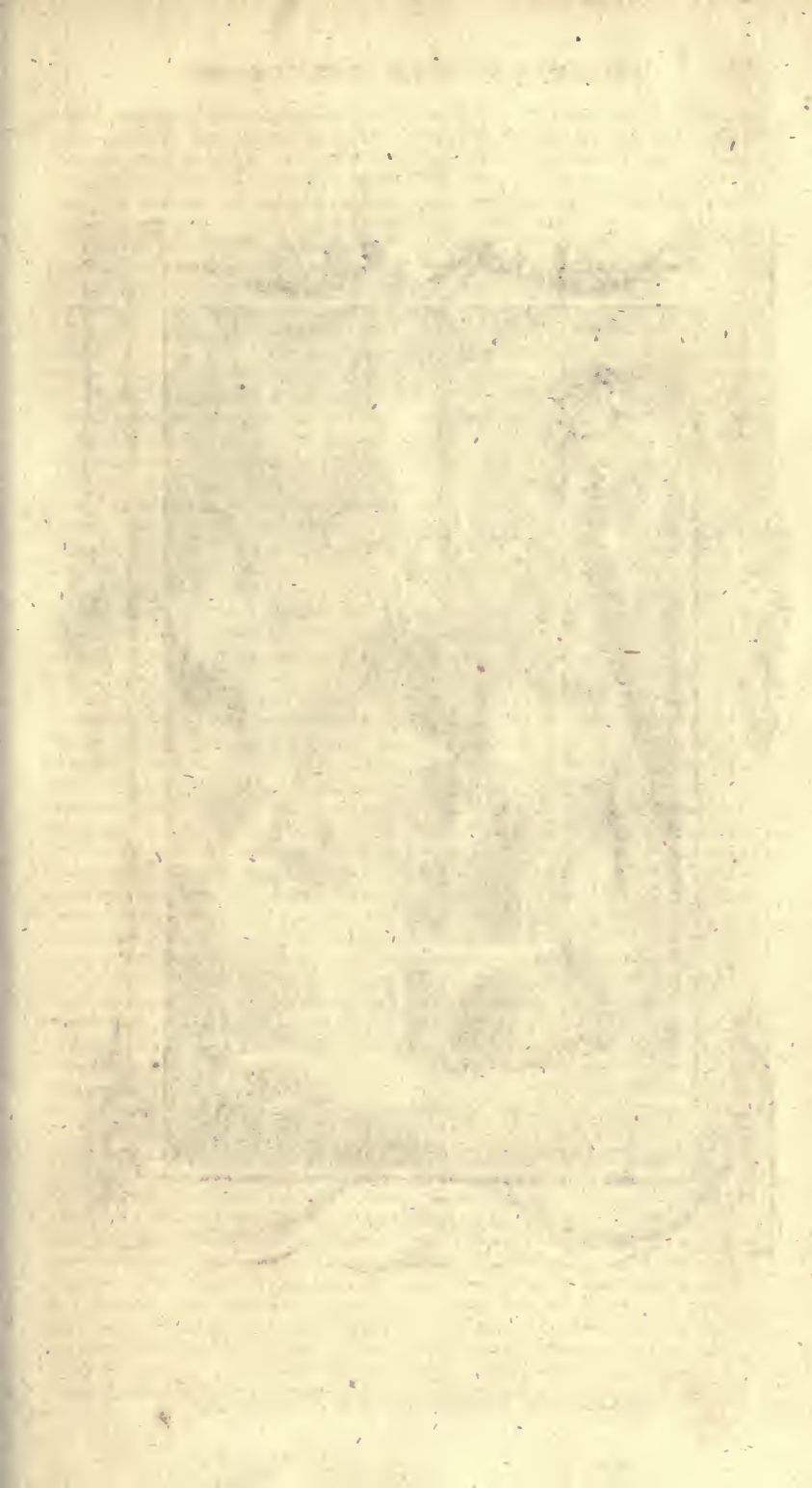
A SCHEME SO DEEPLY LAID, THAT IT SHAMES ALL THE POLITICKS OF THIS OUR AGE; WITH DIGRESSION AND SUB-DIGRESSION.

WILD having now, to the hatred he bore Heartfree, on account of those injuries he had done him, an additional spur from this injury received, (for so it appeared to him, who, no more than the most ignorant, considered how truly he deserved it) applied his utmost industry to accomplish the ruin of one whose very name sounded odious in his ears; when, luckily, a scheme arose in his imagination, which not only promised to effect it securely, but (which pleased him most) by means of the mischief he had already done him, and which would at once load him with the imputation of having committed what he himself had done to him, and would bring on him the severest punishment, for a fact of which he was not only innocent, but had already so greatly suffered by. And this was no other than to charge him with having conveyed away his wife, with his most valuable effects, in order to defraud his creditors.

He no sooner started this thought, than he immediately resolved on putting it in execution. What remained to consider, was only the *quomodo*, and the person, or tool, to be employed; for the stage of the world differs from that in Drury Lane principally in this; that whereas on the latter, the hero, or chief figure, is almost continually be-

fore your eyes, whilst the under-actors are not seen above once in an evening; now, on the former, the hero, or great man, is always behind the curtain, and seldom or never appears, or doth any thing in his own person. He doth, indeed, in this grand drama, rather perform the part of the prompter; and doth instruct the well-dressed figures, who are strutting in publick on the stage, what to say and do. To say the truth, a puppet-show will illustrate our meaning better, where it is the master of the show (the great man) who dances and moves every thing; whether it be the King of Muscovy, or whatever other potentate, (alias, puppet) which we behold on the stage; but he himself wisely keeps out of sight; for should he once appear, the whole motion would be at an end. Not that any one is ignorant of his being there, or supposes that the puppets are not mere sticks of wood, and he himself the sole mover; but as this (though every one knows it) doth not appear visibly, *i. e.* to their eyes, no one is ashamed of consenting to be imposed upon; of helping on the drama, by calling the several sticks or puppets by the names which the master hath allotted to them, and by assigning to each the character which the great man is pleased they shall move in, or rather in which he himself is pleased to move them.

It would be to suppose thee, gentle reader, one of very little knowledge in this world, to imagine thou hast never seen some of these puppet-shews, which are so frequently acted on the great stage; but though thou shouldst have resided all thy days in those remote parts of this island, which great men seldom visit; yet, if thou hast any penetration, thou must have had some occasions to admire both the solemnity of countenance in the actor, and the gravity in the spectator, while some of those farces are carried on, which are acted almost daily in every village in the kingdom. He must have a very despicable opinion of mankind, indeed, who can conceive them to be imposed on as often as they appear to be so. The truth is, they are in the same situation with the readers of romances; who, though they know the whole to be one entire fiction, nevertheless agree to be deceived; and as these find amusement, so do the others find ease and convenience in this con-





concurrence. But this being a subdigression, I return to my digression.

A great *man* ought to do his business by others; to employ hands, as we have before said, to his purposes, and keep himself as much behind the curtain as possible; and though it must be acknowledged that two very great men, whose names will be both recorded in history, did, in these latter times, come forth themselves on the stage, and did hack, and hew, and lay each other most cruelly open to the diversion of the spectators; yet this must be mentioned rather as an example of avoidance than imitation, and is to be ascribed to the number of those instances which serve to evince the truth of these maxims—*Nemo mortalium omnibus bonis sapit—Ira furor brevis est, &c.*

CHAP. XII.

NEW INSTANCES OF FRIENDLY'S FOLLY, &c.

TO return to my history, which, having rested itself a little, is now ready to proceed on it's journey. Fireblood was the person chosen by Wild for this service. He had, on a late occasion, experienced the talents of this youth for a good round perjury. He immediately, therefore, found him out, and proposed it to him: when receiving his instant assent, they consulted together, and soon framed an evidence; which being communicated to one of the most bitter and severe creditors of Heartfree, by him laid before a magistrate, and attested by the oath of Fireblood, the justice granted his warrant; and Heartfree was accordingly apprehended and brought before him.

When the officers came for this poor wretch, they found him meanly diverting himself with his little children; the younger of whom sat on his knees, and the elder was playing at a little distance from him with Friendly. One of the officers, who was a very good sort of a man, but one very laudably severe in his office, after acquainting Heartfree with his errand, bade him come along and be d—d, and leave those little bastards (for so, he said, he supposed they were) for a legacy to the parish. Heartfree was much surprized at hearing there

was a warrant for felony against him; but he shewed less concern than Friendly did in his countenance. The elder daughter, when she saw the officer lay hold on her father, immediately quitted her play; and, running to him, and bursting into tears, cried out, 'You shall not hurt poor papa!' One of the other ruffians offered to take the little one rudely from his knees; but Heartfree started up, and catching the fellow by the collar, dashed his head so violently against the wall, that, had he had any brains, he might possibly have lost them by the blow.

The officer, like most of those heroick spirits who insult men in adversity, had some prudence mixed with his zeal for justice. Seeing, therefore, this rough treatment of his companion, he began to pursue more gentle methods, and very civilly desired Mr. Heartfree to go with him, seeing he was an officer, and obliged to execute his warrant; that he was sorry for his misfortune, and hoped he would be acquitted. The other answered, he should patiently submit to the laws of his country, and would attend him whither he was ordered to conduct him: then, taking leave of his children with a tender kiss, he recommended them to the care of Friendly; who promised to see them safe home, and then to attend them at the justice's, whose name and abode he had learned of the constable.

Friendly arrived at the magistrate's house just as that gentleman had signed the *mittimus* against his friend; for the evidence of Fireblood was so clear and strong, and the justice was so incensed against Heartfree, and so convinced of his guilt, that he would hardly hear him speak in his own defence; which the reader, perhaps, when he hears the evidence against him, will be less inclined to censure: for this witness deposed, that he had been, by Heartfree himself, employed to carry the orders of embezzling to Wild, in order to be delivered to his wife; that he had been afterwards present with Wild and her at the inn, when they took coach for Harwich; where she shewed him the casket of jewels, and desired him to tell her husband, that she had fully executed his command; and this he swore to have been done after Heartfree had notice of the commission; and in order to bring it within that time, Fireblood,

as well as Wild, swore that Mrs. Heartfree lay several days concealed at Wild's house before her departure for Holland.

When Friendly found the justice obdurate, and that all he could say had no effect, nor was it any way possible for Heartfree to escape being committed to Newgate, he resolved to accompany him thither: where, when they arrived, the turnkey would have confined Heartfree (he having no money) amongst the common felons; but Friendly would not permit it, and advanced every shilling he had in his pocket to procure a room in the Press Yard for his friend; which, indeed, through the humanity of the keeper, he did at a cheap rate.

They spent that day together; and, in the evening, the prisoner dismissed his friend, desiring him, after many thanks for his fidelity, to be comforted on his account. 'I know not,' says he, 'how far the malice of my enemy may prevail; but, whatever my sufferings are, I am convinced my innocence will somewhere be rewarded.' 'If, therefore, any fatal accident should happen to me, (for he who is in the hands of perjury may apprehend the worst) my dear Friendly, be a father to my poor children!' at which words the tears gushed from his eyes. The other begged him not to admit any such apprehensions; for that he would employ his utmost diligence in his service, and doubted not but to subvert any villainous design laid for his destruction, and to make his innocence appear to the world as white as it was in his own opinion.

We cannot help mentioning a circumstance here, though we doubt it will appear very unnatural and incredible to our reader; which is, that, notwithstanding the former character and behaviour of Heartfree, this story of his embezzling was so far from surprising his neighbours, that many of them declared, they expected no better from him. Some were assured he could pay forty shillings in the pound, if he would. Others had overheard hints formerly pass between him and Mrs. Heartfree, which had given them suspicions. And, what is most astonishing of all, is, that many of those who had before censured him for an extravagant, heedless fool, now no less con-

fidently abused him for a cunning, tricking, avaricious knave.

C H A P. XIII.

SOMETHING CONCERNING FIREBLOOD, WHICH WILL SURPRIZE; AND SOMEWHAT TOUCHING ONE OF THE MISS SNAPS, WHICH WILL GREATLY CONCERN THE READER.

HOWEVER, notwithstanding all these censures abroad, and in despite of all his misfortunes at home, Heartfree, in Newgate, enjoyed a quiet, undisturbed repose; while our hero, nobly disdaining rest, lay sleepless all night: partly from the apprehensions of Mrs. Heartfree's return before he had executed his scheme, and partly from a suspicion lest Fireblood should betray him; of whose infidelity he had, nevertheless, no other cause to maintain any fear, but from his knowing him to be an accomplished rascal, as the vulgar term it; a compleat *great man*, in our language. And, indeed, to confess the truth, these doubts were not without some foundation; for the very same thought unluckily entered the head of that noble youth; who considered, whether he might not possibly sell himself for some advantage to the other side, as he had yet no promise from Wild; but this was, by the sagacity of the latter, prevented in the morning, with a profusion of promises, which shewed him to be of the most generous temper in the world; with which Fireblood was extremely well satisfied, and made use of so many protestations of his faithfulness, that he convinced Wild of the justice of his suspicions.

At this time an accident happened, which, though it did not immediately affect our hero, we cannot avoid relating, as it occasioned great confusion in his family, as well as in the family of Snap. It is, indeed, a calamity highly to be lamented, when it stains untainted blood, and happens to an honourable house; an injury never to be repaired; a blot never to be wiped out; a sore never to be healed! To detain my reader no longer: Miss Theodosia Snap was now safely delivered of a male-infant; the product of an amour which

which that beautiful (O that I could say, virtuous!) creature had, with the count.

Mr. Wild and his lady were at breakfast, when Mr. Snap, with all the agonies of despair, both in his voice and countenance, brought them this melancholy news. Our hero, who had (as we have said) wonderful good-nature when his greatness or interest was not concerned, instead of reviling his sister-in-law, asked, with a smile, who was the father. But the chaste Lætitia (we repeat *the chaste*, for well did she now deserve that epithet) received it in another manner. She fell into the utmost fury at the relation, reviled her sister in the bitterest terms, and vowed she would never see nor speak to her more: then burst into tears, and lamented over her father, that such a dishonour should ever happen to him and herself. At length she fell severely on her husband, for the light treatment which he gave this fatal accident. She told him, he was unworthy of the honour he enjoyed, of marrying into a chaste family; that she looked on it as an affront to her virtue; that if he had married one of the naughty hussies of the town, he could have behaved to her in no other manner. She concluded with desiring her father to make an example of the slut, and to turn her out of doors; for that she would not otherwise enter his house, being resolved never to set her foot within the same threshold with the trollop, whom she detested so much the more, because (which was, perhaps, true) she was her own sister.

So violent, and indeed so outrageous, was this chaste lady's love of virtue, that she could not forgive a single slip (indeed the only one Theodosia had ever made) in her own sister; in a sister who loved her, and to whom she owed a thousand obligations.

Perhaps the severity of Mr. Snap, who greatly felt the injury done to the honour of his family, would have relented, had not the parish-officers been extremely pressing on this occasion; and, for want of security, conveyed the unhappy young lady to a place, the name of which, for the honour of the Snaps, to whom our hero was so nearly allied, we bury in eternal oblivion; where she suffered so much correction for her crime, that the good-natured reader of

the male kind may be inclined to compassionate her, at least to imagine she was sufficiently punished for a fault, which, with submission to the chaste Lætitia, and all other strictly-virtuous ladies, it should be either less criminal in a woman to commit, or more so in a man to solicit her to it.

But to return to our hero, who was a living and strong instance that human greatness and happiness are not always inseparable. He was under a continual alarm of frights, and fears, and jealousies. He thought every man he beheld wore a knife for his throat, and a pair of scissars for his purse. As for his own gang particularly, he was thoroughly convinced there was not a single man amongst them who would not, for the value of five shillings, bring him to the gallows. These apprehensions so constantly broke his rest, and kept him so assiduously on his guard, to frustrate and circumvent any designs which might be forming against him, that his condition, to any other than the glorious eye of ambition, might seem rather deplorable, than the object of envy or desire.

CHAP. XIV.

IN WHICH OUR HERO MAKES A SPEECH WELL WORTHY TO BE CELEBRATED; AND THE BEHAVIOUR OF ONE OF THE GANG, PERHAPS MORE UNNATURAL THAN ANY OTHER PART OF THIS HISTORY.

THERE was in the gang a man named Blueskin; one of those merchants who trade in dead oxen, sheep, &c. in short, what the vulgar call a butcher. This gentleman had two qualities of a great man, viz. undaunted courage, and an absolute contempt of those ridiculous distinctions of *meum* and *tuum*, which would cause endless disputes, did not the law happily decide them by converting both into *suum*. The common form of exchanging property by trade seemed to him too tedious; he therefore resolved to quit the mercantile profession; and falling acquainted with some of Mr. Wild's people, he provided himself with arms, and enlisted of the gang; in which he behaved for some time

time with great decency and order, and submitted to accept such share of the booty with the rest as our hero allotted him.

But this subserviency agreed ill with his temper; for we should have before remembered a third heroick quality, namely, ambition, which was no inconsiderable part of his composition. One day, therefore, having robbed a gentleman at Windfor of a gold-watch, (which, on it's being advertised in the newspaper, with a considerable reward, was demanded of him by Wild) he pre-emptorily refused to deliver it.

'How, Mr. Bluefkin!' says Wild, 'you will not deliver the watch?'—
'No, Mr. Wild,' answered he; 'I have taken it, and will keep it; or, if I dispose of it, I will dispose of it myself, and keep the money for which I sell it.'—'Sure,' replied Wild, 'you have not the assurance to pretend you have any property or right in this watch?'—'I am certain,' returned Bluefkin, 'whether I have any right in it or no, you can prove none.'—'I will undertake,' cries the other, 'to shew I have an absolute right to it, and that by the laws of our gang, of which I am providentially at the head.'—'I know not who put you at the head of it,' cries Bluefkin; 'but those who did, certainly did it for their own good, that you might conduct them the better in their robberies, inform them of the richest booties, prevent surprises, pack juries, bribe evidence, and so contribute to their benefit and safety; and not to convert all their labour and hazard to your own benefit and advantage.'—'You are greatly mistaken, Sir,' answered Wild; 'you are talking of a legal society, where the chief magistrate is always chosen for the publick good, which, as we see in all the legal societies of the world, he constantly consults, daily contributing, by his superior skill, to their prosperity, and not sacrificing their good to his own wealth, or pleasure, or humour: but in an illegal society, or gang, as this of ours, it is otherwise; for who would be at the head of a gang, unless for his own interest? and without a head, you know, you cannot subsist. Nothing but a head, and obedience to that head, can preserve a gang a mo-

ment from destruction. It is absolutely better for you to content yourselves with a moderate reward, and enjoy that in safety at the disposal of your chief, than to engross the whole with the hazard to which you will be liable without his protection. And, surely, there is none in the whole gang, who hath less reason to complain than you; you have tasted of my favours; witness that piece of ribband you wear in your hat, with which I dubbed you Captain.—Therefore, pray, captain, deliver the watch.'—'D—n your cajoling,' says Bluefkin: 'do you think I value myself on this bit of ribband, which I could have bought myself for sixpence, and have worn without your leave? Do you imagine I think myself a captain, because you, whom I know not empowered to make one, call me so? The name of captain is but a shadow; the men and the salary are the substance; and I am not to be bubbled with a shadow. I will be called captain no longer; and he who flatters me by that name, I shall think affronts me, and I will knock him down, I assure you.'—'Did ever man talk so unreasonably?' cries Wild. 'Are you not respected as a captain by the whole gang since my dubbing you so? But it is the shadow only, it seems; and you will knock a man down for affronting you, who calls you captain! Might not a man as reasonably tell a minister of state, Sir, you have given me the shadow only. The ribband, or the bauble, that you give me, implies that I have either signalized myself by some great action, for the benefit and glory of my country; or, at least, that I am descended from those who have done so: I know myself to be a scoundrel, and so have been those few ancestors I can remember, or have ever heard of; therefore, I am resolved to knock the first man down who calls me Sir, or Right Honourable.' But all great and wise men think themselves sufficiently repaid by what procures them honour and precedence in the gang, without enquiring into substance; nay, if a title, or a feather, be equal to this purpose, they are substance, and not mere shadows. But I have not time to argue with you at present; so give me the watch

‘watch without any more deliberation.’ — ‘I am no more a friend to deliberation than yourself,’ answered Blueskin; ‘and so I tell you, once for all, by G—, I never will give you the watch; no, nor will I ever hereafter surrender any part of my booty. I won it, and I will wear it. Take your pistols yourself, and go out on the highway, and don’t lazily think to fatten yourself with the dangers and pains of other people.’ At which words he departed in a fierce mood, and repaired to the tavern used by the gang, where he had appointed to meet some of his acquaintance, whom he informed of what had passed between him and Wild, and advised them all to follow his example; which they all readily agreed to, and Mr. Wild’s d——tion was the universal toast; in drinking bumpers to which they had finished a large bowl of punch, when a constable, with a numerous attendance, and Wild at their head, entered the room, and seized on Blueskin, whom his companions, when they saw our hero, did not dare attempt to rescue. The watch was found upon him; which, together with Wild’s information, was more than sufficient to commit him to Newgate.

In the evening, Wild, and the rest of those who had been drinking with Blueskin, met at the tavern, where nothing was to be seen but the profoundest submission to their leader. They vilified and abused Blueskin as much as they had before abused our hero; and now repeated the same toast, only changing the name of Wild into that of Blueskin. All agreeing with Wild, that the watch found in his pocket, and which must be a fatal evidence against him, was a just judgment on his disobedience and revolt.

Thus did this great man, by a resolute and timely example, (for he went directly to the justice when Blueskin left him) quell one of the most dangerous conspiracies which could possibly arise in a gang; and which, had it been permitted one day’s growth, would inevitably have ended in his destruction: so much doth it behove all great men to be eternally on their guard, and expeditious in the execution of their purposes; while none but the weak and honest

can indulge themselves in remissness or repose.

The Achates, Fireblood, had been present at both these meetings; but though he had a little too hastily concurred in cursing his friend, and in vowing his perdition; yet, now he saw all that scheme dissolved, he returned to his integrity; of which he gave an incontestible proof, by informing Wild of the measures which had been concerted against him. In which, he said, he had pretended to acquiesce, in order the better to betray them; but this, as he afterwards confessed on his death-bed, at Tyburn, was only a copy of his countenance: for that he was, at that time, as sincere and hearty in his opposition to Wild as any of his companions.

Our hero received Fireblood’s information with a very placid countenance. He said, as the gang had seen their errors, and repented, nothing was more noble than forgiveness. But though he was pleased modestly to ascribe this to his lenity, it really arose from much more noble and political principles. He considered that it would be dangerous to attempt the punishment of so many; besides, he flattered himself that fear would keep them in order; and, indeed, Fireblood had told him nothing more than he knew before, viz. that they were all compleat *prigs*, whom he was to govern by their fears, and in whom he was to place no more confidence than was necessary, and to watch them with the utmost caution and circumspection; for a rogue, he wisely said, like gunpowder, must be used with caution; since both are altogether as liable to blow up the party himself who uses them, as to execute his mischievous purpose against some other person or animal.

We will now repair to Newgate, it being the place where most of the great men of this history are hastening as fast as possible; and, to confess the truth, it is a castle very far from being an improper or misbecoming habitation for any great man whatever. And as this scene will continue during the residue of our history, we shall open it with a new book; and shall, therefore, take this opportunity of closing our third.



THE
H I S T O R Y
OF
JONATHAN WILD THE GREAT.

BOOK IV.

CHAP. I.

A SENTIMENT OF THE ORDINARY'S,
WORTHY TO BE WRITTEN IN
LETTERS OF GOLD: A VERY EX-
TRAORDINARY INSTANCE OF
FOLLY IN FRIENDLY; AND A
DREADFUL ACCIDENT WHICH
BETEL OUR HERO.

H EARTFREE had not been long in Newgate, before his frequent conversation with his children, and other instances of a good heart, which betrayed themselves in his actions and conversation, created an opinion in all about him that he was one of the silliest fellows in the universe. The Ordinary himself, a very sagacious, as well as very worthy person, declared that he was a cursed rogue, but no conjuror.

What, indeed, might induce the former, *i. e.* the roguish part of this opinion, in the Ordinary, was a wicked sentiment which Heartfree one day disclosed in conversation; and which we, who are truly orthodox, will not pretend to justify, *viz.* that he believed a sincere Turk would be saved. To this the good man, with becoming zeal and indignation, answered, 'I know not what may become of a sincere Turk; but if this be your persuasion, I pronounce it impossible you should be saved. No, Sir; so far from a sincere Turk's being within the pale of salvation, neither will any sincere

Presbyterian, Anabaptist, nor Quaker, whatever, be saved.'

But neither did the one nor the other part of this character prevail on Friendly to abandon his old master. He spent his whole time with him, except only those hours when he was absent for his sake, in procuring evidence for him against his trial, which was now shortly to come on. Indeed, this young man was the only comfort, besides a clear conscience, and the hopes beyond the grave, which this poor wretch had; for the sight of his children was like one of those alluring pleasures which men in some diseases indulge themselves often fatally in, which at once flatter and heighten their malady.

Friendly being one day present while Heartfree was, with tears in his eyes, embracing his eldest daughter, and lamenting the hard fate to which he feared he should be obliged to leave her; spoke to him thus—'I have long observed with admiration the magnanimity with which you go through your own misfortunes, and the steady countenance with which you look on death. I have observed that all your agonies arise from the thoughts of parting with your children, and of leaving them in a distressed condition: now, though I hope all your fears will prove ill-grounded, yet, that I may relieve you as much as possible from them, be assured, that as nothing can give me more real misery, than to observe so tender and loving a concern in a matter to whose goodness

ness I owe so many obligations, and whom I so sincerely love; so nothing can afford me equal pleasure with my contributing to lessen or to remove it. Be convinced, therefore, if you can place any confidence in my promise, that I will employ my little fortune, which you know to be not entirely inconsiderable, in the support of this your little family. Should any misfortune, which I pray Heaven avert, happen to you before you have better provided for these little ones, I will be myself their father; nor shall either of them ever know distress, if it be any way in my power to prevent it. Your younger daughter I will provide for; and as for my little prattler, your elder, as I never yet thought of any woman for a wife, I will receive her as such at your hands, nor will I ever relinquish her for another.' Heartfree flew to his friend, and embraced him with raptures of acknowledgments. He vowed to him that he had eased every anxious thought of his mind but one, and that he must carry with him out of the world. 'O Friendly,' cried he, 'it is my concern for that best of women, whom I hate myself for having ever censured in my opinion. O Friendly, thou didst know her goodness; yet, sure, her perfect character none but myself was ever acquainted with. She had every perfection, both of mind and body, which Heaven hath indulged to her whole sex; and possessed all in a higher excellence than nature ever indulged to another in any single virtue. Can I bear the loss of such a woman? Can I bear the apprehensions of what mischiefs that villain may have done to her, of which death is perhaps the lightest?' Friendly gently interrupted him as soon as he saw any opportunity; endeavouring to comfort him on this head likewise, by magnifying every circumstance which could possibly afford any hopes of his seeing her again.

By this kind of behaviour, in which the young man exemplified so uncommon an height of friendship, he had soon obtained in the castle the character of as odd and silly a fellow as his master. Indeed, they were both the by-word, laughing-stock, and contempt of the whole place.

The sessions now came on at the Old Bailey. The grand jury at Hicks's

Hall had found the bill of indictment against Heartfree; and on the second day of the session he was brought to his trial; where, notwithstanding the utmost efforts of Friendly, and of the honest old female servant, the circumstances of the fact corroborating the evidence of Fireblood, as well as that of Wild, who counterfeited the most artful reluctance at appearing against his old friend Heartfree, the jury found the prisoner guilty.

Wild had now accomplished his scheme; for as to what remained, it was certainly unavoidable, seeing that Heartfree was entirely void of interest with the great, and was, besides, convicted on a statute, the infringers of which could hope no pardon.

The catastrophe to which our hero had reduced this wretch was so wonderful an effort of greatness, that it probably made Fortune envious of her own darling; but whether it was from this envy, or only from that known inconstancy and weakness so often and judiciously remarked in that lady's temper, who frequently lifts men to the summit of human greatness, only—

'Ut lapsu graviore ruant;'

certain it is, she now began to meditate mischief against Wild, who seems to have come to that period at which all heroes have arrived, and which she was resolved they never should transcend. In short, there seems to be a certain measure of mischief and iniquity which every great man is to fill up, and then Fortune looks on him of no more use than a silk-worm whose bottom is spun, and deserts him. Mr. Blue skin was convicted the same day of robbery by our hero; an unkindness which, though he had drawn on himself, and necessitated him to, he took greatly amiss. As Wild, therefore, was standing near him, with that disregard and indifference which great men are too carelessly inclined to have for those whom they have ruined, Blue skin privately drawing a knife, thrust the same into the body of our hero with such violence, that all who saw it concluded he had done his business. And, indeed, had not Fortune, not so much out of love to our hero, as from a fixed resolution to accomplish a certain purpose of which we have formerly given a hint, carefully placed his guts out of the way, he must have fallen a sacrifice to the wrath of his

his enemy, which, as he afterwards said, he did not deserve; for had he been contented to have robbed, and only submitted to give him the booty, he might have still continued safe and unimpeached in the gang: but so it was, that the knife missing those noble parts, (the noblest of many) the guts, perforated only the hollow of his belly, and caused no other harm than an immoderate effusion of blood, of which, though it at present weakened him, he soon after recovered.

This accident, however, was in the end attended with worse consequences: for as very few people (those greatest of all men, absolute princes, excepted) attempt to cut the thread of human life, like the fatal Sisters, merely out of wantonness and for their diversion, but rather by so doing propose to themselves the acquisition of some future good, or the avenging some past evil; and as the former of these motives did not appear probable, it put inquisitive persons on examining into the latter. Now, as the vast schemes of Wild, when they were discovered, however great in their nature, seemed to some persons, like the projects of most other such persons, rather to be calculated for the glory of the great man himself, than to redound to the general good of society; designs began to be laid by several of those who thought it principally their duty to put a stop to the future progress of our hero; and a learned judge particularly, a great enemy to this kind of greatness, procured a clause in an act of parliament as a trap for Wild, which he soon after fell into. By this law it was made capital in a *prig* to steal with the hands of other people; a law so plainly calculated for the destruction of all *priggish* greatness, that it was indeed impossible for our hero to avoid it.

CHAP. II.

A SHORT HINT CONCERNING POPULAR INGRATITUDE. MR. WILD'S ARRIVAL IN THE CASTLE, WITH OTHER OCCURRENCES TO BE FOUND IN NO OTHER HISTORY.

IF we had any leisure, we would here digress a little on that ingratitude which so many writers have observed to

spring up in the people in all free governments towards their great men; who, while they have been consulting the good of the publick, by raising their own greatness, in which the whole body (as the kingdom of France thinks itself in the glory of their Grand Monarque) was so deeply concerned, have been sometimes sacrificed by those very people for whose glory the said great men were so industriously at work: and this from a foolish zeal for a certain ridiculous, imaginary thing, called Liberty, to which great men are observed to have a great animosity.

This law had been promulgated a very little time, when Mr. Wild, having received, from some dutiful members of the gang, a valuable piece of goods, did, for a consideration somewhat short of it's original price, reconvey it to the right owner; for which fact being ungratefully informed against by the said owner, he was surprized in his own house; and being overpowered by numbers, was hurried before a magistrate, and by him committed to that castle, which, suitable as it is to greatness, we do not chuse to name too often in our history, and where many great men, at this time, happened to be assembled.

The governor, or, as the law more honourably calls him, Keeper of this castle, was Mr. Wild's old friend and acquaintance. This made the latter greatly satisfied with the place of his confinement, as he promised himself not only a kind reception and handsome accommodation there, but even to obtain his liberty from him, if he thought it necessary to desire it: but, alas! he was deceived; his old friend knew him no longer, and refused to see him; and the lieutenant-governor insisted on as high garnish for fetters, and as exorbitant a price for lodging, as if he had had a fine gentleman in custody for murder, or any other genteel crime.

To confess a melancholy truth, it is a circumstance much to be lamented, that there is no absolute dependance on the friendship of great men: an observation which hath been frequently made by those who have lived in courts, or in Newgate, or in any other place set apart for the habitation of such persons.

The second day of his confinement, he was greatly surprized at receiving a visit

visit from his wife; and much more so; when, instead of a countenance ready to insult him, the only motive to which he could ascribe her presence, he saw the tears trickling down her lovely cheeks. He embraced her with the utmost marks of affection, and declared he could hardly regret his confinement; since it had produced such an instance of the happiness he enjoyed in her, whose fidelity to him on this occasion would, he believed, make him the envy of most husbands, even in Newgate. He then begged her to dry her eyes, and be comforted; for that matters might go better with him than she expected.

'No, no,' says she, 'I am certain you will be found guilty *death*. I knew what it would always come to. I told you it was impossible to carry on such a trade long; but you would not be advised, and now you see the consequence; now you repent when it is too late. All the comfort I shall have when you are *nubbed**, is, that I gave you good advice. If you had always gone out by yourself, as I would have had you, you might have robbed on to the end of the chapter; but you was wiser than all the world, or rather lazier, and see what your laziness is come to—to the *cheat* †; for thither you will go now, that's infallible, and a just judgment on you for following your headstrong will. I am the only person to be pitied; poor I, who shall be scandalized for your fault. *There goes she whose husband was hanged*: methinks I hear them crying so already.' At which words she burst into tears. He could not then forbear chiding her for this unnecessary concern on his account; and begged her not to trouble him any more. She answered with some spirit, 'On your account, and be d——d to you! No, if the old cull of a justice had not sent me hither, I believe it would have been long enough before I should have come hither to see after you: d——n me, I am committed for the *filing-lay* ‡, man, and we shall be both *nubbed* together. I faith, my dear, it almost makes me amends for being *nubbed* myself, to have the pleasure of seeing thee *nubbed* too!'—'Indeed, my dear,' answered Wild, 'it is what I have long wished for thee; but I do

'not desire to bear thee company, and I have still hopes to have the pleasure of seeing you go without me; at least I will have the pleasure to be rid of you now.' And so saying, he seized her by the waist, and with strong arms flung her out of the room; but not before she had with her nails left a bloody memorial on his cheek: and thus this fond couple parted.

Wild had scarce recovered himself from the uneasiness into which this unwelcome visit, proceeding from the disagreeable fondness of his wife, had thrown him, than the faithful Achates appeared. The presence of this youth was indeed a cordial to his spirits. He received him with open arms, and expressed the utmost satisfaction in the fidelity of his friendship, which so far exceeded the fashion of the times; and said many things, which we have forgot, on the occasion; but we remember they all tended to the praise of Fireblood, whose modesty at length put a stop to the torrent of compliments, by asserting he had done no more than his duty, and that he should have detested himself, could he have forsaken his friend in his adversity: and after many protestations, that he came the moment he heard of his misfortune, he asked him if he could be of any service. Wild answered, since he had so kindly proposed that question, he must say he should be obliged to him if he could lend him a few guineas, for that he was very *seedy*. Fireblood replied, that he was greatly unhappy in not having it then in his power; adding many hearty oaths, that he had not a farthing of money in his pocket; which was, indeed, strictly true, for he had only a bank-note which he had that evening purloined from a gentleman in the playhouse-passage. He then asked for his wife, to whom, to speak truly, the visit was intended, her confinement being the misfortune of which he had just heard; for, as for that of Mr. Wild himself, he had known it from the first minute, without ever intending to trouble him with his company. Being informed, therefore, of the visit which had lately happened, he reproved Wild for his cruel treatment of that good creature: then taking as sudden leave as he civilly could of the gentle-

* The cant-word for hanging. † The gallows. ‡ Picking pockets,

man, he hastened to comfort his lady, who received him with great kindness.

CHAP. III.

CURIOUS ANECDOTES RELATING TO THE HISTORY OF NEWGATE.

THERE resided in the castle, at the same time with Mr. Wild, one Roger Johnson, a very GREAT MAN, who had long been at the head of all the *prigs* in Newgate, and had raised contributions on them. He examined into the nature of their defence, procured and instructed their evidence; and made himself, at least in their opinion, so necessary to them, that the whole fate of Newgate seemed entirely to depend upon him.

Wild had not been long under confinement, before he began to oppose this man. He represented him to the *prigs* as a fellow, who, under the plausible pretence of assisting their causes, was in reality undermining THE LIBERTIES OF NEWGATE. He at first threw out certain sly hints and insinuations; but having by degrees formed a party against Roger, he one day assembled them together, and spoke to them in the following florid manner.

'FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS,

THE cause which I am to mention to you this day, is of such mighty importance, that when I consider my own small abilities, I tremble with an apprehension lest your safety may be rendered precarious by the weakness of him who hath undertaken to represent to you your danger. Gentlemen, the liberty of Newgate is at stake: your privileges have been long undermined; and are now openly violated by one man, by one who hath engrossed to himself the whole conduct of your trials, under colour of which he exacts what contributions on you he pleases: but are those sums appropriated to the uses for which they are raised? Your frequent convictions at the Old Bailey, those depredations of justice, must too sensibly and sorely demonstrate the contrary. What evidence doth he ever produce for the prisoner, which the prisoner himself could not have provided, and often better instructed? How many noble youths have there

been lost, when a single *alibi* would have saved them! Should I be silent, nay, could your own injuries want a tongue to remonstrate, the very breath, which, by his neglect, hath been stopped at the *cheat*, would cry out loudly against him. Nor is the exorbitancy of his plunders visible only in the dreadful consequences it hath produced to the *prigs*, nor glares it only in the miseries brought on them; it blazes forth in the more desirable effects it hath wrought for himself, in the rich perquisites acquired by it: witness that silk night-gown, that robe of shame, which, to his eternal dishonour, he publickly wears; that gown, which I will not scruple to call the winding-sheet of the liberties of Newgate. Is there a *prig* who hath the interest and honour of Newgate so little at heart, that he can refrain from blushing when he beholds that trophy, purchased with the breath of so many *prigs*? Nor is this all; his waistcoat, embroidered with silk, and his velvet cap, bought with the same price, are ensigns of the same disgrace. Some would think the rags which covered his nakedness, when first he was committed hither, well exchanged for these gaudy trappings; but, in my eye, no exchange can be profitable when dishonour is the condition. If, therefore, Newgate—

Here the only copy which we could procure of this speech breaks off abruptly: however, we can assure the reader, from very authentick information, that he concluded with advising the *prigs* to put their affairs into other hands. After which one of his party, as had been before concerted, in a very long speech, recommended him (Wild himself) to their choice.

Newgate was divided into parties on this occasion; the *prigs* on each side representing their chief, or great man, to be the only person by whom the affairs of Newgate could be managed with safety and advantage. The *prigs* had, indeed, very incompatible interests; for whereas the supporters of Johnson, who was in possession of the plunder of Newgate, were admitted to some share under their leader; so the abettors of Wild had, on his promotion, the same views of dividing some part of the spoil among themselves. It is no wonder, therefore, they were both so warm on each side. What may seem more

remark-

remarkable, was, that the debtors, who were entirely unconcerned in the dispute, and who were the destined plunder of both parties, should interest themselves with the utmost violence; some on behalf of Wild, and others in favour of Johnson; so that all Newgate resounded with, 'Wild for ever! Johnson for ever!' and the poor debtors re-echoed, *the liberties of Newgate*, (which, in the cant language, signifies *plunder*) as loudly as the thieves themselves. In short, such quarrels and animosities happened between them, that they seemed rather the people of two countries long at war with each other, than the inhabitants of the same castle.

Wild's party at length prevailed, and he succeeded to the place and power of Johnson, whom he presently stripped of all his finery; but when it was proposed that he should sell it, and divide the money for the good of the whole, he waved that motion, saying, it was not yet time; that he should find a better opportunity; that the cloaths wanted cleaning; with many other pretences: and, within two days, to the surprize of many, he appeared in them himself; for which he vouchsafed no other apology, than that they fitted him much better than they did Johnson, and that they became him in a much more elegant manner.

This behaviour in Wild greatly incensed the debtors, particularly those by whose means he had been promoted. They grumbled extremely, and vented great indignation against Wild; when, one day, a very grave man, and one of much authority among them, bespoke them as follows.

'Nothing, sure, can be more justly ridiculous than the conduct of those, who should lay the lamb in the wolf's way, and then should lament his being devoured. What a wolf is in a sheepfold, a *great man* is in society. Now, when one wolf is in possession of a sheepfold, how little would it avail the simple flock to expel him, and place another in his stead? Of the same benefit to us is the overthrowing one *prig* in favour of another. And for what other advantage was your struggle? Did you not all know, that Wild and his followers were *prigs*, as well as Johnson and

his? What, then, could the contention be among such, but that which you have now discovered it to have been? Perhaps some would say, "Is it, then, our duty tamely to submit to the rapine of the *prig* who now plunders us, for fear of an exchange?" Surely, no: but I answer, "It is better to shake the plunder off than to exchange the plunderer." And by what means can we effect this, but by a total change in our manners? Every *prig* is a slave: his own *priggish* desires, which enslave him themselves, betray him to the tyranny of others. To preserve, therefore, the liberty of Newgate, is to change the manners of Newgate. Let us, therefore, who are confined here for debt only, separate ourselves entirely from the *prigs*; neither drink with them, nor converse with them. Let us, at the same time, separate ourselves farther from *priggish* itself. Instead of being ready, on every opportunity, to pillage each other, let us be content with our honest share of the common bounty, and with the acquisition of our own industry. When we separate from the *prigs*, let us enter into a closer alliance with one another. Let us consider ourselves all as members of one community, to the public good of which we are to sacrifice our private views; not to give up the interest of the whole for every little pleasure or profit which shall accrue to ourselves. Liberty is consistent with no degree of honesty inferior to this, and the community where this abounds no *prig* will have the impudence or audaciousness to endeavour to enslave; or, if he should, his own destruction would be the only consequence of his attempt. But while one man pursues his ambition, another his interest, another his safety; while one hath a roguery (a *priggish* they here call it) to commit, and another a roguery to defend, they must naturally fly to the favour and protection of those who have power to give them what they desire, and to defend them from what they fear; nay, in this view it becomes their interest to promote this power in their patrons. Now, gentlemen, when we are no longer *prigs*, we shall no longer have these fears, or these desires. What remains,

'remains, therefore, for us, but to resolve bravely to lay aside our *priggism*, (our roguery, in plainer words) and preserve our liberty, or to give up the latter in the preservation and preference of the former.'

This speech was received with much applause; however, Wild continued, as before, to levy contributions among the prisoners, to apply the garnish to his own use, and to strut openly in the ornaments which he had stripped from Johnson. To speak sincerely, there was more bravado than real use or advantage in these trappings. As for the night-gown, it's outside, indeed, made a glittering tinsel-appearance, but it kept him not warm; nor could the finery of it do him much honour, since every one knew it did not properly belong to him: as to the waistcoat, it fitted him very ill, being infinitely too big for him; and the cap was so heavy, that it made his head ache. Thus these cloaths, which, perhaps, (as they presented the idea of their misery more sensibly to the people's eyes) brought him more envy, hatred and detraction, than all his deeper impositions and more real advantages, afforded very little use or honour to the wearer; nay, could scarce serve to amuse his own vanity, when this was cool enough to reflect with the least seriousness. And, should I speak in the language of a man who estimated human happiness without regard to that *greatness* which we have so laboriously endeavoured to paint in this history, it is probable he never took (*i. e.* robbed the prisoners of) a shilling, which he himself did not pay too dear for.

CHAP. IV.

THE DEAD-WARRANT ARRIVES FOR HEARTFREE; ON WHICH OCCASION WILD BETRAYS SOME HUMAN WEAKNESS.

THE dead-warrant, as it is called, now came down to Newgate for the execution of Heartfree among the rest of the prisoners. And here the reader must excuse us, who profess to draw natural, not perfect characters; and to record the truths of history, not the extravagances of romance, while we relate a weakness in Wild, of which

we are ourselves ashamed, and which we would willingly have concealed, could we have preserved at the same time that strict attachment to truth and impartiality which we have professed in recording the annals of this *great man*. Know, then, reader, that this dead-warrant did not affect Heartfree, who was to suffer a shameful death by it, with half the concern it gave Wild, who had been the occasion of it. He had been a little struck the day before, on seeing the children carried away in tears from their father. This sight brought the remembrance of some slight injuries he had done the father to his mind, which he endeavoured, as much as possible, to obliterate; but when one of the keepers (I should say, lieutenants of the castle) repeated Heartfree's name among those of the malefactors who were to suffer within a few days, the blood forsook his countenance; and, in a cold, still stream, moved heavily to his heart, which had scarce strength enough left to return it through his veins. In short, his body so visibly demonstrated the pangs of his mind, that, to escape observation, he retired to his room, where he suddenly gave vent to such bitter agonies, that even the injured Heartfree, had not the apprehension of what his wife had suffered shut every avenue of compassion, would have pitied him.

When his mind was thoroughly fatigued, and worn out with the horrors which the approaching fate of the poor wretch, who lay under a sentence which he had iniquitously brought upon him, had suggested, sleep promised him relief; but this promise was, alas! delusive. This certain friend to the tired body is often the severest enemy to the oppressed mind: so at least it proved to Wild, adding visionary to real horrors, and tormenting his imagination with phantoms too dreadful to be described. At length, starting from these visions, he no sooner recovered his waking senses, than he cried out, 'I may yet prevent this catastrophe; it is not too late to discover the whole.' He then paused a moment; but *greatness* instantly returning to his assistance, checked the base thought, as it first offered itself to his mind. He then reasoned thus coolly with himself, 'Shall I, like a child, or a woman, or one of those mean wretches,

CHAP. V.

CONTAINING VARIOUS MATTERS.

THE day was now come when poor Heartfree was to suffer an ignominious death. Friendly had, in the strongest manner, confirmed his assurance of fulfilling his promise, of becoming a father to one of his children, and a husband to the other. This gave him inexpressible comfort; and he had, the evening before, taken his last leave of the little wretches, with a tenderness which drew a tear from one of the keepers, joined to a magnanimity which would have pleased a Stoic. When he was informed that the coach, which Friendly had provided for him, was ready, and that the rest of the prisoners were gone, he embraced that faithful friend with great passion, and begged that he would leave him here; but the other desired leave to accompany him to his end, which at last he was forced to comply with. And now he was proceeding towards the coach, when he found his difficulties were not yet over; for now a friend arrived, of whom he was to take a harder and more tender leave than he had yet gone through. This friend, reader, was no other than Mrs. Heartfree herself; who ran to him with a look all wild, staring, and frantick; and having reached his arms, fainted away in them, without uttering a single syllable. Heartfree was, with great difficulty, able to preserve his own senses in such a surprise, at such a season. And, indeed, our good-natured reader will be rather inclined to wish this miserable couple had, by dying in each other's arms, put a final period to their woes, than have survived to taste those bitter moments which were to be their portion, and which the unhappy wife, soon recovering from the short intermission of being, now began to suffer. When she became first mistress of her voice, she burst forth into the following accents: 'O, my husband!—Is this the condition in which I find you, after our cruel separation! Who hath done this? Cruel Heaven! What is the occasion? I know thou canst deserve no ill. Tell me, somebody who can speak, while I have my senses

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wretches, whom I have always despised, be frightened by dreams and visionary phantoms, to fully that honour which I have so difficultly acquired, and so gloriously maintained! Shall I, to redeem the worthless life of this silly fellow, suffer my reputation to contract a stain which the blood of millions cannot wipe away! Was it only that the few, the simple part of mankind, should call me a rogue, perhaps I could submit; but to be for ever contemptible to the PRIGS, as a wretch who wanted spirit to execute my undertaking, can never be digested. What is the life of a single man? Have not whole armies and nations been sacrificed to the honour of ONE GREAT MAN? Nay, to omit that first class of greatness, the conquerors of mankind, how often have numbers fallen by a fictitious plot, only to satisfy the spleen, or perhaps exercise the ingenuity, of a member of that second order of greatness, the *ministerial*? What have I done, then? Why, I have ruined a family, and brought an innocent man to the gallows. I ought rather to weep, with Alexander, that I have ruined no more, than to regret the little I have done.' He at length, therefore, bravely resolved to consign over Heartfree to his fate, though it cost him more struggling than may easily be believed, utterly to conquer his reluctance, and to banish away every degree of humanity from his mind, these little sparks of which composed one of those weaknesses which we lamented in the opening of our history.

But, in vindication of our hero, we must beg leave to observe, that Nature is seldom so kind as those writers who draw characters absolutely perfect. She seldom creates any man so completely great, or completely low, but that some sparks of humanity will glimmer in the former, and some sparks of what the vulgar call evil will dart forth in the latter; utterly to extinguish which, will give some pain and uneasiness to both: for, I apprehend, no mind was ever yet formed entirely free from blemish, unless, peradventure, that of a sanctified hypocrite, whose praises some well-fed flatterer hath gratefully thought proper to sing forth.

‘left to understand—what is the matter?’ At which words several laughed; and one answered, ‘The matter! Why, no great matter—the gentleman is not the first, nor won’t be the last: the worst of the matter is, that if we are to stay all the morning here, I shall lose my dinner.’ Heartfree, pausing a moment, and recollecting himself, cried out, ‘I will bear all with patience.’ And then, addressing himself to the commanding officer, begged he might only have a few minutes by himself with his wife, whom he had not seen before since his misfortunes. The great man answered, he had compassion on him, and would do more than he could answer; but he supposed he was too much a gentleman not to know that something was due for such civility. On this hint, Friendly, who was himself half dead, pulled five guineas out of his pocket; which the great man took, and said he would be so generous to give him ten minutes; on which one observed, that many a gentleman had bought ten minutes with a woman dearer; and many other facetious remarks were made, unnecessary to be here related. Heartfree was now suffered to retire into a room with his wife; the commander informing him, at his entrance, that he must be expeditious, for that the rest of the good company would be at the tree before him; and he supposed he was a gentleman of too much breeding to make them wait.

This tender, wretched couple, were now retired for these few minutes, which the commander without carefully measured with his watch; and Heartfree was mustering all his resolution to part with what his soul so ardently doated on, to conjure her to support his loss for the sake of her poor infants, and to comfort her with the promise of Friendly on their account; but all his design was frustrated. Mrs. Heartfree could not support the shock, but again fainted away; and so entirely lost every symptom of life, that Heartfree called vehemently for assistance. Friendly rushed first into the room, and was soon followed by many others; and, what was remarkable, one who had, unmoved, beheld the tender scene between these parting lovers, was touched to the quick by the pale looks of the woman, and ran up

and down for water, drops, &c. with the utmost hurry and confusion. The ten minutes were expired, which the commander now hinted; and seeing nothing offered for the renewal of the term, (for, indeed, Friendly had unhappily emptied his pockets) he began to grow very importunate; and at last told Heartfree, he should be ashamed not to act more like a man. Heartfree begged his pardon, and said, he would make him wait no longer. Then, with the deepest sigh, cried, ‘O my angel!’ and embracing his wife with the utmost eagerness, kissed her pale lips with more fervency than ever bridegroom did the blushing cheeks of his bride: he then cried, ‘The Almighty bless thee! and, if it be his pleasure, restore thee to life; if not, I beseech him we may presently meet again in a better world than this!’ He was breaking from her; when, perceiving her sense returning, he could not forbear renewing his embrace, and again pressing her lips; which now recovered life and warmth so fast, that he begged one ten minutes more, to tell her what her swooning had prevented her hearing. The worthy commander, being perhaps a little touched at this tender scene, took Friendly aside, and asked him what he would give, if he would suffer his friend to remain half an hour. Friendly answered, ‘Any thing;’ that he had no more money in his pocket, but he would certainly pay him that afternoon. ‘Well, then, I’ll be moderate,’ said he—‘twenty guineas.’ Friendly answered, ‘It is a bargain.’ The commander having exacted a firm promise, cried, ‘Then I don’t care if they stay a whole hour together; for what signifies hiding good news?—the gentleman is reprieved—;’ of which he had just before received notice in a whisper. It would be very impertinent to offer at a description of the joy this occasioned to the two friends, or to Mrs. Heartfree, who was now again recovered. A surgeon, who was happily present, was employed to bleed them all. After which the commander, who had his promise of the money again confirmed to him, wished Heartfree joy; and, shaking him very friendly by the hands, cleared the room of all the company, and left the three friends together.

CHAP. VI.

IN WHICH THE FOREGOING HAPPY INCIDENT IS ACCOUNTED FOR.

BUT here, though I am convinced my good-natured reader may almost want the surgeon's assistance also, and that there is no passage in this whole story which can afford him equal delight; yet, lest our reprieve should seem to resemble that in the Beggar's Opera, I shall endeavour to shew him, that this incident, which is undoubtedly true, is at least as natural as delightful; for, we assure him, we would rather have suffered half mankind to be hanged, than have saved one contrary to the strictest rules of writing and probability.

Be it known, then, (a circumstance which I think highly credible) that the great Fireblood had been, a few days before, taken in the fact of a robbery, and carried before the same justice of peace who had, on his evidence, committed Heartfree to prison. This magistrate, who did, indeed, no small honour to the commission he bore, duly considered the weighty charge committed to him, by which he was intrusted with decisions affecting the lives, liberties, and properties of his countrymen; he therefore examined always, with the utmost diligence and caution, into every minute circumstance. And, as he had a good deal balanced, even when he committed Heartfree, on the excellent character given him by Friendly and the maid; and as he was much staggered on finding, that of the two persons on whose evidence alone Heartfree had been committed, and had been since convicted, one was in Newgate for a felony, and the other was now brought before him for a robbery; he thought proper to put the matter very home to Fireblood at this time. The young Achates was taken, as we have said, in the fact; so that denial, he saw, was in vain. He, therefore, honestly confessed what he knew must be proved; and desired, on the merit of the discoveries he made, to be admitted as an evidence against his accomplices. This afforded the happiest opportunity to the justice to satisfy his conscience in relation to Heartfree. He told Fireblood, that if he expected the favour he soli-

cited, it must be on condition that he revealed the whole truth to him concerning the evidence which he had lately given against a bankrupt, and which some circumstances had induced a suspicion of; that he might depend on it, the truth would be discovered by other means; and gave some oblique hints (a deceit entirely justifiable) that Wild himself had offered such a discovery. The very mention of Wild's name immediately alarmed Fireblood, who did not in the least doubt the readiness of that *great man* to hang any of the gang, when his own interest seemed to require it. He, therefore, hesitated not a moment; but having obtained a promise from the justice that he should be accepted as an evidence, he discovered the whole falsehood, and declared that he had been seduced by Wild to depose as he had done.

The justice having thus luckily and timely discovered this scene of villainy, *alias* greatness, lost not a moment in using his utmost endeavours to get the case of the unhappy convict represented to the sovereign; who immediately granted him that gracious reprieve which caused such happiness to the persons concerned; and which, we hope, we have now accounted for to the satisfaction of the reader.

The good magistrate having obtained this reprieve for Heartfree, thought it incumbent on him to visit him in the prison, and to sound, if possible, the depth of this affair; that if he should appear as innocent as he now began to conceive him, he might use all imaginable methods to obtain his pardon and enlargement.

The next day, therefore, after that when the miserable scene above described had passed, he went to Newgate, where he found those three persons, namely, Heartfree, his wife, and Friendly, sitting together. The justice informed the prisoner of the confession of Fireblood, with the steps which he had taken upon it. The reader will easily conceive the many outward thanks, as well as inward gratitude, which he received from all three; but those were of very little consequence to him, compared with the secret satisfaction he felt in his mind from reflecting on the preservation of innocence, as he soon after very clearly perceived was the case.

When he entered the room, Mrs.

Heartfree was speaking with some earnestness: as he perceived, therefore, he had interrupted her, he begged she would continue her discourse, which, if he prevented by his presence, he desired to depart; but Heartfree would not suffer it. He said, she had been relating some adventures, which perhaps might entertain him to hear, and which she the rather desired he would hear, as they might serve to illustrate the foundation on which this falsehood had been built, which had brought on her husband all his misfortunes.

The justice very gladly consented; and Mrs. Heartfree, at her husband's desire, began the relation from the first renewal of Wild's acquaintance with him: but, though this recapitulation was necessary for the information of our good magistrate, as it would be useless, and perhaps tedious, to the reader, we shall only repeat that part of her story to which he is only a stranger, beginning with what happened to her after Wild had been turned adrift in the boat by the captain of the French privateer.

CHAP. VII.

MRS. HEARTFREE RELATES HER ADVENTURES.

MRS. Heartfree proceeded thus. 'The vengeance which the French captain exacted on that villain, (our hero) persuaded me that I was fallen into the hands of a man of honour and justice; nor, indeed, was it possible for any person to be treated with more respect and civility than I now was: but if this could not mitigate my sorrows, when I reflected on the condition in which I had been betrayed to leave all that was dear to me, much less could it produce such an effect, when I discovered, as I soon did, that I owed it chiefly to a passion which threatened me with great uneasiness, as it quickly appeared to be very violent, and as I was absolutely in the power of the person who possessed it, or was rather possessed by it. I must, however, do him the justice to say, my fears earned my suspicions farther than I afterwards found I had any reason to carry them: he did, indeed, very soon acquaint

me with his passion, and used all those gentle methods, which frequently succeed with our sex, to prevail with me to gratify it; but never once threatened, nor had the least recourse to force. He did not, even once, insinuate to me, that I was totally in his power, which I myself sufficiently saw, and whence I drew the most dreadful apprehensions, well knowing, that as there are some dispositions so brutal, that cruelty adds a zest and savour to their pleasures; so there are others whose gentler inclinations are better gratified when they win us by softer methods to comply with their desires; yet that even these may be often compelled by an unruly passion to have recourse at last to the means of violence, when they despair of success from persuasion; but I was happily the captive of a better man. My conqueror was one of those over whom vice hath a limited jurisdiction; and though he was too easily prevailed on to sin, he was proof against any temptation to villainy.

'We had been two days almost totally becalmed, when a brisk gale rising, as we were in sight of Dunkirk, we saw a vessel making full sail towards us. The captain of the privateer was so strong, that he apprehended no danger but from a man of war, which the sailors discerned this not to be. He therefore struck his colours, and furled his sails as much as possible, in order to lie by and expect her, hoping she might be a prize.' (Here Heartfree smiling, his wife stopped, and enquired the cause. He told her, it was from her using the sea-terms so aptly. She laughed, and answered, he would wonder less at this, when he heard the long time she had been on board: and then proceeded) 'This vessel now came along-side of us, and hailed us, having perceived that on which we were aboard to be of our own country. They begged us not to put into Dunkirk, but to accompany them in their pursuit of a large English merchant-man, whom we should easily overtake, and, both together, as easily conquer. Our captain immediately consented to this proposition, and ordered all his sail to be crowded. This was most unwelcome news to me; however, he comforted me all

‘ he could, by assuring me I had nothing to fear, that he would be so far from offering the least rudeness to me himself, that he would, at the hazard of his life, protect me from it. This assurance gave me all the consolation which my present circumstances, and the dreadful apprehensions I had on your dear account, would admit.’ (At which words, the tenderest glances passed on both sides between the husband and wife.)

‘ We sailed near twelve hours, when we came in sight of the ship we were in pursuit of, and which we should probably have soon come up with, had not a very thick mist ravished her from our eyes. This mist continued several hours, and when it cleared up, we discovered our companion at a great distance from us; but what gave us (I mean the captain and his crew) the greatest uneasiness, was the sight of a very large ship within a mile of us, which presently saluted us with a gun, and now appeared to be a third-rate English man of war. Our captain declared the impossibility of either fighting or escaping; and accordingly struck, without waiting for the broadside which was preparing for us, and which, perhaps, would have prevented me from the happiness I now enjoy.’ This occasioned Heart-free to change colour; his wife, therefore, passed hastily to circumstances of a more smiling complexion.

‘ I greatly rejoiced at this event, as I thought it would not only restore me to the safe possession of my jewels, but to what I value beyond all the treasure in the universe. My expectation, however, of both these, was somewhat crossed for the present: as to the former, I was told they should be carefully preserved, but that I must prove my right to them before I could expect their restoration; which, if I mistake not, the captain did not very eagerly desire I should be able to accomplish: and, as to the latter, I was acquainted, that I should be put aboard the first ship which they met on her way to England, but that they were proceeding to the West Indies.

‘ I had not been long aboard the man of war, before I discovered just reason rather to lament than rejoice at the exchange of my captivity (for such I concluded my present situation

to be.) I had now another lover in the captain of this Englishman, and much rougher and less gallant than the Frenchman had been. He used me with scarce common civility; as, indeed, he shewed very little to any other person, treating his officers little better than a man of no great good-breeding would exert to his meanest servant, and that, too, on some very irritating provocation. As for me, he addressed me with the influence of a bashaw to a Circassian slave; he talked to me with the loose licence in which the most profligate libertines converse with harlots, and which women, abandoned only in a moderate degree, detest and abhor. He often kissed me with very rude familiarity; and one day attempted farther brutality, when a gentleman on board, and who was in my situation, (that is, had been taken by a privateer, and was retaken) rescued me from his hands; for which the captain confined him, though he was not under his command, two days in irons: when he was released, (for I was not suffered to visit him in his confinement) I went to him, and thanked him with the utmost acknowledgment for what he had done and suffered on my account. The gentleman behaved to me in the handsomest manner on this occasion; told me, he was ashamed of the high sense I seemed to entertain of so small an obligation, of an action to which his duty as a Christian, and his honour as a man, obliged him. From this time I lived in great familiarity with this man, whom I regarded as my protector, which he professed himself ready to be on all occasions; expressing the utmost abhorrence of the captain’s brutality, especially that shewn towards me; and the tenderness of a parent for the preservation of my virtue, for which I was not myself more solicitous than he appeared. He was, indeed, the only man I had hitherto met, since my unhappy departure, who did not endeavour, by all his looks, words, and actions, to assure me he had a liking to my unfortunate person: the rest seeming desirous of sacrificing the little beauty they complimented to their desires, without the least consideration of the ruin which I earnestly represented to them, they were at-
tempting

tempting to bring on me, and on my future repose.'

'I now passed several days pretty free from the captain's molestation, till one fatal night.' Here perceiving Heartfree grew pale, she comforted him by an assurance that Heaven had preserved her chastity, and again had restored her unfulfilled to his arms. She continued thus: 'Perhaps I gave it a wrong epithet in the word *fatal*; but a wretched night, I am sure, I may call it; for no woman, who came off victorious, was, I believe, ever in greater danger. One night, I say, having drunk his spirits high with punch, in company with the purser, who was the only man in the ship he admitted to his table, the captain sent for me into his cabin; whither, though unwilling, I was obliged to go. We were no sooner alone together, than he seized me by the hand, and, after affronting my ears with discourse which I am unable to repeat, he swore a great oath, that his passion was to be dallied with no longer, that I must not expect to treat him in the manner to which a set of blockhead landmen submitted. "None of your coquette airs, therefore, with me, Madam," said he; "for I am resolved to have you this night. No struggling nor squalling, for both will be impertinent. The first man who offers to come in here, I will have his skin flead off at the gang-way." He then attempted to pull me violently towards his bed. I threw myself on my knees, and with tears and entreaties besought his compassion; but this was, I found, to no purpose: I then had recourse to threats, and endeavoured to frighten him with the consequence; but neither had this, though it seemed to stagger him more than the other method, sufficient force to deliver me. At last, a stratagem came into my head, of which my perceiving him reel gave me the first hint; I entreated a moment's reprieve only; when, collecting all the spirits I could muster, I put on a constrained air of gaiety, and told him, with an affected laugh, he was the roughest lover I had ever met with, and that I believed I was the first woman he had ever paid his addresses to. "Addresses," said he; "d—n your dresses; I want to undress you." I then

begged him to let us drink some punch together; for that I loved a can as well as himself, and never would grant the favour to any man till I had drank a hearty glass with him. "O," said he, "if that be all, you shall have punch enough to drown yourself in." At which words he rung the bell, and ordered in a gallon of that liquor. I was in the mean time obliged to suffer his nauseous kisses, and some rudenesses which I had great difficulty to restrain within moderate bounds. When the punch came in, he took up the bowl, and drank my health ostentatiously, in such a quantity, that it considerably advanced my scheme. I followed him with bumpers as fast as possible; and was myself obliged to drink so much, that at another time it would have staggered my own reason, but at present it did not affect me. At length, perceiving him very far gone, I watched an opportunity, and ran out of the cabin, resolving to seek protection of the sea, if I could find no other: but Heaven was now graciously pleased to relieve me; for, in his attempt to pursue me, he reeled backwards; and falling down the cabin stairs, he dislocated his shoulder, and so bruised himself, that I was not only preserved that night from any danger of my intended ravisher, but the accident threw him into a fever, which endangered his life; and whether he ever recovered or no, I am not certain; for, during his delirious fits, the eldest lieutenant commanded the ship. This was a virtuous and a brave fellow, who had been twenty-five years in that post without being able to obtain a ship, and had seen several boys, the bastards of noblemen, put over his head. One day, while the ship remained under his command, an English vessel, bound to Corke, passed by; myself, and my friend, who had formerly lain two days in irons on my account, went on board this ship, with the leave of the good lieutenant, who made us such presents as he was able of provisions; and congratulating me on my delivery from a danger to which none of the ship's crew had been strangers, he kindly wished us both a safe voyage.'

CHAP. VIII.

IN WHICH MRS. HEARTFREE CONTINUES THE RELATION OF HER ADVENTURES.

THE first evening after we were aboard this vessel, which was a brigantine, we being then at no very great distance from the Madeiras, the most violent storm arose from the north-west, in which we presently lost both our masts; and, indeed, death now presented itself as inevitable to us—I need not tell my Tommy what were then my thoughts. Our danger was so great, that the captain of the ship, a professed atheist, betook himself to prayers; and the whole crew, abandoning themselves for lost, fell with the utmost eagerness to the emptying a cask of brandy, not one drop of which, they swore, should be polluted with salt-water. I observed here, my old friend displayed less courage than I expected from him. He seemed entirely swallowed up in despair. But, Heaven be praised! we were all at last preserved. The storm, after about eleven hours continuance, began to abate, and by degrees entirely ceased; but left us still rolling at the mercy of the waves, which carried us at their own pleasure to the south-east a vast number of leagues. Our crew were all dead drunk with the brandy which they had taken such care to preserve from the sea; but, indeed, had they been awake, their labour would have been of very little service, as we had lost all our rigging, our brigantine being reduced to a naked hulk only. In this condition we floated above thirty hours, till, in the midst of a very dark night, we spied a light, which seeming to approach us, grew so large, that our sailors concluded it to be the lantern of a man of war; but when we were cheering ourselves with the hopes of our deliverance from this wretched situation, on a sudden, to our great concern, the light entirely disappeared, and left us in a despair, increased by the remembrance of those pleasing imaginations with which we had entertained our minds during its appearance.

The rest of the night we passed in melancholy conjectures on the light which had deserted us, which the major part of the sailors concluded to be a meteor. In this distress we had one comfort, which was a plentiful store of provision: this supported the spirits of the sailors, that they declared, had they but a sufficient quantity of brandy, they cared not whether they saw land for a month to come: but, indeed, we were much nearer it than we imagined, as we perceived at break of day. One of the most knowing of the crew declared we were near the continent of Africa; but when we were within three leagues of it, a second violent storm arose from the north, so that we again gave over all hopes of safety. This storm was not quite so outrageous as the former, but of much longer continuance, for it lasted near three days, and drove us an immense number of leagues to the south. We were within a league of the shore, expecting every moment our ship to be dashed in pieces, when the tempest ceased all on a sudden, but the waves still continued to roll like mountains; and before the sea recovered it's calm motion, our ship was thrown so near the land, that the captain ordered out his boat, declaring he had scarce any hopes of saving her; and, indeed, we had not quitted her many minutes, before we saw the justice of his apprehensions; for she struck against a rock, and immediately sunk. The behaviour of the sailors on this occasion very much affected me; they beheld their ship perish with the tenderness of a lover or a parent; they spoke of her as the fondest husband would of his wife; and many of them, who seemed to have no tears in their composition, shed them plentifully at her sinking. The captain himself cried out, "Go thy way, charming Molly; the sea never devoured a lovelier morsel. If I have fifty vessels, I shall never love another like thee. Poor slut! I shall remember thee to my dying day." Well, the boat now conveyed us all safe to shore, where we landed with very little difficulty. It was now about noon, and the rays of the sun, which descended almost perpendicular on our heads, were extremely hot and trouble-

‘troublesome. However, we travelled through this extreme heat about five miles over a plain. This brought us to a vast wood, which extended itself as far as we could see both to the right and left, and seemed to me to put an entire end to our progress. Here we decreed to rest and dine on the provision which we had brought from the ship, of which we had sufficient for very few meals; our boat being so overloaded with people, that we had very little room for luggage of any kind. Our repast was salt pork broiled, which the keenness of hunger made so delicious to my companions, that they fed very heartily upon it. As for myself, the fatigue of my body, and the vexation of my mind, had so thoroughly weakened me, that I was almost entirely deprived of appetite; and the utmost dexterity of the most accomplished French cook would have been ineffectual, had he endeavoured to tempt me with delicacies. I thought myself very little a gainer by my late escape from the tempest, by which I seemed only to have exchanged the element in which I was presently to die. When our company had sufficiently, and indeed very plentifully, feasted themselves, they resolved to enter the wood, and endeavour to pass it, in expectation of finding some inhabitants, at least some provision. We proceeded, therefore, in the following order; one man in the front, with a hatchet to clear our way; and two others followed him with guns, to protect the rest from wild beasts: then walked the rest of the company; and last of all, the captain himself, being armed likewise with a gun, to defend us from any attack behind; in the rear, I think, you call it. And thus our whole company, being fourteen in number, travelled on till night overtook us, without seeing any thing unless a few birds, and some very insignificant animals. We rested all night under the covert of some trees; and, indeed, we very little wanted shelter at that season, the heat in the day being the only inclemency we had to combat with in this climate. I cannot help telling you, my old friend lay still nearest to me on the ground, and declared he would be my protector, should any of the sailors offer rude-

ness; but I can acquit them of any such attempt; nor was I ever affronted by any one, more than with a coarse expression, proceeding rather from the roughness and ignorance of their education, than from any abandoned principle or want of humanity.

‘We had now proceeded very little way on our next day’s march, when one of the sailors having skipped nimbly up a hill, with the assistance of a speaking-trumpet, informed us, that he saw a town a very little way off. This news so comforted me, and gave me such strength, as well as spirits, that, with the help of my old friend and another, who suffered me to lean on them, I, with much difficulty, attained the summit; but was so absolutely overcome in climbing it, that I had no longer sufficient strength to support my tottering limbs, and was obliged to lay myself again on the ground; nor could they prevail on me to undertake descending through a very thick wood into a plain, at the end of which, indeed, appeared some houses, or rather huts, but at a much greater distance than the sailor had assured us; the little way, as he had called it, seeming to me full twenty miles; nor was it, I believe, much less.’

C H A P. IX.

CONTAINING INCIDENTS VERY SURPRIZING.

THE captain declared, he would, without delay, proceed to the town before him; in which resolution he was seconded by all the crew: but when I could not be persuaded, nor was I able to travel any farther before I had rested myself, my old friend protested he would not leave me, but would stay behind as my guard; and, when I had refreshed myself with a little repose, he would attend me to the town, which the captain promised he would not leave before he had seen us.

‘They were no sooner departed, than (having first thanked my protector for his care of me) I resigned myself to sleep, which immediately closed my eyelids, and would probably have detained

tained me very long in his gentle dominion, had I not been awaked with a squeeze by the hand by my guard; which I at first thought intended to alarm me with the danger of some wild beast; but I soon perceived it arose from a softer motive, and that a gentle swain was the only wild beast I had to apprehend.

He began now to disclose his passion in the strongest manner imaginable, indeed with a warmth rather beyond that of both my former lovers; but as yet without any attempt of absolute force. On my side, remonstrances were made in more bitter exclamations and revilings than I had used to any, that villain Wild excepted. I told him, he was the basest and most treacherous wretch alive; that his having cloaked his iniquitous designs under the appearance of virtue and friendship, added an ineffable degree of horror to them; that I detested him of all mankind the most, and, could I be brought to yield to prostitution, he should be the last to enjoy the ruins of my honour. He suffered himself not to be provoked by this language, but only changed his method of solicitation from flattery to bribery. He unripped the lining of his waistcoat, and pulled forth several jewels; these, he said, he had preserved from infinite danger to the happiest purpose, if I could be won by them. I rejected them often with the utmost indignation; till at last, casting my eye, rather by accident than design, on a diamond necklace, a thought like lightning shot through my mind, and, in an instant, I remembered that this was the very necklace you had sold the cursed count, the cause of all our misfortunes. The confusion of ideas into which this surprise hurried me, prevented my reflecting on the villain who then stood before me: but the first recollection presently told me, it could be no other than the count himself, the wicked tool of Wild's barbarity. Good Heavens! what was then my condition! How shall I describe the tumult of passions which then laboured in my breast! However, as I was happily unknown to him, the least suspicion on his side was altogether impossible. He imputed, therefore, the eagerness with

which I gazed on the jewels to a very wrong cause, and endeavoured to put as much additional softness into his countenance as he was able. My fears were a little quieted, and I was resolved to be very liberal of promises, and hoped so thoroughly to persuade him of my venality, that he might, without any doubt, be drawn in to wait the captain and crew's return, who would, I was very certain, not only preserve me from his violence, but secure the restoration of what you had been so cruelly robbed of. But, alas! I was mistaken.

Mrs. Heartfree again perceiving symptoms of the utmost disquietude in her husband's countenance, cried out, 'My dear, don't you apprehend any harm.' —But, to deliver you as soon as possible from your anxiety—When he perceived I declined the warmth of his addresses, he begged me to consider; he changed at once the tone of his features, and, in a very different voice from what he had hitherto affected, he swore I should not deceive him as I had the captain; that Fortune had kindly thrown an opportunity in his way, which he was resolved not foolishly to lose; and concluded with a violent oath, that he was determined to enjoy me that moment, and therefore I knew the consequence of resistance. He then caught me in his arms, and began such rude attempts, that I screamed out with all the force I could, though I had so little hopes of being rescued, when there suddenly rushed forth from a thicket a creature, which, at his first appearance, and in the hurry of spirits I then was, I did not take for a man; but, indeed, had he been the fiercest of wild beasts, I should have rejoiced at his devouring us both. I scarce perceived he had a musket in his hand, before he struck my ravisher such a blow with it, that he felled him at my feet. He then advanced with a gentle air towards me, and told me in French, he was extremely glad he had been luckily present to my assistance. He was naked, except his middle and his feet, if I can call a body so which was covered with hair almost equal to any beast whatever. Indeed, his appearance was so horrid in my eyes, that the friendship he had shewn me, as well

‘ as his courteous behaviour, could
 ‘ not entirely remove the dread I had
 ‘ conceived from his figure. I believe
 ‘ he saw this very visibly; for he begged
 ‘ me not, to be frightened, since, what-
 ‘ ever accident had brought me thither,
 ‘ I should have reason to thank Heaven
 ‘ for meeting him; at whose hands I
 ‘ might assure myself of the utmost ci-
 ‘ vility and protection. In the midst
 ‘ of all this consternation, I had spirits
 ‘ enough to take up the casket of jewels,
 ‘ which the villain, in falling, had
 ‘ dropped out of his hands, and con-
 ‘ veyed it into my pocket. My deli-
 ‘ verer telling me that I seemed ex-
 ‘ tremely weak and faint, desired me to
 ‘ refresh myself at his little hut, which,
 ‘ he said, was hard by. If his de-
 ‘ meanour had been less kind and
 ‘ obliging, my desperate situation must
 ‘ have lent me confidence; for sure the
 ‘ alternative could not be doubtful,
 ‘ whether I should rather trust this
 ‘ man, who, notwithstanding his savage
 ‘ outside, expressed so much devotion
 ‘ to serve me, which at least I was not
 ‘ certain of the falsehood of, or should
 ‘ abide with one whom I so perfectly
 ‘ well knew to be an accomplished vil-
 ‘ lain. I, therefore, committed myself
 ‘ to his guidance, though with tears in
 ‘ my eyes, and begged him to have
 ‘ compassion on my innocence, which
 ‘ was absolutely in his power. He
 ‘ said, the treatment he had been wit-
 ‘ ness of, which, he supposed, was from
 ‘ one who had broken his trust towards
 ‘ me, sufficiently justified my suspi-
 ‘ cion; but begged me to dry my eyes,
 ‘ and he would soon convince me, that
 ‘ I was with a man of different senti-
 ‘ ments. The kind accents which ac-
 ‘ companied these words gave me some
 ‘ comfort, which was assisted by the
 ‘ repossession of our jewels, by an ac-
 ‘ cident so strongly favouring of the
 ‘ disposition of Providence in my fa-
 ‘ vour.

‘ We left the villain weltering in
 ‘ his blood, though beginning to re-
 ‘ cover a little motion, and walked to-
 ‘ gether to his hut, or rather cave, for
 ‘ it was under ground, on the side of a
 ‘ hill; the situation was very pleasant,
 ‘ and, from it’s mouth, we overlooked
 ‘ a large plain, and the town I had be-
 ‘ fore seen. As soon as I entered it,
 ‘ he desired me to sit down on a bench
 ‘ of earth, which served him for chairs,

‘ and then laid before me some fruits,
 ‘ the wild product of that country, one
 ‘ or two of which had an excellent
 ‘ flavour. He likewise produced some
 ‘ baked flesh, a little resembling that of
 ‘ venison. He then brought forth a
 ‘ bottle of brandy, which, he said, had
 ‘ remained with him ever since his set-
 ‘ tling there, now above thirty years;
 ‘ during all which time he had never
 ‘ opened it, his only liquor being wa-
 ‘ ter; that he had reserved this bottle
 ‘ as a cordial in sickness; but, he
 ‘ thanked Heaven, he had never yet
 ‘ had occasion for it. He then ac-
 ‘ quainted me that he was a hermit,
 ‘ that had been formerly cast away on
 ‘ that coast, with his wife whom he
 ‘ dearly loved, but could not preserve
 ‘ from perishing; on which account he
 ‘ had resolved never to return to France,
 ‘ which was his native country, but to
 ‘ devote himself to prayer, and a holy
 ‘ life, placing all his hopes in the
 ‘ blessed expectation of meeting that
 ‘ dear woman again in Heaven, where,
 ‘ he was convinced, she was now a saint,
 ‘ and an interceder for him. He said,
 ‘ he had exchanged a watch with the
 ‘ king of that country, whom he de-
 ‘ scribed to be a very just and good man,
 ‘ for a gun, some powder, shot, and ball,
 ‘ with which he sometimes provided
 ‘ himself food, but more generally
 ‘ used it in defending himself against
 ‘ wild beasts; so that his diet was chiefly
 ‘ of the vegetable kind. He told me
 ‘ many more circumstances, which I
 ‘ may relate to you hereafter; but, to
 ‘ be as concise as possible at present,
 ‘ he at length greatly comforted me,
 ‘ by promising to conduct me to a sea-
 ‘ port, where I might have an oppor-
 ‘ tunity to meet with some vessels traf-
 ‘ ficking for slaves; and whence I might
 ‘ once more commit myself to that ele-
 ‘ ment, which, though I had already
 ‘ suffered so much on it, I must again
 ‘ trust, to put me in possession of all I
 ‘ loved.

‘ The character he gave me of the
 ‘ inhabitants of the town we saw below
 ‘ us, and of their king, made me de-
 ‘ sirous of being conducted thither;
 ‘ especially as I very much wished to
 ‘ see the captain and sailors, who had
 ‘ behaved very kindly to me, and with
 ‘ whom, notwithstanding all the civil
 ‘ behaviour of the hermit, I was rather
 ‘ easier in my mind, than alone with
 ‘ this



Stothard del.

Longman sculp.

JONATHAN WILD

' this single man; but he dissuaded me
 ' greatly from attempting such a walk,
 ' till I had recreated my spirits with
 ' rest, desiring me to repose myself on
 ' his couch or bank, saying, that he
 ' himself would retire without the cave,
 ' where he would remain as my
 ' guard. I accepted this kind propo-
 ' sal; but it was long before I could
 ' procure any slumber: however, at
 ' length weariness prevailed over my
 ' tears, and I enjoyed several hours
 ' sleep. When I awaked, I found my
 ' faithful centinel on his post, and
 ' ready at my summons. This beha-
 ' viour infused some confidence into
 ' me, and I now repeated my request,
 ' that he would go with me to the town
 ' below; but he answered, it would be
 ' better advised to take some repast be-
 ' fore I undertook the journey, which
 ' I should find much longer than it ap-
 ' peared. I consented, and he set forth
 ' a greater variety of fruits than before,
 ' of which I eat very plentifully. My
 ' collation being ended, I renewed the
 ' mention of my walk; but he still per-
 ' sisted in dissuading me, telling me,
 ' that I was not yet strong enough;
 ' that I could no where repose myself
 ' with greater safety than in his cave;
 ' and that, for his part, he could have
 ' no greater happiness than that of at-
 ' tending me; adding, with a sigh, it
 ' was a happiness he should envy any
 ' other more than all the gifts of for-
 ' tune. You may imagine I began
 ' now to entertain suspicions; but he
 ' presently removed all doubt, by
 ' throwing himself at my feet, and ex-
 ' pressing the warmest passion for me.
 ' I should have now sunk with despair,
 ' had he not accompanied these profes-
 ' sions with the most vehement protesta-
 ' tions, that he would never offer me
 ' any other force but that of entreaty;
 ' and that he would rather die the most
 ' cruel death by my coldness, than gain
 ' the highest bliss by becoming the oc-
 ' casion of a tear of sorrow to these
 ' bright eyes, which, he said, were stars,
 ' under whose benign influence alone
 ' he could enjoy, or, indeed, suffer life.
 She was repeating many more compli-
 ments he made her, when a horrid up-
 roar, which alarmed the whole *Gate*,
 put a stop to her narration at present.
 It is impossible for me to give the reader

a better idea of the noise which now
 arose, than by desiring him to imagine
 I had the hundred tongues the poet once
 wished for, and was vociferating from
 them all at once, by hallooing, scold-
 ing, crying, swearing, bellowing, and,
 in short, by every different articulation
 which is within the scope of the human
 organ.

CHAP. X.

A HORRIBLE UPROAR IN THE GATE.

BUT however great an idea the
 reader may hence conceive of this
 uproar, he will think the occasion more
 than adequate to it, when he is in-
 formed, that our hero (I blush to name
 it) had discovered an injury done to his
 honour, and that in the tenderest point
 —In a word, reader, (for thou must
 know it, though it gives thee the greatest
 horror imaginable) he had caught Fire-
 blood in the arms of his lovely *Læ-
 titia*.

As the generous bull, who, having
 long depastured among a number of
 cows, and thence contracted an opinion
 that these cows are all his own pro-
 perty, if he beholds another bull be-
 stride a cow within his walks, he roars
 aloud, and threatens instant vengeance
 with his horns, till the whole parish are
 alarmed with his bellowing; not with-
 less noise, nor less dreadful menaces,
 did the fury of *Wild* burst forth, and
 terrify the whole *Gate*. Long time did
 rage render his voice inarticulate to the
 hearer; as when, at a visiting day, fif-
 teen or sixteen, or perhaps twice as
 many females, of delicate but shrill
 pipes, ejaculate all at once on different
 subjects, all is sound only, the harmony
 entirely melodious, indeed, but conveys
 no idea to our ears: but at length,
 when reason began to get the better of
 his passion, which latter being deserted
 by his breath, began a little to retreat,
 the following accents leaped over the
 hedge of his teeth, or rather the ditch
 of his gums, whence those hedgestakes
 had long since by a patin been dis-
 placed in battle with an Amazon of
Drury.

* ——— ‘Man of honour! doth this

* The beginning of this speech is lost.

M 2

‘ become

'become a friend? Could I have expected such a breach of all the laws of honour from thee, whom I had taught to walk in it's paths? Hadst thou chosen any other way to injure my confidence, I could have forgiven it; but this is a stab in the tenderest part, a wound never to be healed, an injury never to be repaired; for it is not only the loss of an agreeable companion, of the affection of a wife dearer to my soul than life itself, it is not this loss alone I lament: this loss is accompanied with disgrace, and with dishonour. The blood of the Wilds, which hath run with such uninterrupted purity through so many generations, this blood is fouled, is contaminated; hence flow my tears, hence arises my grief. This is the injury never to be redressed, nor ever to be with honour forgiven.'—
 'My —— in a band-box,' answered Fireblood; 'here is a noise about your honour: if the mischief done to your blood be all you complain of, I am sure you complain of nothing; for my blood is as good as yours.'—'You have no conception,' replied Wild, 'of the tenderness of honour; you know not how nice and delicate it is in both sexes; so delicate, that the least breath of air which rudely blows on it, destroys it.'—'I will prove from your own words,' says Fireblood, 'I have not wronged your honour. Have you not often told me, that the honour of a man consisted in receiving no affront from his own sex, and that of a woman in receiving no kindness from ours. Now, Sir, if I have given you no affront, how have I injured your honour?'—'But doth not every thing,' cried Wild, 'of the wife belong to the husband? A married man, therefore, hath his wife's honour as well as his own; and by injuring her's, you injure his. How cruelly you have hurt me in this tender part, I need not repeat; the whole Gate knows it, and the world shall. I will apply to Doctors Commons for my redress against her. I will shake off as much of my dishonour as I can by parting with her; and as for you, expect to hear of me in Westminster Hall, the modern method of repairing these breaches, and of resenting this affront.'—'D——n your eyes,' cries Fireblood, 'I fear you not, nor do I believe a word you say.'—

'Nay, if you affront me personally,' says Wild, 'another sort of resentment is prescribed.' At which words, advancing to Fireblood, he presented him with a box on the ear, which the youth immediately returned; and now our hero and his friend fell to boxing, though with some difficulty, both being incumbered with the chains which they wore between their legs: a few blows passed on both sides, before the gentlemen, who stood by, stepped in and parted the combatants; and now both parties having whispered each other, that, if they out-lived the ensuing sessions, and escaped the tree, the one should give and the other should receive satisfaction in single combat, they separated, and the Gate soon recovered it's former tranquillity.

Mrs. Heartfree was then desired, by the justice and her husband both, to conclude her story, which she did in the words of the next chapter.

CHAP. XI.

THE CONCLUSION OF MRS. HEART-FREE'S ADVENTURES.

'IF I mistake not, I was interrupted just as I was beginning to repeat some of the compliments made me by the hermit.'—Just as you had finished them, I believe, Madam,' said the justice. 'Very well, Sir,' said she, 'I am sure I have no pleasure in the repetition.' He concluded, then, with telling me, though I was, in his eyes, the most charming woman in the world, and might tempt a saint to abandon the ways of holiness, yet my beauty inspired him with a much tenderer affection towards me, than to purchase any satisfaction of his own desires with my misery; if, therefore, I could be so cruel to him, to reject his honest and sincere address, nor could submit to a solitary life with one who would endeavour by all possible means to make me happy, I had no force to dread; for that I was as much at my liberty as if I was in France, or England, or any other free country. I repulsed him with the same civility with which he advanced; and told him, that as he professed great regard to religion, I was convinced he would cease from all farther solicitation, when

when I informed him, that if I had no other objection, my own innocence would not admit of my hearing him on this subject, for that I was married. He started a little at that word, and was for some time silent; but at length recovering himself, he began to urge the uncertainty of my husband's being alive, and the probability of the contrary: he then spoke of marriage as a civil policy only; on which head he urged many arguments not worth repeating; and was growing so very eager and importunate, that I know not whither his passion might have hurried him, had not three of the sailors, well armed, appeared at that instant in sight of the cave. I no sooner saw them, than, exulting with the utmost inward joy, I told him my companions were come for me, and that I must now take my leave of him; assuring him, that I would always remember, with the most grateful acknowledgment, the favours I had received at his hands. He fetched a very heavy sigh, and, squeezing me tenderly by the hand, he saluted my lips with a little more eagerness than the European salutations admit of; and told me, he should likewise remember my arrival at his cave to the last day of his life; adding, O that he could there spend the whole in the company of one, whose bright eyes had kindled——! But I know you will think, Sir, that we women love to repeat the compliments made us; I will, therefore, omit them. In a word, the sailors being now arrived, I quitted him, with some compassion for the reluctance with which he parted from me, and went forward with my companions.

We had proceeded but a very few paces, before one of the sailors said to his comrades, "D—n me, Jack, who knows whether yon fellow hath not some good flip in his cave?" I innocently answered, the poor wretch had only one bottle of brandy.—"Hath he so?" cries the sailor: "Fore George we will taste it;" and, so saying, they immediately returned back, and myself with them. We found the poor man prostrate on the ground, expressing all the symptoms of misery and lamentation. I told him in French (for the sailors could not speak that language) what they want-

ed. He pointed to the place where the bottle was deposited, saying, they were welcome to that, and whatever else he had; and added, he cared not if they took his life also. The sailors searched the whole cave, where finding nothing more which they deemed worth their taking, they walked off with the bottle; and immediately emptying it, without offering me a drop, they proceeded with me towards the town.

In our way I observed one whisper to another, while he kept his eyes steadfastly fixed on me. This gave me some uneasiness; but the other answered: "No, d—n me, the captain will never forgive us. Besides, we have enough of it among the black women; and, in my mind, one colour is as good as another." This was enough to give me violent apprehensions; but I heard no more of that kind till we came to the town, where, in about six hours, I arrived in safety.

As soon as I came to the captain, he enquired what was become of my friend, meaning the villainous count. When he was informed by me of what had happened, he wished me heartily joy of my delivery, and, expressing the utmost abhorrence of such baseness, swore, if ever he met him, he would cut his throat; but, indeed, we both concluded, that he had died of the blow which the hermit had given him.

I was now introduced to the chief magistrate of this country, who was desirous of seeing me. I will give you a short description of him: he was chosen (as is the custom there) for his superior bravery and wisdom. His power is entirely absolute during it's continuance; but, on the first deviation from equity and justice, he is liable to be deposed, and punished by the people; the elders of whom once a year assemble to examine into his conduct. Besides the danger which these examinations, which are very strict, expose him to, his office is of such care and trouble, that nothing but that restless love of power, so predominant in the mind of man, could make it the object of desire; for he is, indeed, the only slave of all the natives of this country. He is obliged, in time of peace, to hear the complaint

complaint of every person in his dominions, and to render him justice. For which purpose every one may demand an audience of him, unless during the hour which he is allowed for dinner; when he sits alone at the table, and is attended, in the most publick manner, with more than European ceremony. This is done to create an awe and respect towards him in the eye of the vulgar; but lest it should elevate him too much in his own opinion, in order to his humiliation, he receives every evening in private, from a kind of beadle, a gentle kick on his posteriors; besides which, he wears a ring in his nose, somewhat resembling that we ring our pigs with, and a chain round his neck, not unlike that worn by our aldermen; both which, I suppose, to be emblematical, but heard not the reasons of either assigned. There are many more particularities among these people, which, when I have an opportunity, I may relate to you. The second day after my return from court, one of his officers, whom they call Schach Pimpach, waited upon me, and by a French interpreter who lives here, informed me, that the chief magistrate liked my person, and offered me an immense present, if I would suffer him to enjoy it, (this is, it seems, their common form of making love.) I rejected the present, and never heard any farther solicitation; for, as it is no shame for women here to consent at the first proposal, so they never receive a second.

I had resided in this town a week, when the captain informed me, that a number of slaves, who had been taken captives in war, were to be guarded to the sea-side, where they were to be sold to the merchants who traded in them to America; that if I would embrace this opportunity, I might assure myself of finding a passage to America, and thence to England; acquainting me at the same time, that he himself intended to go with them. I readily agreed to accompany him. The chief, being advertised of our designs, sent for us both to court, and, without mentioning a word of love to me, having presented me with a very rich jewel, of less value, he said, than my chastity, took a very civil leave, recommending me to the care of Hea-

ven, and ordering us a large supply of provisions for our journey.

We were provided with mules for ourselves, and what we carried with us; and, in nine days, reached the sea-shore, where we found an English vessel ready to receive both us and the slaves. We went aboard it, and sailed the next day with a fair wind for New-England, where I hoped to get an immediate passage to the Old; but Providence was kinder than my expectation; for the third day after we were at sea, we met an English man of war, homeward bound; the captain of it was a very good-natured man, and agreed to take me on board. I accordingly took my leave of my old friend the master of the shipwrecked vessel, who went on to New-England, whence he intended to pass to Jamaica, where his owners lived. I was now treated with great civility, had a little cabin assigned me, and dined every day at the captain's table, who was, indeed, a very gallant man, and, at first, made me a tender of his affections; but, when he found me resolutely bent to preserve myself pure and entire for the best of husbands, he grew cooler in his addresses, and soon behaved in a manner very pleasing to me, regarding my sex only so far as to pay me a deference, which is very agreeable to us all.

To conclude my story; I met with no adventure in this passage at all worth relating, till my landing at Gravesend, whence the captain brought me in his own boat to the Tower. In a short hour after my arrival, we had that meeting, which, however dreadful at first, will, I now hope, by the good offices of the best of men, whom Heaven for ever bless, end in our perfect happiness, and be a strong instance of what I am persuaded is the surest truth, *that Providence will, sooner or later, procure the felicity of the virtuous and innocent.*

Mrs. Heartfree thus ended her speech, having before delivered to her husband the jewels which the count had robbed him of, and that presented her by the African chief, which last was of immense value. The good magistrate was sensibly touched at her narrative, as well on the consideration of the sufferings she had herself undergone, as for those of her husband, which he had him-

self

self been innocently the instrument of bringing upon him. That worthy man, however, much rejoiced in what he had already done for his preservation, and promised to labour, with his utmost interest and industry, to procure the absolute pardon, rather of his sentence than of his guilt, which he now plainly discovered was a barbarous and false imputation.

C H A P. XII.

THE HISTORY RETURNS TO THE
CONTEMPLATION OF GREAT-
NESS.

BUT we have already, perhaps, detained our reader too long in this relation, from the consideration of our hero, who daily gave the most exalted proofs of greatness, in cajoling the *prigs*, and in exactions on the debtors; which latter now grew so great, *i. e.* corrupted in their morals, that they spoke with the utmost contempt of what the vulgar call *honesty*. The greatest character among them was that of a *pick-pocket*, or, in truer language, a *file*, and the only censure was want of dexterity. As to virtue, goodness, and such like, they were the objects of mirth and derision, and all Newgate was a complete collection of *prigs*, every man being desirous to pick his neighbour's pocket, and every one was as sensible that his neighbour was as ready to pick his; so that (which is almost incredible) as great roguery was daily committed within the walls of Newgate as without.

The glory resulting from these actions of Wild probably animated the envy of his enemies against him. The day of his trial now approached; for which, as Socrates did, he prepared himself; but not weakly and foolishly, like that philosopher, with patience and resignation, but with a good number of false witnesses. However, as success is not always proportioned to the wisdom of him who endeavours to attain it, so we are more sorry than ashamed to relate, that our hero was, notwithstanding his utmost caution and prudence, convicted, and sentenced to a death which, when we consider not only the great men who have suffered it, but the much larger number of those whose highest honour it hath been to

merit it, we cannot call otherwise than *honourable*. Indeed; those who have unluckily missed it, seem all their days to have laboured in vain to attain an end, which Fortune, for reasons only known to herself, hath thought proper to deny them. Without any farther preface, then, our hero was sentenced 'to be hanged by the neck:' but whatever was to be now his fate, he might console himself that he had perpetrated what

— *nec judicis ira, nec ignis,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.*

For my own part, I confess, I look on this death of *hanging* to be as proper for a *hero* as any other; and I solemnly declare, that had Alexander the Great been hanged, it would not in the least have diminished my respect to his memory. Provided a hero in his life doth but execute a sufficient quantity of mischief; provided he be but well and heartily cursed by the widow, the orphan, the poor, and the oppressed, (the sole rewards, as many authors have bitterly lamented both in prose and verse, of greatness, *i. e.* *priggism*) I think it avails little of what nature his death be, whether it be by the axe, the halter, or the sword. Such names will be always sure of living to posterity, and of enjoying that fame which they so gloriously and eagerly coveted; for, according to a GREAT dramatick poet,

— *Fame*
'Not more survives from good than evil deeds.
'Th' aspiring youth that fir'd th' Ephesian
'dome,
'Outlives in fame the pious fool who rais'd it.'

Our hero now suspected that the malice of his enemies would overpower him. He, therefore, betook himself to that true support of greatness in affliction, a *bottle*; by means of which he was enabled to curse and swear, and bully, and brave his fate. Other comfort, indeed, he had not much, for not a single friend ever came near him. His wife, whose trial was deferred to the next sessions, visited him but once, when she plagued, tormented, and upbraided him so cruelly, that he forbid the keeper ever to admit her again.

The Ordinary of Newgate had frequent conferences with him; and greatly would

would it embellish our history, could we record all which that good man delivered on these occasions; but unhappily we could procure only the substance of a single conference, which was taken down in short-hand by one who overheard it. We shall transcribe it, therefore, exactly in the same form and words we received it; nor can we help regarding it as one of the most curious pieces which either ancient or modern history hath recorded.

C H A P. XIII.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE ORDINARY OF NEWGATE AND MR. JONATHAN WILD THE GREAT; IN WHICH THE SUBJECTS OF DEATH, IMMORTALITY, AND OTHER GRAVE MATTERS, ARE VERY LEARNEDLY HANDLED BY THE FORMER.

ORDINARY.

GOOD-morrow to you, Sir; I hope you rested well last night.

JONATHAN. D—n'd ill, Sir. I dreamt so confoundedly of hanging, that it disturbed my sleep.

ORDINARY. Fie upon it; you should be more resigned. I wish you would make a little better use of those instructions which I have endeavoured to inculcate into you, and particularly last Sunday, and from these words, *Those who do evil shall go into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels*. I undertook to shew you, first, what is meant by EVERLASTING FIRE; and, secondly, who were THE DEVIL AND HIS ANGELS. I then proceeded to draw some inferences from the whole*; in which I am mightily deceived, if I did not convince you, that you yourself was one of those ANGELS; and, consequently, must expect EVERLASTING FIRE to be your portion in the other world.

JONATHAN. Faith, Doctor, I remember very little of your inferences; for I fell asleep soon after your naming your text: but did you preach this doctrine then, or do you repeat it now, in order to comfort me?

ORDINARY. I do it in order to bring you to a true sense of your manifold sins; and, by that means, to induce you to repentance. Indeed, had I the eloquence of Cicero, or of Tully, it would not be sufficient to describe the pains of Hell, or the joys of Heaven. The utmost that we are taught is, *that ear hath not heard, nor can heart conceive*. Who then would, for the pitiful consideration of the riches and pleasures of this world, forfeit such inestimable happiness! such joys! such pleasures! such delights! or who would run the venture of such misery, which, but to think on, shocks the human understanding! Who, in his senses, then, would prefer the latter to the former?

JONATHAN. Aye, who indeed! I assure you, doctor, I had much rather be happy than miserable. But † * * *

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ORDINARY. Nothing can be plainer. St. * * * * *

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JONATHAN. * * * * * If once

convinced * * * * *

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* * * * * lives of * * * * *

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sure the clergy * * opportunity

* * * * * better informed * * *

* * * * * all manner of vice * * *

* * * * *

ORDINARY. * are * Atheist. * *

Deist * * Ari * * cinian * * hanged

* * burnt * oiled * oasted * * *

Dev * * his an * * ell fire * *

ternal da * * * * tion.

JONATHAN. You * * * * *

frighten me out of my wits: but the

* He pronounced this word HULL, and perhaps would have spelt it so.

† This part was so botched, that it was illegible.

good * * is, I doubt not, more merciful than his wicked * * if I should believe all you say, I am sure I should die in inexpressible horror.

ORDINARY. Despair is sinful. You should place your hopes in repentance and grace; and though it is most true, that you are in danger of the judgment, yet there is still room for mercy; and no man, unless excommunicated, is absolutely without hopes of a reprieve.

JONATHAN. I am not without hopes of a reprieve from the *cheat* yet: I have pretty good interest; but if I cannot obtain it, you shall not frighten me out of my courage, I will not die like a pimp. D—n me, what is death? It is nothing but to be with *Platos* and with *Cæsars*, as the poet says; and all the other great heroes of antiquity. *

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ORDINARY. Ay, all this is very true: but life is sweet for all that; and I had rather live to eternity, than go into the company of any such heathens, who are, I doubt not, in Hell, with the devil and his angels; and, as little as you seem to apprehend it, you may find yourself there before you expect it. Where, then, will be your tauntings and your vauntings, your boastings and your braggings? You will then be ready to give more for a drop of water than you ever gave for a bottle of wine.

JONATHAN. Faith, doctor, well minded. What say you to a bottle of wine?

ORDINARY. I will drink no wine with an Atheist. I should expect the devil to make a third in such company; for, since he knows you are his, he may be impatient to have his due.

JONATHAN. It is your business to drink with the wicked, in order to amend them.

ORDINARY. I despair of it; and so I consign you over to the devil, who is ready to receive you.

JONATHAN. You are more unmerciful to me than the judge, doctor. He recommended my soul to Heaven; and it is your office to shew me the way thither.

ORDINARY. No: the gates are barred against all revilers of the clergy.

JONATHAN. I revile only the wicked ones, if any such are; which can-

not affect you, who, if men were preferred in the church by merit only, would have long since been a bishop. Indeed, it might raise any good man's indignation to observe one of your vast learning and abilities obliged to exert them in so low a sphere, when so many of your inferiors wallow in wealth and preferment.

ORDINARY. Why, it must be confessed, there are bad men in all orders; but you should not censure too generally. I must own, I might have expected higher promotion; but I have learned patience and resignation; and I would advise you to the same temper of mind; which, if you can attain, I know you will find mercy; nay, I do now promise you, you will. It is true, you are a sinner; but your crimes are not of the blackest dye: you are no murderer, nor guilty of sacrilege. And if you are guilty of theft, you make some atonement by suffering for it, which many others do not. Happy is it, indeed, for those few who are detected in their sins, and brought to exemplary punishment for them in this world. So far, therefore, from repining at your fate when you come to the tree, you should exult and rejoice in it; and, to say the truth, I question whether, to a wise man, the catastrophe of many of those who die by a halter, is not more to be envied than pitted. Nothing is so sinful as sin, and murder is the greatest of all sins; it follows, that whoever commits murder is happy in suffering for it: if, therefore, a man who commits murder is so happy in dying for it, how much better must it be for you, who have committed a less crime?

JONATHAN. All this is very true; but let us take a bottle of wine to cheer our spirits.

ORDINARY. Why wine? Let me tell you, Mr. Wild, there is nothing so deceitful as the spirits given us by wine. If you must drink, let us have a bowl of punch; a liquor I the rather prefer, as it is no where spoken against in Scripture; and as it is more wholesome for the gravel, a distemper with which I am grievously afflicted.

JONATHAN. (*having called for a bowl*) I ask your pardon, doctor; I should have remembered that punch was your favourite liquor. I think you never taste wine while there is any punch remaining on the table.

ORDINARY. I confess, I look on punch to be the more eligible liquor, as well for the reasons I have before mentioned, as likewise for one other cause, viz. it is the properest for a DRAUGHT. I own, I took it a little unkind of you to mention wine, thinking you knew my palate.

JONATHAN. You are in the right; and I will take a swinging cup to your being made a bishop.

ORDINARY. And I will wish you a reprieve in as large a draught. Come, don't despair: it is yet time enough to think of dying; you have good friends, who, very probably, may prevail for you. I have known many a man reprieved, who had less reason to expect it.

JONATHAN. But, if I should flatter myself with such hopes, and be deceived, what then would become of my soul?

ORDINARY. Pugh! never mind your soul; leave that to me; I will render a good account of it, I warrant you. I have a sermon in my pocket which may be of some use to you to hear. I do not value myself on the talent of preaching, since no man ought to value himself for any gift in this world: but, perhaps, there are not many such sermons.—But to proceed; since we have nothing else to do till the punch comes,—My text is the latter part of a verse only:

—*To the Greeks* FOOLISHNESS.

'The occasion of these words was, principally, that philosophy of the Greeks which, at that time, had over-run great part of the heathen world; had poisoned, and, as it were, puffed up their minds with pride, so that they disregarded all kinds of doctrine in comparison of their own; and however safe, and however sound the learning of others might be, yet, if it anywise contradicted their own laws, customs, and received opinions, "Away with it, it is not for us." It was *to the Greeks* FOOLISHNESS.

'In the former part, therefore, of my discourse on these words, I shall principally confine myself to the laying open and demonstrating the great emptiness and vanity of this philosophy, with which these idle and absurd sophists were so proudly blown up and elevated.

'And here I shall do two things: first, I shall expose the matter; and, secondly, the manner of this absurd philosophy.

'And first, for the first of these, namely, the matter. Now here we may retort the unmannerly word, which our adversaries have audaciously thrown in our faces; for what was all this mighty matter of philosophy, this heap of knowledge, which was to bring such large harvests of honour to those who sowed it, and so greatly and nobly to enrich the ground on which it fell; what was it, but FOOLISHNESS? an inconsistent heap of nonsense, of absurdities and contradictions; bringing no ornament to the mind in it's theory, nor exhibiting any usefulness to the body in it's practice. What were all the sermons and the sayings, the fables, and the morals, of all these wise men, but, to use the word mentioned in my text once more, FOOLISHNESS? What was their great master Plato, or their other great light, Aristotle? Both fools, mere quibblers and sophists, idly and vainly attached to certain ridiculous notions of their own, founded neither on truth nor on reason. Their whole works are a strange medley of the greatest falsehoods, scarce covered over with the colour of truth: their precepts are neither borrowed from nature, nor guided by reason: mere fictions, serving only to evince the dreadful height of human pride; in one word, FOOLISHNESS. It may be, perhaps, expected of me, that I should give some instances from their works to prove this charge; but as to transcribe every passage to my purpose, would be to transcribe their whole works; and as in such a plentiful crop it is difficult to chuse, instead of trespassing on your patience, I shall conclude this first head with asserting what I have so fully proved, and what may indeed be inferred from the text, that the philosophy of the Greeks was FOOLISHNESS.

'Proceed we now, in the second place, to consider the manner in which this inane and simple doctrine was propagated. And here——' But here, the punch, by entering, waked Mr. Wild, who was fast asleep, and put an end to the sermon; nor could we obtain

tain any farther account of the conversation which passed at this interview.

C H A P. XIV.

WILD PROCEEDS TO THE HIGHEST CONSUMMATION OF HUMAN GREATNESS.

THE day now drew nigh, when our *great man* was to exemplify the last and noblest act of Greatness by which any hero can signalize himself. This was the day of execution, or consummation, or *apotheosis*, (for it is called by different names) which was to give our hero an opportunity of facing death and damnation, without any fear in his heart, or at least without betraying any symptoms of it in his countenance. A completion of Greatness which is heartily to be wished to every great man; nothing being more worthy of lamentation, than when Fortune, like a lazy poet, winds up her catastrophe awkwardly, and, bestowing too little care on her fifth act, dismisses the hero with a sneaking and private exit, who had, in the former part of the drama, performed such notable exploits, as must promise to every good judge, among the spectators, a noble, publick, and exalted end.

But she was resolved to commit no such error in this instance. Our hero was too much and too deservedly her favourite, to be neglected by her in his last moments: accordingly, all efforts for a reprieve were vain, and the name of Wild stood at the head of those who were ordered for execution.

From the time he gave over all hopes of life, his conduct was truly great and admirable. Instead of shewing any marks of dejection or contrition, he rather infused more confidence and assurance into his looks. He spent most of his hours in drinking with his friends, and with the good man above commemorated. In one of these comports, being asked whether he was afraid to die? he answered, 'D—n me, it is only a dance without musick.' Another time, when one expressed some sorrow for his misfortune, as he termed it, he said with great fierceness, 'A man can die but once.' Again, when one of his intimate acquaintance hinted his

hopes, that he would die like a man, he cocked his hat in defiance, and cried out greatly, 'Zounds! who's afraid?'

Happy would it have been for posterity, could we have retrieved any entire conversation which passed at this season, especially between our hero and his learned comforter; but we have searched many pasteboard records in vain.

On the eve of his *apotheosis*, Wild's lady desired to see him; to which he consented. This meeting was, at first, very tender on both sides: but it could not continue so; for, unluckily, some hints of former miscarriages intervening, as particularly when she asked him, how he could have used her so barbarously once, as by calling her b—ch; and whether such language became a man, much less a gentleman; Wild flew into a violent passion, and swore she was the vilest of b—hes, to upbraid him at such a season with an unguarded word spoke long ago. She replied, with many tears, she was well enough served for her folly in visiting such a brute; but she had one comfort, however, that it would be the last time he could ever treat her so; that, indeed, she had some obligation to him, for that his cruelty to her would reconcile her to the fate he was to-morrow to suffer; and, indeed, nothing but such brutality could have made the consideration of his shameful death, (to this weak woman called hanging) which was now inevitable, to be borne even without madeness. She then proceeded to a recapitulation of his faults, in an exacter order, and with more perfect memory, than one would have imagined her capable of; and, it is probable, would have rehearsed a complete catalogue, had not our hero's patience failed him; so that with the utmost fury and violence, he caught her by the hair, and kicked her, as heartily as his chains would suffer him, out of the room.

At length the morning came, which Fortune, at his birth, had resolutely ordained for the consummation of our hero's GREATNESS. He had himself, indeed, modestly declined the publick honours she intended him, and had taken a quantity of laudanum, in order to retire quietly off the stage; but we have already observed, in the course of our wonderful history, that to struggle

against this lady's decrees is vain and impotent: and whether she hath determined you shall be hanged or be a prime minister, it is in either case lost labour to resist. Laudanum, therefore, being unable to stop the breath of our hero, which the fruit of hemp-seed, and not the spirit of poppy-seed, was to overcome, he was, at the usual hour, attended by the proper gentlemen appointed for that purpose, and acquainted that the cart was ready. On this occasion he exerted that greatness of courage, which hath been so much celebrated in other heroes; and knowing it was impossible to resist, he gravely declared, *he would attend them*. He then descended to that room where the fetters of great men are knocked off, in a most solemn and ceremonious manner: then shaking hands with his friends, (to wit, those who were conducting him to the tree) and drinking their healths in a bumper of brandy, he ascended the cart, where he was no sooner seated, than he received the acclamations of the multitude, who were highly ravished with his GREATNESS.

The cart now moved slowly on, being preceded by a troop of horseguards, bearing javelins in their hands, through streets lined with crowds; all admiring the great behaviour of our hero, who rode on sometimes fighting, sometimes swearing, sometimes singing, or whistling, as his humour varied.

When he came to the tree of glory, he was welcomed with an universal shout of the people, who were there assembled in prodigious numbers, to behold a sight much more rare in popular cities than one would reasonably imagine it should be, viz. the proper catastrophe of a great man.

But, though Envy was, through fear, obliged to join the general voice in applause on this occasion, there were not wanting some who maligned this completion of glory, which was now about to be fulfilled to our hero; and endeavoured to prevent it, by knocking him on the head as he stood under the tree, while the Ordinary was performing his last office. They, therefore, began to batter the cart with stones, brickbats, dirt, and all manner of mischievous weapons; some of which erroneously playing on the robes of the ecclesiastick, made him so expeditious in his repetition, that with wonderful

alacrity he had ended almost in an instant, and conveyed himself into a place of safety in a hackney-coach; where he waited the conclusion with the temper of mind described in these verses.—

*Suave mari magno, turbantibus æquora ventis,
E terra alterius magnum spectare laborem.*

We must not, however, omit one circumstance, as it serves to shew the most admirable conservation of character in our hero to his last moment; which was, that whilst the Ordinary was busy in his ejaculations, Wild, in the midst of the shower of stones, &c. which played upon him, applied his hands to the parson's pocket, and emptied it of his bottle-screw, which he carried out of the world in his hand.

The Ordinary being now descended from the cart, Wild had just opportunity to cast his eyes around the crowd, and to give them a hearty curse, when immediately the horses moved on, and with universal applause our hero swung out of this world.

Thus fell Jonathan Wild the GREAT, by a death as glorious as his life had been; and which was so truly agreeable to it, that the latter must have been deplorably maimed and imperfect without the former; a death which hath been alone wanting to compleat the characters of several ancient and modern heroes, whose histories would then have been read with much greater pleasure by the wisest in all ages. Indeed, we could almost wish, that whenever Fortune seems wantonly to deviate from her purpose, and leaves her work imperfect in this particular, the historian would indulge himself in the licence of poetry and romance, and even do a violence to truth, to oblige his reader with a page, which must be the most delightful in all his history, and which could never fail of producing an instructive moral.

Narrow minds may possibly have some reason to be ashamed of going this way out of the world, if their consciences can fly in their faces, and assure them they have not merited such an honour; but he must be a fool who is ashamed of being hanged, who is not weak enough to be ashamed of having deserved it,

CHAP. XV.

THE CHARACTER OF OUR HERO,
AND THE CONCLUSION OF THIS
HISTORY.

WE will now endeavour to draw the character of this great man; and by bringing together those several features, as it were, of his mind, which lie scattered up and down in this history, to present our readers with a perfect picture of greatness.

Jonathan Wild had every qualification necessary to form a great man. As his most powerful and predominant passion was ambition, so nature had, with consummate propriety, adapted all his faculties to the attaining those glorious ends to which this passion directed him. He was extremely ingenious in inventing designs; artful in contriving the means to accomplish his purposes, and resolute in executing them: for, as the most exquisite cunning, and most undaunted boldness, qualified him for any undertaking, so was he not restrained by any of those weaknesses which disappoint the views of mean and vulgar souls, and which are comprehended in one general term of honesty, which is a corruption of *honesty*, a word derived from what the Greeks call an *as*. He was entirely free from those low vices of modesty and good-nature, which, as he said, implied a total negation of human greatness, and were the only qualities which absolutely rendered a man incapable of making a considerable figure in the world. His lust was inferior only to his ambition; but, as for what simple people call love, he knew not what it was. His avarice was immense, but it was of the rapacious, not of the tenacious kind: his rapaciousness was, indeed, so violent, that nothing ever contented him but the whole; for however considerable the share was which his coadjutors allowed him of a booty, he was restless in inventing means to make himself master of the smallest pittance reserved by them. He said, laws were made for the use of *prigs* only, and to secure their property; they were never therefore more perverted, than when their edge was turned against these; but that this generally happened through their want of sufficient dexterity. The character

which he most valued himself upon, and which he principally honoured in others, was that of hypocrisy. His opinion was, that no one could carry *priggism* very far without it; for which reason, he said, there was little greatness to be expected in a man who acknowledged his vices, but always much to be hoped from him who professed great virtues; wherefore, though he would always shun the person whom he discovered guilty of a good action, yet he was never deterred by a good character, which was more commonly the effect of profession than of action: for which reason, he himself was always very liberal of honest professions, and had as much virtue and goodness in his mouth as a saint; never in the least scrupling to swear by his honour, even to those who knew him the best: nay, though he held good-nature and modesty in the highest contempt, he constantly practised the affectation of both, and recommended this to others, whose well-fare, on his own account, he wished well to. He laid down several maxims, as the certain methods of attaining greatness, to which, in his own pursuit of it, he constantly adhered. As,

1. Never to do more mischief to another, than was necessary to the effecting his purpose; for that mischief was too precious a thing to be thrown away.
2. To know no distinction of men from affection; but to sacrifice all with equal readiness to his interest.
3. Never to communicate more of an affair than was necessary to the person who was to execute it.
4. Not to trust him who hath deceived you, nor who knows he hath been deceived by you.
5. To forgive no enemy; but to be cautious, and often dilatory in revenge.
6. To shun poverty and distress; and to ally himself, as close as possible, to power and riches.
7. To maintain a constant gravity in his countenance and behaviour, and to affect wisdom on all occasions.
8. To foment eternal jealousies in his gang, one of another.
9. Never to reward any one equal to his merit: but always to insinuate that the reward was above it.
10. That

10. That all men were knaves or fools, and much the greater number a composition of both.
11. That a good name, like money, must be parted with, or at least greatly risked, in order to bring the owner any advantage.
12. That virtues, like precious stones, were easily counterfeited; that the counterfeits in both cases adorned the wearer equally; and that very few had knowledge or discernment sufficient to distinguish the counterfeit jewel from the real.
13. That many men were undone by not going deep enough in roguery; as in gaming any man may be a loser who doth not play the whole game.
14. That men proclaim their own virtues, as shop keepers expose their goods, in order to profit by them.
15. That the heart was the proper seat of hatred, and the countenance of affection and friendship.

He had many more of the same kind, all equally good with these, and which were after his decease found in his study, as the twelve excellent and celebrated rules were in that of King Charles the First; for he never promulgated them in his life-time, not having them constant in his mouth, as some grave persons have the rules of virtue and morality, without paying the least regard to them in their actions: whereas our hero by a constant and steady adherence to his rules, in conforming every thing he did to them, acquired at last a settled habit of walking by them, till at last he was in no danger of inadvertently going out of the way; and by these means he arrived at that degree of greatness which few have equalled, none, we may say, have exceeded: for, though it must be allowed that there have been some few heroes who have done greater mischiefs to mankind, such as those who have betrayed the liberty of their country to others, or have undermined and overpowered it themselves; or conquerors, who have impoverished, pillaged, sacked, burnt, and destroyed, the countries and cities of their fellow creatures, from no other provocation than that of glory; *i. e.* as the tragick poet calls it—

——— ‘ A privilege to kill,
‘ A strong temptation to do bravely ill:’

yet, if we consider it in the light wherein actions are placed in this line—

Latius est quodvis magno tibi constat bonosum.

when we see our hero, without the least assistance or pretence, setting himself at the head of a gang, which he had not any shadow of right to govern; if we view him maintaining absolute power, and exercising tyranny over a lawless crew, contrary to all law but that of his own will; if we consider him setting up an open trade publicly in defiance not only of the laws of his country, but of the common sense of his countrymen; if we see him first contriving the robbery of others, and again the defrauding the very robbers of that booty which they had ventured their necks to acquire, and which without any hazard they might have retained: here sure he must appear admirable, and we may challenge not only the truth of history, but almost the latitude of fiction, to equal his glory.

Nor had he any of those flaws in his character, which, though they have been commended by weak writers, have (as I hinted in the beginning of this history) by the judicious reader been censured and despised. Such was the clemency of Alexander and Cæsar, which nature hath as grossly erred in giving them, as a painter would, who should dress a peasant in robes of state, or give the nose, or any other feature of a Venus, to a Satyr. What had the destroyers of mankind, that glorious pair, one of whom came into the world to usurp the dominion, and abolish the constitution of his own country; the other to conquer, enslave, and rule over the whole world, at least as much as was well known to him, and the shortness of his life would give him leave to visit; what had, I say, such as these to do with clemency? Who cannot see the absurdity and contradiction of mixing such an ingredient with those noble and great qualities I have before mentioned? Now, in Wild, every thing was truly great, almost without alloy, as his imperfections (for surely some small ones he had) were only such as served to denominate him a human creature, of which kind none ever arrived at consummate excellence: but

but surely his whole behaviour to his friend Heartfree is a convincing proof, that the true iron or steel greatness of his heart was not debased by any softer metal. Indeed, while greatness consists in power, pride, insolence, and doing mischief to mankind—to speak out—while a great man and a great rogue are synonymous terms, so long shall Wild stand unrivalled on the pinnacle of GREATNESS. Nor must we omit here, as the finishing of his character, what indeed ought to be remembered on his tomb or his statue, the conformity above mentioned of his death to his life; and that *Jonathan Wild the Great*, after all his mighty exploits, was, what so few GREAT men can accomplish—hanged by the neck till he was dead.

Having thus brought our hero to his conclusion, it may be satisfactory to some readers (for many, I doubt not, carry their concern no farther than his fate) to know what became of Heartfree. We shall acquaint them, therefore, that his sufferings were now at an end; that the good magistrate easily prevailed for his pardon, nor was contented till he had made him all the reparation he could for his troubles, though the share he had in bringing these upon him was not only innocent, but, from it's motive, laudable. He procured the restoration of the jewels from the man of war, at her return to England; and, above all, omitted no labour to restore Heartfree to his reputation, and to persuade his neighbours, acquaintance, and customers, of his innocence. When the commission of bankruptcy was satisfied, Heartfree had a considerable sum remaining; for the diamond presented to his wife was of prodigious value, and infinitely recompensed the loss of those jewels which Miss Straddle had disposed of. He now set up again in his trade; compassion for his unmerited misfortunes brought him many customers among those who had any regard to humanity; and he hath, by industry joined with parsimony, amassed a considerable fortune. His wife and he are now grown old in the purest love and friendship; but never had another child. Friendly married his elder daughter at the age of nineteen, and be-

came his partner in trade. As to the younger, she never would listen to the addresses of any lover, not even of a young nobleman, who offered to take her with two thousand pounds, which her father would have willingly produced; and, indeed, did his utmost to persuade her to the match: but she refused absolutely, nor would give any other reason, when Heartfree pressed her, than that she had dedicated her days to his service, and was resolved no other duty should interfere with that which she owed the best of fathers nor prevent her from being the nurse of his old age.

Thus Heartfree, his wife, his two daughters, his son-in-law, and his grandchildren, of which he hath several, live all together in one house; and that with such amity and affection towards each other, that they are in the neighbourhood called *the family of love*.

As to all the other persons mentioned in this history in the light of greatness, they had all the fate adapted to it, being every one hanged by the neck, save two, viz. Miss Theodosia Snap, who was transported to America, where she was pretty well married, reformed, and made a good wife; and the count, who recovered of the wound he had received from the hermit, and made his escape into France, where he committed a robbery, was taken, and broke on the wheel.

Indeed, whoever considers the common fate of great men, must allow, they well deserve, and hardly earn, that applause which is given them by the world; for, when we reflect on the labours and pains, the cares, disquietudes, and dangers, which attend their road to greatness, we may say with the divine, *that a man may go to heaven with half the pains which it costs him to purchase hell*. To say the truth, the world have this reason at least to honour such characters as that of Wild; that while it is in the power of every man to be perfectly honest, not one in a thousand is capable of being a compleat rogue; and few, indeed, there are, who, if they were inspired with the vanity of imitating our hero, would not, after much fruitless pains, be obliged to own themselves inferior to Mr. Jonathan Wild the Great.

The first of these was the discovery of gold in California in 1848. This discovery led to a great influx of people to California, and the state became a great source of wealth for the United States. The second was the discovery of oil in Texas in 1859. This discovery led to a great influx of people to Texas, and the state became a great source of wealth for the United States. The third was the discovery of silver in Nevada in 1859. This discovery led to a great influx of people to Nevada, and the state became a great source of wealth for the United States. The fourth was the discovery of gold in Colorado in 1859. This discovery led to a great influx of people to Colorado, and the state became a great source of wealth for the United States. The fifth was the discovery of gold in Idaho in 1860. This discovery led to a great influx of people to Idaho, and the state became a great source of wealth for the United States. The sixth was the discovery of gold in Montana in 1862. This discovery led to a great influx of people to Montana, and the state became a great source of wealth for the United States. The seventh was the discovery of gold in Wyoming in 1869. This discovery led to a great influx of people to Wyoming, and the state became a great source of wealth for the United States. The eighth was the discovery of gold in Utah in 1871. This discovery led to a great influx of people to Utah, and the state became a great source of wealth for the United States. The ninth was the discovery of gold in Arizona in 1876. This discovery led to a great influx of people to Arizona, and the state became a great source of wealth for the United States. The tenth was the discovery of gold in New Mexico in 1878. This discovery led to a great influx of people to New Mexico, and the state became a great source of wealth for the United States.

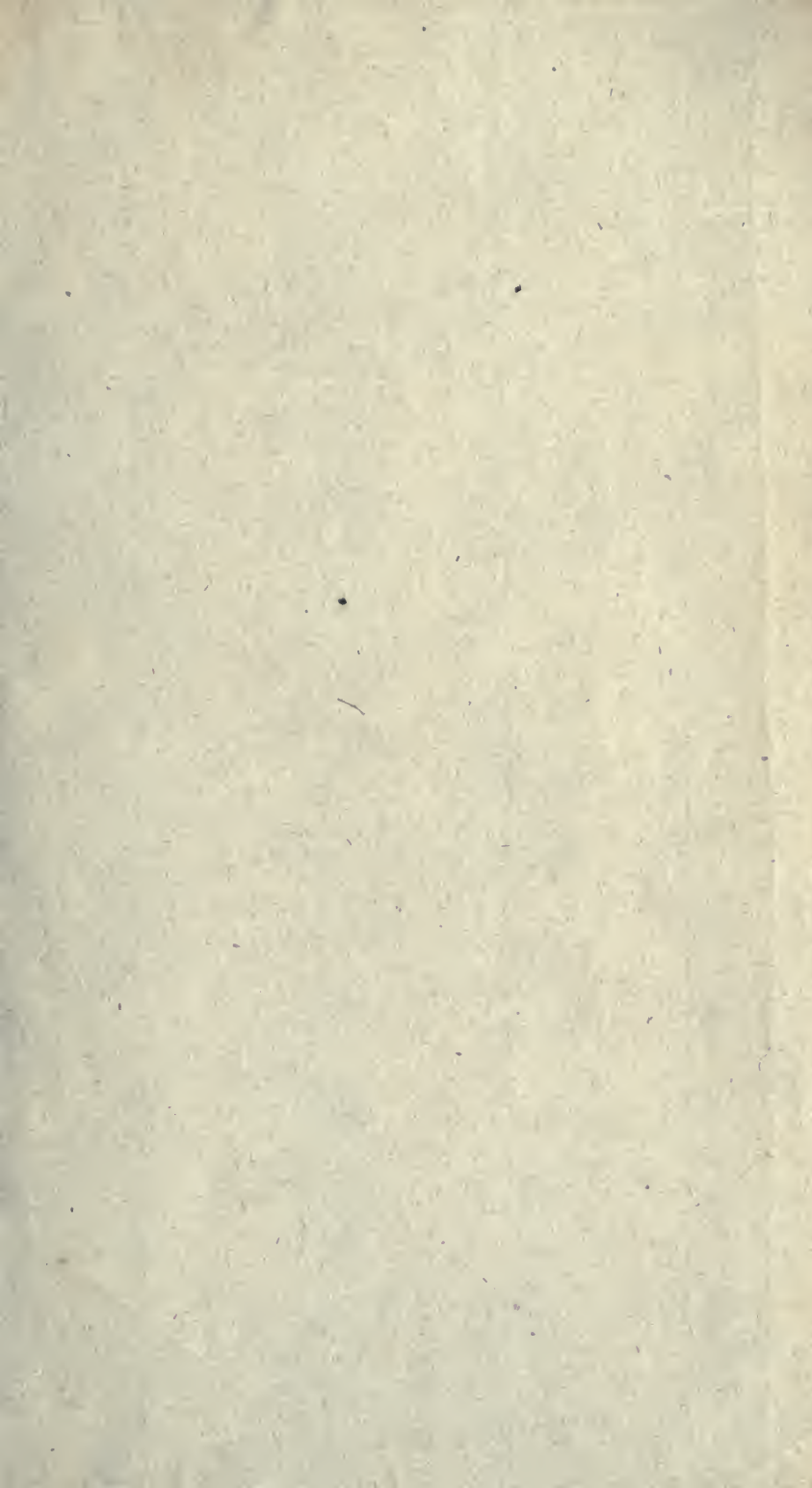
The discovery of gold in California in 1848 was the first of a series of discoveries that led to the great wealth of the United States. The discovery of oil in Texas in 1859 was the second, and the discovery of silver in Nevada in 1859 was the third. The discovery of gold in Colorado in 1859 was the fourth, and the discovery of gold in Idaho in 1860 was the fifth. The discovery of gold in Montana in 1862 was the sixth, and the discovery of gold in Wyoming in 1869 was the seventh. The discovery of gold in Utah in 1871 was the eighth, and the discovery of gold in Arizona in 1876 was the ninth. The discovery of gold in New Mexico in 1878 was the tenth. These discoveries led to a great influx of people to the states where they were made, and the states became great sources of wealth for the United States.

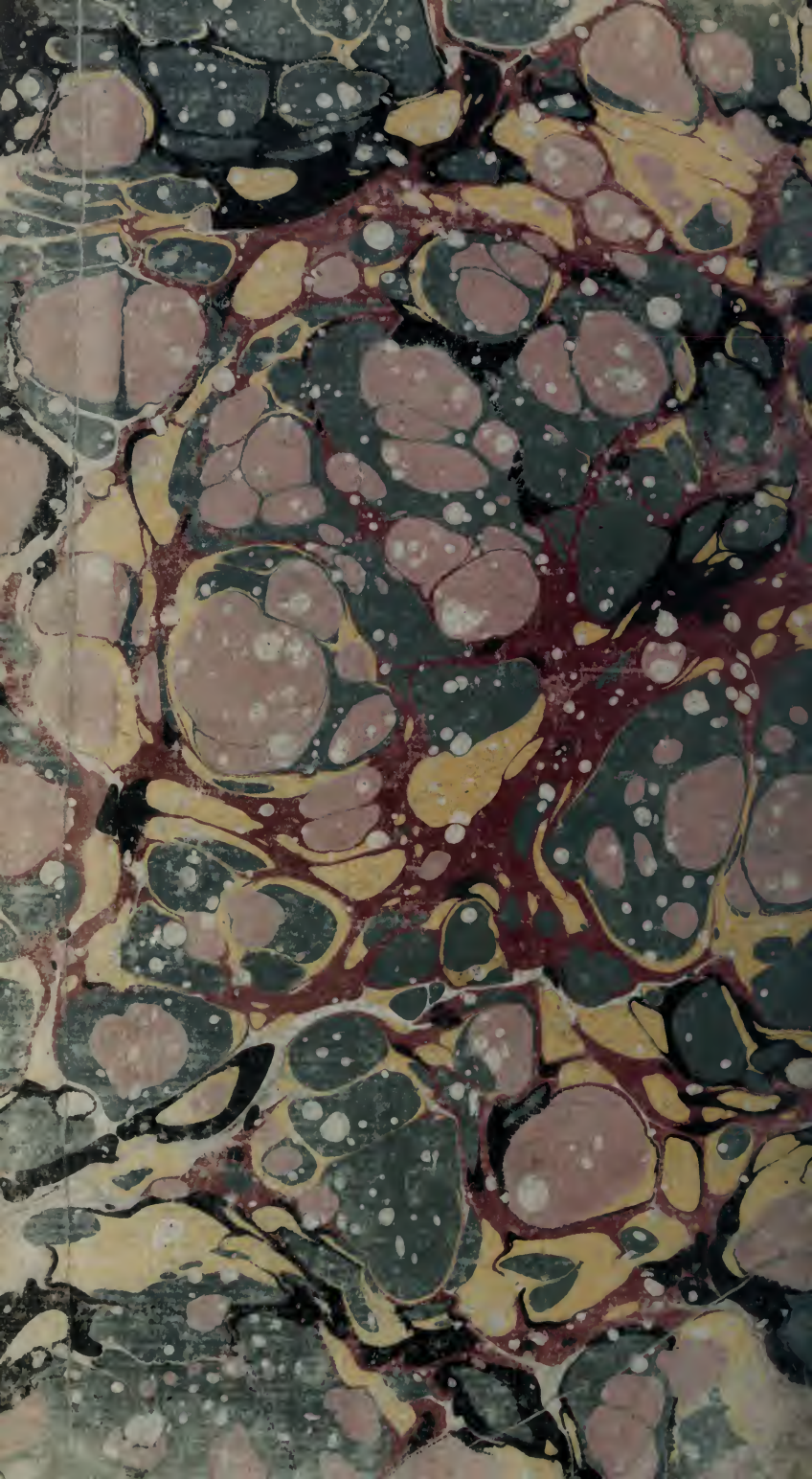












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